



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

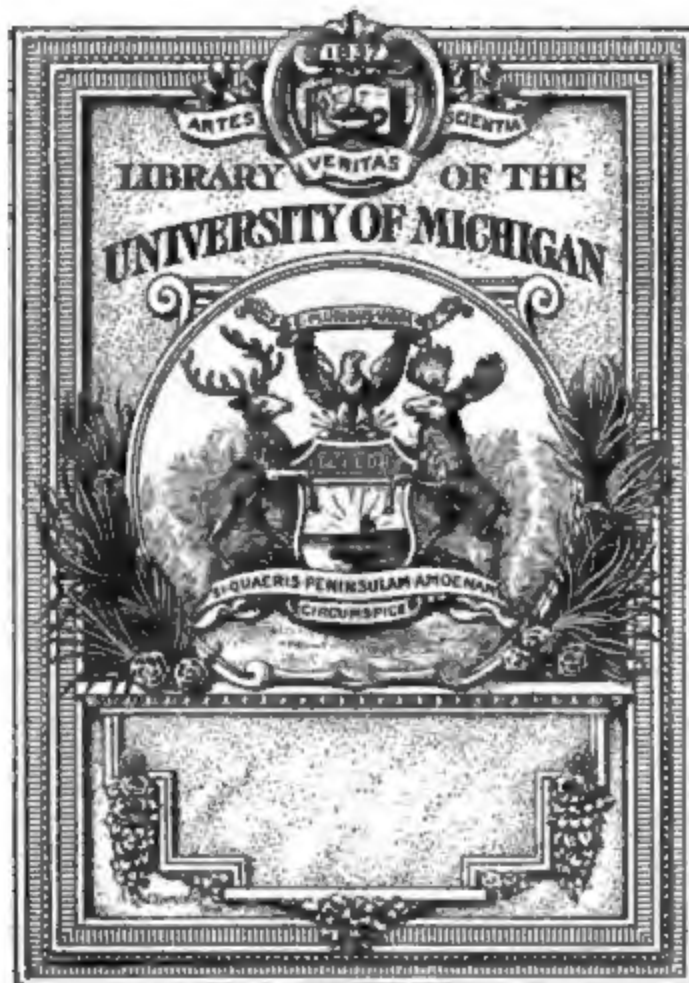
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B

952,658





AP
4
D83
Vol. 4



THE DUBLIN

75-879

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. IV.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1834.

DUBLIN:

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIV.

DUBLIN :
Printed by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's-Walk.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

	Page
EMIGRATION of the Protestants of Ireland	1
The Carillons	12
Hints from High Places, No. IV.	15
The Story of Constancy, from the German of Burger	29
Political Economy	33
The Pleasures of Grief	43
Sonnets—Noon—Evening—Contemplation	44
Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent. Chaps. III. and IV.	45
The Ivy Tree	69
The Cloister, from the German of Matthison	70
The Stray Canto	72
The Red Inn of Andernach, a Tale, Chaps. II. and III.	79
Review—Tutti Frutti, by Prince Püchler Muskau	99
Sonnet	108
Letter on Recent Political Events	109
Anthony Poplar's Note-Book	116
The Irish Church Commission and the Coronation Oath	121
Impromptu—Sonnet	136
Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent. Chap. V.	137
Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy—No. II.	152
The Rival Popes, an Epigram	168
Consolation, a leaf from the Philosophy of Voltaire	168
On Poetry, and the Decline of Poetical Genius	174
Letters from Spain—No. III. An Execution	184

	Page
Curiosity, from the German of Schiller	191
Review—Napier's History of the Peninsular War	192
Adventures in South America, No. IV.—The Prize	205
Address to the Protestants of England, on the measures in progress respecting the Irish Church	219
The Crisis	231
Twenty-two Illustrations of "Humbug"	235
The Goldsmith, an Indian Story	236
Anthony Poplar's Note-Book	239
Review—Knox and Jebb's Correspondence	241
Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.—Chaps. VI. and VII.	261
The Emigrants' Songs at Parting	273
Ode to the Memory of Burns, by Gilfillan	275
Song—"The King of Merry England," by Gilfillan	276
Illustrations of the English—The Old School and the New	277
Sketch of Earl Grey	291
Review—Irish Storyists—Lover and Carleton	298
On the Roman Catholic Religion in Ireland	312
Fancy, the Scene Shifter	325
The Oath of Blood	327
Life and Opinions of Gregory Greedy, Gent.	328
The Great Protestant Meeting	333
A Fancy—and a Recollection	348
Anthony Poplar's Note-Book	350
University Intelligence	352
Review—"How is Ireland to be Governed?"	353
To My Friends, from the German of Schiller	368
The Tartar Princess—A Tale of the Year 1241	369
The Club-Footed King	393
Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.—Chap. VIII.	398
The Old Man's Song, by Gilfillan	411
Review—Southey's Naval History of England	412
The Opening of the New Century, from the German of Schiller	425
Lha Dhu; or the Dark Day—a Tale by Carleton	426
Delights of a Dirty Man	442
Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, No. III.	447
Anthony Poplar's Note-Book	468
Parliamentary Doings with the Irish Church	473
Song—by Robert Gilfillan	484
Song—"The Beautiful's Awa,"—by Gilfillan	485

	Page
Chapters of College Romance.—Chap. I.—Reading for Honours .	486
The Lyric Poetry of Pindar	502
The Ballad of Leonore—From the German of Bürger . . .	509
Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy—No. IV.— <i>conclusion</i>	514
The Horrors of Harmony	543
Chinese Historical Dramas and Romances—No. II.	548
The Spectre of the Log Hut—A Tale	556
His Majesty's Promises, and his Ministers' Deeds	559
The Choice ; and the Story of the Minister's Annie, by the Ettrick Shepherd	582
Anthony Poplar's Note-book	588
Review—Croly on a Stipendiary Romish Priesthood	593
The Romance of Don Gayséros.—From the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué	622
Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.—Chaps. IX. and X.	625
The Red Cross of Burgundy—Chaps, I., II., III., and IV. .	646
Song, by Robert Gilfillan	671
Sonnets—I. II. and III.	672
Song—Paraphrased from the German of Hölty	673
Hibernian Nights' Entertainments—the First Night . . .	674
The Downshire Meeting	691
Oliver's Advice—Adapted to the "Times that be"	700
Downfall of Saul	702
The Beloved One—From the German of Heine	703
Dismissal of the Whigs	704
Anthony Poplar's Note-book	707
University Intelligence	712

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XIX.

JULY, 1834.

VOL. IV.

CONTENTS.

	Page
EMIGRATION OF THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND	1
THE CARILLONS	12
HINTS FROM HIGH PLACES, No. IV	15
THE STORY OF CONSTANCY. From Burger	29
POLITICAL ECONOMY	33
THE PLEASURES OF GRIEF	43
SONNETS — Noon, Evening, Contemplation	44
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT. Chaps. III. and IV.	45
THE IVY TREE	69
THE CLOISTER. From the German of Matthison	70
THE STRAY CANTO	72
THE RED INN OF ANDERNACH, a Tale within a Tale. Chapters II. and III.	79
TUTTI FRUTTI. By Prince Pückler Muskau	99
SONNET	108
RECENT POLITICAL EVENTS	109
ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK	116

DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions, advertisements, and books for Review, may be left with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Court, London, who forward a parcel to our Publishers weekly.

“Jemima,” and “J. H.” shall be attended to in our ensuing number.

The paper upon “the Irish Yeomanry,” arrived too late for the present month’s publication.

The contribution of the “Collegian” is under consideration. He may be assured that its merits will be impartially weighed, independent of the decision of the tribunal to which, we presume, a duplicate has been already submitted.

We shall resume the subject of the Chinese Drama in our next.

“Z.” will not answer us. The communication from “L.” has been forwarded, as the writer requested, to a more appropriate vehicle for such subjects.

We are happy to find our numerous poetical contributors, male and female, in such good heart. If practice makes perfect, we doubt not, in time, but some of them will come to good. We would suggest, meanwhile, the propriety of dispensing with a prose expostulation, as an adjunct to their rhymes, as we are not in the habit of being much moved by an author’s opinion of himself.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XIX.

JULY, 1834.

VOL. IV.

EMIGRATION OF THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.

It is now little more than a year since we called public attention to the emigration of the lower order of Protestants from Ireland. It was then that season of the year, the spring-time of all nature, in which it is usual for unencumbered vessels, with their stately masts, to crowd our seaports, as densely as trees of the forest, and then to move from our shores, bearing on the bosom of the wave the fearless hearts and the stalwart arms of the wandering children of emigration. We then detailed the alarming extent to which the emigration of Protestants had arrived; we set forth the sad causes that led to so disastrous a result, and we endeavoured to point out, in the language of warning, the darkness and the ruin with which such emigration was pregnant to all that we prize and love in our common country.

We now resume—with new and deeply embittered feelings—the melancholy subject, and we do so from no love to dwell on so sad and painful a picture, for we know of nothing in the state of this distracted and faction-torn island, so featured with utter hopelessness, and so seemingly melancholy in all its results—so totally removed from the possibility of remedy—so prophetic of a lingering, yet certain death, to all that we most long for in her political and religious state, that it only saddens and depresses our own spirits; but it is our duty—a painful and distressing one—but yet a duty—as speaking forth the interests and breath-

ing the sentiments of Irish Protestantism, to invite public attention again to the subject, for we confess that if we ourselves were ever so much disposed to bury it in oblivion, it would be forced upon our minds by the thousands who, during the last two months, have been flocking to our seaports, in order to emigrate to the American world.

During the last twenty years, there has been a steady and still increasing stream of emigration among the lower order of Protestants—every successive year displays a considerable increase in the number of emigrants over those of the preceding year, so that for the last eight or nine years, indeed ever since the year 1825, and more especially since the year 1829, the number has been swelling to such an extent, that it is utterly impossible for our Protestant population to supply so exhausting a drain much longer. No one who is not acquainted with the number of our Protestants in our various country districts, can have any adequate conception of the multitudes that are leaving us, which has already made a visible and most sensible impression on the numerical amount of that population. Some parishes have lost ten, some fifty, some an hundred, some five hundred, and we can name some parishes that have lost their whole Protestant population, while in others it has been so reduced in numbers as to be but the shrivelled and meagre skeleton of what it once had been. All this has taken place chiefly during the last

ten years, owing to the spirit for emigration that has seized and agitated the minds of the Protestants of this country as the mind of one man. It is a sad and disheartening sight to witness whole parishes and districts pouring out their life-blood, and drained so as to become a moral waste; even some of our counties, in which there were large districts and whole townlands thickly peopled with Protestant farmers, have been literally exhausted by the stream, the continually increasing stream that has been flowing from them these last five years; some estates, where they once flourished, have been deprived of every Protestant soul, and many are the instances where the clergyman has to mourn over the wreck of a once-extensive congregation, now reduced, by emigration, to the merest shadow of its former self. We cannot ascertain the total number of Protestant souls that have left us since this desire for emigration commenced; but it is certain that from the year 1825, to the present season of 1834 inclusive, the total amount has been ascertained with tolerable accuracy at *one hundred and seventy-five thousand*!—175,000 PROTESTANTS!—Above one-half this immense multitude has left us within the last *three* years, a circumstance which forms one of the most melancholy features of this emigration, as shewing that wasting and exhausting as it had previously been, it has now become an evil of awful and tremendous magnitude, threatening to leave this island in a few years more without any Protestant population whatever. It is an interesting but distressing fact that the various colonies or settlements of that peculiar class of Protestants, called *Palatines*, so well known in some of the southern and western counties, have latterly been broken up by the gradual emigration of those people, so that at this moment there is scarcely a relic of those once-thriving and orderly settlements in the country. The subtraction of so great a body of persons from the Protestant population as that which has already taken place is very far from being the worst feature in our prospects. Those who remain behind seem all preparing, or at least desiring, to depart; the whole Protestant population, from north to south,

and from east to west, seem full of the thoughts of abandoning this island to its fate, and removing with all they value to the American world. The whole body are in motion, agitated like the leaves of the forest in the wind, and give promise of an emigration, unexampled in the history of the civilized world—a whole people, two millions of souls, loosened from their native soil, bursting every link that bound them to home and to country, and transplanting themselves and their little ones to far distant lands, there to seek that independence—security—happiness, which never could be theirs amid the distractions of their native land!

If we have found it a painful task to point public attention to the immense extent of emigration among the Protestants of the lower orders, we shall find it still more so, to point to the sad effects which it has already produced and is still producing in the country. We do not allude to that feeling of distrust and sense of insecurity, which the removal of such numbers creates among those who are necessitated to remain; but to evils which are admitted to be of no common magnitude among politicians of every party, evils, which portend results that we cannot dwell on without shuddering.

In the first place, the effect of the emigration of so great a number of farmers and small capitalists upon the amount of farming capital in the country, has already been materially felt. It is a fact with which every one is acquainted, that the emigrants are almost universally the most monied portion of the population; they all have some capital, more or less, which has been employed here in farming purposes, either in agriculture or in rearing stock; this capital is at once removed, and it has been so much felt by the country that it was given in evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, which sat last year on the state of agriculture in Ireland, that the farming capital was already very seriously diminished by it, so much so as even to have led to a diminution in the stock of cattle reared in the country, as well as to a material lessening of the means and comforts of the farming and labouring classes—nor could it well be otherwise, for if we calculate that each individual emigrant of that

mass of Protestants, who have left us during the last ten years, removed with him an average of ten pounds in money and effects, which certainly is a moderate allowance, the total will amount to nearly *two millions* of money! This is certainly a tremendous deduction from the farming capital of a country so destitute of such capital as Ireland, and when we consider that this emigration is increasing; that it is even extending itself among persons of substantial means—we feel we have before us a prospect of the larger portion of the effective and at present employed farming capital of the country being, before many years more, removed altogether! Those who understand the state of Ireland and are aware of the mischiefs and multifold distresses arising even now from her want of capital available for employment in agricultural and farming in general, will, at once, see the magnitude of all this evil, arising out of the emigration of the small farming population of the country.

In the next place, we should remember that the feelings and wishes of the Protestant population are all on the side of England, and of property, and of law. They have never forgotten that they are the descendants of the original English and Scottish settlers, inheriting their names, their language, their habits, and their religion, and they are, therefore, in all their feelings and interest, attached to British connections; they are ever recognized as loyal to the crown, and obedient to the laws, so much so as to have their excessive loyalty often cast in their teeth as a crime, by their enemies; while every magistrate in the island is aware that they were the only individuals upon whom the civil powers could depend with confidence for assistance in the time of need. The country gentlemen too, can testify whether they were not the ever ready supporters of the due influence of rank and property, whenever assailed by priests and agitators. Truly they were a class of men, orderly, steady, industrious, loyal, and religious, who, as a body, had no superiors in their class in any nation in the world, and yet these are the very individuals who are emigrating in such numbers, leaving the interests of England and of pro-

perty at the mercy of a populace untamed and uneducated, bigoted and inflammable, and fitted to be the willing tools and slaves of every knavish priest, and every factious agitator. We know of no more terrible event in reference to the connection of the two islands, than the threatened emigration of the Irish Protestants, and we can imagine nothing more likely to shake the whole settlement of property in this island, than the removal of that very population which has ever proved itself attached to all the interests of property; a population embracing, not the mere labouring and impoverished peasantry, whose exportation would be a blessing, but the thriving, the industrious, the respectable, the English-like farming and yeoman classes of the people, upon whose intelligence, loyalty and industry, much of the prosperity as well as safety of the country is dependent.

In our former article on this subject we entered on a detailed, though concise, history of the emigration of the Protestants from Ireland, and we, at the same time, touched upon the cause that led to such a melancholy result. We shall now again touch upon the latter particular, in order that the public may see clearly the circumstances which operate in promoting an evil of such paramount magnitude. We ascribe this hopeless evil to the unsettled and unhappy state of the country, arising from the radically defective system adopted by the *landlords* and the wholly unsuitable principles which have been acted on by the *government*.

I. THE LANDLORDS.—The great object of ambition with an Irish landlord, next to the enlargement of his rent-roll, is the extension of his electioneering influence. Previous to the year 1793, when the measure for granting the elective franchise to the Catholics was carried, and thus broke the seal which had so long closed the fountain of Catholic claims and Catholic aggressions, this object of ambition was found actively ministering as a handmaid to the promotion of Protestantism throughout the length and breadth of the island, for, as in those precedent times, the elective franchise was strictly confined to the Protestants, so that it became the interest of all who were ambitious of electioneering influences,

to plant them on their estates, and to encourage them throughout the country, for thus the political power of the proprietor was in exact proportion to the numerical amount of his Protestant tenantry; under such circumstances the inducements held out to the settlements, and increase of Protestants of the lower orders were many and great, and though such a state of things ceased with the unfortunate measure of 1793, yet the leases which had previously been made, were still in existence; those leases were made in vast numbers to the Protestant tenantry, during the period that intervened between the passing of the Octennial Bill, in 1768, and the Franchise Bill, in 1793; they were, in general, for three young lives, and, in the natural course of things, those lives began to drop rapidly, and the leases consequently to fall in, from about the year 1820, to the present times; many of them still remain unexpired, but, by far the greater portion have already fallen in, and those which remain must follow in a very few years.

This circumstance, though natural and simple in itself, has more materially affected the Protestant population than an unobservant person would have supposed, and has prepared the way for much of the emigration of which we write. Those Protestant tenants finding their leases expired, and receiving no preference for a renewal of their leases, either as Protestants or as old tenants, and being unable to give the rents demanded, or rather to pay the rent which new applicants offer to a necessitous landlord, are obliged to surrender the lands which their families possessed for perhaps more than half a century, and being thus thrown on their own resources, are induced to turn their attention to America. Those tenants, too, whose leases have not as yet actually expired, but who anticipate only a few years more of possession, have begun to think that they will act most prudently for themselves and their families, by disposing of their leases while they have yet any remaining interest in them,—for, judging by the fate of others, they conclude that they also will be obliged to surrender their farms at the expiration of their leases. They thus dispose, at once, of all they

possess, and emigrate while they can raise the means of doing so on the remaining term of their leases. To these causes, then, is to be ascribed a large proportion of the emigration of the old Protestant tenantry during the last few years.

It is not easy for those who are not conversant with the character and habits of our peasantry, to conceive why such circumstances should necessarily lead to the removal or the emigration of the Protestants any more than the Catholics, or why the former, any more than the latter, should be unable to take out a renewal of the lease on the terms of the landlord. This seeming difficulty, however, vanishes away with those who have observed the respective character and habits of our rustic population; for the Protestant and Catholic peasantry are beings of a different kind—animals of a totally different order; and the industrious and steady settler of America is not more different from the wild and restless Indian of its native forests, than are those two classes of the peasantry of Ireland. This difference is preserved, even in the taking of land, to such an extent, that there is universally understood to be what is called a *Protestant price* and a *Popish price* for land; the rent readily offered by the latter being greater than that ever offered by the former; so that a Catholic tenantry is far more lucrative than a Protestant tenantry to the landlord. This fact is now universally acknowledged, and has arisen from the habits of these respective classes. The Protestant requires decent clothing, good feeding, and a certain portion of education for his family. He cultivates cleanliness in his house and person, and displays an independence of mind and conduct in all things: all these matters require some expenditure; and when he proposes for a farm, he coolly calculates what rent he will be able to pay. The Romanist, on the other hand, merely calculates whether he shall be able to make the rent; for as he is contented with the least and worst possible clothing and feeding, and is very easy as to the quality of education for his family; and is most philosophically careless about cleanliness, and everything that savours of external decency and com-

fort, he is enabled to live on a much smaller expenditure, and so, saving a larger profit out of the proceeds of the farm, can outbid the Protestant. As the increase of rent, thus offered, is a matter of much importance to our landlords generally, so it is to be expected that they will scarcely resist the temptation; and the competition for what they call "a bit of land" is so great, that the peasantry often outbid each other to an extent ruinous to themselves, though seemingly lucrative to the landlords. "The result of this competition," as we stated in our former article on this subject, "is always the same, namely, *the Romanist takes possession of the land, and the Protestant takes his passage to America!*" Unhappily our landlords have learned to value a tenant, not according to his character for honesty or loyalty, nor according to his disposition to improve the land, nor according to the punctuality of his payments, but according to the amount which he adds to the rent-roll. He may be a Whiteboy, or a Blackfoot, or a Whitefoot—he may be a Steelboy, or a Ribbonman—still, if he only offer the highest rent, he is declared the tenant; and, unfortunately, to make this matter worse in its effects, the landlords themselves pay little or no attention to the matter, but hand over the management of their tenantry to stewards and drivers, who being, in general, native Papists, steeped in all the prejudices, and implicated often in the designs of the ill-affected, take care that their companions in disaffection shall always possess the preference. It is a sad and melancholy fact that, owing to this system, the whole face of the country is by degrees changing owners—passing from the hands of the loyal, peaceful, and religious Protestant, who was a good tenant as well as a faithful subject, into the hands of the most active and wily of the partizans of those who are opposed to the interests of the landlords, as they are estranged from the supremacy of England.

A spirit of mawkish *liberalism* has been long affected by many of these landlords, to excuse their conduct towards their Protestant tenantry; and whenever we hear of a landlord professing *liberalism*, we at once proclaim him to be some necessitous and grind-

ing proprietor; because we have ever found that it was a mere pretence to excuse themselves in removing their Protestant tenants, and planting Romanists in their stead. They profess, indeed, to think that there should be no preference given to one over the other, and that both should be treated on precisely the same terms. This profession, indeed, might be forgiven by us, as an amiable weakness, notwithstanding the disastrous consequences that have flowed from it, in the expatriation of the Protestants, did we believe that such professions were sincere; but, knowing the country well, we denounce all such profession as foul and rank hypocrisy; and loathing, as we do, such treason to our common cause, we tear off the mask, and dash aside the veil that conceals the nakedness of all that grinding avidity for an increased rental, which is the true motive of their conduct. They prefer "the *Popish price*" to "the *Protestant price*" for their lands, and then, unblushingly, talk about the *liberalism* of their sentiments! In thus denouncing this system we have only followed a high authority, even that of Lord Clare, who in his place in the Irish House of Lords did not hesitate to express himself in these words:—

"The great misfortune of Ireland, and particularly of the lower class of its inhabitants is, that at the expiration of every lease the farm is put up to auction, and, *without considering whether he is Protestant or Papist—whether he is industrious or indolent—whether he is solvent or a beggar—the highest bidder is declared the tenant* by the law agent of the estate, I must say *to the disgrace of the landlord, and most frequently much to his advantage.* It happened to me, in 1793, to canvass the county in which I reside, and on an estate which had been newly set at £26,000 a year, I found but five Protestant tenants!"

Such was the opinion of one who had no superior in knowledge of the true evils of this country. Now the manner in which this ruinous and disgraceful system operates is this. When the lease of the farm is expired, the landlord, or his agent, gives notice of his readiness to receive proposals; the old Protestant tenant offers a fair remunerating rent, in hopes of again

obtaining the farm which he has improved by good and careful husbandry, and he thinks himself, for that cause, entitled to a preference. The Roman Catholic then offers a much higher rent, and the landlord, affecting to be too *liberal* to consider the conduct, or the religion, or the loyalty of the parties—affecting to be too *liberal* to give a preference to any one, takes the farm from the Protestant and transfers it to the Catholic, *merely because he offers a higher rent!* Such, and none other, is the *liberalism* of Ireland! If, indeed, these landlords loved the peace of the country—if they sought respect for the laws—if they wished for loyalty to the crown—if they desired the safety of “the settlement” of property—if they wished for the maintenance of the legislative union—if these were the motives that had a fitting place in their breasts, they would fling from them this mask of hypocrisy, this affectation of liberalism, and encourage a tenantry respectful to the laws, loyal to the crown, and attached to the British connexion; they would cease, for the future, their yearly sacrifice of a whole hecatomb of Protestants at the shrine of their rent-roll.

Painful as is the contemplation of all this disastrous posture of affairs, it becomes tenfold more so when we reflect on the hopelessness of the case. Indeed that which naturally flings a gloomy shadow of despair over the state of the Protestants of the lower orders, is the fact—painful, yet certain as the creation—that the nature and extent of the evil is such as to admit now of no remedy. The case is desperate and hopeless, owing, on one hand, to the prodigious and exhausting length at which the stream of emigration has arrived, draining our Protestant population of the very best conducted and most thriving of their number; and, on the other hand, to the pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments of the landlords. Those difficulties and embarrassments press down upon the landed interest, and especially upon the proprietor himself, to such an extent, that he cannot cope with them; so that while they display the utter hopelessness of the state to which the inferior Protestants are reduced, they form the only apology for the conduct

of the landlords towards that class of their tenantry. The vast majority of our Irish estates are so deeply involved with annuities, mortgages, and other incumbrances, arising out of the extravagance of the past or present generation, that at least one half the entire rental goes annually to liquidate them; and even then, when their crippled circumstances should lead them to habits of economy and moderation, the passion for electioneering, or the desire to maintain the importance of the family name, only plunges them still deeper in their sea of difficulties, and compels them to set their estates at the highest possible value. The great and general depression also, under which the landed interest suffered since the war times, and especially that scourging measure to our landlords, by which they were made liable to pay off in gold those mortgages which they had raised in an inferior currency, all conspired to involve the great body of our proprietary to such a ruinous extent, as to force them to have recourse to every means by which they could hope to increase their incomes, so as to be able to meet the demands of their creditors. We know of one county, upon the rental of which there are mortgages to the amount of above TWO MILLIONS sterling! This consideration will account for the extreme avidity with which our proprietary grasp at every prospect of an increased rental, although they are thereby ruining the whole body of the poorer Protestants. *Our Landlords are too much embarrassed to retain a PROTESTANT tenantry.*

This melancholy and hopeless system has not only ruined the circumstances and prospects of the Protestants of the lower orders, but has also had a sad effect on their minds and affections. A change has long been coming over their spirits, a shadow has passed upon them, and they stand no longer in the same relative position towards the gentry of the country which they once occupied; an estrangement, growing wider and wider every day, is walking with the step of a giant among them, and so marked is this estrangement that in a few, a very few, years there will be no two classes of the population of this island so separated, so alien, so little identified in

interest and feeling, as the Protestant *gentry* and the Protestant *peasantry*. Very different indeed was the genius of long vanished years; then these Protestants were imported into the island, they were planted on the estates, they were encouraged throughout the country, they were fostered and kindly treated everywhere; all this was done by our proprietary, in order to secure a tenantry on whom they could depend, and in whose strong right hands they could rely in the hour of civil strife, for they felt they could rest in peace and pillow their heads in confidence so long as they were surrounded by such faithful men; and they in return for all this confidence and encouragement, felt every feeling of their souls pledged to respond to it, and to prove themselves faithful to the proprietary; the chord was touched and it answered in perfect harmony. So powerfully did this feeling master the minds of the lower order of Protestants, that every fibre of their hearts was strained to prove them faithful, and they clung with a desperate fidelity to everything connected, directly or indirectly, with the interest of property. The world gives no stronger example of close and unwavering attachment than that of the lower order of Protestants to their landlords. But a change is fast working among them. A spirit has walked among them, and it muttered, as it passed, a word that whispers of neglect and ingratitude, of unkindness and wrong; it awakes the memory of their former state, when their highest pride and loftiest boast was their standing forth in defence of the landlord, and rallying around the standard of poverty, when they were openly recognized as the only champions of the life of one, and the only allies for the security of the other, and it points to the change—alas, how changed!—removing one by one, and day by day, from the green hills of their fathers, and the sunny fields of their youth, constrained to witness their homes transferred sometimes to the very individuals with whom they had struggled foot to foot, and hand to hand, in the strife and storm of the last rebellion, and now neglected and forgotten by those for whom they would have sacrificed their all, they are compelled to wander houseless and homeless among

those who laugh at their misfortunes, while they despise the landlords for their cupidity, and are at last compelled to seek for “happy homes and altars free” in the wide savannas or the howling forests of the American world. They cry with the psalmist of Israel, “It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it—neither was it mine adversary, for then peradventure I would have hid myself from him—but it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend! We took sweet counsel together and walked in the House of God as friends.” Their troubles have indeed come, not from their avowed enemies, but from their professed friends, from those who knelt at the same altar and held the same faith and hope. Matters are, indeed, changed, and if the landed proprietors of Ireland are not awakened on their downy pillows by the burning and indignant malison of those whom they have so deeply injured as their Protestant tenantry, it is because their unhappy, yet generous victims, do even yet love, with a lingering feeling, the repositories of gentle blood, and look “more in sorrow than in anger” upon those who have so vitally and deeply wronged them.

II. THE GOVERNMENT.—We would greatly err if we ascribed *all* this spirit for emigration among the Protestants to the conduct of our proprietary, therefore it was that we already stated that such conduct was only one of the principal causes leading to that result; and we then added, that the second leading cause arose from the unsuitable principles upon which the government of this island has too long been conducted. In making this charge against the government, we would desire to be understood as not alluding particularly to the Tory or the Whig administrations, or to any other particular phase or form of government, but to the general system which has been pursued for above a century—a system that seems throughout to have been marked alike by virulence and weakness, by hostility and concession; so that with reference to it, it may justly be said, that Protestantism existed, not by it, but in despite of it, and the consequence of which has been a more wild,

and unsettled, and turbulent state of society among the lower classes of our population than can be found in any nation in the world that professes to have risen from savage barbarism.

The lower order of the mere Irish have ever looked upon the government of England as one of conquest, as one in which the only right is that of the stronger arm and the keener sword; and they pay to it, in consequence, only that unwilling deference which the weak must ever render to the strong. They have ever looked, too, upon the proprietary of the soil, as a legion of strangers, who seized with an iron grasp the possessions of their natives and their ancient chieftains; and they have never ceased to view, with secret animosity, the Protestants of the lower orders, as being not only strangers and foreigners, but as being the friends and supporters, and, to a certain extent, the armed retainers of that foreign government and that stranger proprietary. This feeling, so injurious to the peace of the country, is carefully kept alive, and occasionally fanned into a flame, by the *priests* and the *agitators*, who seem to labour day and night, by fierce harangues and by subtle falsehoods, to prevent the water of oblivion ever quenching a flame which they desire to see blazing lurid and bright upon every hill and in every valley: even the elaborate speech of the great and powerful "Leader" of this extensive faction, when claiming in the House of Commons a repeal of the Union, displays a tendency to throw fuel upon this flame; for at least one-half of it was devoted to the unhallowed purpose of raking from the tombs of the past, the crimes and horrors of the conquest, and evoking from the grave the unshrouded spectres of those dismal and blood-crimsoned times. It is this style of harangue that, in its more vulgar and detailed forms, is reiterated in every parish, and thus unceasingly ringing in the ears of the populace, keeps alive the memory of the conquest and the wrongs of their country, which they are carefully taught to associate with every thing *English* and *Protestant* in the land.

This troubled state of feeling among the great body of the lower Irish, comes under the notice of the government, and of the proprietary only, when

it breaks out in overt acts of disturbance, insurrection, midnight legislation, and atrocities. The government and the proprietary then interfere, and fling an iron chain upon the people, and succeed in coercing them into an external tranquillity: but while the surface of the social state is thus seemingly smoothed and tranquil, the waters beneath are as deep and dark as before. The lower order of Protestants, who are obnoxious to all this hate, and who live and move among those dark and troubled waters, and who, therefore, know the monsters that traverse them, are kept unceasingly in a state of fear and alarm, being as conscious of the enmity of the people as they are aware of their own state of insincerity. In our former article on this subject, we stated that, "in every part of the country there has sprung up, of late years, a system of forming knots, or cabals, of all the factious and disaffected in the vicinity; those who feel themselves aggrieved by some government prosecutions; others who feel themselves injured by some needy landlords; some who are descended from ancient families, and are looking to the forfeited estates; and others who forecast the same objects, hoping to obtain something in the general confusion: to these are added some whose mistaken notions of patriotism and Irish independence, and others whose religious zeal, incites to the expulsion of heresy and the exaltation of their church. All these various persons are combined in discontent, and are in cabal with factious and ill-affected intentions in every neighbourhood, and around it, as a nucleus, all the evil passions of the people rally. The great object of the longing aspirations of these persons is the expulsion of the *Sassenach*, and a vague and undefined expectation of some convulsion or revolution which will alter the present system of property altogether, and replace it with a halcyon state in which neither rent, nor taxes, nor tithes, will be so much as named among them. The conduct of these persons is what might be expected; there is no species of petty persecution which the Protestants are not exposed to from them, and from all that mass of population with whom they have influence. All the enmity of the native

Papists against *England*, against *Government*, against the *Landlords*, against *Protestantism*, is wreaked on the ill-fated heads of the lower order of Protestants. For some years this system has been carried to a fearful extent; so that our people are beaten at fairs and markets, and exposed at all times to the open hostility, as well as the secret enmity of the native and Popish population, insomuch that it would be impossible, even had they no other evils to contend against, for them to remain in the country. There is nothing more common, during the last few years, than for some Roman Catholic who sees a Protestant possessed of a farm that would be a desirable acquisition, to resolve to make it his own; and in order to effect this object, a system of annoyance and persecution is resorted to, a threatening notice is posted on his house, his family is insulted, himself beaten at the fair or returning from market, and his life made so uncomfortable, and, as he thinks, so insecure, that he proposes to free himself from all by emigration. This is the very object his persecutor was aiming at; and having succeeded in removing the occupant, the Roman Catholic gets possession of the farm. This is a matter of no difficulty; for he will offer any rent, and will be strongly recommended by the Popish underlings of the landlord, who is often unwittingly thus made an instrument of this system: and besides all this, the system of combination, which has been of late years so general among them, enables them to prevent the possibility of any stranger, or otherwise obnoxious person, getting possession of the land; and the landlord, in his own utter ignorance of the true character of the applicant, accepts that character, whether black or fair, just as the stewards or drivers are pleased to say. These men, owing to our radically vicious system, have it always in their power to darken and blacken the character of a Protestant, and to exalt the character of, perhaps, the most insidious and disaffected individual in the neighbourhood. God knoweth how often and how fearfully they have exerted this power with effect!" In such a state of existence—for it can scarcely be called society—it ceases to be a problem why the Protestants of the lower orders

are so eagerly rushing to our shores for the purpose of emigration; the truth is—and there is no use in either hiding it or trifling with it—there is no peace, no security, no happiness for the Protestants of the lower orders in the very centre of a savage and hostile people, whom civilization has never tamed, and whose ferocious habits and turbulent tempers have never been chained down with effect by the government of the country.

We are disposed to think—for we are no party men—that the various governments which ruled this country ever since the revolution, were anxious for her good, and were desirous of allaying those billows which the storm of our passions was rolling over her bosom. Their intentions, we doubt not, were as excellent and amiable as we could desire; but, unhappily, that dark fatality that seems to blight and wither everything among us, seems to have hung over all their efforts, and prevented aught of good being achieved for her: perhaps it was want of power, perhaps it was want of wisdom; but, of a surety, all their measures have failed to tame and civilize the people, or even to stifle that awful aspiration after blood that seems to impregnate their periodical disturbances; nay, so great is that perversity of genius against which our several governments had to contend, that the very measures that seemed best calculated to their ends, have proved, in the result, to be of precisely the opposite effect. The great panacea of the last century seems to have been the enactments of *penal statutes* against Popery; now, independent of the impolicy of persecuting religion in any shape—for we believe that such measures do in general produce an effect the very opposite to that which is intended—we yet think that the failure of all these penal statutes may be ascribed to another and very natural cause; it was their very nature to be applicable only to the educated, and, comparatively speaking, the higher classes of society. *They* only were affected by statutes which excluded the bench, the cabinet, the parliament, the army, the bar, and, generally speaking, all the situations and places from which the Papists were excluded by the operation of these statutes; thus they pressed upon

the classes upon which such pressure was least required, and they totally passed by the wild and unshapen mass of the population who were permitted to remain undisturbed in their Popery; and it should ever be kept in mind, that although those statutes secured every place of emolument or of trust to the Protestants, yet they were the Protestants of the higher classes. *The Protestants of the lower orders derived no advantage or privilege whatever*; but, on the other hand, were exposed to all the jealousy and hatred of the Roman Catholics, arising out of these measures of religious exclusion, which, after all, brought to them no one advantage of any kind. Another evil, and it was one of immense importance, arising out of these statutes, was the encouragement they seemed to give to those who thought they had no other duty to perform in promoting the loveliness of Protestantism than enacting penalties against Romanism. The government and the landlords seemed to think that they could suppress superstition by pains, and stifle Popery by penalties, and that they had done all that either God or man need require, when they had enacted a statute! Such notions led them to neglect the true means of educating, enlightening, and evangelizing the people, and still farther conduced to the neglect of the Protestants of the lower orders, while they seemed to think, that the enactment of some fearful statute would remedy every evil that might arise from the paucity of the Protestant population: thus it happened that, notwithstanding all the zeal for penal statutes for which our former governments were remarkable, the mass of Popery and ignorance continued to this day, in which a system of diametrically opposite character has been adopted. We allude to the system of *concession*—concession to clamour, turbulence, and threats. If it were a spontaneous concession of an admitted right, we might then both pardon and approve it; but when we have seen *Emancipation* conceded to Irish turbulence, and *Reform* conceded to English threats, and the *Church* conceded to senseless clamour, we can neither pardon nor approve it. In this distracted country every concession is looked upon as a yielding to the power

of the people, and as a triumph to that mass of lawless turbulence and crime which inhabits this island; and therefore while it elates beyond measure the fierce and ferocious populace, it at the same time discourages and disheartens the Protestants of the lower orders. Of late years the tendency of all the measures of government has been the elating the minds of the factious Papists, and disheartening the spirit of the steady and loyal Protestants. The Emancipation Bill has been viewed by the Protestants of the lower orders as opening the door to all aggression; then the Reform Bill, by which the Protestant boroughs were opened to a Catholic constituency; the Church Bill, by which the right of Catholics to legislate for the Protestant church is admitted; then the novel Education scheme, by which scripture education is nationally excluded from the people; then the prosecutions and insults with which the government has visited the Protestant gentry and people; and again, the statute which suppresses those harmless processions and anniversary meetings which were regarded as the holy-day amusements and religious triumphs of the Protestants of the lower orders. All these have alienated their minds; and though, perhaps, they have been mistaken as to the intention and the tendency of these several measures; and though they may be taking a gloomy and unwarrantable view of them and their probable results, yet as they must be influenced by their own views, they have begun to feel distrust towards the government, and too careless as to British connexion. The result, the sad result of all which, is, that feeling themselves exposed, like devoted victims, to all the hostility of the native populace, and thinking themselves slighted, neglected, unprotected, injured by the government, they resolve to leave these wretched shores, and to seek elsewhere the peace and protection which is denied them in this unhappy island.

These tendencies to concession on the part of the government, and all that troubled disorganized state of society that prevails among the lower orders in Ireland, work together to the disquiet and the discouragement of the

Protestants, and have impressed their minds with the feeling that they have been betrayed and sacrificed to their antagonists. There is among them a sense of weakness—a consciousness of being exposed to the bursting of all the wild and unbridled passions of the populace—a continually recurring sense of injury to life, or limb, or property. It is very possible that this feeling may be, to a certain extent, groundless, and that it may not be altogether warranted by the circumstances which engender it; but certain it is, that this feeling of alarm is prevalent among them to a most distressing extent. Those who reside in the calm and thinking fields of England, or in the circles of metropolitan society, and those every where who roam through higher spheres and in more exalted orbits, breathe, as it were, a social atmosphere of a totally different character; so different, that they can form no adequate conception of the state of existence in which the Protestants of the lower orders “live, and move, and have their being;” and, unhappily for this distracted people, the few gentlemen of property, whose mansions, like angelic visits, are “few and far between,” either from distaste, or indifference, or some other feeling, more look into the state of the lower classes of any persuasion, and are, as a body, to which there are of course some noble and shining exceptions, wholly unacquainted with the feelings of the people, unless when they display themselves in the periodical excitements of an election. The feelings of the lower order of Protestants are only known by a close and kind intimacy with them in the bosom of their families: it is before their altars and their hearths that, when they find the ear of sympathy, they speak out their bursting feelings, and betray all that consciousness of weakness and sense of insecurity of which we write. Truly there are sights and sounds familiar to them that are unknown among other men. Every savage murder—every place where blood and brains have stained the ground—the echoing tread of the midnight legislators, as they pass the lowly and lonely cottage on their mission of crime—the mysterious whisper that even in noontide passes like a watchword among the people—the

cold reserve, or the sullen scowl that falls upon all that are true to religion and loyal to the laws—the unconcealed hatred of all that is connected with England, with government, with the landlords, with religion—all fall upon their ears, and rush into their eyes as so many omens portending misfortunes, and seeming to mutter destruction to them and theirs, as devoting all they prize and love to irretrievable ruin. It is thus that a sense of insecurity becomes the prevailing impression on their minds, and it is only natural when we remember that all the horrors of former rebellions, and the blood and shrieks of various periodical disturbances, are still echoing in their ears; for there is scarcely one Protestant family of the lower orders that has not been more or less, at one time or another during the last fifty years, the victim of rebellion or disturbance, of religious or political hate; so that some of its members have been injured in life, or limb, or property. This is so universal among them, that no two or three families of this class can meet together without some one of their number being an evidence of that state of insecurity in which they live. It ceases, therefore, to be a matter of surprise that they should emigrate in such vast numbers, for the experience of both sire and son seems to point out this island to their eyes as a devoted land, doomed to be blighted, and withering under the primeval curse, and they long therefore “to flee away, and be at rest”—to wander far from those shores where every wave seems to waft some new trouble, and where there is no peace, no home, no happiness for them.

Thus has it been, that owing to this and to other causes, to which we have not at present space to advert, the Protestants of Ireland are leaving the home of their fathers for the land of strangers—abandoning a land that seems to weep tears of blood, and to echo, with the shriek of some dismal and ill-omened spirit, for a land where they may sow in peace and reap in joy, and where the want and misery, and tears, and crimes, and treasons of the land they leave, will come upon their memory only like a vanished dream, and breathe upon their hearts the sweet and soothing spirit of thank-

fulness and joy. For ourselves, who remain in this ill-starred land, the prospect is dark indeed; for we can see no light even in the distance, no starry ray amidst the "blackness of darkness" that enshrouds our political horizon; for we feel we are losing those noble spirits whose feelings and whose wishes were identified with all the real interests of property, and with the connexion of these sister islands, and on whose fearless hearts and strong right arms we once relied for the assertion of our cause and the maintenance of true liberty and true religion; but all that has now passed away like the day dreams of our youth, and we are constrained to behold them an unhappy and devoted

race, neglected and unprotected by those to whom they were once a shield, and hated and trampled on by those to whom they were innocent as unweaned children: they now no more see a home in this island of tears and blood, and they sigh day and night for the winds and waves that shall bear them to other and happier lands. It falls like sickness on the heart to witness the saddening sight of the aged and the young—the sire and the son—the relics of the past and the hopes of the future, all mingling together in this long and daring pilgrimage. Our hearts are melancholy while we breathe a prayer and bespeak a blessing on our departed and departing brothers!

THE CARILLONS.

[As I stood in the window of an hotel on the Continent, a distant chime of bells, or *Carillons*, struck me as bearing some resemblance in their note to sounds I remembered in my boyhood.]

Whence and whither on the blast,
 Sweet Carillons?
 Bear ye back my youth at last,
 Sweet Carillons?
 Visions crowd upon me fast,
 As upon the ear ye cast
 Sweet Carillons!
 Music laden with the past,
 Sweet Carillons!

In step and heart condemned to roam,
 Sweet Carillons!
 An exile from my father's home,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Your voices come as from the tomb,
 Yet so familiarly they come,
 Sweet Carillons!
 That I could turn and weep my doom,
 Sweet Carillons!

Where am I? On a foreign strand,
Sweet Carillons
A sea-weed wrecked upon the sand,
Sweet Carillons!
A stranger midst a stranger-band,
No accents like my father-land,
Sweet Carillons!
No tongue but yours to understand,
Sweet Carillons!

With feelings that I fain would fly,
Sweet Carillons!
This anxious breast is swelling high,
Sweet Carillons
The fountain-flood of memory
Is loosed, and cometh rushing by,
Sweet Carillons!
And I would cast me in, and die,
Sweet Carillons!

Ye trance me with a dreamy power,
Sweet Carillons!
And bear me back to boyhood's hour,
Sweet Carillons!
Ye stretch me in the leafy bower,
Where known was every haunt and flower,
Sweet Carillons!
And ye were heard from the village-tower,
Sweet Carillons

For such as ye the chime that fell,
Sweet Carillons!
Upon the ear that minds it well,
Sweet Carillons!
Ye charm remembrance from her cell—
E'en now ye ring from my native dell,
Sweet Carillons
And all the tale of childhood tell,
Sweet Carillons!

The sunny scene, the village grove,
Sweet Carillons!
The growing thicket's grateful green,
Sweet Carillons!
The neighbouring upland's noon-tide sheen—
The holy calm of Sabbath-e'en,
Sweet Carillons
The kindly faces that have been,
Sweet Carillons!

The humming of the summer bee,
Sweet Carillons!
The hours of sauntering by the sea,
Sweet Carillons!
The ringing laugh of careless glee,
When heart, and hand, and hope were free,
Sweet Carillons!
And those were near that cared for me,
Sweet Carillons!

The sports that braced my boyhood there,
 Sweet Carillons!
 The boyish friend those sports to share,
 Sweet Carillons
 The heavenly brow unswept by care—
 The swelling of my child-like prayer,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Such burthen on your bells you bear,
 Sweet Carillons!

Ring on! ring on!—a hallowed train,
 Sweet Carillons
 They quit the dust where they have lain,
 Sweet Carillons
 I smile, although I know 'tis vain,
 And hail the shadows back again,
 Sweet Carillons!
 —'Tis thus we trifle with our pain,
 Sweet Carillons!

Late messengers from life-time's springs,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Sad tidings bear ye on your wings,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Ye tell of old, forgotten things,
 But vainly hope around them clings,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Their funeral knell your music rings,
 Sweet Carillons!

We part—ye silently repose,
 Sweet Carillons!
 I go to commune with my woes,
 Sweet Carillons!
 —Again your merry descant flows,
 But now the vision only shows,
 Sweet Carillons!
 The mists that round the memory close,
 Sweet Carillons!

The peal has ceased—the spell is o'er,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Again the whelming billows roar,
 Sweet Carillons!
 Embarked new regions to explore,
 No 'custom'd haven meet we more,
 Sweet Carillons!
 —Adieu, faint voices from the shore,
 Sweet Carillons!

ADVENA.

HINTS FROM HIGH PLACES.—No. IV.

Sunt quos curriculo——HORACE.

How comfortable a house appears, viewed from the window of a stage-coach during a long journey! The mere circumstance of its having no other motion than that which is given to it in common with the terrestrial globe, is sufficient to constitute it a paradise. A dwelling that we should be ashamed of being seen approaching at any other time, is our envy and admiration from this cage of torture. The veriest pepper-box that ever took the bold name of "Mount Prospect," on the strength of an elevated garden-bed, and a view of the mail-coach road on days when the dust is not flying, appears to our eyes, as we whirl past it, a Borromean palace, and we heave a sigh, impregnated with the fumes of damp straw, as we admit the impossibility of our being transported to its retired and romantic retreat.

Need I explain this? Need I tell what *I* suffer in a coach? My long nervous legs aching continually, and, besides, twitching convulsively every few moments, till I almost lose the guidance of reason, and feel alarmingly inclined to dash my knuckles into the face of the wretch opposite to me, who snores with horrid tranquillity under a red night cap, wholly unconcerned at my agonies:—my eyes smarting with dust and fatigue, and offended, besides, at every stage with the apparitions of the coachman and guard, the one with his scarlet coat and face, looking as if he would burn the box as soon as he mounted, and the other the picture of unconcern, vulgarity, and good humour, all daggers to my soul in my present situation: dreading, too, lest anything should occur to stop the vehicle even for an instant, from my experience of the sensations which overwhelm me at such a moment—a bewildering continuation of the motion—a supernatural feeling of enlargement all over, as though every limb were swelling

beyond the usual dimensions of humanity—a tingling sensitiveness at every pore—all this, most resembling, as I should think, the hideous day-dream of an opium eater, naturally causes me to dread the slightest alteration in that state of things which has, by its continuance, brought about in me a sort of morbid reconciliation with torture. The bed of Procrustes cannot have been half as complicated a piece of infernal mechanism as a modern stage coach to a nervous author of six feet high. A cage prison of Louis XI—one of his *fillettes*, as they were jocularly termed—comes nearest to it in size and structure; but then, luckily for his prisoners, the arch-fiend never put it into that monarch's head to place the dungeon *upon wheels*, and, consequently, the Cardinal Balue could have had no idea of the sufferings of an "inside passenger" at the present day.

I had been travelling all night in the dark of last moon, when a cold damp easterly air was working its heavy way across the country, shedding its freight of coughs and catarrhs over the habitations of men, and shutting up coach windows upon suffocating travellers like myself. Our journey lay in the direction of the metropolis, from west to east, and, consequently, right in the teeth of the blast. Our inside passengers were, including myself, three in number, until about the middle of the night, when the door was opened, and a man, apparently of large stature, was admitted, and succeeded in getting into his place opposite me with some difficulty—at least, so I conjectured, for it was quite dark. My two previous companions, a man and a woman from the silent north, soon gave notice audibly enough that they had resumed their slumbers, and our new arrival spoke not, probably from the fear of awakening them.

I never sleep in a coach. If I do, consciousness is at my ear all the while, and tells me that I still am suffering. Now, however, I was wide awake; and my bursting head, incapable of being directed in a train of thought, began, after some time, to busy itself in spite of me in conjecturing the face that filled the black void opposite me—that, I mean, of the latest arrival among us. The idea that 'there is an unexplored human countenance within three feet of one, is certainly a great spur to imagination. There it is—mild, meagre, and melancholy, or rosy, rubicund, and *rollicking*; long and sallow, or short and shrivelled; hideous with deformity, or glorious with beauty; grinning towards you with curiosity corresponding with your own, or thrown back with philosophical dignity: whatever it be, or whether it be remote from all these or not, there it is, undiscovered as futurity—real as fate. The mind is forced into conjecture—a thousand wild ideas spring up into it, and push each other forward, until the whole brain is crowded with extraordinary and incongruous combinations. Victor Hugo describes a piece of grotesque sculpture as a *petrified nightmare*. I wish I could realize—petrify—*immortalize*, if you will—upon paper, some of the nightmare apparitions that haunted my head then, for they would astound even that phantom-loving novelist himself by their variety and uncouthness. As fancy began to weave for imagination the garb of reality, I thought I could distinguish something through the gloom. The head *came out* upon the dark ground. There was nothing remarkable about it at first. I discerned the grand outline of a thin, pensive physiognomy, with large dark eyes, a long nose, and a wide thin-lipped mouth, rather curled downward at the corners, as in grief or suffering. The features were large, no doubt, but what of that? I had seen many large faces in my day, and always preferred the fault being on this side. Still the features were large, very large; and I could not help experiencing a curdling of my blood as their dimensions seemed to grow every moment on me. I knew not whether the face was approaching me or not, but they *grew larger*. I saw, and did not much

like this unaccountable expansion. As I continued to look, with a view to getting rid of my apprehensions, the mouth suddenly rose at the corners, and took a curl upwards, exactly corresponding to that which it had previously had in a downward position. This was again unaccountable. I could not reconcile the ludicrous twist up with the mournful expression of the eyes; and, besides, the conformation of the whole face seemed to argue the physical impossibility of the feature arranging itself in that direction. But my surprise was soon to be given a fresh direction. Up went the nose with a twitch, and down went one eyebrow against it, till the hairs nearly mingled with its point, and both began to twitch and twirl like a hog's snout, as if the hideous metamorphosis were affected by some comical idea, and indulged itself in unnatural cachinnation. This was alarming. Presently the image began to wax fainter, as if it drew behind the curtain of night again. Again it came forward, like a character dressed in a new mask to keep up the shadowy drama. This scene represented an old, drivelling physiognomy, with blabber lip and bleared eye, the seventh age of Shakespeare, "*sans* everything" that could denote mental or bodily power. The poor old creature was palsied all over, and the head fell about with the coach, as if it had lost all power over itself, and was merely *held on* by the neck, instead of being *held up*. This was more horrible than the last, and I dreaded the instant death of my fellow-traveller. Long time did I gaze fearfully on his impotence, and then either *he* receded into darkness, like the preceding vision, or *I* closed my eyes. When I looked again, I could scarcely believe them. The face this time was very faint, but I could discern its colour,—a hue, in comparison with which the paleness of a corpse is the flush of health. It was *white*,—not flesh-white—not the lily hue of the most alabaster beauty of our unsunned north—but absolutely, literally, *white*—white like the freshly cut statue—white like the new-made shroud! Nor was this all: if ever I had eyes I could see *then*—the features were *defective*—mysteriously defective! There was a wide interminable fissure of a mouth—

a small unmeaning nose, it is true, but above them!—Polyphemus was frightful, we are told, and we can believe the tale; but at that moment I could have considered his contour of features *divine*! The lights, the ornaments, the lovely and harmonious pair that form, united, the *soul* of the face were *wanting*! not, as in the Cyclop, thrust into an extra-natural union, but wanting altogether!—as in the blind? No—not a vestige was there to prove that the Creator had ever designed the admission of a ray into that head—not a portal, even though closed from birth, for the day, the king of glory, to come in! A smooth surface, without projection or hollow, without brow or lid, ran sheer down from the forehead to the cheek, and yet a kind of sightless stare emanated from the whole head, as if the mass were lit up with microscopic vision, and an hundred minute eyes were busy upon me in undefined scrutiny. We are appalled sometimes by the glare of the unindented eye-ball of a bust; a skull *eyes* us as we draw towards it, each rendered more frightful by the *absence* of what constitutes life and nature; how much more dreadful, then, this widening of the gulph, this more inexplicable eccentricity from the laws of nature!

The eyeless visage moved up and down occasionally with a slow motion. We were travelling in a deep road, between trees, and the rumbling of the wheels on the stony causeway sounded hollow in the silence of the night. A mortal freezing came upon me—a *fear*, which nothing real, nothing *to be accounted for*, could have produced, and which the bravest has to confess he has experienced when the reason is baffled, and nature turns darkly out of her accustomed course. It is vain to say, classically, that I was astonished—that my hair stood on end—that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Every peasant passing a church-yard has felt the same effects produced upon him. Every human being has felt them when he has heard a sudden unaccountable noise in the middle of a dark night. *I was frightened*, I honestly confess; and would you, reader, clad though you may be in the trappings of war, or in the still more invulnerable ar-

mour of a good conscience, would you, I say, have felt otherwise under the same circumstances?

We emerged from the hollow way and the covert of trees just as the first wave of morning broke upon the shore of the eastern horizon. A stream of light entered the coach and my mind at once; and, as all supernatural appearances are said to have an aversion to day, my spectral head fled the first glance of Aurora; and what do you suppose it left behind? Not a cloud of sulphur, not even the smell of burning, but—a *white nightcap*! The gentleman opposite to me was asleep, and as his head hung forward, the *top* of the nightcap was presented to me, the *fold* at the border having been the *mouth* of my apparition, and the *tassel* its *nose*!

We drove on, and I “registered a vow” against believing *my own eyes* for the future, at least in the *dark*. Morning was lost in day, and as we approached the metropolis, we seemed to fly rather than travel, the road being smooth, the horses high-bred, and my companion—the eyeless apparition, he of the white nightcap—being so charming, so fascinating in his conversation, that the stages and hours flew past as if on wings.

Man began at length visibly to intrude upon nature, and oust her from her solitary domain more apparently at every mile. As we approached the citadel of population, her outworks became visible, trenching, and squaring, and dividing, with numerous intersections, what had been originally green, and sweeping, and open.

“I never can approach a great town,” said the exorcised spectre, as these symptoms became every moment more manifest, “without feeling my mind cramped, and squeezed, and clipped out of its natural freedom, like one of these pieces of vegetable masonry midway between wall and hawthorn, that skirt the road as we pass, and take the name of hedges.”

“I presume you are a dweller in the fields by choice as well as fortune,” said I, casting a glance at his sunburnt features.

I have not described his appearance. He was a large, plainly dressed man, with some degree of rusticity about his garb, or rather his manner of wear-

ing it, which would shock to the very soul that tribe of beings which continually throng our streets, and obtrude themselves upon us from the simple circumstance of those streets being their world. His physiognomy was not particularly interesting. It was healthy and heavy looking, sunburnt and sedate; a northern height of cheek bone seemed to intrude upon and squeeze upwards the lower eyelid, so as to give to the eye, small and piercing in itself, somewhat of a comical expression, that ill accorded with the rest of the features. The traveller's age was past the middle sands of life, as was attested by the colour and paucity of his hairs.

"For some time I have been by choice a 'dweller in the plain,'" said he, "though the city was my home as long as I was not able to follow the bent of my own inclination. *That* always led me into the country, and caused my imagination to work me a fairy landscape, even in the most smoky three-pair of a smoky metropolis. My mind was constantly out of town, in fact, and hence my friends used sometimes to tell me that I was *an absent man*."

"One can understand the country as well as admire it, without being familiar with it," I observed.

"Yes; but it is not so much for country *scenes* that one sighs in a town; it is for that originality of *character*, which has space to develop itself only where man is not crushed against man, as in cities. The ash and the oak, while they stand close in the crowd of the unthinned plantation, spring alike, and without variety, in one long unmeaning shoot from the earth to the general struggle for light on high. It is in the wide and breeze-swept meadow that the characteristic gracefulness of the one, and the strength of the other are developed to the eye in happy contrast."

"But may it not happen, on the other hand, that the collision of intellect, or, at least, the intercourse of life, as it certainly excites feeling, speculation, and opinion, shall hence strike out new varieties of character by a sort of grafting operation?"

"No doubt there may be varieties produced, but the very term implies *the absence of originality*. This gene-

rates and grows alone; it is injured by approximating to any thing differing from itself. The moment it feels that it is singular, it begins to lose its essence; and for this reason I retire to the most unfrequented nooks to look for the broad lines that constitute *character*."

"And yet the great subjects of delineation," said I, "are taken in crowds. The sketches and portraits that most interest us, are those whose originals have been found in the court, the camp, or the mart."

"True; but where has the science that lent to the artist his master-touch been acquired? Not in the hollow formalities or the busy clamour of mixed life; but where the passions and the feelings that stir alike in all have been more naturally and strikingly developed, away in the remote dwellings of rusticity, the mine where all those gems are found in the rough, which are afterwards merely given an uninteresting resemblance of form by attrition.—But what have we here? Oh, I fancy I remember it—the gate, I believe, to the Military-road."

We were now, in fact, in sight of Dublin.

Dublin! How much of my world is contained beneath thy smoky mantle! The metropolis—the pride of my country! the home of my manhood! the theatre on which the drama of my life has been hitherto acted, and where its final scene is probably destined to close! Ancient, vast, noble, yet miserable city! how hast thou been wounded by those who would be held thine own familiar friends! yet have thy shoots been strong and magnificent in spite of them all, and thou hast grasped the country year after year within thy circuit, and still art silently drawing in field after field in thy stony embrace, and even thrusting thy giant shoulders, like the Baian walls of old, forth into the primeval depths of ocean! Shrine of superstition, yet altar of much holiness! unknown to thousands who talk of thee, and would crush thee down to the iron standard of their own ignorance! Huge, neglected diadem of the West! thou art worthy of more than thy rulers have done for thee, and more, far more, than thy self-called *friends* have designed for thee!

The *setting* of this great jewel is

worthy of the *now triple* crown, and the royal head that bears it. A long, sunny slope from the north sinks into a deep blue bay, and rises again in great masses of granite, which at length swell up into the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow. In the recess, where this bay contracts into a river, was the plain destined to bear the proud weight of the capital of Erin. There it has risen with its hundred palaces of its own primary rock, and has spread itself away north and south, and east and west, up the river, and along the margin of the bay, and out to the mountain foot, till the construction of Art has filled the whole stretch of Nature's amphitheatre.

Ascend yon pillar, and look with Nelson over the scene.

At first the eye is bewildered, and nothing is discernible but a vast "*crystallization*" of roofs, stretching away beneath on every side into mist. Presently some features come out, and you become aware that you are fixed in the line of a long, open plain, which from its dimensions you can hardly believe to be a street, so vast appears its breadth, and so interminable its length. Innumerable spots are moving backwards and forwards along its length, which, from your height, more resemble ants in one of their beaten paths, than human beings—yet such they are. They are the busy population of the north and south divisions of the town changing sides, whether for business or pleasure, and meeting beneath your feet in the great thoroughfare of Sackville-street. Immediately under you this street appears flanked on its western side by a great building, of which you can but discern the general plan, and a row of colossal pillars, foreshortened, as you overlook them, into the appearance of balustrades. From within its spacious court the noise of wheels ascends, and you observe men and carriages passing swiftly into and out of it. This is our Post-office, the *heart*, as it may be justly termed, of Ireland, whence the stream of intelligence and information is thrown, as by a daily throb, to its remotest extremities, and to which it returns again, to be again poured forth in continual pulses. The great street in this view may be considered the *aorta*, and the thou-

sand channels you see as you look around, the arteries and veins of the great body.

Raise your eyes, and stretch them further over this great architectural sea, that looks, as does the *mer de glace*, to have been petrified as it was raging under the influence of a whirlwind—the illusion, too, taking strength from the long line of masts that rise at no great distance, stretching past a lofty dome that may be imagined a gigantic light-house. Various objects rise like islands out of the mass; some abrupt and lofty, others scarcely raised above its surface. The line of shipping approaches the southern extremity of the great street, where it contracts into a narrower space, and marks the course of the small river that manages to insinuate itself through the encroaching piles of masonry, and at last escape, as if half ashamed, into ocean. This paltry stream, over which Sackville-street seems to stride, by Carlisle-bridge, to meet the majestic edifices of Westmorland-street beyond, however insignificant may be its appearance in the grandeur of the city, bears, like many a country gentleman under similar circumstances, a very different character and aspect while it remains in its own sphere, and continues a plain, honest mountain torrent. But a few miles off the Anna Liffey pours a dark and free tide through romantic dells and dingles, and leaps from rock to rock, the lord of the ascendant—the grand feature of the landscape—impetuous—almost resistless. Here, like the transplanted rustic, it is contaminated and paltry, and mars the fair proportions of the scene.

Of the numerous islands beyond this *bar*, as I may call it, where the wave seems to break suddenly and angrily in a direction from east to west, some arrest the eye sooner than others, as more primitive in their appearance and more closely congregated together, forming a remarkable cluster in the distance. Here you have the original formation—the *city*, marked by her close parishes and numerous sowed public and picturesque buildings. A long ridge, running from the west, is crowned with an edifice, apparently of varying antiquity, which takes the general form of a double *lagoon*, or coral island, as we find them described by modern voyagers. Over its eastern extremity your eye at once rests upon

a mighty tower of gigantic proportions and chivalrous form, swelling up, like a huge cliff, from the humble sea-level of the surrounding edifices. This is the citadel of the fortress—the Castle of Dublin, and the cliff, worked by the hands of man, is the Birmingham Tower, where the archives of the land are deposited, as in an ark of strength. Within this castle dwells the representative of Majesty with us, and here are the great offices, the Secretary's—Treasurer's, of Ireland, congregated beneath the shadow of that mighty keep. Alas! it is still a *castle*, guarded and garrisoned, wherein the *King's Deputy must* dwell in this land;—but no more of this; and turn your eyes to an antique square tower, rude as a basaltic column, massive as the shoulders of Atlas, which stands upon the hither side of the ridge, and slopes away in a stern abutted battlement along its sweep. This is a monument of the religion or superstition of our ancestors, the great cathedral *within* the walls of the city. As you enter the low-browed Saracenic arch, that seems crushed by the weight of the superincumbent pile, you open upon irregular and leaning rows of pillars, stooping beneath their own richness of workmanship and the ripening of centuries. The tombs of Strongbow and many a lordly baron of old glimmer in the undefined shade of the arches. Such is still Christ Church, in spite of all modern alterations.

Look still onward—you observe a tall spire, relieved against the mountain. Here is the shrine of the patron saint of Erin, the great cathedral *without* the walls. Under the shadow which that spire and the tower on which it rests cast, as a gnomon, in the circuit of the summer's day, run the roofs of St. Patrick's. And in their more perpetual and gloomy shade for ever stand its mighty arches, bestriding as in triumph the dust of the more mighty spirits of by-gone times, and hung with the empty honours of the blazoned banners, that, cobwebbed and decaying, flap in the eddies of the aisles over departed greatness and glory. On the solemn days of accustomed service, it is true, this old remnant of Gothic ages is roused up from its slumber by the voice of multitudes in prayer, and by the peelings of harmony, such as may be supposed to swell around the throne on high; but

then these celestial sounds soon cease—the multitudes depart—the crazy doors are locked behind the last loiterer—and all is death again. Night and day the banner still hangs, and the helmet grins, and the trophied tomb trickles with grave-damps, and the Fitzgerald, and the Boyle, and the St. Leger sleep their long sleep, and the long line of Deans occupy their places undisturbed, only lowered from their stalls; and Swift and his Stella for ever repose *near* each other, but not *together*, and the echoes are strangely loud, for solitude has resumed her silent sway. Such is the building that lies in the shadow of yonder spire. Were you mounted upon it, and looking down upon its neighbourhood, you would fancy yourself thrown back centuries against the current of time and civilization. Misery, barbarity, and desolation are beneath you—lanes, narrow, crooked and filthy—houses crushed together to suffocation—all crumbling and decayed—hideous and disgusting—a city in ruins—a population in beggary! Such regions, alas! are to be found of greater or less extent in every great town; and on the heart of *that* would you look from St. Patrick's spire.

But let us continue our survey. Turning with the sun, we knock our noses against a huge post that has thrust itself up over everything into the air, like the first sprout of some overgrown hyacinth, and threatening destruction to the first Albatross that takes its slumbering flight over Dublin. *The Wellington Obstacle!* It seems to have been placed there—in the noble park that it disfigures—from no earthly recommendation it possesses but *weight*—perhaps to *make an impression*—there may be a great *seal* beneath it; and were it but lifted off we might find the hero of Waterloo *stamped* the conqueror of the world! The park in which it stands, and which in that place rises in such bold undulations from the river, that the weight might be imagined to have been placed on the summit of the brow, to keep it from swelling into a mountain, is indeed a royal one. All the varieties of scenery, from the rural to the romantic—hill and dale, trees and water, field and forest—all are contained within its wide circuit. A plain large enough for thousands of valiant men to assemble and go

through the semblance of a battle, and sufficiently retired for *two* to meet in more real and deadly conflict, is here traversed, during the absence of man, by hundreds of lordly stags, who retire, on their intrusion, into more remote haunts, and turn and view them from afar.

This princely park adjoins the city—but where? Let the Londoner imagine Kensington Gardens lifted up from before his eyes, and laid down between Whitechapel and Limehouse, and he can then understand how accessible these vast metropolitan *lungs* are for our Dublin consumptions.

Now draw your eyes in a direction nearer to where you stand, and along the direction of the aforesaid river, or rather *stream*, and you will observe a spacious dome, half grey, half green, close upon its banks, and almost hid in its exhalations. Often has the unfortunate young jurisconsult, as he has crept beneath its massive pile, *felt* its pressure, as if it were crushing under its enormous weight his hopes, his heart, and his happiness. The roar of hundreds of voices, repeated a thousand times by the never silent echoes of the circular hall of the Courts of Justice, has struck upon his ear with bewildering power, and he has looked up to the cumbrous mass above him, and towards the pillars at either side of him, and wished for one despairing moment that he were a *Sampson*. Such, at times, are the feelings of the youth of extended information and ardent imagination, when, arrived from the obscurity of his desk and his closet in London, he finds, within this hall, that success does not always at once follow assiduity, and that he has failed of obtaining that place which he had anticipated for himself with the sanguine warmth of youth. But they do not last long; and a few years alters his outward demeanour and his inward sentiments so as that the despairing neophyte is scarcely to be recognised in the staid, plodding, somewhat consequential barrister, just *getting into practice*. Only look at the swarms of pinched-faced men in black coats!—But were you to go on to examine that hall, *attorneys and all*, you would, in all probability, be too

much fatigued to take the more general survey I have designed for you.

One sweep of the eye *against* the sun, and I permit you to descend. Can you discern* something that looks from this like Death on the pale horse, riding *away from* some extensive buildings? That is our great and good King William, of glorious memory, turning his back, like a rude old soldier as he was, upon the seat of learning, and making the best of his way, apparently at a good round trot, to the Castle, a habitation much more congenial to his taste. He has turned away, however, from one of the grandest *coup d'œil*s that any city has ever presented—a scene unrivalled, in point of architectural beauty, by any *one* prospect in the most magnificent region of the earth. The *Bank* and the *College* stand there *together*. It is vain to describe them—I have seen them in the glow of a setting sun, and I have seen them—Oh glorious sight!—as the pillars of Hercules appeared to the poet,

“Alike beheld beneath pale Hecat's beam,”

and I know what they are too well to attempt their description. All you can descry now, from where you stand, are, the now closed portico of the entrance to the House of Lords in the Bank on the one side, and the gloomy and irregular flank of the College on the other, stretching on, till it terminates in one long uniform row of buildings, displaying a homeliness of architecture, and a barring of windows, which would bespeak the edifice rather a prison or a mad-house, than anything forming a part of, and designed for the same use with, the magnificent neighbour and rival of the Bank. You can, however, see among the numerous green places wherewith the prospect abounds, seeming like Oases in the desert, its spacious park, showing its tufted trees and its fresh grass, wherein, as in a grove of Academus, the youth of our land “seek truth” in the various exercises of hand-ball, rackets, cricket, putting the stone, &c. You can also discern a long row of ballustrades, like an army in line, resting their right flank upon the park, and seeming to commemorate in this resemblance, the

* I fear that King William is *not* visible to Nelson.

origin of the superb Library below.* As you enter its magnificent gallery at one extremity, you are struck with something resembling awe. You have just left the bustle and turmoil of Dublin, and you feel like a person checked in a flow of reckless gaiety, by some soft overpowering recollection that throws the mind for a moment back upon itself and its solitude. There is a hushed whisper rising along its vast length, more affecting than silence. The tread is subdued on soft mats, and here and there a student is observed, in the garb of his degree, stealing across with a book under his arm, or poring over some volume at the long table. A receding line of marble busts—the benefactors or ornaments of the University—stretches along, at either side, into the perspective. As you turn to the northern windows, a silent square court meets your eye, and as well as the summer glare of the sun will allow you to look out at those facing the south, a leafy garden is discernible. It is not till you have been some time in this abode of the concentrated learning of all ages, this conclave of literature, where the sages of ancient and modern times crowd, row above row, as in a vast theatre, and look forth, eloquent in their speechlessness—that a distant roar becomes audible, and you begin to recollect that you are in the midst of a great city.

But we must descend together *from the clouds*, in more senses than one. I would gladly have bade you *turn about*—

though no longer to have Nelson for a fellow-observer—and survey the northern termination of the great arena of Sackville-street, a tower, swelled out of all proportion, that looks as though it were *enciente*, and labouring like many a matron “in like predicament,” to obtain admission into the neighbouring hospital. I would have bade you turn once more, and brought your vision down the great artery that throws the current of life eastward and westward through the city, and guided it to the spots stained with the blood of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Kilwarden; and I would have called upon you to notice the evident direction of the tide of population, evinced by the ruin and desertion on the western shore of this sea, and the almost visible pouring on of its flood of masonry upon the eastern side, creeping, as it does, street after street, in parallel lines, like the advance of ocean over the ribs of a sandy beach. But as it is, you have *seen* Dublin. Have you *heard* it? To the ear, too, it rivals the ocean, as it does to the eye. The ceaseless roar of commerce rises like a deep bass from the agitated mass—the hum of business—and the winged buzz of pleasure—and the roar of furnaces—and the stroke of labour—and the tolling of bells—and the rattling of wheels—all take their part in this great concert, and mingle to the ear in one dull, but not inharmonious chord, that day after day swells and sinks again from the vibrating mass of the metropolis of Ireland.†

* “In the year 1603, the Spanish troops were defeated by the English at Kinsale, and *her Majesty's army*, to commemorate their victory, subscribed the sum of 1800*l.* from the arrears of their pay, to establish in the University of Dublin a public library.—The private collection of Ussher, consisting of 10,000 volumes, with many MSS. of great value, was the first donation of moment which the library received; and for this also literature is indebted to the *English army*. The officers and soldiers of the army then in Ireland, (soon after 1655,) wishing to emulate those of Elizabeth, purchased the whole library for the sum of 22,000*l.*, together with all the Archbishop's manuscripts, and a choice, though not numerous, collection of ancient coins, for the purpose of presenting them to the College.”—*Dublin University Calendar for 1833*, pp. 187, 188.

† Many of my readers will, no doubt, recognise my *model* in this description. To those who are not acquainted with it, I beg to confess that I do not claim originality in my *style*; although; in justice to myself, I must assert that I have, as far as I know, borrowed but few *ideas or expressions* from the author to whom I allude. His style appears peculiarly adapted to such a subject, however faulty it may be considered in other respects; and I felt inclined, from the latitude it gave me, to have enlarged still more in my description for the entertainment of my *transmarine* friends. I hope at

My fit of national enthusiasm has now lasted too long ; and I beg of the reader to fancy me once more inside the coach with my new acquaintance, and just stopped at ——'s hotel, in Dawson-street.

I had by this time become so fascinated by the conversation and manner of my fellow-traveller, that I dreaded the moment of arrival at our destination—a matter of some surprise, no doubt, to those who recollect the miserable catalogue of my sufferings with which I set out ; and so far did this feeling carry me, that I insisted, stranger as he was, that he should stop at my hotel, and take share of my dinner. He refused for some time, and then assented with a smile. We alighted together, amidst the bustle of waiters and carmen, and then I perceived, for the first time, that he was lame. I handed him out with great care, and after having retired for some time to shake off the dust, we found ourselves at last ensconced in a comfortable parlour, with a waiter, napkin in hand, at our elbow, and a bowl of soup smoking before us.

We both did tolerable justice to our dinner ; and the moments passed so rapidly, that at ten o'clock we still found ourselves in conversation, discussing various points of literature and politics, on all of which my guest displayed a deep and shrewd discernment, which was rendered yet more forcible by the homely and original garb in which his thoughts and sentiments were dressed. His native Scotch sagacity was applied to every subject, and there was something in the twinkle of his eye that gave an almost irresistible power to his comicality. He appeared to be one who was content with expressing what he thought as he best could, without the slightest attempt at ambitious display. He had met many men of celebrity, and related some characteristic anecdote of each, which set the person as completely before my eyes as if he had made one at our table. I was not long in perceiving that his disposition was good, and his character amiable ; for as soon as the

first effect of each of his anecdotes had gone off, I did not fail to discern some moral—some wholesome lesson to be drawn from the story, and which he inculcated in this agreeable and useful way. At the same time, there was a something of *command* about him, a mysterious superiority and inscrutableness, that checked my tongue, as I was a thousand times on the point of putting some leading questions to him about himself, with a view to satisfying my curiosity as to his name and history.

Surely such a man must be known, thought I, and yet he may leave me tonight very much in the predicament of the curious traveller, after he beheld the “disk” of the “stout gentleman” eclipsed for ever by the door of the stage-coach.

The conversation at length turned upon ballads and songs, and here, as upon every other subject, he seemed to be quite at home. He spoke of various collections of this nature, and freely criticised their merits ; explaining, as he went along, the qualifications requisite to the attainment of celebrity in this popular line, and accounting for the failure or success of the various lyrical poets of England.

“By the bye,” said I, “not an hundred yards from this house, at this moment, dwells a competitor for public favour in this line.”

“Whom do you allude to ? You have not many resident Horaces, I believe.”

“Nay, this is of the sex of the Æolian maid, bearing the same resemblance to her that Cynthia does to Sol, and more than making up in purity what she wants in fire. I speak of Mrs. Hemans.”

“Ah ! Mrs. Hemans—what has she been doing ?”

“Why, collecting her songs, and publishing them *here*, with some original pieces.”

“Here ! that is a novelty.”

“Yes—but I hope and trust it may not long continue to be thought so.”

“You are an enthusiastic Hibernian, I plainly perceive. Now first tell me how they are brought out.”

“Very respectably, I assure you ;

a future period to be able to give a somewhat similar view of Dublin as it was some centuries ago, which may, perhaps, be as great a novelty to some of its present inhabitants.

and much to the credit of Mr. Curry, who undertook the task."

"Now for the songs themselves—I have heard several of them sung, and loved the mystic melancholy that ran through them; but how do they *read*?"

"You shall judge for yourself: I happen to have the book in a corner of my portmanteau up stairs, and I should wish much to have your opinion respecting them. I shall not be an instant in fetching it down."

Accordingly I went up to my apartment for the volume, and when I re-entered our parlour, he said:

"But what induced Mrs. Hemans to publish this work of her's here? Does she reside here?"

"Wholly—though I am inclined to ascribe her choice to better motives than merely the circumstance of her being on the spot. However this may be, here is the book."

"Let me see—'*The Rhine Song*'—I suppose we may take this as a fair specimen of the whole. What does she say about it? '*I wish you could have heard*——' hem—hem—" and he read the rest of the introductory paragraph to himself, smiling.

"But what do you think of the song?"

"I think it extremely difficult, at all times, to write a national song, especially of a foreign nation; and here, there were besides already written such glorious lines on the very same theme, that there was hardihood in treading the ground, or rather *taking to the water* again."

"I think I can point out to you what will please you," said I, perceiving that he was not satisfied with the song, though he seemed unwilling to say so openly,—and taking the book out of his hands, I turned to '*The Burial of William the Conqueror*.' He took it from me again, and, after a glance at the first stanza, he read the following lines in a deep monotonous tone, which gave them their full effect:—

Lowly upon his bier
The royal Conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing stream'd,
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleamed.

And by the torch's blaze
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:—

"Forbear! forbear!" it cried,
"In the holiest name forbear!
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there*!

"By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine;
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine;

"By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot;
Hence! with his dark renown,
Cumber our birth-place not!

"Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave?

"The tree before him fell,
Which we cherish'd many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have tilled
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes filled,
And it shall not give him rest!

"Each pillar's massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries."

—Shame glowed on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven,
Oh! who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven?

"That is a vigorous and healthy composition," he exclaimed, as he concluded, "and I would give much to have been the composer of that stanza—

The tree before him fell,
Which we cherished many a year;
But its deep root yet shall swell
And heave against his bier.

Is the book all like *this*?"

"No, indeed," said I, shaking my head, "there are many very *mediocre* productions to be found in it; so many as I fear more than to outweigh the good. Mrs. Hemans's pen—like female eloquence in general—having been flattered at first, and let to run on, knows not now where to stop; and she, perhaps, believes by this time that *anything* from her is poetry, and must be applauded. Then she has all the periodicals with their common-places. 'Another gem of Felicia's,' says the *Athenæum*. 'When we repeat the name of Mrs. Hemans to our readers,' responds the *Quarterly*, 'and inform them that she is again before them, we have done enough—she is certain of their applause.' 'Sweet Felicia! again warbling her native wood-notes wild,' chirps the green old age of North. 'A happy, calm, spiritual-looking little book,' sighs the *Record*; and so on. Is this criticism of use to any body? Is it of use to Mrs. Hemans herself? Why not, then, boldly come forward, as a friend would in the cause of a friend, and tell her her faults as well as her beauties?"

"Why, my dear sir, one would think that you were going to review her yourself."

"I wish I could convince her that I meant well, and I would do so tomorrow. But this is one of the failings of a popular author. Praise becomes as necessary to subsistence as vital air, and the discovery of a fault operates like a choke-damp."

"Well—suppose you were to attack her—what are your charges?"

"I will tell you them, Sir. I charge her with echoing herself, (in the book before us,) through two-thirds of the volume. Her songs are purposely composed on the most vague and immaterial subjects, in order to give her an opportunity of handling each in precisely the same way; so much so, that you might put the headings, with a very few exceptions, into a bag, and after shaking and drawing them out, place them one after another before the poems, and they would answer just as well as they do now. The subjects are immaterial; but the style is yet more visionary and dream-like. Nothing but 'dying sounds,' and 'tones,' and 'beams of light flung back,' and

'voices gone,' are to be distinguished through the strain, which resembles the chords of an *Æolian* harp in its sweetness and indistinctness. Her poetry seems to me to resemble inarticulate singing, with all the power and feeling which the human *throat* is capable of producing, but wanting the added charm of the *tongue*—the *words*, which give to harmony articulation, and force music past the ear into the soul and the memory. Or, perhaps, it may more resemble a hymn coming upon our solitude, and travelling from a distance, with its holy swell and cadence, where its words cannot reach. Then, Sir, (for I must go on with my charges,) she has enlarged her book, and spoiled many of her poems, with all the *repeats* required in adapting them to music. As here—

Be not like that lost lyre!
Not like that lyre!
—Be not like that lost flower!
Not like that flower!

And again—

—Oh! I am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late,
My love!
Cherish'd, alas! too late!

And again—

Wake my heart no more!
No more!

"These, and an infinity of 'away! away's!' and 'I go! I go's!' are spread through the volume. Indeed, she seems so often on the point of 'going,' in good earnest, that, when I first read her book I thought I should have found '*finis*' at the bottom of every page. I at last saw through the deception, and took it just as I do the auctioneer's burthen, 'going, going,' which begins from the first display of his wares. Then, Sir, she takes a passage from a book, and enlarges upon it, spinning out an idea, which, by the way, you will generally find more happily expressed in the quotation, and running it so fine that you would almost think the grand rule of song-writing was the reverse of what it is, and that it was an object to rarify instead of condense. Look at the '*Books and Flowers*,' for instance. There is a beautiful passage of Madame Roland's—what is the poem? Scarcely

intelligible. We forget both 'books and flowers' before we are half through it; and, like the Critic, we declare at last that 'the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!' And then her '*love-verses*,' I continued to exclaim, raising my voice as I perceived a smile gathering on the face of my friend—"her love-verses, Sir! Why she has made Sappho a Platonist!"

He interrupted me with a loud laugh. "Why, I protest you are growing warm! Now, come round here, and look at these lines;" and he moved over the book, into which he had been looking, towards me.

I read to myself the following stanzas:—

Love, Love! thou passionate in joy and woe!
And canst thou hope for cloudless peace below—
Here where bright things must die;
Oh, thou! that wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,
Still round thy precious things:
Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill;
—Oh! canst Thou dream of rest?

"I allow, Sir," said I, in a lower tone, the reading having cooled me a little, "that there is much beauty in these lines, and I wish I could find others to equal them. But you suppose that I was speaking at random. Will you explain to me the following '*Lyre and Flower*?' "

A lyre its plaintive sweetness pour'd
Forth on the wild wind's track;
The stormy wanderer jarr'd the chord,
But gave no music back.
Oh! child of song!
Bear hence to heaven thy fire!
What hop'st thou from the reckless throng;
Be not like that lost lyre!
Not like that lyre!

A flower its leaves and odours cast
On a swift-rolling wave;
Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,
And back no treasure gave.

—Oh! heart of love!
Waste not thy precious dower!
Turn to thine only home above,
Be not like that lost flower!
Not like that flower!

"Well, Sir Critic, have you nearly done?" asked my friend, with a most imperturbable face.

"Yes, Sir," said I; "but so thoroughly am I convinced of the justice and fairness of what I have said, that if the fair composer herself made a third at our table, or listened behind the curtain—nay, were the might of Gurney himself there, inkbottle, stenography, and all, to put me before the town tomorrow, word for word, I would not wish to alter or retract a single sentiment or syllable——"

"Well, Sir?"

"Well, Sir! what do you mean by '*well, Sir*?' "

"Merely to know whether you will allow me to speak."

I felt confused, as I perceived that I had been monopolising the conversation; but I could not be angry with the man, his countenance was so benign, and his voice so gentle. "I really have to beg pardon," I stammered; "but I wish Mrs. Hemans well, and I hate *humbug*, and—but do, pray, let me hear what you think on the subject."

"Well, Sir, I do not mean to differ with you in every particular, but merely to express my general disapprobation of a *tirade* of the nature of yours, wherein correctness of criticism is sacrificed to antithesis, and truth to temper. Your harshness is scarcely excused by your professions of friendship for the lady, who might with much justice exclaim, 'Heaven defend me from my friends!' I have long been a sincere and ardent admirer of poetry such as this, where an additional charm is thrown around virtue, and our sympathies are enlisted on the side of our duty. Why, Sir, are you so ready to cavil? What is there to find fault with? A falling short of the standard of perfection? Who ever attained to it? Have we not here a noble stretch towards it? And, besides, criticism is disarmed at the outset, for what is this volume modestly said to be? Almost exclusively a *collection* of songs previously published

separately. Why, Sir, are you not proud of your new muse, who has come to reside amongst you? Look at the female versifiers of the present day, and what rank does Mrs. Hemans bear among them? That of Diana among her nymphs—the moon among the lesser stars. No one, man or woman, understands the *harmony* of poetry like her; and recollect, that Cowley, Dryden, all those who excelled in this way, are still worshipped as the benefactors of our language. Am *I* reckoning without my host, and unable to adduce examples of excellence in this volume? The cursory glance I have had over it is sufficient to supply me with material to bear me out. You have attacked her love—read this feeling address to a sister:—

Sister! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known;
Thro' thy soul a storm hath moved,
—Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and vallies lone
Music haunts thee not thine own;
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirred!
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

You have censured her paucity of ideas—look at “the Water Lilies:”

Come away, Elves! while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies meet;
Know that the lilies have spread their bells
O'er all the pools in our forest-dells;
Stilly and lightly their vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
Catching the sunshine thro' leaves that throw
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
A golden star unto heaven looks up,
As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,
Set in the blue of the summer sky.
—Come away! under arching boughs we'll float,
Making those urns each a fairy boat;
We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountains free,
And a tall flag leaf shall our streamer be,

And we'll send out wild music so sweet and low,
It shall seem from the bright flower's heart to flow,
As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh.
Or water-drops trained into melody.
—Come away! for the midsummer sun grows strong,
And the life of the lily may not be long.

Can there be lines more highly expressive of the idea than these?—

I heard a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all imploringly; and made
All nature as they passed, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
As with the consciousness of human prayer.
—At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,
Over the wild sea-wave;—at times the strain
Flowed with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse;
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
Of Tasso's holy lyre;—yet still the tones
Were of a suppliant;—“*Leave me not!*” was still
The burden of their music; and I knew
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,
Its own still world amidst th' o'erpeopled world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

Read, too, these stanzas from one of the “Songs of Captivity:”

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea,
Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free.

*I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king!
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free.*

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree:—
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

And take, as a concluding specimen, these affecting and powerful lines:—

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute—
I hear the whispering tree:—
The echoes of my soul are mute;—
Where is my own blue sea?

“Now, Sir, why was it necessary to attack the author of ‘National Lyrics?’”

“I fear, Sir,” I replied, “you have not looked sufficiently narrowly into the book. You have not, for instance, observed her placing perennial snows on Snowdon —”

“Tut—Tut, my good friend,” he interrupted, “you are now degenerating into a species of criticism which it would be well for every man to avoid; and I counsel you to keep your mind elevated above such cavilling as this, which may gain you a character for judgment at the tea-table, but will inevitably draw down the scorn of all liberal-minded men, to whose ears such hypercriticism may come.”

“You seem to me, my excellent friend,” replied I, much chagrined at the tartness of his reproof, “to conceive yourself an authority on such subjects. Pray, may I ask why you assume so much?”

“And pray, Sir, let me ask you in return, whether I am not merely acting the part of a gentleman, and a lover of justice, in defending an amiable absent woman, against unseen, as well as unjust attacks?”

“Yes,” said I, now waxing warm under my companion's coolness, which never deserted him, and the influence of the prolonged potation into which I had been betrayed, “but I have no notion of its being done in this arbitrary manner. Open any page of that trifling little volume, and—there, egotistical nonsense about herself and Sir Walter Scott. Do you believe she ever saw him?”

“Sir,” said he, hastily, “I can inform you that I did receive the lines in question, at the gate of Abbotsford,—— or—that is—I believe *he* did ——”

He could add no more, for I had rushed at him like a tiger. I seized the astounded gentleman by both sides of the collar, and shaking him with my whole strength, roared in a tremendous voice—“then you are Sir Walter!”—

* * * *

An extract from my note book, dated May the —, mentions my disagreeable journey from — to Dublin the night before, with the comical circumstance of my having, under the influence of some strange and distempered dream, collared the unfortunate coachman, who had thrust in his head with his accustomed speech, “I leave you here, gentlemen.” I was, in fact, slightly bilious at the time, and it was some time before I could shake off the delusion. I have endeavoured in the foregoing paper to embody, and place in a connected form, some of my fancies, as I recollect them. I must, however, take care in future to be cautious how I assert, that “*I never sleep in a coach.*”

ADVENA.

THE STORY OF CONSTANCY.

FROM BURGER.

Whoever to one love is constant and true,
In the city, will rue
The gibes and the jeers of the many ;
So the Marshall of Holm, in his wisdom, thought ;
And his love to a country mansion brought
There to live, unseen of any ;

But the Marshall, unwilling at home to 'bide,
Did here and there ride,
And spend days and nights at the chase ;
'Ere the first cock-crow he was off to his sport,
And, if feasting and joy could be found at the court,
The Marshall was seen in his place.

When the tide of love in his veins again flowed
He mounted and rode,
And, though wet with the dew of night,
Bear me quickly my courser he cried to the nest
Where await me the pleasures of love and rest
'Ere the breaking of morning light.

And soon his mansion he saw, not far,
And thought 'twas the star
Of the morning's twinkling gleam,
Have patience a little thou sun, he cried,
Nor rudely awaken my slumbering bride,
Oh ! withdraw from her window thy beam.

Through the park he has passed, and the long avenue,
And his courser to
A fragrant lime-tree ties ;
And now through a secret door he is stealing,
And his way to the darkened chamber feeling,
Where he thinks that his true-love lies.

But, when he came to the bedside quite,
You'd think, with the fright,
He had lost his seven senses ;
His chamber was empty, his bed was cold,
'Oh ! heavens,' he cried, 'what robber bold
' With my treasure gone from hence is.'

The Marshall curses, the Marshall swears,
Up and down stairs
He rushes, from room to room
He cries, but is answered never a word,
Till at length a moaning voice is heard
From a cellar beneath to come.

It was the trusty bailiff's tone,
Who was left alone
When the false knaves fled away ;
'Oh ! John who locked thee up below ?
Who dared to treat my bailiff so ?
Who ? quickly, quickly, say.'

Alack! and alas! oh! master, mine,
By the Baron of Stein
This horrible deed was done,
It was he who took your wife away,
And your two best hounds, I grieve to say,
With the treacherous Baron are gone.

This news stung the Marshall through marrow and bone,
Like lightning shone
His sword, as it leapt from the sheath,
With a thunder of curses the hall resounds,
In a whirlwind of passion on his courser he bounds,
And urges him over the heath.

By the dew-drop of morning, from harebell and spray
So late brushed away,
The fugitives' course he has traced;
"Now speed thee, now speed thee, my gallant steed,
And fail not thy master, this once, at his need,
But save him from being disgraced."

As the landscape swiftly behind him flies,
"On, on," he cries,
"Be this thy last race won,
And the rest of thy life shall glide away
With golden oats and blooming hay
To feed, at ease, upon."

The courser stretched himself and flew,
Till the night-dew
His rider's feet swept from the heath,
The well-armed heel and urging voice
Redoubled the galloping, thundering noise,
Of his hoofs and the clouds of his breath.

Now the Marshall sees before him where,
In the bright air,
A heron's plume, dancing, flies,
Ere the hill is gained, unto his feet
His hounds have sprung, their lord to greet
With joyful, whimpering cries.

"Stay, robber, stay, and if you can
Look on this man,
Whom you have insulted so,
May perdition in her fiery jaws receive you,
And there, you hound, to eternity leave you,
Be-brimstoned from top to toe."

The Baron of Stein was valiant too,
And well he knew
No arm was stronger and truer,
He turned his head, and he turned his steed,
And a heart that of threatening took little heed,
To meet his wild pursuer.

The Baron of Stein his falchion drew,
And both of them flew
From their saddles with clinking sound;
Then raged a storm of dreadful blows,
And as on the earth they stamped, there arose
A cloud of dust around.

Fiercely they fought, as tigers would,
 'Till drops of blood
On their armour stood like dew ;
Yet neither, although they have cut for an hour,
Now high and now low, with such skill and such power,
 To the earth his opponent could hew.

Then when they both felt great distress,
 And weariness,
The panting Baron cried,
“ Lord Marshall, so please you that we should here
A little while rest, you need not fear,
 A truce shall be ratified.”

The Marshall too, happy to rest awhile, lowered
 The point of his sword,
And in listening attitude stood :—
“ Lord Marshall, if things could be settled by treaty,
To cut our leather, till it bleeds, is a pity,
 And to neither can do any good.

We are hacking as if at a joint on the table,
 And e'en were one able
To conquer, how light is the prize !
To the woman we should the dispute refer,
And to give her to him whom she may prefer,
 By Heaven, would be more wise.”

Well pleased the Marshall appeared to be—
 It is surely me,
(Thus he thought to himself) she will chuse ;
Have I not loved her with tenderness,
And of all that women are fond to possess,
 Did I anything ever refuse ?

“ Oh my life on her faith ! she would never leave me,”
 Said he tenderly,
“ She but loves me too well I'll engage.”
Ye constant men, take this warning I give,
And do not the innocent maxim believe,
 That love does not rust with age.

The lady upon her palfrey sat,
 Not far from that,
And joy lit up every feature ;
Not a moment before her did they stand,
Ere she gave to the Baron of Stein her hand—
 Oh ! fye ! the faithless creature.

Oh ! fye ! how could she so deceive,
 And lightly leave
Her lover alone with his wonder !
The Marshall of Holm stood fixed to the place,
With quivering lips and a staring face,
 As if he was struck by thunder.

Weary and pale on the ground at last
 Himself he cast,
Between his own two hounds ;
His faithful companions, who loved him more
Than the lady did, smelt him o'er and o'er,
 And licked off the blood from his wounds.

Roused from the trance in which he lay,
He saw the day,
And felt his strength again—
His grief dissolved in tears away,
And he fondly embraced his hounds, as if they
Were loving brothers twain.

The feeling that they, at least, were true,
Did his courage renew,
And homeward to ride inclined him ;
But scarce in the stirrup his foot did he place,
And urge his hounds forward, as if to the chace,
When he heard a shout behind him,

And see where the Baron of Stein doth come,
His horse in a foam,
And himself all breathless and heated.
“ Lord Marshall,” he cries, “ yet a little while stay,
For I have a word or two more to say—
Our treaty is not yet completed.

The lady, my skill has won to be mine,
Doth sorely repine
For the hounds that came with us last night ;
She charged me to ride with might and main,
And by fair means or foul means to get them again—
So resign them, or else we must fight.”

Then drew not his sword that Marshall bold—
But stately and cold,
Addressing the Baron, he stood :
“ Lord Baron, if things could be settled by treaty—
To cut our leather till it bleeds is a pity,
And to neither can do any good.

We are hacking as if at a joint on the table ;
And e'en were one able
To conquer, how light is the prize !
To the hounds we should the dispute refer ;
And to give them to him whom they may prefer,
By Heaven, would be more wise.”

The Baron of Stein did the sarcasm blink,
And fondly think
That the hounds would follow his beck :
He chirruped and coaxed with voice and with hand,
And with coaxing and chirruping hoped a band
Of leather to slip round each neck.

Though he coaxed, and he whistled, and dropt on his knee
Caressingly,
The hounds he was forced to resign :
The bread that he spread on the ground was in vain,
For they sprang to the side of the Marshall again,
And snarled at the Baron of Stein.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—I have noticed, with much pleasure, the appearance of Mr. Longfield's work upon Political Economy, which, coming as it does from an individual of well known and high acquirements, and occupying the chair which private liberality has lately endowed in our University, is likely to attract a considerable portion of attention in this country, and is well calculated to remove the apathy and the prejudices which have hitherto existed in reference to this science, among those classes of our countrymen to whom a knowledge of its principles is of paramount national importance, as bearing upon the execution of their duties in the many public capacities, which all men of a certain standing in society are so often called upon to fill.

As this book is, however, professedly merely the forerunner and foundation of a future and more extended system of political economy, and is avowedly published for the purpose of making known the learned author's views, on those subjects wherein he differs from preceding writers, in order to render his subsequent lectures more generally intelligible; and as some of those views appear to me to be rather hastily and unadvisedly adopted, I have thought it might produce some advantage to draw the attention of Mr. Longfield and the public to some considerations on one or two of the subjects treated of in his publication, on which I think it probable he will ultimately see reason to change the opinions which he at present holds. In doing so, I shall endeavour to confine myself to fair, candid, and amicable discussion, assuring the learned author, that my strictures are dictated, not by any paltry spirit of cavil or hyper-criticism, but from a deep sense of the great importance of the subject, and the injurious results which experience has shewn invariably follow from the promulgation

Vol. IV.

and general adoption of erroneous notions, on the subjects treated of in this science—subjects which may be truly said to involve the future happiness and prosperity, or misery and misfortune, of our common country. Your review of this work, in your last number, deprives me of the opportunity of enlarging on those portions of it with the principles of which I cordially agree, and reduces me to the disagreeable, but unavoidable alternative of confining my observations to those from which I feel myself compelled to dissent.

The first subject to which I shall call the attention of your readers, is that of the relations of “demand and supply,” and the effects of their variation upon “price:” but here I must premise, that on this point Mr. Longfield has not, to any great extent, departed from the views of former writers, all of whom, as far as I am aware, participate in the errors which I shall endeavour to point out; but he has, by carrying further a train of false reasoning, arrived at conclusions so manifestly unfounded, that it is really surprising he was not himself led to suspect some error in his premises.

The *supply* of any commodity is stated to be “that portion of it which any one possesses and does not intend to consume;” and “the disposition to give something in exchange for it,” is called the *demand*. The inutility and absolute inoperativeness of “*a disposition to give something*,” afterwards makes it necessary to substitute the words “effectual demand,” and the *price* of any article is stated to be “such a sum as is sufficient to produce an equality between the supply and the effectual demand”—meaning, by effectual demand, “such a demand” (i. e. such a disposition to give something) “as actually leads to the purchase or consumption of the article.” Now, it is evident that there is here a

D

relation of quantity supposed, or implied, between the demand and the supply—between a desire and a commodity, two terms which are not homogeneous, and between which it is impossible that any such relation should exist. To correct these erroneous views, it is merely necessary carefully to examine and understand the true meanings of the terms, demand and supply. The *supply* of any commodity, then, is that quantity of it which is at any given time for sale, or applicable to the purposes of exchange. The *demand* for any commodity is *that fund which is at any given time applicable to its purchase*; and the *price* of any article is such a proportion of the demand for the commodity, of which the article forms a part, as the article itself is of the entire supply of that commodity. It will be immediately seen how extremely simple this explanation of the terms “supply,” “demand,” and “price,” renders the whole of this confused and difficult subject, which has led away Mr. Longfield into a fanciful and unfounded theory respecting latent intensities of demand, in order to account for the rise and fall of prices from the influence of demand and supply, quite as absurd as Mr. Lube’s algebraical formulæ noticed in the appendix. “The measure of the intensity of any person’s demand for any commodity, is the amount which he would be willing and able to give for it, rather than remain without it.” “The high prices to which provisions rise in times of scarcity, prove the existence of a latent intensity of demand, which is only called into action by the scarcity.” And his train of reasoning ultimately leads him to the conclusion, that each individual contains “*within himself* a series of demands of successively increasing degrees of intensity!”

To illustrate the manner in which changes of price take place, according to the idea of *demand* above explained, let us suppose the supply of a certain commodity, say loaves of bread, to be 10,000; and let us suppose the amount of the fund applicable to the purchase of bread, or the demand for it to be £500; then the price of one loaf, or the one-ten-thousandth part of the supply, will be one-ten-thousandth of the demand, or one shilling. Now, let

us suppose that the supply of bread is diminished from ten thousand loaves to eight thousand, then the price of a single loaf, or one-eight-thousandth part of the supply, will be one-eight-thousandth part of the demand, or (the demand remaining the same) 1s. 3d. But suppose each of the bread consumers, instead of contenting themselves with the purchase of eight loaves with the money they formerly gave for ten, are able and willing, by the transfer of the necessary fund from some other destination, to continue to purchase ten at the increased price—in other words, suppose that the amount of the demand for bread is increased from £500 to £625, then the price of each loaf must be one-eight-thousandth part of £625, or 1s. 6½d. Suppose again, that it is inconvenient or impossible for a certain portion of the consumers, say one-half, to transfer any more of their funds to the purchase of bread, or, in other words, to continue their former consumption, and that they are now obliged to subsist on a smaller quantity than before, but that another portion, say the other half, are still able, by a further transfer of their funds to the demand for bread, to purchase the same quantity as before, at the price of 1s. 6½d. per loaf, and that they are willing to do so; the effect of this is to increase the total demand for bread from £625 to £703 2s. 6d., and the price of each loaf must be the one-eight-thousandth part of that sum, or rather more than 1s. 9d. Now, the effect of this price is, that the portion of the consumers who could not increase the amount of their demand for bread, more than in the proportion of 10,000 to 12,500, or one-fourth; or whose increased demand amounted only to £312 10s., are now able to purchase but 3,555 loaves out of the 8,000 which form the supply, and the remaining 4,445 will be purchased by the other portion, who had the means of increasing their demand for bread from £250, its original amount, to £390 12s. 6d., its supposed ultimate limit. A number of curious and important results follow from the state of things here described, viz., an increased demand for a particular description of commodity, caused by a diminished supply, such increased demand being

brought forward by different classes of the community ; but it is not my purpose to enlarge upon them here. It is, however, quite clear, that no additional demand can at any time become applicable to the purchase of any particular commodity, but by a corresponding diminution in the demand for some other commodity. It is quite true, as Mr. Longfield says, that, under peculiar circumstances, the demand for any thing (that is, the amount of the fund applicable to its purchase) may be greatly increased above its ordinary magnitude ; but this additional demand could have no previous claim to Mr. Longfield's appellation of "*latent*;" for it was just as effective in another direction before the change of circumstances : it could only become a demand, say for provisions, by ceasing to be a demand for something else ; it is the mere transfer of a fund, originally destined for the purchase of some description of luxuries, to the purchase of provisions or necessities. "The intense demand," (for provisions,) says Mr. Longfield, "always exists, though it may not be apparent." Now, there is no demand which is not at all times active and apparent. The very fact of its becoming inactive, deprives it of the character of a demand altogether. Demand is a *fund*, not a *desire*; and the occurrence of a scarcity cannot possibly increase the general funds of a society, though it may give them a different direction. In truth, Mr. Longfield's own language, at the conclusion of the passage, clearly betrays a lingering doubt of the correctness of the preceding train of reasoning ; for he tells us, that although very disgusting articles of food have, under peculiar circumstances, actually fetched considerable prices ; yet, nevertheless, we should *scarcely* be justified in saying, that in ordinary times there existed *even a latent demand* for dead rats—*scarcely* indeed : but if not, what becomes of the whole train of argument to prove the existence of latent intensities of demand ? His language throughout upon this subject, betrays confusion and uncertainty, arising entirely from his original erroneous conception of the nature of *demand*. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

"That portion which any person ceases

to consume, in consequence of a rise of prices, or that additional portion which he would consume if prices should fall, is that for which the intensity of his demand is less than the high price which prevents him from purchasing it, and is exactly equal to the low price which would induce him to consume it."

Now, what is the meaning of this passage ? That a portion (of food) is that for which the intensity of (a man's) demand is less than one price, and equal to another. We formerly had an equality between a commodity and the desire for it ; and we have here an equality between an intensity and a price. Is this intelligible ?

It will have been observed, that the definition above given of supply, varies slightly from Mr. Longfield's. The supply is not that portion of a commodity which a person possesses and does not intend to consume ; but that portion of it immediately applicable to the purposes of exchange ; for it is very common for individuals to hold large quantities of commodities which are not intended for present sale, and are not offered in the market at existing prices. Commodities so situated do not affect prices, and, in fact, form no part of the supply which is divisible in exchange for the existing demand. Mr. Longfield's definition, therefore, inasmuch as it would include such commodities, is so far incorrect.

We now turn to that portion of Mr. Longfield's work which appears to have given rise to its publication, and in which he professes to hold opinions different from those maintained by preceding writers : we mean that portion of it which discusses the nature and laws of wages and profits. It will afterwards appear, that this difference, so far as it concerns the regulating principle of profits, is more apparent than real : so far as it refers to that of wages, the disagreement is radical and irreconcilable ; and a careful examination of the subject will probably show that Mr. Longfield is in the wrong.

"Adam Smith's notions," on the distribution of wealth, says Mr. Longfield, "were very vague and undefined. He seemed to think that, in the first instance, the labourer is supported according to his natural or acquired necessities, well or ill,

according as the country is in a prosperous or declining state; and that what remains in ordinary manufactures, after giving this support to the labourer, goes as profits to his employer; that agriculture yields a still greater produce; and that what remains, deducting the usual wages of the labourer, and the usual profits to the farmer, is naturally demanded and received by the landlord as rent. Thus the order in which he considers the three great sources of revenue is, 1st, wages—2d, profits—3d, rent."

According to the theory of rent now generally adopted by political economists, the rent of land is regulated by, and depends upon, the different degrees of fertility of the soil, whereby some land is calculated, with a similar outlay, to return a greater amount of produce than another. There is some land, it is said, which is just sufficiently fertile to repay the expenses of cultivation, with a reasonable profit to the farmer, and no more—such land can pay no rent. When, by the progress of population, the demand for agricultural produce comes to be so great, as to raise the price sufficiently, to allow of the cultivation of land of a quality inferior to that last spoken of, then will rent commence upon it. It will be the same thing to a farmer whether he cultivates the inferior land, free of rent, or the land before cultivated subject to a rent, equivalent to the difference in the productiveness of the soils. According to this theory,

"The productiveness," says Mr. Longfield, "of the worst land under cultivation, regulates the rate of profit. The produce of such land belongs to the farmer, after supporting his labourers according to the rate at which that sort of labour is commonly maintained in the country. Hence, as population increases, and recourse is had to inferior soils, the rate of profits must decline, as the farmer must support his labourers at the same rate, or nearly the same rate, out of a smaller fund. As agricultural profits decline, the rate of profits of capital employed in manufactures must, of course, decline also. This theory alters Smith's order, and considers, 1st, rent—2d, wages—3d, profits."

Now, it is perfectly true that this is the order in which later political economists have considered the three great sources of income; but it does not

appear very clear from Mr. Longfield's explanation that it is so; and he would appear greatly to misunderstand, or to have altogether overlooked the reason why it is so. This reason we shall find, in the words of Mr. Mill, to be as follows:—

"When any thing is to be *divided wholly between two parties*, that which regulates the share of one, regulates also, it is very evident, the share of the other; for whatever is withheld from one, the other receives; whatever, therefore, increases the share of the one, diminishes that of the other, and vice versa. We might, therefore, with equal propriety, it should seem, affirm that wages determine profits, or that profits determine wages, and in framing our language, assume whichever we pleased as the regulator or standard. As we have seen, however, that the regulation of the shares between the capitalist and the labourer depends upon the relative abundance of population and capital, and that population, as compared with capital, has a tendency to superabound, *the active principle of change is on the side of population*, and constitutes a reason for considering population, and consequently wages, as the regulator."

And to this reasoning it is scarcely possible, one would imagine, for any one to object, who admits—1st. That the produce of labour, after the deduction of rent, is the property of, and is divided between two parties, the capitalist and the labourer; 2d. That population has a tendency to increase faster than capital, or the fund for the maintenance of labour. To the first proposition Mr. Longfield assuredly assents, for the fact is repeatedly asserted in his work. The second he has not denied; and, at any rate, he does not appear to rest his opposition to the principle, on the ground of his dissent from it. He, however, finds himself unable to acquiesce in it, and has endeavoured to show, that the only order in which a correct analysis of the sources of revenue can be carried on is, 1st, rent—2d, profits—3d, wages; and following up this announcement, the principle he proceeds to lay down respecting the two last mentioned sources, is as follows:—"That the rate of profits is regulated by the profits on that portion of capital

which is obliged to be employed with the least efficiency in assisting labour ;" and that "*the wages of labour depend upon the rate of profit, and the productiveness of labour employed in the fabrication of those commodities in which the wages of labour are paid ;*" thus making wages consequent to, and dependent upon, profits—the means of production upon the thing produced ! Hereafter it may be maintained that the seed depends upon the crop ; but it will require a very powerful train of argument to convince mankind of the falsehood of the notion that the crop depends upon the seed.

The proof which Mr. Longfield gives of his theory of profits, is as follows :—

" Capital is useful by advancing to the workman the value of his labour, before the produce of his labour is sold to the consumer. It also assists the labourer materially, by supplying him with instruments, tools, and machinery. These, which I may call by one general name, machines, are of various degrees of efficiency. By their help the labourer can execute more work than he could possibly do without their assistance. Some make his labour twice, some four times, and some ten times as efficient. It is, however, evident that the owner of a machine which gives assistance in this manner to the labourer, will be paid for the use of it in proportion to its value, and the injury it receives from use, and the time during which it is lent, and not in proportion to its effect in increasing the efficiency of labour. This is an immediate consequence of the principle of competition, which produces an equality between all the advantages and disadvantages of the different modes of employing capital. If the owner of one machine could obtain more for its use than the owner of another, of equal value and durability, people would purchase ; and artificers would then make the former rather than the latter, until the profits of each were reduced to their level. This level must be determined by the less efficient machine ; since the sum paid for its use can never exceed the value of the assistance it gives the labourer. Thus, if with the aid of any instrument a labourer could execute exactly twice the quantity of work which he could perform without its assistance, then its use cannot be worth more than half the value of the work which the labourer performs with its assistance, that is equal to the wages

of the labourer during the same time. If more were demanded, the labourer would find it more advantageous to forego its assistance, and the employer would have the same quantity of work performed by two labourers unassisted, than by one with the machine. Thus the sum which can be paid for the use of any machine, has its greatest limit determined by its efficiency in assisting the operations of the labourer ; while its lesser limit is determined by the efficiency of that capital which, without imprudence, is employed in the least efficient manner ; and these principles are not altered, whether the use of the machine is paid for, in the first instance, by the labourer or his employer, or whether they make or purchase the machine, and reimburse themselves by its profits for the labour or expense it costs them. The profits of capital in every industrial undertaking must find their level ; and the height of that level must be determined by the profits of that capital which is naturally the least efficiently employed." pp. 187–188.

This reasoning, though powerful, is fallacious in the assumption that the capitalist lends the labourer, on hire, a machine ; he engaging to divide the commodities produced by the joint operation of the machine and his own labour, in some stipulated proportion with the capitalist ; whereas, in fact, first—the capitalist does *not* lend his machine to the labourer ; and, second—there is no division of the produce, either by the labourer giving the capitalist a part, or by the capitalist giving the labourer a part. The capitalist, in reality, keeps the machine in his own possession, merely setting the labourer to work at it, and the produce of the joint operation of the labourer and the machine is wholly and entirely the property of the capitalist, with which the labourer has nothing to do, and in which he has no interest, except in so far as it forms a fund, which the capitalist may, *if he pleases*, employ at some future time in the purchase of an additional quantity of his labour. It will be observed that Mr. Longfield, at the commencement of the passage above quoted, refers to two operations of capital. First—Its advancing to the labourer the value of his work before the sale of the produce, (it should be before the completion of the produce,) and, second—its assistance to the pro-

ductive powers of labour, in providing tools and machinery. In the remainder of the argument he, however, appears to leave out of his consideration, *in toto*, the only one of these two operations of capital from which the labourer derives any *direct* advantage, viz., the advance of the value of the work before the completion of the produce ; for a careful consideration of the subject will show, that the labourer has nothing whatever to do with, and has no *immediate* interest in the increased efficiency of his labour, resulting from the use of a machine, the property of the capitalist. It is the first function of capital to which, in considering the wages of labour, our attention should be confined. The capitalist advances to the labourer his subsistence, before the production of the commodities on which his labour is employed. He advances that subsistence out of a fund which is, up to the moment of the completion of his bargain with the labourer, his own. If he did not possess such a fund, the possession of a machine would be useless to him ; for he could not, with a machine, support his labourers in the interval between the commencement and completion of the work. It is, therefore, to this fund, which the capitalist possesses *over and above his machinery*, that the labourer must look for the wages of his labour ; and it is on the amount of this fund that the amount of his wages must depend. If the fund be small his wages cannot be large, be the efficiency of the machinery what it may. If the fund be given, and the number of labourers also given, the average wages of each labourer are determined. The whole fund must be divided by the capitalist amongst the whole of the labourers, in shares proportioned to the efficiency or skill of the respective individuals. One may get more than another, but all together cannot get more than the whole amount of the fund, made applicable by the capitalist to the payment of wages or the purchase of labour—the share of each will be such a proportion of the whole fund, as the labour of the particular individuals is of the gross amount of the labour of all.

It must, therefore, appear evident, that wages depend on the amount of the fund for the purchase of labour,

compared with the number of shares into which that fund must be divided ; or, in other words, with the number of labourers. The labourers having received the wages agreed upon, and performed the work assigned them by, and under the direction of, the capitalists, have nothing whatever to do with the produce of their labour or any part of it ; that is exclusively the property of the capitalists, to be dealt with as they think fit ; the labourers have no right to inquire whether it be large or small, and, in effect, do not inquire, and do not know. The capitalist proceeds to appropriate the produce, the property in which he has thus acquired, according to his own wishes and desires, and exclusively for his own benefit. He may reserve, for his own consumption, such a quantity as will leave either a greater, an equal, or a lesser fund for the purchase of more labour, for a new series of productive operations, and according as he does so, (supposing the number of labourers to remain unchanged,) will their condition be improved, remain stationary, or be deteriorated. It is true there are feelings and motives which act upon the capitalist, and which afford the means of determining beforehand which of these courses he will be most likely to pursue ; but it is equally true that the labourer has no direct control over his conduct in this particular, and that it is not to gratify the labourer, but himself, that the capitalist acts. If this view of the operations of capitalists and labourers be correct, then it is evident that wages are determined by, and depend upon, circumstances, anterior, in point of time, to profits—that they are paid and settled long before the production of the commodities, the possession of which is to remunerate the capitalist for his advances, and that their amount has no *necessary* reference to the amount of the produce, the excess of which, above the outlay, constitutes the profit, and which produce is wholly the property of the capitalist. The amount of this produce must depend on the natural and acquired energies and powers of the labourers—on the skill and intelligence of the capitalist, in the direction of those powers and energies—and the efficiency of the agents for assisting labour ; or, in other words, on the productive powers of labour.

"Menial servants," says Mr. Longfield, "and those labourers usually termed unproductive, must be maintained by funds derived from other sources; but the wages of the great mass of labourers must be paid out of the produce, or the price of the produce of their labour."

It is on this assumption, the fallacy of which the preceding observations have been intended to display, that the many erroneous notions entertained on the mutual dependency of wages and profits have been founded. Mr. Ricardo, reasoning on this assumption, has endeavoured to show that a rise of profits can *only* be the result of a fall of proportional wages, and a fall of profits only the result of a rise of proportional wages, thereby making wages the regulator of profits. Mr. M'Culloch, agreeing with Mr. Ricardo as to the regulating quality of wages, however, says—

"That this theory is universally true only in the event of our attaching a different sense to the term profits from what is usually attached to it, and supposing it to mean the real value of the entire portion of the produce of industry, falling, in the first instance, to the share of the capitalist, without reference to the proportion which the magnitude of this produce bears to the magnitude of the capital employed in its production: and if we consider profits in the light in which they are invariably considered in the real business of life, as the portion of the produce of industry accruing to the capitalists in a given period of time, after all the produce expended by them in production during the same period is fully replaced, it will be immediately seen that

there are very many exceptions to Mr. Ricardo's theory."

And then goes on to show that

"The rate of profits may be increased in three, but only one or other of three ways, viz.—first, by a fall of wages; second, by a fall of taxes; or third, by an increased productiveness of industry."

Mr. Longfield (page 175) quotes one of his arguments on this subject, and points out a mistake into which he has fallen, but at the same time falls into one himself of equal importance. Mr. M'Culloch, just happening to be right, unknown to himself, on the very point on which Mr. Longfield attacks him as being wrong.*

"Mr. M'Culloch," says he, "calculates the rate of profits, after this increase of productiveness of labour, as if the advances of the capitalist remained exactly as before; the profit is £543, and he supposes the advance to remain £1,000, whereas, on his supposition, the advance made by the capitalist is £500 for seed and £500 for the old wages, and £857 for the additional wages; in all, £1,857, and the rate of profits is only 30 per cent. instead of 54."

Now, it would be well if Mr. Longfield or Mr. M'Culloch, on the supposition made, would explain the payment of £857 additional wages. Where did this fund come from, and when was it paid? If it arose from the increased productiveness of labour, it was the property of the capitalist, not of the labourer; for it had no existence until after the conclusion of the productive operation; and the whole of it would

* Suppose an individual employs a capital of 1,000 quarters, or £1,000, in cultivation; that he lays out the half of this capital in the payment of wages, and obtains a return of 1,200 quarters, or £1,200. In this case, assuming he is not affected by taxation, his profits will amount to 200 quarters, or £200, being at the rate of 20 per cent., and will be to wages in the proportion of two to five. Suppose now that the productiveness of industry is *universally doubled*: and let it be further supposed, that the additional 1,200 quarters, or £1,200, is divided between the capitalist and his labourers in the former proportion of two to five; or that the capitalist gets 343 quarters, or £343 of additional profits, and the labourer 857 quarters, or £857 of additional wages. In this case both parties will obtain the same proportion of the produce of industry as before; and if we look only to them we must say, that neither wages nor profits had risen. But when we compare, as is invariably done in estimating profits, the return obtained by the capitalist with the capital he employs, it will be found, notwithstanding the constancy of proportional wages, that the rate of profits has increased from 20 to 54 per cent.—*M'Culloch's Principles of Political Economy*, p. 374–423.

be appropriated by the capitalist as additional profit, as he must have made his bargain with the labourers, and paid them their wages *before* that conclusion; and he could not have done so out of a fund which was not in existence till *after* it. The fact is, Mr. M'Culloch is unwittingly right in assuming the advance to remain as before, £1,000; but he is wrong in his estimate of the profit on the transaction; for that profit must have been the original profit of £200, *plus* the result of the increased produce, or £1200, that is, £1,400, or 140 per cent., instead of 54 per cent., as stated by Mr. M'Culloch; or 30 per cent., as estimated by Mr. Longfield.

If then, it be true, that wages depend, as has been maintained, exclusively on the amount of the fund made applicable by the capitalists to the purchase of labour, and that this amount is determined previous to, and independent of, the production of the commodities about which the labourers are employed; profits will on the other hand depend altogether on the excess of those commodities thus produced, above the amount distributed amongst the labourers by whom the production is effected; in other words, the rate of profit depends upon, and is regulated by, the productiveness of labour. The principal circumstances which affect the productiveness of labour, are the following:—1st. The remuneration or wages of the labourer; 2d. His strength, energy, and skill; 3d. The skill and intelligence of the capitalist in the use and direction of his powers; and 4th. The efficiency of the agents or machinery by which he is assisted. The first of these circumstances would naturally tend, in the progress of society, to make labour less productive, by the increased remuneration that would follow the natural augmentation of the fund for the maintenance of labour, were this tendency not more than counteracted by the strong propensity to an increase in the number of labourers or competitors for shares of the labour fund. This circumstance, therefore, will, on the whole, be found in civilized societies to have a tendency to increase the productive powers of labour, as this remuneration has a tendency to diminish. It is, however, worthy of remark,

that a diminution of wages would appear in every case to involve a diminution of produce, and vice versa; in other words, a labourer ill clothed, ill lodged, and ill fed, cannot produce the same quantity of goods with a labourer well clothed, well lodged, and well fed, which may again illustrate the falsehood of Mr. Ricardo's hypothesis, that what is lost by the labourer is gained by the capitalist, and what is gained by the labourer is lost by the capitalist. Second, the work done by the labourer will vary according to his strength, energy, and skill. This work is the property of the employer or capitalist, who purchased the right to it by the payment of the wages of the labourer before its production, and therefore the more powerful and skilful the workmen of a community may be, the higher "*ceteris paribus*" will be the rate of profit. Third, the skill and intelligence of the employers has manifestly a great and extensive effect in increasing the amount of the produce from a given quantity of labour, and must exercise a corresponding influence on the rate of profit; and it is the natural increase which in the progress of civilization takes place in the energy, skill, and intelligence of the people at large, which most powerfully tends to check the fall of profits, which the decreased efficiency of the agents, by which the labourer is assisted, renders inevitable. It may appear extraordinary at first view, that the general efficiency of the agents by which the labourer is assisted, should have a constant tendency to decline, when we see around us the numerous and extraordinary contrivances which the ingenuity of man has devised for the saving of time and labour. But, nevertheless, a closer examination will show that such is the fact; for the efficiency of that agent, which is, of all others, most necessary to our existence, has a natural and unavoidable tendency to decrease: that agent is *land*; every successive addition to the cultivated portion of which—in other words, every additional machine for the production of food—is likely to be less productive than the preceding. Mr. Longfield has shown that the profits of all machines, or agents for assisting labour, must be determined by the productiveness of that one which is necessarily

employed with least effect; for the *value* of the produce of those which are more efficient, must be reduced so much as to leave the employers of all upon a level, otherwise those who worked the less productive agents would quit them for others by which they could procure more. This least efficient of all the agents for assisting labour, is the land last brought into cultivation, which may appear evident from the fact, that it is the *last* employment to which capital was *necessarily* directed; and the fact that *a similar agent, only one degree less powerful, is too inefficient to be employed at all.* By the profits, therefore, or returns to capital upon this land, other circumstances remaining unchanged, will the profits of all other businesses be regulated; and it is likely, if these views be correct, that it will scarcely be denied that the difference existing between Mr. Longfield and his predecessors on the subject of the great regulating principle of profits, is one more verbal than real. It is the return to capital on the worst land in cultivation, say they, which regulates the rate of profit; it is the return to capital on the least productive machine, says Mr. Longfield. Softly, gentlemen.—You are all agreed, if it should so happen, that the least productive machine, or agent for assisting labour, is, in fact, the worst land in cultivation.

From a consideration of these views it will appear that wages are paid out of a fund existing before the commodities are produced by the labourers to whom they are paid, and not *out* of the commodities produced *by* those labourers; and therefore, that it is not true that “the great mass of labourers must be paid out of the produce, or the price of the produce of their labour.” The produce of their labour is the property of the capitalist, part of which may, indeed, and most likely will be employed again in the purchase of labour, but not of *the labour* by which the commodities themselves were produced; and the subsequent employment of these commodities will form a new series of productive operations, which must be considered as being, and are, in fact, actually distinct from those by which they themselves were originally produced. Wages, therefore, depend entirely on

the amount of the funds made applicable by their owners to the purchase of labour, compared with the number of labourers, or of shares into which those funds must be divided; and the only way by which they can possibly be increased, is by a relative increase of those funds. Profits, on the other hand, are the result of wages—the end for the attainment of which, wages are the means; and it therefore cannot be true, “that the wages of labour depend upon the rate of profit,” any more than it can be true, that the antecedent can depend upon its consequent, the cause upon its effect. Profits depend generally on the productive powers of labour; in estimating which, the price of labour or wages is an important element, but not the only one on which that productiveness depends.

There is but one more subject in Mr. Longfield's work to which it is now necessary to advert, viz., his animadversions on the opinion which has been extensively entertained among political economists, “that the value of labour, like every thing else, (ultimately,) depends upon the cost of production; and that the cost of production of a labourer is that sum which, according to his natural or artificial wants, is sufficient to support the labourer, together with, on the average, such a family as is necessary in order to keep up the population of the country” in such a condition as the custom of society, and the ideas of the labourers themselves, recognise as necessary and sufficient. He maintains that “no such calculations are made previous to the production of a common labourer. He is not produced for the sake of what he can afterwards earn. The expression, therefore, *cost of production*, is merely metaphorical when applied to such a case; and no argument can be drawn from it, since the analogy is deficient in the very circumstance through which the cost of production affects the price of articles of commerce.” Now, it may fairly be granted to Mr. Longfield, that the expression “cost of production,” is one not very suitable for the case in question; yet it might be rather difficult to make out that there is not some principle analagous to the cost of production of articles of commerce, which tends to accommodate the supply of labour or the num-

ber of labourers, to the demand for labour, or the amount of the fund applicable to its purchase : in fact, such calculations as Mr. Longfield speaks of, are in truth made previous to the production of a labourer, although it may not be in the precise and learned terms of a political economist. Such calculations are made in every country where prudence and forethought form any of the characteristics of the peasantry. What, for instance, is the natural question for a prudent young man of the labouring class to ask himself previous to entering into a marriage ? Is it not, have I the means of supporting a wife and family in decency and comfort, according to the manner in which I have myself been brought up ? If the answer be in the negative, is it not right—nay, in those countries which possess a prudent peasantry, is it not actually the practice, to abstain until the necessary means have been saved or procured ?—and it is precisely this calculation which forms the means, and the only means the labouring classes possess of keeping up the price of their labour, to what some may call the cost of production, but which might, with more propriety, be called the natural or proper price in each peculiar society. When these calculations are not made, and it is too true that in many cases and in many countries (our own unfortunately amongst the number) they are not, the result must inevitably be the depression of the price of labour below its natural value, and the consequent misery, destitution, and crime, which are the invariable concomitants of such a state of things ; and the misfortune is, that it is one which, instead of having a tendency to bring its own remedy, rather tends, (and herein there is a difference between the cost of production of labour and commodities,) when it arrives at a certain point of degradation, to perpetuate itself,

*"Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus
obstat
Res angusta domi."*

It is undoubtedly true, that at any given time the expenses and mode of living of a labourer must depend upon his wages, for he cannot spend more than he can get, and he cannot get more than there is to give him ;

but unless what he does get is, *according to his notion*, sufficient to support a family in decency and respectability, he ought, and if he be prudent he will, avoid having one ; and this avoidance, which is nothing very much out of the common way, and which in well regulated societies is occurring every day, produces the requisite adjustment of supply to demand, and a consequent rise, or rather maintenance of the price of labour.

I must now, Sir, conclude my observations on this work, which have already perhaps run to an inconvenient and unreasonable length ; at the same time, the importance of the subjects treated of demanded full discussion ; they involve principles and rules of conduct in which the well-being of society is deeply, nay, vitally interested ; they involve, in a peculiar manner, the consideration of the causes, circumstances, and remedies of the present condition of the labouring classes in Ireland. To that condition it is impossible that you, Sir, can look without anxiety ; it is scarcely possible that any one can look without perplexity ; and on the means which shall be taken to check the tide of pauperism and turbulence which threatens to overwhelm us, will depend the happiness and prosperity of millions yet unborn. Let one more false step be made, and who shall be found bold enough to answer for the consequences ? The apparently unruffled surface of society at the present moment is but

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

And who can say, with certainty, how far we may be from the cataract which will involve all orders of society in one common gulf of ruin.

To Mr. Longfield, for his work, his country is much indebted ; and I trust its appearance will form a new era in the history of our gentry—of that class on whose conduct and whose principles so much of the well-being of society depends. That it may serve the purpose of arresting their attention, and directing their minds to the careful examination of the present condition of the people, and the adoption of such means as may, by tending to increase the amount of the fund for the support of labour relatively to their numbers, or to decrease their numbers

in relation to the amount of the fund for their support, lay the foundations of a permanent edifice of social happiness. Without such attention and close examination on the part of those who are, or at least ought to be, the prime movers of our public affairs, I can see little before us but a deeper plunge into the abyss of misery and social disorganization, rendering any

hope of recovery still more distant and futile—

“Facilis descensus Averno;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad
suras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.”

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
A. Z.

THE PLEASURES OF GRIEF.

“Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!”—SHENSTONE.

How strangely are our tempers cast!
I seek not to forget;
But even view misfortunes past
With something like regret.

There's hoarseness ever in the roll
Of floods that *towards* us flow;
But ebbing sorrows soothe the soul,
And soften as they go.

The gloomiest season of distress,
When grief has had its day,
Receives a tint of tenderness
As it recedes away.

Thus, upward as the mist doth move,
It blushes into sight;
A fog below, a cloud above,
And dyed with heavenly light.

SONNETS.

No. III.*—NOON.

God! 'tis a glorious sight to see the star of day
 At noon tide climb to his empyrean height,
 Then check one moment his eternal flight
 O'er the hushed earth that glows beneath his sway—
 Still dreamy summer Noon!—The headlong ray
 Pierces the leafy grove's umbrageous night,
 The streamlet shuns its shadeless banks, and bright
 Leaps in its chainless speed. On bending spray
 Sings the brown thrush to heaven his anthem free;
 The bee is rustling in the wild flower's cell,
 When, hark! the pealing of some clear-toned bell
 Flings through the sultry air sweet melody,
 Telling the blushing maid to spread with sylvan glee
 The labourer's mid-day meal beneath the hawthorn tree.

No. IV.—EVENING.

How sweet to watch at day's declining hour
 The broad red sun wheel down the mountain's side;
 To view, through heaven's blue, deep and boundless tide,
 The billowy clouds their gold-tinged breakers pour
 Fast round the sinking giant's head; while bright
 His beams shoot up beyond the baffled cloud
 That vainly seeks his setting rays to shroud:
 And slow as steals his radiance from the sight,
 Fading to twilight through a thousand hues,
 The gladsome laugh of heart untouched by care
 Melts into music on the evening air,
 As home the toil-freed swain his path pursues:
 While fresh'ning dews fall on the thirsting ground,
 And balmy odours fill the air around.

No. V.—CONTEMPLATION.

Place me at stilly noon on some high ground,
 Where mortal's voice intrudes no earthly care,
 Whence I may view heaven's glorious fabric rear
 Its giant arches based on earth all round;
 And, freed from time, hear nature's language flow—
 Day uttering unto day God's wondrous pow'r;†
 Or, at the moonless, starry, midnight hour,
 See night, to night, God's boundless knowledge show.
 Spirit Omniscient! where can mortal fly,
 To hide from thee who countless worlds can fill?—
 In morning's light he *feels* thy piercing eye,
 And darkness finds him trembling 'fore thee still:
 Where light can dwell not, shape, nor shade, nor sound,
 Nor space, nor time, but *thought*—there Thou art found.

IOTA.

* No. I. "NIGHT," Vol. II. p. 443; No. II. "MORNING," p. 556.

† "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."
 Psalm 19. v. 2.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

“ And then there was a little isle,
That in my very face did smile,
The only one in view.
A little isle!—————
• • • • •

But on it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And through it there were streamlets flowing,
And on it there were wild flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.

PRISONER OF CHILLON.

CHAPTER III.

ST. HELENA—TENDER REMINISCENCES.

The feelings that occupied the mind of the unfortunate Bonnivard, when he had clambered up to the grated window of his dungeon, and “bent the quiet of a loving eye” upon the landscape expanded before him, are beautifully alluded to in the above lines of the poet. For six long years his look had rested upon nothing but the humid walls and dripping vault of his cell; and now, when he gazed once more upon the towering mountains, with their thousand years of snow, and the sunny surface of the rippled lake, and the gay white sails that skimmed the waters of the flowing Rhone, it was with feelings which they who have experienced can alone appreciate. In the little island, which so peculiarly rivetted his attention, there is nothing remarkable. The stranger may pass it a thousand times, and scarcely, perhaps, be so much as aware of its existence. But for the noble prisoner it had charms, independent of its aspect. In his mind it was associated with the idea of that which he cherished more fondly than life—the idea of freedom. The breeze that sighed among the foliage—the tall trees that stretched their leafy branches towards the sky—the streams that cascaded among the rocks—the many-tinted wild flowers

that smiled in the sunbeams, were all lively emblems of the liberty he had lost. He gazed upon them as upon friends from whom he had long been separated; and felt how true it is that misfortune teaches us to find, in different objects, a charm to which we were totally insensible when slumbering on the lap of blind prosperity.

It was with feelings somewhat analogous, that, after passing six monotonous weeks* on the weary waste of waters, I heard the look-out at the mast-head announce “Land!” It was evening, and a thin gauzy mist obscured, but did not hide, the horizon. I stretched my anxious look in every direction, but could discover nothing, save the same circular sheet of shoreless water which had so long formed our only prospect—unvaried, unbroken, uninteresting, as ever. Captain Morley was pacing the quarter-deck; and though a good deal ashamed of my want of skill in distinguishing distant objects, I at last ventured to ask him: “Where is the land, Sir?” He smiled; and putting his glass into my hand, desired me to look in a direction nearly due south. On the very verge of the horizon I discovered something that resembled a narrow strip of bluish cloud, apparently divided in the centre.

* Six weeks after leaving Teneriffe.

It was St. Helena—the wave-walled prison and island grave of Napoleon. So light, so vapoury, so air-suspended did it seem, that I was almost tempted to consider it a meteoric illusion ; and I had scarcely time to satisfy myself of its reality when the fiery disc of the tropic sun plunged behind the horizon, and in a few minutes there was total darkness.

In the morning, shortly after day-break, I was on deck. The island was now about eight leagues distant, and appeared like a solitary mountain, very high and precipitous ; its summit enveloped in dense clouds. We were scudding before a steady breeze ; and, as we approached, the clouds melted gradually away, and I could discern a series of steep conic hills running along the water's edge, their angled summits relieved against the sky. I could even distinguish the shape and reddish colour of the apparently volcanic strata of which they were composed. Round their base, the sea, everywhere so tranquil in those latitudes, broke boisterously. Of a beach there was not the slightest indication.

From the roadstead, where we dropped anchor in the afternoon, the view was striking and unique. Before us, and partly concealed by a dense range of trees, lay the town, with its houses of dazzling white or glaring yellow glancing gaily in the sunbeams, and its neat church rearing its little square tower into the air, as if in vain emulation of the majestic steeps that surrounded it. Beyond this, the bare rugged sides of St. James's Valley receded far into the distance. On our right was Ladder Hill—its lofty summit surmounted by battlements, and its precipitous side indented by a zig-zag road, which forms the only access to the fortress above. Steep craggy cliffs, from seven to nine hundred feet in height, dipped sheer into the water, and the seething waves murmured hoarsely among the hollow caverns, which their constant fretting had excavated in the rocks. Strong bulwarks of stone, and batteries bristled with cannon, protected every spot where a landing could possibly be effected. A few trees scattered along the face of the precipices, presented a verdure foreign to the scene, and contrasted strangely with the red and grey colour

of the rocks which they shaded. But, saving these, there was no appearance of vegetation. All was bare, rugged, and forbidding ; and a few occasional patches of sickly yellow-looking glasswort only served to remind the spectator of the extreme barrenness of the soil.

In the evening we communicated with the Admiral, and were informed that our vessel was to be put on cruising duty to windward, previous to proceeding to the Cape. This was by no means pleasing intelligence to my brother officers, who were looking eagerly forward to the society and pleasures of Cape-town. For my own part, I was, on the whole, rather satisfied with the arrangement, as I had an uncle on the governor's staff at St. Helena, to whom I had a great deal of home intelligence to communicate, and with whom I anticipated some agreeable days. He was an officer high in the service, and, of course, possessed the *entrée* to all the society in the island worth coveting.

On the morning after our arrival I was leaning over the bulwarks, observing the various craft from the shore, that were plying about and trafficking with the crew, when I saw a large gaily-painted barge emerge from behind a promontory of the rock, and pull directly for the ship. As she neared us I discovered a military officer, in a blue frock and red sash, cocked hat and feather, sitting abaft. The rowers pulled lustily along—the barge shot rapidly through the water, and presently I could distinguish the friendly ruddy countenance of Uncle Fred.

"Well Ned, my boy," said he, as soon as the first greetings and congratulations were over, "how do you take with the sea-faring life, eh?—mighty well no doubt ! No objections, however, I suppose to smell the land breeze for a few days, eh ? Well, I must see what my friend Morley has to say to it," and he descended, accordingly, to the captain's cabin, carrying with him my best wishes for the success of his mission. In about half an hour the captain and he appeared together on the quarter deck, and the former calling me up, informed me that I was at liberty to go on shore with my uncle for a week. Short time sufficed to make the necessary preparations ;

and as the captain was himself going ashore, he insisted on our taking places in his gig. Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt at the prospect of once more setting my foot on land. Although the rowers pulled strongly, and the rapid forward motion of the boat sent showers of spray into the air, to me the oars seemed to linger in the water, and every wave we surmounted appeared to carry us back. Had we sped upon the wings of the wind, I verily believe I should have thought we were loitering.

On nearing the shore, I looked in vain for a landing place. All around I could see nothing but tall perpendicular rocks, and inaccessible stone bulwarks, far up the black and weather-beaten sides of which the sea rolled its white-crested billows, as if to forbid all access to the water-warded coast. At length my uncle pointed out to us something that resembled a quay, but so low, and so much the colour of the surrounding rocks, as scarcely to be distinguishable. Even here, the only accessible spot in the whole circuit of the island, it was no easy matter to effect a landing. The steep stone steps of the quay rose abruptly out of the water, and the waves flowed and receded in such a manner, as at one moment completely to immerse them, and the next to leave them entirely bare. The same billow that bore us far up to the very water's edge, carried us back again in its reflux, and left us to be borne forward by the next. Our only resource was to take advantage of the short pause that occurred before the receding of the wave, and jump as quickly as possible ashore. In effecting this, I unfortunately slipped my foot, and falling into the water, just as the wave was receding, would infallibly have been carried away by it, had not my uncle suddenly caught me by the arm and pulled me out.

"So, so, Ned!" he cried, as, considerably disconcerted, I shook the brine from my dripping clothes, "are you so

very fond of salt water, that you can't leave it for a week without a parting embrace!" A roar of laughter succeeded this sally, in which I thought it was, on the whole, most prudent to join.

We now proceeded along the pier, which is high, and overlooks the water, but is defended by no parapet. When the sea is peculiarly stormy, the heaving billows lash, with fearful impetuosity, far above the spot we were traversing, and preclude the possibility of either landing or embarking. Presently we entered the covered way of the principal battery, which skirts along the verge of the rock, considerably elevated above the water's edge. This walk was adorned by a beautiful alley of flourishing fig trees,* beneath which the Chinese labourers, in their white linen clothes and broad-brimmed straw hats, were comfortably squatted, enjoying their hour of rest, and discussing their morning's rice. Several tawny-looking Yamstocks† eyed us with eager curiosity as we passed along, and a few of the townspeople, dressed in English costumes, were promenading beneath the sheltering shadows of the trees; while the little becafico hopped about among the branches, and enlivened the scene with its cheerful note. Proceeding onwards, we passed through a narrow arched gateway, and the town—which consists of one short straight street of dazzling white and yellow houses—lay before us.

On our entrance we were received by a mounted orderly, with two led horses; one richly caparisoned with ornamented housings, the other a noble animal of the pure English breed, equipped in the common equestrian furniture. Having cordially shaken hands with the worthy captain, we mounted, and rode off at a brisk pace for my uncle's residence. We ascended Ladder Hill by the zig-zag pathway I had observed from the ship, and proceeded along the ridge of its flat and barren summit. It was a bleak and cheerless prospect.

* These trees appear to grow out of the solid rock, which forms the only soil. Their leaves had much the appearance of those of the common poplar; but our Doctor, who was somewhat vain of his botanic lore, assured us they were the *ficus religiosa* of Linnæus.—*Ficus religiosa* / what associations that name suggests!

† The natives are so denominated.

Rocks, naked and flinty, without the slightest indication of soil, far less of vegetation, stretched themselves out in every direction. Saving a few solitary sea fowl that hovered at a cautious distance over our heads, or sailed away down the wind as we approached, not a living thing was to be seen. The hoofs of our horses clattered along the rocky road with a hollow monotonous sound that accorded well with the solitude of the scene. Not the vestige of a habitation, no trace of man or of his handiwork served to indicate that the spot we were traversing had ever before been trodden by a human foot.

When we reached the extremity of the flat space which forms the summit of Ladder-hill, and began to descend upon the other side, it almost seemed as if the wand of the magician had been waved over the scene. A lovely amphitheatre of wood and water, and rich green meadows, and the abodes of men lay before us. Occasional glimpses of the white walls of a handsome mansion-house completed the picture. I gazed in silence, lost to every feeling but wonder and admiration; and it was not till the sudden winding of the road, beneath a grove of majestic sycamores, shut the prospect from my view, that I could recall my thoughts to their former channel.

"Is this fairy land?" I said to my uncle, "or have I been suddenly transported back to the wooded plains and rich green holmes of England?"

"Not at all," he replied; "you are nowhere but in the bleak, desert island rock of St. Helena. The handsome mansion you must have observed from the hill, is Plantation House, the residence of the governor, to whom I shall shortly have the pleasure of presenting you."

As he spoke, we were startled by the clattering of hoofs and the rumbling of wheels; and looking back, we observed a handsome English phaeton, drawn by four beautiful black ponies, approaching at a rapid pace. I followed the example of my uncle, and reined my bounding roan to the side of the road to allow a free passage. The carriage was occupied by two ladies, one of whom guided the prancing team with admirable adroitness. She was habited in a pelisse of dark

blue cloth, which being open at the breast, displayed the plaited folds of a cambric chemise, whose embroidered collar, thrown back over the shoulders, was retained round the lower part of the neck by a broad ribbon of black silk. A beaver hat and green gauze veil drawn to one side, and hanging down over the back, completed her costume. She was a woman apparently in the prime of life, with dark hair, a lively sparkling eye, and uncommon brilliancy of complexion. A gay cavalcade of young officers and ladies followed at a hand-gallop behind the carriage.

Arrived opposite the place where we stood, the fair chariotcer reined up and saluted my uncle. Like a true-born son of Yorkshire, I confess I was at first more occupied with the team than with their mistress. Four such beautifully matched little black bloods I had scarcely ever seen; sleek, shining, and jetty, with high arched necks and limbs like rein-deer. I would have given the world could I have taken the lady's place and usurped the reins. As it was, I was fain to content myself with admiring the "points" of the tiny steeds, which I did with a genuine nautical want of ceremony, and was only tempted at last to bestow a look upon their guide by hearing her mix her conversation with several kind epithets and terms of endearment addressed to them.

"And pray, Colonel—soho, my darlings!—who is this that you favour so highly as to mount upon the redoubted Nestor? Quiet now, my pets!"

"A nephew of mine, your ladyship; arrived last night with the *Hesperus*."

"What! a midshipman!—steady, dears, steady!—a very nice looking youth, indeed. Well, he comes quite à propos—softly, Kitty! You know, Sir H. is particularly fond of midshipmen; and there has, besides, been a lack of males for some days at Plantation House. I hope he can make himself useful—gently, loves, gently! See you don't neglect to parade him at dinner today." My uncle bowed. "Does he make a long stay, Colonel?"

"He has obtained leave for a week, your ladyship."

"Very good! but see you don't let him come in contact with the double-nosed pointer and brass knocker!* You understand! Be sure you take care of that, otherwise he won't do for me, you know. Well, good bye for the present; we shall meet at seven. Come along, my sweets!" and with a shrill chirrup to her ponies, she bounded off, followed by the rest of the cavalcade.

When I left the ship in the morning, I had no idea that I was destined to dine with the governor in the afternoon. Indeed it was an honour with which I would gladly have dispensed. Before I left England I had never heard the name of Sir H. L., unless associated with every thing that was mean, base, tyrannical, ungenerous, and ungentlemanlike. At school, if there were any boy particularly disliked, we used to designate him, by way of reproach, "the Gaoler Knight." Our very sports had reference to him; and the walls of the schoolroom were plastered over with all manner of grotesque figures, surrounded with chains, and swords, and huge bunches of keys, intended as representations of the hated individual. Every thing out of school, too, tended to confirm this prejudice. The ballads sung in the streets, the conversation of my elders, the public newspapers constantly teeming with accounts of new atrocities; all strengthened me in my dislike to the iron-hearted governor.

"I had rather not go with you to Plantation House to-day, Sir," I said to my uncle, after we had partaken of a plentiful collation. "If you will leave me at home, I shall not be at a loss for amusement."

"Why, what the deuce is come over you now, Ned? Are you frightened, boy? Nonsense! Fourteen, and frightened at a governor!"

"You mistake me, Sir," I replied, a little piqued at the insinuation; "I am afraid of no man: but I hate the governor so cordially that I am sure I shall not be able to remain for an hour in his society: besides, I don't like the idea of sitting at the table, and eating the bread of a man of whom I have

been in the habit of thinking and saying every thing that is bad."

"Pooh, pooh! is that all? You must learn to *know* him, boy, before you pretend either to like or dislike him. When you have lived in the world as long as I have done, you will know the folly and the danger of founding *any* opinion upon the empty, fetid breath of common slander. You *shall* go!"

To so imperative an indication of my uncle's pleasure on the subject, I did not attempt a rejoinder; and accordingly, at a little after seven o'clock, I found myself in the drawing-room of Plantation House.

It was an elegant apartment, handsomely fitted up, with English furniture, and in the English style. The company, which was numerous, was divided into separate groups, some engaged in turning over the files of the latest British papers, some in making gallant speeches to the ladies, some in listening to the jokes of Lady L——, and some joining in conversation with the governor. To the latter I was formally presented by my uncle. He was a little, spare, pale-faced man, dressed in the full uniform of his rank. His figure, though diminutive, was correctly proportioned; and his countenance might have been termed handsome but for the peculiarity of his eyes, which were almost hid beneath his bushy overhanging eyebrows. In his manner he was extremely affable; spoke to me of my ship and my brother officers; asked my opinion of St. Helena, and hoped I would be no stranger at Plantation House, where he promised me at all times a hearty welcome, good cheer, and plenty of amusement. "In fine weather," said he, "we have horses, and dogs, and guns for our friends; in bad, a billiard-table: in the evenings we have good wine, good music, and occasionally a dance; so I hope, Mr. Lascelles, you will find our lone isle as pleasant at least as the main deck of the *Hesperus*, gallant vessel though she be!" I will frankly admit that this address made the first lodgment on the outworks of my prejudice.

At the dinner table, partly by my

* Any person who chanced to sojourn at St. Helena during the period to which I refer, will perfectly understand this allusion of her ladyship.

own adroit management, and partly through the favour of chance, I found myself seated beside a young lady, whose appearance had rivetted my attention from the moment I entered the drawing-room. She was apparently about my own age, and, in my opinion, inexpressibly beautiful. Her long flaxen hair was divided in the middle of the forehead, and hung in full clustering ringlets down her neck and shoulders. Her complexion was of an almost transparent delicacy, and accorded well with the intelligent tone of her features, which were cast in the finest mould of Grecian symmetry. A benignant smile played round her lips, and her laughing lambent eye was of the softest liquid blue. Her dress displayed great taste. It was simple, and arranged with a total disregard of everything approaching to ornament,

"Ogni suo fregio non era fatto, ma nato," she had the figure of a sylph.

With the bashful awkwardness of a boy, I sat for some time silent, at a loss how to address her, and heartily envying a dashing cornet of dragoons,* who was seated at her other hand, chatting away with all the volubility of military assurance. At the first glance I set down this youth as a most consummate coxcomb. His silky blond hair was studiously divided over his forehead, and collected in shining clusters at his temples. His thin, half-grown mustache was carefully dyed, and a meagre Henri Quatre, of the same auburn tint, adorned his under lip. His right hand, which was considerably seamed and scarred, he took especial care to display; constantly keeping it above the table, playing with the handle of his knife or fork, or with the spoon of the salt-cellar. He appeared anxious that the lovely girl, to whom he addressed himself, should infer that it had been wounded in action, or, at least, in an affair of honour. His conversation was insipid in the extreme; full of the most arrant egotism, and interlarded with a variety of strange exclamations and singular oaths. According to his own account,

there was nothing in which he was not a proficient.

He talked of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark! and that the sovereignest Thing on earth was——

himself. In horsemanship his skill was consummate; in sporting he was a nonpareil.

"I should like to show the governor," said he, "what it is to handle a fowling-piece! Cocks and pheasants! I certainly *may* boast of being able to shoot!" His fair companion replied with a simple, but somewhat emphatic, "Indeed!"

"I assure you it's the case, ma'am! I was present at Lord ——'s famous *battu* in Yorkshire, last year, and even his lordship, who is reckoned one of the best shots in England, declared some of my hits quite superb!"

"Indeed!" again responded the lady. Now, it so happened that I had heard a good deal of this famous *battu* at Lord ——'s in Yorkshire, and as I glanced at the shattered hand of the speaker, it put me in mind of a circumstance which had been mentioned to me as occurring on the occasion, and which the reader may recollect as having run the round of the public journals.

"I have heard, Sir," said I, joining in the conversation, that it is rather *dangerous* to shoot with Lord —— in cover." The cornet blushed slightly, and looked as if he could have torn my tongue out. "A circumstance of rather a peculiar nature," I continued, addressing myself to the lady, "occurred to a raw young sportsman at the *battu* of which the gentleman has spoken. I was in Yorkshire at the time, and am acquainted with the whole particulars. It was in a thick young plantation, where the trees were just high enough to overtop the heads of the sportsmen. The youth to whom I allude, hearing one of the keepers call out 'cock!' and being aware of a flapping of wings within a few yards of him, but seeing nothing, raised his gun and fired in the direction of the noise.

"A superb shot!" called Lord——,

* The reader is, perhaps, aware, that there were no dragoon officers stationed at St. Helena. The young gentleman referred to was on his passage to India, and a visitor, for the time, at Plantation House.

who was within about twenty yards of the spot. 'Who fired?'

"'I did!' ejaculated the youth.

"'Where are you?' rejoined his lordship; 'hold up your hand that I may see!'"

The youth, dreading no evil, did as he was desired; crack went his lordship's gun, and lodged its contents in the ill-fated up-stretched hand.

"'Take that, my young friend,' cried his lordship, 'and learn to shoot nearer your mark another time. Your pellets have completely riddled my hat!'"

The lady glanced at the seamed right hand of the cornet, as I finished my story, and gave a hearty laugh. The officer blushed up to the eyes, grinned a malicious laugh at what he called "the good joke," and took the earliest opportunity of concealing the unlucky hand beneath his napkin. For the next hour he was wonderfully silent.

The enemy being thus disposed of, and a fair field before me, I did not lose the opportunity of pursuing my conversation with the beautiful Sophia. My bashfulness speedily vanished before the cheering smile of her beaming countenance. We talked of home, of England—its people, and its pleasures, and shortly of the mutual friends—for many of them we found were mutual—whom we had left behind us there. I had never been so happy in my life. To sit by Sophia—to talk to her—to hear her talk—was elysium!

At length our tête-à-tête was interrupted by the governor calling, in rather a loud voice, for his butler, who was at the other end of the table.

"How is this, Stevens," said Sir H., when the man was at his side, "there are no ———* at table, and I told you that I particularly desired a dish of them today."

"An't please your excellency," replied the servant; "there were none to be had in the island. The fishermen have been out the whole of last night,

and all today, and have only just returned with scarcely sufficient for a dish."

"Well, let them be dressed immediately. They are never so good as when they are fresh from the water. Quick!"

The well-powdered silk-stockinged Stevens was proceeding to give the necessary orders, but had not reached the door when Sir H. called him back.

"Did you say they were very scarce—none to be had on the island?"

"I did, an't please your excellency; and the fishermen tell me they will be able to procure none as long as this wind continues."

"Indeed!—a pretty long look out at the present season certainly! Well, I shan't have them dressed. See that they are properly packed up, and sent off immediately to the general, at Longwood, with my compliments; and take care that the bearer makes my best respects, and a suitable apology for their being so few in number."

So long as the servants continued in the room, and even so long as the ladies remained at table, the name of the ex-emperor, by a sort of tacit consent, was never alluded to. When the latter, however, had removed to the drawing-room, the conversation became more general, and chiefly turned on that engrossing topic.

"Have you seen Napoleon today, Sir H.?" said General ———,† addressing the governor.

"I was at Longwood, by appointment, at two o'clock this afternoon," replied Sir H., "and was kept waiting in the ante-room for nearly an hour, before I was admitted to his presence."

"Was he affable?" inquired the general.

"Quite the reverse: he scarcely ever opened his lips, and when he did, it was only to make an abrupt answer to some pointed question. I touched upon every topic which I thought could interest him, but all to no pur-

* Sir H. named a small kind of fish, somewhat resembling our Smelt, which is caught on the coast of Saint Helena, and is thought to rival the famous White Bait of Blackwall in delicacy. Its name I have, unfortunately, forgotten; but it is extremely scarce, and to be caught only at particular seasons, when the weather is very fine, and the water placid.

† General ——— was not stationed at St. Helena, but was on his return to England from India.

pose. I offered him the perusal of a file of English papers, which I had brought with me, but he declined them, saying he had plenty of journals of his own. At length, finding all attempts at conversation vain, I rose to take my departure, and asked if there was anything I could do to oblige him. '*Rien! rien de tout!*' he replied, shrugging his shoulders significantly, but without rising from his chair, and so our interview ended."

"Not much, I dare say, to the satisfaction of either party," observed the general.

"At least not much, I believe, to his," replied Sir H. "For my own part, I have many allowances to make for him. To be hurled from the throne of the first nation in Europe, and made a perpetual prisoner on an isolated spot like this, is a change of fortune by no means easy to be borne. It would be enough to sour the temper of the most calm and philosophic, far more of a man whose ruling passion is ambition and the love of power. That he should look upon me with jealousy and suspicion, the office which I hold renders natural; and I do not blame him for it. But it certainly is hard, that after bearing with all his taunts and insults, and doing every thing in my power to gratify his humours, in so far as is consistent with the trust reposed in me, I should be upbraided by my countrymen, whose good opinion I value so much, as being ungenerous and tyrannical—as trampling, as it were, upon a fallen foe. God knows he never was foe of mine, unless in as far as he was the foe of my country. I have no personal pique to gratify; on the contrary, I have always admired him in the only capacities in which I have had occasion to know him—as a gallant soldier, a talented and enterprising man. But I must do my duty, even at the risk of my popularity."

"Had the tables been turned," said the general, "and had you been Napoleon's prisoner, I believe he would have cashiered any governor that showed you one half the attention that you show him."

"There, I think you wrong him, general," said Sir H. "Napoleon's disposition is naturally generous, and I do not believe he would have per-

mitted any prisoner of war to be maltreated with his knowledge."

"I shall not argue the point with you," rejoined the general; "but I believe I speak intelligibly to many here, who served against him, when I say that I was myself for some time a guest at Verdun!"

The conversation proceeded for some time in this strain, and we were just about to leave the table, when the butler entered the room.

"Were the fish sent, as I desired, Stevens?" said Sir H.

"They were, your excellency."

"Did the general send any answer?"

"He has returned them by the bearer, your excellency, exactly as they were sent."

"Returned!—how! Did he send no message with them?"

"Monsieur Cypriani informed the servant that 'the emperor desired it might be intimated to your excellency that he was not in the habit of being supplied with fish no bigger than his thumb!'"

"Oh! very well! see that they are dressed for dinner tomorrow, Stevens; and tell the cook to be liberal with the cayenne."

"Well," said Sir H., when the servant had left the room, "the general knows he may insult me with impunity!"

We now left the table, and proceeded to the drawing-room, where each spent the remainder of the evening as his taste inclined him, with cards, music, or conversation. The gay cornet of dragoons, having washed down his chagrin at the *battu* exposé, with plentiful potations of claret, immediately took up his position beside Sophia, who was seated at the piano when we entered. I bit my lip with vexation, at having thus allowed myself to be out-generalled by the coxcomb; but, assuming the appearance of indifference, I joined in conversation with the old general on the old topic of Napoleon. At length Lady L—proposed a dance.

"May I have the honour of your hand?" said the cornet to Sophia. Sophia curtsied an acquiescence; and as she took his arm, I thought she looked at me. I felt all the inclination in the world to knock the cornet down.

"We are to dance a quadrille,* Mr. —," said her ladyship, addressing the superb sportsman of the *battu*, "and from the exhibition we had the other night, I believe you cannot rate quadrille dancing as one of your numerous accomplishments. As for you, Sophia, I have told you already that I will not have my drawing-room converted into a dancing-school; so I think you had better look out for another partner."

The crest-fallen cornet looked unutterably foolish, bowed, and dropped Sophia's arm. I was at her side in an instant; she accepted me as a partner, and I triumphantly took my place beside her in the dance.

Every one knows that, excepting the shade of the lone greenwood tree, or the bustle of a crowded dinner-table, the side of a quadrille is the best of all possible situations for saying "soft things." When I first saw Sophia, I thought she was beautiful; as I sat beside her at table, I thought she was charming; I now considered her quite enchanting; and after a dozen rounds of the giddy waltz, I was downright in love. The evening passed with incredible celerity; and it was by no means pleasing intelligence when my uncle informed me it was time to go. As I took leave of Sophia, I fancied her hand pressed mine. My blood thrilled in every vein; and with a rapid parting glance, I rushed out of the apartment.

"Well, Ned," said my uncle, as he showed me to my bed-room, "do you regret having gone to Plantation House?"

"On the contrary, Sir, I have been quite delighted. Sir H. was delightful; Lady L—— was delightful; the old general was delightful——"

"And Sophia—not *very* disagreeable, I suppose," said my uncle, interrupting me in my list of delightfals. "Well, all I have to say is, take care of yourself. Remember that you have only a week to spend here, and that then you must leave St. Helena, and every one in it—

perhaps for ever. Don't forget *that*, my lad; and so good night to you."

Next day displayed the beauties of the place to advantage. It was bright, sunny, and intensely hot. My uncle's residence was certainly a delightful spot. The house, which consisted of only one story, was elevated a few feet above the surface of the ground, upon a broad platform of polished marble. The ledge of the wide overhanging eaves was supported by a range of airy pillars, clustered with the delicate tendrils of the passion-flower, and forming an agreeable verandah round the whole extent of the building. A row of beautiful orange trees, with fruit in all stages of maturity, adorned the stone parterre in front, and exhaled a most aromatic and delicious perfume. An open space of brilliant velvety greensward expanded itself before the house, sloping gently downwards to the distance of about fifty yards, where it was lost beneath the shade of an extensive forest of cedars and palm-trees. In the distance, the heights of Ladderhill and High Knol shot up into the sky; the pure atmosphere and bright sun investing their rugged sides and summits with a soft tint of ethereal blue, which formed a beautiful contrast to the bright verdure of the trees in the foreground. It was altogether a little paradise on earth, formed to dream away the cares of an ungrateful world.

But I was in no plight for admiring the beauties of rural nature; and at that thoughtless season few were the cares I had to dream away. The whole night I had thought of nothing but Sophia, and every hour seemed an age till I should again be at her side. My uncle, who had his various duties to attend to, left me soon after breakfast, telling me to amuse myself as I thought proper, and to command the services of Nestor. Accordingly, at as early an hour as etiquette would permit, I presented myself at Plantation House. Sir H. was gone out, Lady L—— had not yet appeared.

* At the time of which I speak, quadrilles had been newly introduced in England, and dancing was not so common an accomplishment then as it is now. Thanks to the female branch of my family, my education in this respect had not been neglected.

"I will step into the drawing-room," I said to the servant, "and wait for Lady L——; but pray don't disturb her before her usual hour on my account."

Without the precaution of being formally ushered, I gently opened the door and walked into the apartment. Sophia was there alone. With her back turned to the door by which I entered; she was seated at a small fly-table, apparently engaged in drawing. A box of colours and brushes, and a small crystal ewer with water, stood before her. The low sash windows were thrown open to admit the cool air, and a gentle orange-perfumed breeze played among her clustering ringlets. She stooped slightly over the table, and I could perceive by the reflection in an opposite mirror, that she was eagerly intent on her occupation.

I stood for a few moments still and motionless, incapable of any thing but admiration; for surely there never lighted on this orb a more lovely vision than that before me. Suddenly a gust of wind passing through the open casement, rustled among the airy folds of the gauze window-hangings. Sophia looked up—her eye fell upon the mirror—and there I stood discovered and abashed. A slight blush suffused her countenance, as without turning round she hastily collected her drawings and secured them in the portfolio. I moved instinctively up to the place where she sat; looking, I dare say as I felt, inexpressibly foolish.

"This is an unexpected visit, Mr. Lascelles," said she, without looking up, and apparently intent on fastening the silver clasp of the embroidered portfolio. "I was not aware, Sir, that you were in the room."

"I sincerely ask your pardon, madam," I replied. "The servant informed me there was no one here, and I unfortunately dispensed with the formality of an usher. If I am in the slightest degree interrupting you, I shall immediately withdraw; and can only apologize for an intrusion which, I assure you, was by no means intended."

She laid the portfolio on the table as I spoke; and the enchanting smile which was so peculiarly her own, resumed its place upon her features.

"You do not interrupt me at all, Mr. Lascelles," she said: "I assure you, you do not. I was only a little startled by your sudden appearance. We ladies, you know, have the privilege of taking alarm at trifles; and when I saw your shadow in the mirror, it was almost as trying for the nerves, as a scene in the Castle of Otranto. But now that you *are* here, I bethink me you come quite apropos, as I particularly want your judgment on some sketches of English scenery which I have lately received from home."

The drawings were produced, canvassed, and criticised. We sat side by side at the table, leaning over the sheets, and pointing out their beauties and defects. The scenes which they represented recalled to each of us varied trains of pleasing associations. I pointed out to Sophia the very streams in which I had angled, and the fields over which I had followed the fox, while she showed me the mansion in which she had spent her childhood, and the garden in which she had tended her flowers. How long we were thus occupied I know not; for time passed unheeded by. At length Sophia, touching the spring of a gold repeater that hung at her side, said it was time to prepare for her afternoon's ride; as Sir H. had requested his aid-de-camp, Mr. Tunbridge, to be in attendance at a particular hour, and the worthy old gentleman did not like to be kept waiting.

"Perhaps," she continued with an arch smile, as she rose to bid me adieu, "you will remain to see Lady L——. You will find Bishop Tillotson and the latest series of the *Beau Monde* on the next table. Her ladyship, I should think, will emerge from her boudoir in about an hour!" and with an airy trip she glided from the room.

Without the slightest intention of waiting for Lady L——, but at the same time not exactly knowing what I wished to do, I remained for the present where I was, sadly tormented with the idea of the aid-de-camp, in whom I fancied I had found another rival. It was true, Sophia had called him "old;" but then she might have called him so in joke; and, besides, she coupled with that appellation the epithet "worthy." The "green-eyed

monster" was busy in my bosom, and I was already jealous of a man whom I had never seen. I tortured my imagination in picturing him to myself. I fancied him a man, not old, but elderly—say thirty-five—with a fine portly figure, tall, dignified, and commanding; a piercing black eye, dark clear complexion, and clustering, jetty hair. There was certainly, I thought, some disparity in their ages; but then there was nothing extraordinary in a young woman falling in love with a man of his description, who, perhaps, added to his other good qualities extreme amiability and graceful accomplishments. "I will, at least, see this man," I said to myself, with all the haughty boiling in my veins which becomes a love-sick youngster; and thrusting my hand in my bosom, I elevated my head, looking all the while, I doubt not, unutterably fierce, and strutted off to the window to cool my burning brow in the summer breeze. What was to be done when I *had* seen him, never once entered into my contemplation.

The window at which I stood was clustered round with fragrant woodbine, and opened into a beautiful flower garden, which was hemmed in on the farther side by a dense thicket of luxuriant shrubs. The back ground of the picture was occupied by a forest of tall trees, over whose leafy tops were seen the waters of the placid ocean, shining like a sheet of molten silver in the burning beams of the sun. In the universal stilness I could distinctly hear the distant murmuring of the waves as they chafed against the rocky cliffs on the coast. There was a calm summer day serenity over the whole scene, which could not fail to impart itself to the feelings of the spectator; and even I, the jealous, love-sick midshipman of the *Hesperus*, submitted to its soothing influence. But still my thoughts ranged upon the aid-de-camp; and the tall figure and Mars-like eye which my fancy had conjured up as his, were constantly obtruding themselves upon the lovely prospect before me.

At length the door opened, and the servant announced Mr. Tunbridge. I turned hastily round, and a load was removed from my breast when I contemplated the figure before me. The

real Mr. Tunbridge was very different from him whom my fancy had pictured. He was a tall, stiff, heavy-shouldered, awkward looking man, apparently about fifty-five, with an expression of countenance by no means aristocratic, meaningless grey eyes, and shaggy, grizzled eyebrows; his neck was so short, that he could scarcely be said to have one at all; and his head had consequently the appearance of being stuck upon his back, much in the same position as that which our terrestrial globe occupies on the brawny shoulders of Atlas; his straight, wiry hair, which had entirely forsaken the front part of his wrinkled scone, was nourished behind till it had attained a somewhat unreasonable length, and the stiff collar of his military coat, pressing it up from beneath, gave it an outward direction, and caused it to assume much the same shape as the expanded tail of a strutting turkey-cock. In one hand he bore his regimental foraging-cap, in the other a silver-tipped riding-whip; and his blue trousers, with their glaring red sidestripes, were fastened beneath his boots by a pair of steel chains somewhat resembling the curb of a horse's bridle. Altogether he was a figure that would have inspired the pencil of Hogarth—one of the few caricatures which we occasionally meet with in real life. The indignation of offended dignity speedily gave place in my breast to an irresistible inclination to laugh; and yet there was a something in the general appearance of the man which in a great measure restrained this propensity—an indescribable something which seemed to indicate that he was "an honest fellow."

I had scarcely time to make these observations on the person of my dreaded rival, when Sophia entered in her riding costume. It consisted of a plain English riding habit, hat, and veil. She looked more fascinating than ever.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Tunbridge," she said, addressing herself to the aid-de-camp: "allow me to introduce to you Mr. Lascelles, midshipman in his Majesty's ship *Hesperus*, and nephew of your friend Colonel——. The patient young gentleman has been waiting here these three hours on purpose to see Lady L——, and I believe he intends to wait another."

"I almost despair of seeing her ladyship now," said I; "and I had intended to ask if you would honour me so far as to permit me to be one of your riding party. My horse is already at the door."

"Oh! impossible, Mr. Lascelles; that would be rude to Lady L——; besides, my little genet could never keep pace with the Colonel's Nestor—could it, Mr. Tunbridge?"

"I fear not, Miss Sophia," replied Tunbridge, "unless indeed the gentleman rein Nestor well in. I recollect that horse in England, and once saw him run a sweepstakes steeple-chase. It was over a very difficult country, and he was ridden by Yorkshire Dick, who carried weight. This was before the colonel bought him, Mr. Lascelles; he belonged then to Squire Hartree. Well, as I said, it was a very difficult country, and Yorkshire Dick carried weight. Who cares! off they all started——"

"You see Mr. Tunbridge is quite of my opinion," said Sophia, interrupting the aid-de-camp, who evidently intended to inflict on us the whole details of the steeple-chase; "and no man is a better judge of a horse's powers than he. But you can amuse yourself very well till her ladyship appears. I assure you you won't have much more than an hour to wait. For example, I think you could not do better than devote the time to the perusal of an eloquent discourse of Bishop Tillotson, which I shall be glad to point out to you. Ah! here it is," she continued, taking up the book; "you see the subject is Resignation;" and she glanced archly in my face, as she placed her beautiful finger on the word.

"But I shall rein Nestor in, ma'am," I said eagerly; "on my honour I shall; I can make him go as devoutly as a dray-horse."

"What say you, Mr. Tunbridge? you see Mr. Lascelles is importunate."

"Why, ma'am," replied Tunbridge, "I know Nestor was excellently well trained; and as he is naturally of a mild temper, I don't think the gentleman can have much difficulty in making him go our pace. He was first put in the bridles by black Jem, at Thornton Castle, where he was bred. His sire was the famous ——;" and Mr. Tunbridge was entering into the

history of Nestor's genealogy, when Sophia again interrupted him.

"Well, Mr. Lascelles, if you will promise to ride very slow—for Mr. Tunbridge and I always ride *very* slow—I suppose we may as well allow you to go with us." I bowed in recognition of the favour; and the horses being announced, we proceeded to mount.

Lightly, and before I had time to render her any assistance, Sophia vaulted into her saddle—the beautiful chestnut genet curvetting beneath her, as if proud of his burden; and it was not long till I bestrode the bounding Nestor, and was at her side. But mounting was no such easy matter for the bulky Tunbridge; and I almost laughed outright to see the unwieldy attempts he made to get his foot into the stirrup, preparatory to rolling his huge carcass on the back of his tall, gaunt troop-horse.

"Poor fellow!" said Sophia, as she observed my tendency to merriment, "he was wounded in the left knee by a musket shot at Marengo." The expression of her countenance as she uttered these words, was so exquisitely benignant, that I felt humbled at the idea of my own ill-timed risibility.

It was agreed that we should ride towards the town; and as we were ambling gently down the avenue, Tunbridge got fairly embarked in a detailed description of the battle of Austerlitz, which promised to last the whole of the way. He had just arrived at the advance of the right wing of the imperial troops, and was proceeding to the corresponding movement of Napoleon, when Sophia, who I saw was plotting something, suddenly interrupted him.

"I have just been thinking, Mr. Tunbridge," she said, "that though Nestor is considerably taller than my Palafox, he is not by any means so fleetly shaped about the limbs, and I am almost confident has not so much speed. I feel strongly inclined to try him a race."

"You had better not, Miss Sophia," said Tunbridge; "you are sure to be beaten. I've seen Nestor run as I told you, and at great disadvantage—Yorkshire Dick carrying weight, and the country being extremely difficult—but there was not a horse in the field

could come near him. To be sure, Squire Thornton's Sir Ralph, who is reckoned the fastest horse in England—that is, always barring the turf—came, at one time, pretty close, but then——”

“Well, I don't care,” cried Sophia, “I'm determined to try. Come, Mr. Lascelles, have you any objections?” and shaking the reins upon her palfrey's neck, she bounded off at full gallop.

“Not a fair start! not a fair start!” cried Tunbridge; entering into the full spirit of the scene, and driving the spurs into his steady old grey. “Forward! Mr. Lascelles—forward, and take the inside of the road at the turn!—it's your only chance—bless us, how that Palafox runs—and when you come to the hill, don't forget to time Nestor properly—his wind's his weakest point—and be sure you give him bridle when——” but the latter part of the exordium was lost; for, putting Nestor to his speed, I was soon out of hearing. I looked back before the winding of the road shut him entirely from our view, and saw the honest fellow labouring away with his spurs, and waving his cap in the air, at a great distance behind.

“He's a worthy man, that Tunbridge,” said Sophia, when I was once more at her side; “but oh! his stories are insufferable.”

“He's very fond of sport, however,” I rejoined. “I saw him, cap in hand, hallooing behind us, like a huntsman at view.”

“If you knew the story of that poor fellow, Mr. Lascelles, you would love him in spite of all his absurdities. The next time you have three hours to spend in waiting for Lady L——, I shall tell it you. But see, my Palafox is a full neck ahead of Nestor; so as I presume you confess yourself beaten, we had better rein up, and proceed at an amicable amble.”

As she spoke we reached a point where the road diverged in two different directions.

“The road to the right leads to Longwood,” said Sophia; “I think we had better follow it; it is much more interesting than the other.”

“But Mr. Tunbridge,” said I, “supposes we are going townwards.”

“No matter. He has business in

the town at any rate; and then we shall be rid of his interminable stories.”

Leaving Mr. Tunbridge in the lurch, therefore, we took the road to Longwood, proceeding at a brisk pace, and receiving the salutes of piquets and sentinels as we passed, all of whom seemed to recognise my fair companion as the inmate of Plantation House. The residence of the ex-emperor has been so often and minutely described, that I shall not dwell on its localities. We rode round the house, and skirted the garden.

“Do you see that little man,” said Sophia, “stooping over a flower-bed, propping the stem of a China rose?” I replied that I did.

“That is Napoleon!” said she; and as she spoke the conqueror rose from his stooping posture, and contemplated his work. He was dressed in a loose blue frock, large military boots, and the ever-memorable three-cornered hat. Suddenly raising his eyes, he observed us, and, folding his arms across his breast, strode away into the house.

Our ride lasted for nearly two hours, and more delightful hours I never spent. At length we turned our horses' heads towards Plantation House; but the nearer we approached home, the more we abated our speed. From a brisk gallop we fell into a cautious hand-canter, then into an amble, then into a walk; and before we reached the avenue we were going so slow as scarcely to make any progress at all. Suddenly turning an angle of the road, we were surprised to see, at some distance before us, the grey steed of honest Tunbridge fastened to a tree, beneath the pleasant shade of which his master was comfortably seated, reading a newspaper. As soon as he was aware of our approach, he started to his feet, and putting his hand to his mouth, by way of a speaking trumpet, bellowed out, at the top of his voice: “Mr. Lascelles! did Nestor beat?”

“No!” I replied, in the same loud tone; and the aid-de-camp shook his head, and resumed his paper.

“I could have sworn it,” he said, as soon as we were arrived opposite to him. “I told you at first it was not a fair start! There's not a horse in St. Helena will beat Nestor with fair play. I could stake my commission on it!”

Gracious ! how he did run that steeple-chase, and Yorkshire Dick carrying weight too ! The first fence he came to was a stone wall six feet high, with a five-foot ditch on either side. Pooh ! what was that ! over he went like a greyhound. He then came to the canal : we measured it, and it was fifteen yards good. Yorkshire Dick gave him the spur, and ——”

“ But, Mr. Tunbridge,” said Sophia, “ what an odd place this is to read a newspaper : couldn’t you have taken it home ?”

“ Very true, Miss Sophia, I could have taken it home ; but I wanted to

hear who beat, and so I sat down quietly, and waited till you came up. But I knew how it would be ! I’ll maintain it to the last it was not a fair start ! If you had only let me give the time ! Nestor’s limbs, did you say, Miss Sophia ? Why there is not a better limbed horse in the universe : both his sire and dam were famous for their proportions.”

During this address the worthy aide-camp had managed to raise himself into the saddle ; and having deposited my fair companion in safety at Plantation House, I proceeded with all despatch towards my uncle’s residence.

CHAPTER IV.

CRUIZING TO WINDWARD.

“ Ach ! dass sie doch ewig bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der ersten Liebe !”—SCHILLER.

I have bustled about too much in this weary world of tears and strife, and seen too much of its hypocrisies, its deceits, its disappointments, to be at all tinged with sentimentalism. But still I cannot plead exemption from the common feelings of humanity ; and I confess that I never look back on what Schiller calls “ the beautiful season of first love,” without being conscious of at least a passing feeling of something like regret. It is true, my St. Helena attachment was a childish one. Unlike the better judged and more durable affections of maturer years, its impression passed speedily away amid the stirring bustle of active life, and left its place to be supplied by others no less evanescent than itself. But for the time, it exalted me to the seventh heaven. Like the Lesbian of old, I was “ blest as the immortal gods ;” and shall I be blamed for regretting those sublimated feelings of unmixed delight which are only experienced during that happy season when all is confidence and hope, and no painful knowledge of

the world clouds the fairy scenes of our bright and sunny existence.

During my residence on shore my time was spent almost solely at Plantation House, and with Sophia. Being looked upon as children—and, after all, what were we else—we were allowed to enjoy each other’s society without interruption. Side by side we traversed on horseback the green savannas and rugged steeps of the island, or explored on foot the shady dingles of the woods. We culled posies of wild-flowers, we plaited garlands, we gathered fruit, and joined in a thousand other childish pastimes. No matter how frivolous the occupation, it was invested with a surpassing interest if we engaged in it in each other’s company ; and then we were for the most part alone. The gay cornet, finding his place occupied, had prudently abandoned the field : and though we were usually attended in our walks and rides by the trusty Tunbridge, we soon began to consider him as nobody.

But time passed on, and the day on

which I was to go on board arrived. With a heavy heart I packed up my *velise*, and gave it in charge to the orderly who was to accompany me to the town. Nestor stood ready at the door; and having taken an affectionate leave of my uncle, I mounted, and proceeded on my way. Arrived opposite the avenue of Plantation House, I gave my horse in charge to my attendant, and ordered him to await my return. It was not long till I stood in the entrance hall.

"Sir H. is gone to Longwood, Sir," said the servant; "and Lady L—— is at present driving out."

"And Miss ——?"

"Miss —— felt rather unwell this morning, Sir, and did not accompany her ladyship. I believe she is at present in the garden."

To the garden I accordingly proceeded. Up one walk and down another I ran with impatient haste; but no Sophia was to be seen. At length I bethought me of an arbour in which we had spent many happy hours, and I hastened thither. Sophia was there. She sat with her elbow leaning on the rustic table; her delicate hand passed over her forehead, and shaded her eyes. She was simply habited in white; a garland of roses which I had twined for her some days before, was interwoven among her hair, and its faded flowers formed a melancholy contrast to the bright colours of the jasmine and honeysuckle that hung in gay festoons from the trellised roof of the arbour. Beside her lay a book; it was a small French volume of botany which was usually kept in the garden for the use of those who were fond of flowers. So absorbed did she appear in her meditations, that I stood close at her side before she was aware of my presence. I stooped down and whispered softly in her ear, "Sophia."

"Edward!" she exclaimed, starting up and grasping my proffered hand. It was the first time she had addressed me by my Christian name; and the word must have fallen unconsciously from her lips, for a deep blush suffused her countenance the moment she pronounced it. To me it was the sweetest music I had ever heard.

"Yes, Sophia," I said, "I am come

to take leave of you. I must join the ship this afternoon."

Her hand still lay in mine: she bent her eyes upon the ground and was silent.

"But we shall meet again, and in happiness," I continued: "meanwhile, may Heaven protect you."

She raised her hand as I spoke, and plucking a sprig of white jasmine in full flower, fastened it on my breast.

"And is this all, Sophia!" I said; "have you no adieu, no kind parting word to say to me?"

"Ah!" she replied, "that jasmine spray says much. Don't you understand the language of flowers?" and taking up the small French volume from the table, she opened it and pointed to the word *jasmin blanc*. Opposite to it was written *L'amitié*.

"And now," said she, "adieu, and may God go with you." She pressed my hand as she spoke; her cheek was pale as marble, and the tears streamed copiously from her eyes.

"Oh! not thus; I cannot leave you thus!" I exclaimed passionately; and clasping her in my arms, I imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips, and rushed out of the alcove.

There are those, I doubt not, who will blame me for dwelling on so childish a scene as this. I admit that it is childish; but it was deeply important to me at the time; and I wish at present to give a transcript of what I then felt as a boy, not of what I now feel as a man.

I have never seen Sophia since. She soon afterwards returned to England, where she became the *belle* of Almack's — "the admired of all admirers. Lively in spirits, winning in her manners, lovely in her person, she has since caused many hearts to ache as sadly as mine did then; and amid the attractive gaieties of her age and sex, she speedily forgot the poor midshipman of the *Hesperus*. Such is the heart of youth. Its affections are easily awakened, and pass as easily away. In the elegant language of Tasso—

"*Trapassano al trapassar d'un giorno!*"

When I arrived on board I was in a state of most miserable dejection. My messmates flocked round to welcome me and ask the news; but I had not a

word to say to them ; and when they began to banter me for my low spirits, I could almost have leaped overboard for vexation.

"Something strange must have happened to Widoe," said one ; "he has not a word to throw to a dog !"

"He must have lost all his money at play," said another.

"Or been keelhauled by some she pirate in petticoats," said a third.

"Gentlemen," said I, sharply, "I have no intention of telling you what's happened to me, nor have you any right to ask ; I, therefore, beg to hear no more of the matter."

"That was spoken like Widoe Wild-fire himself," said Strangway, who had just joined the group ; "so I think, young gentlemen, your best policy is to sheer off, otherwise there may be broken heads among you ;" and, one after another, my brother middies followed his friendly advice.

For some days I continued in a state bordering on desperation. Nothing could interest me—nothing could give me pleasure, but thinking of Sophia, and gazing on the only token of remembrance she had given me—the little sprig of white jasmine. And then my ideas were so exalted and romantic, that I scorned to think, or speak, or act, like other men. I could scarcely so much as give a common order to a seaman, but it was clothed in some sublime phraseology. The following extract from my private journal, dated the day after my arrival on board, has caused me many a laugh in later years :—

*"On board the Hesperus,
St. Helena."*

"Once more tossed about upon the heaving billows of the boundless ocean ! [the sea was, all the time, as smooth as a mirror]—seeking for fame and fortune [God knows there was little prospect of either in those "piping times of peace"] amid the rude struggle of tempestuous elements ! Bubbles, more empty and evanescent than the white sea-foam, that is annihilated the moment of its formation ! Fame ! what is it, after all, but to have one's name interchanged for a few centuries after death, with the names of Drake and Nelson [alas ! alas !] and a

thousand more of the other pretty names of Europe, and then — why then to have it consigned, like the names of common men, to utter oblivion ! Yes ! let Vanity and Ambition flatter themselves as they will, oblivion, with her hollow, sightless eyes, will come at last. At the touch of her destroying hand, the monuments of the great will crumble away—their fulsome inscriptions will be obliterated for ever—the presumptuous piles of Westminster and St. Paul's will be trodden to dust beneath her foot—she will rifle the gardens and ruin the towers of the most enduring of Fame's gaudy temples ! What, then, does it matter whether we are forgotten the moment we die, or live on for a few hundred years (!) after the grave has closed on our remains, in the remembrance of a posterity for whom we care not—of whose very existence we are, in some measure, uncertain. And fortune ! O Sophia ! indigence and solitude with thee, were worth a thousand times all the luxuries wealth can purchase—all the pleasures society can afford ! But I hear the shrill note of that accursed Parsons, piping up the starboard watch.

"Midnight."

"At this solemn hour of silence and solitude, while others are dreaming away, in their sluggard beds, the little span of life allotted them here below, [*below in reality,*] let me revel in luxurious reminiscences of Sophia ! O thou angel ! brighter than the brightest seraph that ever glided through the regions of the sky, how unworthy I am of a love so pure as thine ! But I shall strive to merit it ; and the remembrance of those sighs, those tears of thine, will ever awaken in my bosom a desire for the glorious and the good !

"Shed but one tear ere I depart,
A drop to sooth my bosom's pain ;
I'll shrine the treasure in my heart,
And it shall wake my smiles again.

"Breathe but one sigh of fond regret,
While sorrow's tear shall mutely fall ;—
Enough ! I see those *eyes are wet*,
Those precious drops pay me for all !

"The encircling arms which late entwined
In joy, thy sylph-like beauteous form,
Must now engage the furious wind,
And brave the buffets of the storm.

"Again! again! that last career,
Repeat once more that kind adieu!
When care and dangers round me press,
Fond memory still shall turn to you!"*

There can hardly be conceived any more truly insipid occupation than serving on board a ship that is doomed to "mount guard," no matter under what circumstances. Cruizing to windward of St. Helena was most awful drudgery. Day after day nothing but the same tedious routine—beating to one end of the island, and then running back again; making and shortening sail in pursuit of passing vessels. It was a happy day for all of us when we were, at length, recalled, and ordered to proceed to the Cape. As we were running round to take up our station in the road-stead, previous to our final departure, a strange sail hove in sight, without any distinguishing colours. We immediately gave chase, and as she did not attempt to elude us, we were speedily within hail.

"Ship ahoy," cried Strangway, who was an adept at the speaking-trumpet. She immediately gave the appropriate response.

"What ship's that?"
"An American."
"Where are you bound to?"
"The Cape."
"Where are your colours?"
"Riven to bits in a gale, I reckon."
"Have you not another set?"
"We have?"
"Hoist them, instantly."
"Can't, I calculate."
"Why?"

"They're stowed away, and we can't find them because!"

"Heave to, till I send a boat aboard." She accordingly hove to; and a boat being lowered, Captain Morley,† Settler, and one of the midshipmen proceeded on board.

The examination of the credentials occupied some time, and the vessels, meanwhile drifted, and came opposite Bankes's Battery. Strangway and myself were standing on the quarter-deck, looking towards the shore, when suddenly we saw a vivid flash upon the battlements, and, to our infinite surprise, a heavy shot dipped into the water immediately under our bows.

"Hoist the pendants!‡ cried Strangway; "sharp's the word!"

The men were in the act of running up the pendants with all possible dispatch, when another flash was seen upon the battery, and an accompanying shot whistled through the American's rigging.

"Get a gun instantly forward," cried Strangway; "if that's your game, my pretty gentlemen, I've no objections to have a rubber with you!"

Strangway himself was actively engaged in helping to cast the gun loose, when a bit of slow match, which he held in his hand, *set fire to the priming*. Off she went with an echoing report; and the nine-pound shot hitting just above the fort, which is situated on the side of what is called the Rocky Hill, the fragments of loose stone came rattling down, to the no small discomfiture, as we afterwards learned, of the garrison.

* I trust that my readers will be indulgent enough not to apply the rules of criticism to the above verses, and that when they meet with such elegant expressions as "those eyes are wet," and "engage the furious wind," they will pass them over with a smile. Neither, I hope, will they "accuse me of poetry," which, God knows, is no sin of mine. In penning these *pathetic lines* I was only fulfilling what Lord Byron conceived to be the destiny of all men—once to be in love and write verses.

† Every seaman knows that it is customary for a lieutenant, and not the captain, to board a vessel under such circumstances as I have described the American; and that in case of his finding anything suspicious in the credentials, the merchant master returns with him to the naval captain. Suffice it to say, that Captain Morley *had his reasons* for going on board himself on the present occasion.

‡ Every vessel on the cruising station had particular distinguishing pendants, which she was obliged to hoist when she passed any of the forts on the island, in order that intelligence of her having been seen there might be forwarded to the interior. As we were not near the battery when we hove to to communicate with the American, but had drifted opposite to it, we had neglected this ceremony, which was the cause of our being so sharply reminded of it.

"Remember, Widoc," said Strangway to me, "that was pure *accident*."

"Oh! of course, Sir," I replied; "and the gun pointed herself!"

"To be sure she did; a child might have noticed it."

The pendants were now streaming mast high in the breeze, and the fort accordingly did not attempt a rejoinder.

"What the devil's the meaning of this, Mr. Strangway," said Captain Morley, as soon as he got on board; "did you fire upon the fort, Sir?"

"The gun went off quite accidentally, Sir."

"How did that happen?"

"I chanced to have a bit of match in my hand, Sir, and it came in contact with the priming."

"A very good joke, Mr. Strangway, but a deuced dangerous one. A complaint will certainly be made; and can you say, upon your oath, Sir, that the gun went off by accident?"

"I don't like making use of oaths, Sir."

"Aye, I thought as much. You've got us into a pretty scrape, Sir; and how we're to get clear of it I know not. Six weeks more cruising to windward will be the least of it. But how's this? your hand is bleeding; let me see it, Sir."

"Only a slight scratch I got by the recoil of the gun, Sir," replied Strangway, as he held up his hand for the captain's examination.

"I say it's *not* a slight scratch, Sir; it's a *wound*. Get down instantly to the doctor, Sir, and have it dressed."

"I assure you, Sir, its only ——"

"Assure me nothing about the matter, Sir. A pretty pass we're coming to if I'm to be contradicted in this way at every turn. I say it's a *wound*, Sir; and I'm determined it shall be a wound. So get away, and do as I desire you; and see you don't appear for the next week without wearing it becomingly in a sling."

As soon as we arrived at our station, the captain lodged a formal complaint

against the garrison of the fort for firing on him after his pendants were hoisted, and returned "*one officer wounded*." A slight investigation, I believe, was made into the particulars; but the fort must have borne the blame, as we never heard any more of the matter.

Before proceeding on our voyage to the Cape, the ship was to be provisioned and watered; so we lay for a week snugly in the anchorage off St. James' Valley, not very much burdened with business. My chief occupation during the time was fishing for mackerel and stumps.* We had three "stump-pots" constantly in use, and the management and care of them was given over entirely to me. I was very assiduous at my post; and having hit upon an excellent spot for sinking them, I was very successful, scarcely ever drawing a blank. At length, however, my good fortune forsook me, and for several days I did not catch a single stump. I was quite at a loss to divine the cause of this, as I had used every precaution with regard to bait and situation, and I determined to watch my pots more narrowly in future. Accordingly, one morning having baited them carefully, and sunk them at the usual spot, I rowed to the landing place, went ashore, and ordered the men to leave me, and return for me in the afternoon. For several hours I skulked about among the rocks, keeping a careful eye on the buoys of my pots. At length, just about the dinner hour on board, a boat hove in sight, which I knew to belong to the admiral; and concealing myself under the rocks, I watched her progress. The men pulled gently along the coast till they were over my stump-pots, when they very coolly drew them, took out the fish; and having carefully lowered them to their former position, rowed off to the flag-ship with their booty.

The secret was now out; and when I returned on board, I related the whole circumstance to Captain Morley, adding that I thought a

* Stumps are a species of lobster which are caught off the coast of St. Helena, and are esteemed a great delicacy. They are taken by means of a sort of wicker baskets called "stump-pots," which are let down under water supplied with bait; and having been allowed to remain several hours, are drawn up, and the fish taken out. Of these "stump-pots" every captain on the station had generally two or three in constant occupation.

complaint should be made to the admiral.

"That would be of little use," replied the captain. "The truth is, the admiral very properly considers stumps a great delicacy, and is not, perhaps, over scrupulous with regard to what particular pots they come from."

"What shall I do then, Sir?" said I.

"Do what you like, man, and don't ask me silly questions. All I say is, *get stumps* tonight, and come to breakfast with me in the morning."

After sunset I took a boat with four men, and proceeded once more to the fishing station. It was quite dark when we set off; but before we arrived at our destination, the moon, which was in the first quarter, appeared over the top of Ladder-hill. It was a beautiful evening for mackerel fishing; and we were so successful, that before midnight we had stowed a large cargo of them aft. We now put up our lines, and rowed along the coast to the place where I knew the admiral's stump-pots were lowered. As soon as we were over the buoy of the first of them, I ordered the men to draw it.

"An't please you, Sir," said one of the fellows, "this is the admiral's stump-pot."

"I didn't ask you whose stump-pot it was, you fool; I ordered you to draw it."

The stump-pot was drawn accordingly, three beautiful fish taken out, and then it was carefully lowered again to its former position. On we passed to the next, and the next, till we had emptied every one of them; and we commenced our progress towards the ship with nine fine stumps on board.

The moon was now pretty high; and as we were pulling along under the dark shade of the overhanging rocks, a boat with six men hove suddenly in sight round a projecting promontory.

"That's the admiral's boat," cried one of my men. "Shiver my timbers but we're in for it now anyhow."

"Never mind, Jem," said I; "we must make the most of it. Hand me your jacket and hat, will you."

I was speedily disguised in Jem's monkey jacket and tarpauling hat; and taking my station at the steer-oar, (the boat being a whale boat,) I directed the men to pull gently till the other

boat came within hail. As the admiral's party were in the full light of the moon, and we under the shade of the rocks, I had some hopes that they might pass without observing us. However, they suddenly took a direction shorewards, and in a few minutes were within a couple of oars length of us.

"Boat ahoy!" they hailed.

"Hilloa!" I replied.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Yes."

"What sport? any stumps going?"

"Two or three; but nothing to speak of."

"Where did you get them?"

"What the devil's that to you?"

"Oho, my fine fellows, that's your tune, is it! You've robbed our pots, by Jove!"

No reply.

"Come, come, hand over the stumps sharp, do you hear, and no more about it."

"See you d—d first. Find stumps for yourselves." And we continued rowing gently on our course.

"By Heaven, you shan't get off this way, my fine fellows: we'll follow you to your ship."

"Very welcome. There she is dancing merrily in the moonshine—the jolly old Hesperus. If you don't know *her*, you're pretty well acquainted with her stump-pots anyhow. Do you take, my fine fellows?"

My men were very anxious to make a regular fight of it; but I thought it better not to hazard this; and so we proceeded gently towards the ship, followed nearly the whole way by the admiral's boat, with which we kept up a flying colloquy of the same general nature as the above. Finding, however, that nothing was to be made of us, she at last retired, giving us a heavy broadside of oaths.

According to invitation, I appeared in the morning in the captain's cabin to breakfast; and having presented my stumps, gave him a minute detail of the whole proceedings.

"Very well, youngster," said he; "you must stand the brunt of it; and as it is the admiral you've been pilaging, I fancy it will be no easy matter."

"Perhaps, Sir," said I, "as you would not like to be embroiled in the

affair, I had better take the stumps to the midshipmen's berth ; I've no doubt we'll be able to discuss them there."

"No, no," said Morley, "there's no necessity for *that*—leave the stumps where they are in the meantime."

An ardent attack was now commenced upon the salt junk and other eatables, and no more notice was taken of the stumps.

"We must proceed to water the ship today," said Morley, as I was leaving the cabin, and you must go immediately and borrow a launch.* I have the admiral's order for his ; but as I suppose you won't much like going to the flag ship at present, you may borrow one from the — frigate.

Having thanked the captain for this considerate arrangement, I proceeded on my errand ; although, after all, I would sooner have encountered the admiral himself than the first lieutenant of the — frigate. This first lieutenant was proverbial in the service for his brutality and tyranny. His temper was violent in the extreme. When acting captain on board one of the ships in which he served, he was said to have flogged two men, upon an average, daily. No sooner did any poor fellow offend him, however slightly, than he ordered him to be instantly tied up and punished. When this happened, as it frequently did, during the night, a couple of lanthorns were fastened to the gratings, and the unfortunate culprit was flogged by candle-light. For convenience of use, as they were in frequent requisition, the cat-o'-nine-tails were constantly kept in the binnacle ; an arrangement which procured the ferocious lieutenant the name of "Old-cat-i'-the-binnacle ;" or, for brevity, "The Old Cat."

With the fear of this awful personage before my eyes, I proceeded on board the frigate. On reaching the quarter-deck he was the first man I encountered. He was pacing hurriedly backwards and forwards, apparently in an awful fury about something or another.

"What, in the devil's name, do *you* want here, Sir?" he bawled out as soon as he saw me—standing still and knit-

ting his shaggy brows into an awful frown.

"A launch, Sir, to water the *Hesperus*, by the admiral's order," I replied, with great respect, but total indifference.

"The *Hesperus*, eh ! The happy *Hesperus* you call yourselves, don't you, eh ! Devilish clever fellows, are ye not, eh ! No saying what the *Hesperus* can't do ! Expect to hear of her going, stern foremost, round Cape Horn next ! Happy *Hesperus*, quotha ! happy devil ! Very well, Sir, take the launch—there she is ; and if you so much as scratch the side of her, hang yourself, but never show your face here again !"

This eloquent address I received without a reply ; and, having made my bow, I was retiring to my boat, in order to take the launch in tow, when "The Old Cat" jumped between me and the gangway, and poking his spy-glass so close to my face as almost to touch it, he roared out in a thundering voice, as if he had been hailing a ship a gunshot off :

"Avast there, my lad ! Which of you damned fellows was it that robbed the admiral's stump-pots, eh ? In for a scrape now, by Jove ! See if your happy *Hesperus* can carry you through the squall that's coming from that quarter. Deuced fine fellows to be sure ! Six weeks cruising to windward will be the least of it, by Jove ! Confound me, if I wouldn't flog you all round, from the captain downwards !" and he walked off, chuckling at the idea of the *Hesperus* being put upon the admiral's black list, and sent to cruise as a punishment.

The whole of the forenoon was spent in watering the ship ; and about two o'clock, Captain Morley, who had been ashore, returned on board. The first thing he did was to send for me.

"Well, youngster," he said, "I am going ashore, to dine with the admiral today, and you are going along with me."

"I—I—Sir !" I stammered out, quite taken aback by this very unwelcome intelligence—"but —"

"Well, but what, Sir ?"

"The stump-pots, Sir."

* A launch is a large water boat, not carried by vessels of our rate.

"Oh! never mind the stump-pots—see that you're ready at five."

There was no alternative, I was obliged to submit; and all the time we were pulling ashore I was meditating what I should say in exculpation of my misdemeanour. The appearance of the company with whom I was to dine, did not tend to remove my embarrassment. They were all captains, save myself and the flag-lieutenant. With the latter I was, fortunately, very well acquainted; and a finer, nobler fellow I never knew, either in the service or out of it.*

"Well, Widoe," said he, "in a little bit of a funk, eh! But don't be frightened; and if the stumps are mentioned, be sure you pass it off as a joke."

Shortly after we had commenced dinner, and as soon as the dry ceremonial, which invariably fences the table of a commander-in-chief in either service, had been somewhat got over, the admiral apologized to the party for having given them no stumps.

"The truth is, gentlemen, my stump-pots were plundered this morning. A pretty pass the service is coming to, Mr. Lascelles," he continued, addressing himself to me, "when midshipmen rob admirals' stump-pots!"

He evidently waited for a reply, but I was so much embarrassed that I could not bring out a word.

"Did you ever hear of any midshipmen, Mr. Lascelles," he continued, pressing the point, "who did such things?"

There was no getting over so pointed a question; so, screwing up my courage, I bolted out the following reply, with tolerable self-possession:

"I have only heard of one instance, Sir; and the midshipman who did it, thought he was only doing his duty."

"What! a midshipman's duty to rob an admiral's stump-pots!"

"It is a midshipman's duty, Sir, to follow in all things, and to the best of his ability, the example of his senior officers."

"Well, what of that?"

"Only this, Sir; that the midshipman to whom I allude, was following

the example of the admiral, when he helped himself to the stumps in question, and in so far was only doing his duty."

The range of captains who were seated round the table, stared in perfect astonishment at my audacity. Captain Morley laughed outright. As for the worthy admiral, he was one of those commanders who, at the dinner-table, forget the quarter-deck. He joined in a hearty laugh; and only replied, "that if the case were as I had stated it, perhaps the best thing the admiral could do, was to say nothing about the matter." The truth was, that Captain Morley, who was always doing his officers one good turn or another, had gone ashore in the morning, expressly on purpose to explain the affair, and had arranged it all with the admiral before returning on board. I was invited to dinner merely to be "roasted" a little, by way of punishment.

The business of provisioning the ship being at length accomplished, we weighed, and sailed for the Cape. It was now four weeks since I had come on board from my visit at my uncle's; and this period, short as it was, had worked wonders on me. The moping melancholy with which my separation from Sophia at first affected me, had entirely disappeared, and I once more engaged in the duties of my situation with that lively interest which is so essential to performing them well. There is not, I believe, on earth a being more truly miserable than a man who has either mistaken his profession, or who, from whatever cause, engages in its duties as in a burdensome task. This misery I had fully experienced; and the pleasure I felt at being restored to my proper self was proportionably great. We bore away before a steady breeze; and the sun, whose evening beams had gilded the rocks of St. Helena, rose in the morning upon a wide expanse of empty waters. A week passed rapidly away without anything particular to mark it; every day the same monotonous routine of common duty.

One night about four bells in the first watch,† I exchanged the sultry

* Should these pages chance to meet the eye of this gentleman, Widoe Wildfire embraces the opportunity of sending him his very warmest regards.

† Ten o'clock, p. m.

closeness of the midshipman's berth for the free air on deck. It was a lovely tropic evening. The sun had been for some time gone down, and the slender crescent of the young moon, whose rays were occasionally obscured by dense clouds, afforded but a feeble and intermitting light. It was Strangway's watch, and Captain Morley and he were pacing the quarter-deck side by side. The coolness of the evening air was delightfully refreshing after the sultriness of the main-deck, and I leant over the bulwark to enjoy it.

"Pray what is that in the water, Sir?" I said to the captain, as he and Strangway passed near me; and I directed their attention to several huge masses of some black-coloured substance that rose and sunk from time to time under the bows of the ship.

"Why, it must be a shoal of black-fist,"* said Strangway; and as he spoke, a column of water was projected from one of them into the air.

"Had we been whalers," said Captain Morley, "this would have been a lucky adventure—as it is, I fear we must look out for squalls."†

"Whalers or not;" rejoined Strangway, "I feel strongly inclined to have a run with one of them, if you have no objections, Sir."

"None," said the captain; "but where will you find tackling for the purpose?"

"There's a harpoon on board, Sir, and as for a line, we have the deep-sea-lead line."‡

"Very well," said Morley, "set about it; I will take charge of the deck for you during your absence."

The line was soon bent on to the harpoon; and Strangway stepping into the main-chains, very dexterously sent it up to the socket in one of the fish. Off the monster dashed, and the line spun like lightning from the reel. The whale-boat was instantly lowered; and Strangway, with four men, having descended, the reel, and a couple of boarding pikes, were handed down.

There was very little wind at the time, hardly sufficient to afford the

vessel steerage way; and we could distinctly hear the spinning noise of the line for some time after the boat was lost to our view in the obscurity. In a few minutes all was again silent.

"Did they take any lights with them, Mr. Parsons?" said Captain Morley, addressing the boatswain.

"No, Sir; they took nothing with them but a couple of boarding pikes."

"Ah!" said Morley; "that was a great oversight. The moon will very soon go down, and in their situation darkness must be attended with considerable danger. Let the second gig be lowered instantly; and harkee! which of the men are acquainted with whale-fishing?"

"None of them, Sir, as far as I know, were ever on board a whaler in their lives."

"Let the boat be lowered instantly, and send Mr. Settler here. It was rash in me to allow them to go on this foolish enterprize!"

The boat was soon lowered, and the first lieutenant awaited the captain's commands.

"I must leave the ship for a short time in your charge, Mr. Settler," he said. "To prevent accidents it will be necessary to give Mr. Strangway some assistance, and I believe I am the only man on board whose assistance can be of material service to him. Let the blue-lights be taken from the deck and put into the boat—we shall also require the quartermaster's lantern."

With these precautions our worthy commander descended into the boat, and rowed off with four men to the assistance of his lieutenant. Soon after they were gone, the weather changed, and a strong breeze sprung up; but as it blew steadily, and we were quite aware of the direction the boats had taken, we never for a moment thought of any danger. At last, as the captain had predicted, the moon disappeared, and the sea was involved in total darkness. Even this circumstance did not, however, cause us any alarm, for we had perfect con-

* A small kind of whale commonly called *finners*.

† Those fish are generally supposed to be the forerunners of foul weather.

‡ The deep-sea-lead-line, which is about 200 fathoms in length, is wound round a large reel, and hangs constantly abaft ready for use.

fidence in the ability and expertness of our favourite officers. But at length, after rather more than an hour and a half had elapsed without bringing any tidings of them, we began to be somewhat anxious for their safety. All eyes were eagerly strained on the look out, and we puzzled ourselves inventing plausible reasons for their delay. Mr. Settler, meanwhile, paced the quarter-deck, and never opened his lips, though we expressed our anxiety loudly enough in his hearing.

"Had you not better fire a signal gun, Sir?" said Mr. Sands at last, going up to him, and interrupting him in his walk.

"What business have you to advise me, Sir?" said the lieutenant, turning sharply round. "I presume you are aware, Sir, that the ship is under *my* command."

"Perfectly, Sir," replied Sands, with great mildness; "but I thought that as the wind had sprung up, and the boats are so long of appearing ——"

"Very well, Sir; don't I know the wind has sprung up as well as you do? You will be kind enough, Sir, to mind your own duty, and leave me to mine."

"Good God!" cried Sands, as he joined a group of officers standing aft; "I hope the fellow has no improper design. Why should he be so angry at my proposing a signal gun to be fired?" The officers to whom he addressed himself looked at each other, but said nothing.

The breeze was now blowing hard, and the sea running pretty high. The ship, which had previously been hove to, made sail and hauled on a wind. We were astonished at this movement, as its obvious tendency was to carry us away from the boats.

"I've seen a good deal of service," said Wetherall, who was standing among the other officers; "and I think I ought to know something about the management of a ship: but I'll be hanged if I understand the meaning of our hauling the wind at present, the breeze being northerly, and the direction of the boats due south."

"What, in Heaven's name, shall we do, Wetherall?" said poor Sands, who was reduced to a state of absolute

despair. "Can't we cast a gun loose, and fire it whether he will or not?"

"That would savour something like mutiny, Sands," said Wetherall; "we might as well tack the ship whether he will or not."

The rigging was by this time crowded with officers and men, all keeping an anxious look-out; and the boats were constantly reported in one direction or another, so apt is imagination to deceive us when its powers are increased by anxiety. But no boats appeared. Mr. Settler still kept pacing the quarter-deck, and speaking to no one. In this manner another hour passed away.

"He's preparing to fire a signal at last," said Mr. Granger, the marine officer, who stood beside me on the main-top; "I see the gunner carrying a match."

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, as, after a few minutes, the report of the gun rung through the rigging. I did not at the moment reflect, though Mr. Settler probably did so, that as the breeze was blowing very strong at the time, and as the boats must have been considerably astern, they could not possibly hear the signal.

Another half hour elapsed, and the sentinel struck two bells of the middle watch.* It was a fearful interval of time, during which a thousand things were said, and a thousand more were thought. But Mr. Settler all the while kept aloof from his comrades, exchanging words with none, pursuing his own counsel and issuing his own commands. I prayed inwardly for daylight, but it was still several hours till sunrise. I stretched my anxious gaze in the direction the boats had taken; but in vain; not a trace of them was to be discovered; all around was thick, impenetrable darkness. The sky was obscured by dense clouds; not so much as a star was visible.

"By Heaven, here they are at last!" cried Granger; "look, Widoe, right past the end of the main-yard!"

I looked in the direction he pointed out, but could discover nothing.

"Don't you see them, man?" cried Granger; take my glass: do you see them now?"

* One o'clock in the morning.

With the assistance of the glass I descried a light in the distance. It was, indeed, a ray of hope; but it beamed only to deceive; for it proved to be nothing more than a solitary planet in the horizon, which the drifting clouds had exposed for an instant, and which they speedily again obscured.

Again the sentinel struck the bell; its sound was like a death-knell on the ear. Again it sounded, and my heart responded with a throb to each of its four dismal chimes. Every moment seemed an hour, so intense was our anxiety; and weary, at length, of straining my sight in vain, I once more descended to the deck. Wetherall, Sands, and the Doctor were standing in close conclave abaft.

"You're right, Sands," said Wetherall; it is high time that something should be done; and I can't help thinking that it will be little short of downright murder, if we do not go in search of the boats. As it is, we're steering right away from them, by Jove!"

"Before Heaven!" cried Sands, who was dreadfully excited, "you may talk of discipline, and subordination, and mutiny, and all such balderdash, but what are these to me, when the lives of the two men I value most in the world are at stake!"

"This is a matter, gentlemen," said the doctor, "that will require serious consideration. What do you propose to do?"

"Seize that Settler dog," cried Sands, striking his clenched fist against the bulwark, "and clap him in irons. Though I should swing for it at the yard-arm before mid-day, I'll be the first man to rivet the gyves!"

"And what then?"

"Why then Wetherall will take command of the ship, and we'll go in search of the boats."

"Would it not be better," said the doctor, "to go first and speak to Mr. Settler, and ——"

"Confound him, for a villain!" cried Sands, impatiently.

"Nay, my good Sir, hear me. First endeavour to persuade him to alter his course, and if he still persist in rejecting all advice, then—why then—I

quite agree with you, that steps ought to be taken."

"The doctor's right," said Wetherall. "Come, Sands, let's go together to Settler, and see if we can persuade him to steer upon another tack."

They accordingly proceeded forward. Settler was still pacing the quarter-deck, with folded arms; the vessel keeping the same course as before. Wetherall and Sands faced him, just as he turned to make another round, and they stood in such a position as prevented his passing. He immediately saw there was something in the wind; so sticking his arms akimbo, and throwing into his countenance an expression of infinite superciliousness, he addressed them with the assured air of one entitled to command.

"Pray, gentlemen, may I ask the reason of your stopping me in this uncereemonious manner!"

"Mr. Sands and I are of opinion, Sir," replied Wetherall, "that the ship is, at present, steering away from the boats; and we are come to give you our advice as to the course it would be best to take."

"And pray when did I ask either Mr. Sands or you to give me any advice on the subject, Sir?"

"You certainly did not ask our advice, Sir; but we thought it proper, under present circumstances, to volunteer it."

"And I," replied Settler, "think it proper, under present circumstances, to decline all conference with you on the subject, Sir."

The bell again reminded us that the morning was advancing—it struck five.*

"The boats on the weather-bow!" cried Parsons from the fore-castle, in a voice that made the vessel ring.

"God be praised!" cried Wetherall, interrupting himself, as he was about to reply to Settler. We all rushed eagerly forward, to assure ourselves of the welcome intelligence, and discovered the blue lights in the boats at no great distance, making directly for the ship. Settler immediately hove to, and in a few minutes they were under our bows. Officers and men crowded eagerly forward on the gang-way; and as the rope was thrown

* Half-past two in the morning.

over to the boats, a tremendous cheer resounded to their welcome. Sands was standing next the gangway, and as soon as Morley touched the deck, he eagerly grasped his hand.

"May God be praised, Sir," he cried, as the tears started in his eyes, "that we have you once more safe on board!"

"Thank you, my honest fellow," cried Morley, returning the cordial shake of his hand; "thank you my honest fellows all! By Heaven, it makes a man's heart warm to meet with a welcome like this! Danger becomes desirable when such a reward awaits it! Strangway and I, to be sure, were nearer losing the number of our mess, by the frolic, than we bargained for; but it's all over now, and your looks, my fine fellows, repay me a thousand times. We must have been sadly out of our reckoning, however; we took the ship to be full two miles to leeward of where she is!"

Settler blushed slightly at this remark, but not a word was said. His guilt or innocence was allowed to remain between his own conscience and the main-mast.

"And now Sands, my boy," continued the captain, "here's oil enough to make your fortune. Serve out lamps, my lad, and cabbage your candles! Our trip has been of some service to you, at all events!"

It turned out that they had succeeded in killing the fish, after much difficulty. It had proved a very strong one, and gave them a long run before it was exhausted. By what almost seemed a merciful interposition of Providence, it had towed them in the same direction that the ship had taken, and the gleam of our blue lights, which they discovered accidentally, while looking for them in a totally different direction, served afterwards to guide them in their course.

The fish was now got on board, piecemeal, and the blubber was boiled on the main deck. The oil, which turned out to be very fine, was sold to Sands for a pound of tobacco and a straw hat to each man in the ship; and we went on our way rejoicing.

About the end of the third week after leaving St. Helena, the flat top of Table Mountain began to appear above the horizon.

THE IVY TREE.

"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."—Joa.

Old Ivy Tree—old Ivy Tree,
 A lesson thy green leaf bringest,
 Of cark and care,
 Which man must wear,
 Like the ruin to which thou clingest.
 Alike to thee, and thy climbing limbs,
 Which round yon towers wreath,
 Is the cunning guile
 That feigns a smile,
 Whilst crumbling hopes beneath.
 Or yet, more like to thy creeping arms
 Is love and friendship's grasp,
 Which wind around
 The form they wound,
 And blight the fool they clasp.
 Then Ivy Tree—Old Ivy Tree,
 Though others may glance thee by,
 Yet I trow well
 Thy leaves can tell,
 A lesson to make us sigh.

M.

THE CLOISTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

Now fade the hues that streak the western skies,
The moon, arising, quits the oaken shade,
The winds career the waste with doleful sighs,
The elves their dance weave softly on the mead.

High Pharos sheds from out his misty shroud,
Adown the precipice a fitful glare,
The Island's ridge of white cliffs, like a cloud,
'Twixt sea and sky suspended, melts in air.

The Minster doth its moon-lit towers display,
In ghastly contrast with the leafy gloom
Of the wild copse that skirts the rocky bay,
Where breaks the languid wave with hollow boom.

Where yonder elms diffuse a calm around,
And wreaths of ivy round the portal twine—
Stretched on a tomb,—absorbed in thought profound,—
There Melancholy basks in full moonshine.

The yew-trees, there—a charnel-house disclose ;
The thistle nods beside the temple door,
Which long hath ceased th' intruding owl t' oppose—
High builds the swallow in the fretted choir.

Deep in the windows caverned arches set,
Loose fragments of time-tarnished glass remain—
And in the leaden casements glimmer yet
The pious blazonries of Gothic stain.

The Altar, now by rustling grass o'ergrown—
The steps, outhollowed by devotion's knee,
Record how oft the seraphs here have flown
To count the sighs of prostrate piety.

Now whisper through the dome the winds alone.
The cobweb-craped confessional is dumb,
The organ rolls no more the stream of tone
Majestically onward through the gloom—

The hallelujahs long have breathed their last,
Nor now the spicy censer, as of yore,
Its festal haloes round the shrine doth cast,
They, too, that ministered, are now no more.

In this seclusion sadly burned erewhile
The taper's ray, what time the vestal train
At midnight hour, along the echoing aisle,
Outpoured the solemn earth-dispelling strain ;

Then, from their cloudy tenement released,
High soared their souls from sin and sorrow free,
And for the virgin's bright coronal pressed
Right onward to the throne of Deity .

As closed the rite—awhile their spirits pause,
Then prone to earth precipitate their flight ;
And one by one the white-stoled train withdraws,
And through the cloister, vanishes from sight.

The pilot, still, when gathering tempests lower
Their warning gestures from afar doth spy,
A flickering fire-stream quivers round each tower,
Where wave their white veils, meteor-like, on high.

The wreaths of social love were never wrought,
O virgins ! your lone pilgrimage to cheer ;
For you life's rosy-bosomed hours had nought
But withered garlands, such as grief doth wear.

The name of Mother, for the tender ear,
Of nature yet unweaned, the softest tone,
The magic cadence in creation's choir,
By heaven resounded—ye have never known.

A spark, perchance, of Luther's torch illumed
Your infant bosoms, ere the die was cast,
Ere to the sacrificial altar doomed
Ye smothered freedom's flame within your breast.

Here many a Heloise, conflicting, grieved,
And sunk, exhausted, on the path she trod,
Untold for whom her heart's last throb was heaved,
For earth or heaven—for Abelard or God.

Ye—ranged the darkened corridors along !
Ye moss-grown cells, by rank grass overspread !
To whose forsaken chambers nightly throng
Wan, murmuring shades, the phantoms of the dead.

Within your walls did beauty turn to sere,
Ere yet the folded leaves disclosed the flower,
Nor love the last sad tributary tear
Did on the maiden sufferer's death-cross pour.

The Alpine rose, on Bernard's cheerless height,
Blooms lovely mid the lichens in the cleft,
And oft the fairest flower that woos the light,
Plucked by the tempest—to the stream is left.

Hard by the convent tower their bones repose,
Where, startled by the lone owl's drowsy flight,
Up the tall reed the trembling wildfire flows,
And mocks the taper's consecrated light.

The rose, of innocence the symbol fair,
Has here long time its vernal bloom displayed ;
Here, too, the clematis, to friendship dear,
Entwines its tendrils through the myrtle shade.

And here, as legends tell, the trancing sound
Of angel harpings usher in the gloom—
Then golden mists exhale from graves around,
And heavenly light irradiates each tomb.

O. B. C.

THE STRAY CANTO.

"Come to our camp, too, ye who love to quaff,
The brown jug foaming by the great hall fire."

<p>The faggots are blazing, the blazes are chasing The sparks to the groins of the stone ceiling springing: The Baron's retaining sit flagon-a-drain- ing,</p>	<p>Till all the old castle with roar of their wassail, Keep, dungeon, and turret is ringing— Rings ev'ry rafter with tempest of laughter, And hark to the stout hearts singing.</p>
--	---

THE YEOMEN'S SONG.

I.

There are maidens in broad Avondale, full fair they are and free;
And many a dainty herd of deer under the greenwood tree;
And brown ale in the buttery, the spigot ever flows;
But in the wood and on the hill are stout Sir Roger's foes.

II.

We have true hearts for the maidens, and broad arrows for the deer,
And blithe faces have we, I trow, for stout Sir Roger's cheer;
And for the good Knight's enemies, wherever they may be,
Both true hearts, and broad arrows, and blithe faces have we!
Then troll about the bonny bowl, and troll it merrily.

The faggot is low, but the embers glow
The yeoman's red cheeks ruddying;
Right red they are, without its glare,
For neither are they paled by care,
Nor fretted down by studying:
No need to fret, such cheer to get
An arrow point for bloodying—
Ho, Barnardine, thou loitering knave,
Give the good company a stave.

BARNARDINE'S SONG.

I.

The hermit of the glen, I wot,
Us all to grace can bring—
And nothing wets the good man's throat,
Save water of the spring.
The water of the spring may be
Sweet to the hermit pale;
Let every man have his own fancie—
Give me the berry-brown ale!

II.

The hermit he can pray for all—
We thank him for his prayers;
And what he moistens him withal,
So he saves our souls, who cares?

So he saves our souls, who cares though he
Drink till the spring-head fail?
Let every man have his own fancie—
Give me the berry-brown ale!

Ha, ha! the rafters all resound;
The flagon walks his oaken round;
Ha, ha, ha, ha! the lusty sound!

The faggots they glimmer, it waxeth
dimmer,
And dimmer still through the back
o' the hall;
Now nothing is seen, save the fitful sheen
Of the armour on the wall,
Where a tiny gleam of the faint moonbeam
Through the cobwebbed glass doth fall.

Round the embers draw your
 hearts," saith Barnardine;
 Keep awake till morning shine
 Of some champion's feats,
 Told or with goblin rhyme,
 At this ghostly time.
 Had Guy Blunt, who passing, well
 Of a perilous chance can tell.
 Had to heaven these eyes had been
 By summers sooner mine;
 What see what he has seen
 As and in Palestine!
 Nay, ere all our faggots fade,
 A tale of the crusade."

My beard, a dreamy eye,
 And shattered form hath Guy:
 Low black bench he sits,
 Seen within the chimney dark,
 Each sinking brand emits
 A flash, you then may mark,
 A phantom starting forth,
 No form shows beyond the hearth
 The gloom, that fray and storm,
 Ask again, you'd almost say
 Red years and storm and fray
 Ling'ring in that ghastly form.

"Well-a-day!" he thus began,
 Drew round the aged man;
 "Well-a-day! I'm old and grey
 Feeble now, and little worth,
 Long time to while away—
 Comrades tired of mirth:
 As I seen the day when none
 Sitting round this broad hearth—
 Me,
 And lusty though ye be,
 Your craft had mastered me;
 Mastered even me, albeit
 I'm feeble on my feet
 For the blithe forest game;
 As likewise are not the same,
 And also is changed, and weak
 For the arrow to my cheek:
 Though, as age's nature is
 One of its infirmities,
 This vain lament to you,
 Need I mine old age rue;
 Can say, as few can do,
 Have been here for fourscore year,
 More twelvemonths and a day,
 Any parts both far and near:
 East and west I have been through,
 Never knew the fear of two,
 Not from one away.
 What which most of all beside
 Has me in my old age, pride,
 It was my favour'd lot
 To dwell upon the holy spot

Where God—Jehovah's self—did come
 In this frail body's humble dress,
 For his great love and tenderness,
 Sweet Saviour! from the virgin womb
 And it hath been my lot likewise,
 To see with these old rheumy eyes,
 Which fill with pleasant tears whene'er
 I think upon the sacrifice
 So freely made for sinners there—
 And, oh, at what a countless cost!
 I say, it was my lot to see,
 Upon the hill of Calvary,
 The very spot, the very tree
 Where God gave up the ghost!
 But even though I ne'er had seen
 These sights, so holy and so strange,
 That all in Christ's wide church's range,
 From cowl to mitre, as I ween,
 There's never a one that should not
 Change,
 And that right glad and thankfully,
 His honourable estate with me,
 Though he be high, and I be mean,
 In my high fortune to have been
 On Bethlehem and Calvary!

Though these all fortunes else excelled,
 Yet have I other sight beheld,
 Of chivalry from every court
 Of Christendom, that made resort
 For rescue of the cross divine
 To fight in pagan Palestine—
 Aye, I have seen such goodly sight
 Of many a well-debated fight,
 Of joust also, and tournament,
 And palaces so wondrous fair,
 Of the hunting of the leopard there,
 The lion and the elephant.
 As well may make me bold to say,
 Saint Hubert favoured me alway,
 Even from the hour I first drew bow,
 Till now, when I can scarce employ
 The yew I shot with when a boy,
 Some five and seventy years ago,
 Blest be the patron of the yew,
 That aye to the blythe archer crew
 Gives merry hearts, that spring from
 Care
 Elastic as the bows they bear!
 That gives to you, my comrades dear,
 Light hearts and lusty forest cheer;
 And craves of you no more to do
 Than ranging woodland far and near,
 A spanning lawn and greenwood tree,
 With game-bound shafts loos'd merrily;
 Save when, in time of need, ye draw,
 Broad arrow against bold outlaw.
 Oh be the good Saint Hubert blest,
 That maketh us, from strand to strand,
 From north to south, from east to west,
 The strength and pride of Fatherland—
 From grassy green to desert sand—

For I have seen our arrows go,
Where neither blade of grass might grow,
Nor leaf nor twig of tree below;
But all around hot sand was spread,
And never a cool cloud overhead,
To bear the brazen furnace-heat
That right down on our bonnets beat.
Then hath it been my lot to see,
When our mail-clad nobility
Were foundered in that sandy sea,
And when our men-at-arms did fail
To move beneath their heavy mail;
To see the boast of English land,
The light true-hearted yeoman band,
Step forth, though knee-deep in the
sand,

And loose their shafts as fast and free
As if they stood in English wood,
Under the greenwood tree!
'Twas then I've seen our arrows fall,
A shower of fire, for every one
Showed like a sunbeam in the sun;
And yet a chilling sleet withal,
And sharp upon the infidel.
Ah, ha, my masters, trust me well,
I've seen them leap and heard them ring
From breast of Soldan and of King!
Ah grey goose wing that floated erst,
The pride of Avon's silver flood,
Of all our host I was the first
To make thee swim in royal blood—
'Twas I that made thee swim again
In the best blood of a Saracen
Who reigned in pleasant Araby—
Ah, strange and fearful was the fate
Which left his lady desolate,
And doomed his death by me!

I'll tell you how—Sir John, who now
Wons outlaw'd in the forest here,
And our late lord, Sir Geoffrey, were
Together fighting for the cross
In Jewry—hot July it was,
When, on a morning, from their tent
Like brothers, forth in arms they went;
And we, a goodly band, uprose,
With trusty aid of bills and bows.
But woe is me, us all before
Upon the pagan host they before;
For first were they in all assaults.
And when they had approached the fight
Within about half-arrow flight,
With slackened rein and stooping crest,
With spur to flank, and spear in rest,
Went in like thunderbolts!
I saw them each unhorse his man,
Then mingle with the broken van;
I saw amid the dusty rout,
Their white blades flickering about;
The blows they dealt fell thick as rain—
I saw them down, and deemed them slain;
I saw them rise, then sink again;

When up at last our battle came,
Struck in and played a gallant game;
As fleet as foot might go we ran,
And thick and fast at last began
To send our silent powers in
Among the iron's clanging din,
And make as silent, well I wot,
As the fast shaft that stuck therein,
Full many a shouting pagan's throat.
Be sure I oft essayed to force
A passage to my master's corse;
For 'twas the cry that both lay dead
Where hardiest the hounds made head;
And boldly on their crowded van,
Charged many a worthy serving man,
To drag their bodies forth, and save
Good Christians from unhallow'd grave;
For round about the infidel
Encompassed them, a bristling wall,
And many a shrill outlandish yell
Foretold them vulture burial.
Thus long we strove with loving will,
But fruitless all our efforts still.

At last when hope of help was fled,
And we, with heavy hearts, were forced
To leave them there, alive or dead,
A prey unto the dogs accurs'd;
Full suddenly among us burst
Of spearmen bold a goodly show,
Led by the banner of De Veaux.
Sir Roulf himself he rode the first,
And bright among the dust he show'd
His armour blazing all abroad.
A lusty blast old Stephen blew,
And down they came, and round the close
—A fearful crushing shock—arose
A sandy storm, that eddying flew,
As when the desert whirlwind blows:
And when that cloud had somewhat cleared,
St. George! what goodly sight appeared—
For every lance in that rough course
Was either shivered on the shield,
And splinter-frayed the cumbered field,
Or fixed and bored through man and horse:
So hand to hand they waged the war
All with the sword and scimitar.

I know not how my way I found
Among that press of battle keen;
Yet so it was, without a wound,
I passed the mellé all unseen;
And there, behind them all, espied
The noble barons, side by side;
Upon the ground, and over them
Stood one whose crest shone like a star,
He held a dripping scimitar,
And wore a kingly diadem.
Ah, many a rapid death I've sent,
But never drew I shaft before,
Albeit my eyes were running o'er
Long ere the trusty tree was bent,
So rapidly incontinent,

With truer aim or deadlier !
 My arrow split his corslet thin,
 His shirt of mail, and heart within ;
 He took a plunge, and on his head
 Pitched at Sir Geoffrey's feet—stone dead.
 Then all the Paynim chivalry,
 Who fought so stoutly round about,
 Seemed stricken with some witchery ;
 For, loosing bridle suddenly,
 They broke away in reeling rout,
 And like a bursten water-spout,
 The burst near swept us by.

I scarce can tell what happ'd till when
 I found myself, for fear and joy,
 Tears shedding, like a very boy,
 And both the noble gentlemen
 Whom I had deemed so surely slain,
 Beside me standing, safe again ;
 While swathed in dust and flashing far,
 At distance raged the flying war.
 And there that kingly corse beside
 We stood alone—and all that tide
 I knew not for my joyous tears,
 Or what we did or what we said,
 Save that my hands were clasped in theirs,
 While witless thanks to Heaven I paid ;
 For ah, my heart was filled with fears,
 So wan they looked, so wild and dread.

At last across the hooff-toss'd land
 We saw sweep back the English band ;
 And still we saw, amid the dust,
 Bright in the van, the silver wolf
 Which lit the helmet of Sir Roulf,
 Which lights, and long will light, I trust.
 With welcome loud and long embrace,
 And friendly smile on bloody face,
 Poured they around the barons twain :
 Sir Roulf himself was first to strain
 His rescued friends in welcome grim—
 In full grim welcome, for he stood
 From neck to heel, emboss'd in blood,
 Though sound himself in lith and limb—
 " Now by Saint James," he cried, and here
 His words are yet fresh on my ear,
 " Now by Saint James of York, I vow,
 I'd liefer make this rescue now,
 Than have the fairest two domains
 That merry England all contains !
 These coward dogs, Sir Geoffrey, be
 In somewhat lighter horsed than we ;
 But of their light hoofs, trust me, some
 Go lighter by their riders home.
 But come, fair gentlemen, again
 I see them muster on the plain :
 Now if ye have desire to shiver
 One other lance on unbeliever,
 Or cleave one other pagan skull—
 If such, my lords, your pleasure be,
 To ride in my poor company
 Would make my honor's measure full.
 Ho, horses, lances here, I say,
 For the Lords Lacey and De Grey !"

All silent stood Sir Geoffrey he,
 But thus Sir John spake, low and hoarse :
 " Alas, alas, no more for me,
 Nor for my hapless kinsman here,
 Is need for aught of manly gear :
 Keep, kind Sir Roulf, your lance and horse,
 Conquer alone, kind friend, for we
 I fear me much on holy shore
 Shall sword or lance need never more !
 Conquer alone, kind friend for we
 Are prisoners to this corse !"
 "'Tis heavy news," Sir Roulf, he sighed,
 A somewhat blenched, as he replied—
 " The dogs have doubtless cause to hold
 Such lances freedom very dear ;
 But let not present lack of gold,
 Whate'er it be, cast down your cheer :
 I'll freely pawn —— "

" Alas ! alas !"
 'Twas thus the good Sir John replied ;
 For all the time Sir Geoffrey was
 In sorrow dumb ; quite stupified.
 " Alas, alas, my generous friend,
 Gold cannot help us ; hope is none,
 Save in our lady's grace alone :
 Heaven, in this strait, may us befriend,
 But hope in man is gone !
 Withdraw a little space, I pray,
 And Guy, he said, come listen too :
 I and my kinsman, poor De Grey,
 Charged late upon this damned crew,
 And levelling lance in luckless day,
 Were both borne down in the mellay.
 Then as beneath our charger's weight
 We lay, expecting instant fate,
 That Arab prince beside us stood,
 Who yonder welters in his blood,
 Turned from our throats his troopers' knives,
 And terms proposed to spare our lives.
 Ah, life grows sweet when death's decreed,
 We thought of England, and agreed.
 His captives now, we both have sworn,
 To journey forth upon the morn
 Unto his home, and thither bear
 His corse—for he, by magic, knew
 His death at hand—which leaving there,
 Our vow compels us to renew
 Our fearful pilgrimage, where'er
 His guards shall lead us ; and prepared
 Is convoy strong of guide and guard,
 To bear us to those realms afar
 Where dwells the King of Kandahar,
 Whose daughter by some savage knight
 Is challenged as his prize in fight,
 Unless ere Baal's mystic morn
 Some champion foil him : we have sworn
 To do good battle, man to man,
 On her behalf with that Soldan ;
 " But oh my friend, Sir John," he cried,
 " I now had liefer I had died,
 Than e'er lay Christian lance in rest
 At pagan sorceress' behest !"

For that she is some sorceress,
Some loathsome witch, I well can guess;
Who, if we should escape this foe,
(Some wizard giant, well I know,)
Can, by the force of obscene charms,
Stye us for life in brutish forms—
Yea, that 'tis all some damning plan
Of the arch enemy of man,
Is plain—but, with the help of heaven,
By holy men will both be shriven
This night, and then, come weal or woe,
As we have sworn we'll do it so."

Then for the first Sir Geoffrey spake:
"And tell in England, that we dared
These deadly snares and trials hard,"
"Alone"—I thought my heart would break;
And so I answered—"not alone,
Sweet master, while my father's son
Has life and limb to risk with you:
I'll serve you still, come what so may,
As still I've been I'll be alway,
In joy or sorrow, flight or fray,
Your loving servant old and true."
Both knights denied; but urging hard
Upon my knees at last—for I
Was fixed with them to live or die—
The boon I prayed for was conferr'd:
And so, returning to the camp,
I worked all night by light of lamp,
Having all needful things prepared
For our wild journey: and next morn
Forth with sore heavy hearts we fared,
With many a mourning friend along,
Farewells and keepsakes rude among,
To yield us to the dogs unshorn,
Whose dead king, stiff and stark, was borne
By turns by twenty yeomen strong;
And fifty men at arms there were,
A goodly show of spears, that rode
With parleying trumpet singing clear.
And flag of truce displayed abroad.
And now when we had prick'd adown
The slope before their wakeful town,
Forth from that buzzing hive they poured,
The yellow-belted wasps; each one
All glittering in the morning sun;
Then from each troop a herald spurr'd,
And soon thereafter we, amid
A cloud of Arabs swart, were hid
From sight of Christian face, and thus
Began our journey perilous;
Which lasted over hill and dale,
And mountain dun, and desert pale,
And rolling river deep and wide,
Through five weeks rapid travel rude;
And all that time nor guard nor guide
Used tongue of Christian understood:
At last, deep in a scented wood
We saw the dead king's shining home:
It glittered o'er the sleek broad leaves,
With many a spire about the dome
Of gilded top and fretted eaves.

But what within that outside gay
Might be, I did not see to say;
For on we went, the dead man left
Whom of the same I had bereft;
But no man knew 'twas I who drew
That day the palace spoiling yew,
Else had I paid a fearful due.

And so we still kept journeying on
Towards the rising of the sun,
By land and sea: a spicy gale
Lay three days on our galley's sail,
And landed us 'mong bulkier men
And taller than the Saracen:
These, too, we left, and saw at last
The azure tops of mountains vast,
But cross'd great ocean-streams, that
spawned
Monsters of full strange shape and size,
(Sea-devils all, by my surmise,)
And many a dun glade yellow-lawned,
Of bladed grass as tall 's my head;
And trees of leaf so long and broad,
As never saw I equalled;
We passed there and a toilsome road
Of tedious weeks, before we came
Into full prospect of the same;
These mighty hills so wondrous high
Bared their blue summits to the sky;
Yet all this time, our guards and we
Never changed word of courtesy.

At length, when lost in bodings drear
And wonder at the strange things round
We rode one morning, on the ear
Came all at once a mighty sound
As of a shouting crowd far off;
The startled guides gave spur and rein,
And on we prick'd, o'er smooth and
rough,
Until upon a palmy plain
We saw at last a palace fair,
About whose courts and alleys rare
Of slender pillars light and long,
Was swaying eagerly a throng
Innumerable, that heaved and pressed
About one court above the rest,
Encircled by a crowd-piled fence,
And so unseen of us, from whence
Sudden the song of trumpets rose,
Then tramp of steeds and stun of blows
And shouts and yells of triumph shrill—
Our guards did but make haste the
more;

Nor they nor we drew rein, until
We stopped a vestibule before;
Nor they nor we drew breath at all
Until we entered—what a hall!

Tonight there was a sunset proud
With crowning pall of fiery cloud;
Into whose crimson chambers far
Could one have walked, the ærial roof
Of yellow flake and golden bar,
And side wall of the red mist woof,

And floor of waters clear and smooth,
Most like a crystal brimming cup,
Whose golden concave trembles up,
A pendent glory! there in sooth,
Could hardly him have dazzled more,
Than did that hall of tapestries
Of all the sun-flame's glorious dies,
Hanging again within a floor
Of slabbed and lucid porphyries,
Which double figures floated o'er—
Than did that purple paradise
Amaze and daze my dazzled eyes.

In midst there stood an ivory throne,
Which all with great carbuncles shone;
And a fair lady beautiful,
Whose presence made its splendor dull,
Who was the dead king's lady lone,
Robed all in saffron sat thereon.
Her face was wondrous bright, and shed
A moonlight lustre o'er her hair,
Which darkly clustered down, and spread
In soft bands o'er her shoulders fair;
Unnumbered jewels did she wear,
But sooth, although till then, I ne'er
Had seen such gems and rubies rare
As blazed around her every where,
I was not, in that presence bright,
So dazzled by the jewels' glare,
As by her eye-like face of light,
And eyes, beyond compare!
And, good Sir John, whose'er had seen
Thy reverent gaze and altered mien,
Had asked no witchcraft to divine
What thoughts of witchcraft then were
thine.

Both knights I think I still can see,
With helmet doff'd, and bended knee,
Lay at her feet their proffered swords,
While he who bore the dead kings'
words

'Gan tell her, as it seem'd to me,
How her true knight was slain in fight,
And so her champion could not be;
But that, in lieu thereof, he sent
The captives of his sword, who were
Bound by their solemn covenant
To peril life and limb for her.
I say 'twas thus it seemed to me,
For she, at first, wept bitterly;
Then, as there came another shout
Of triumph from the crowd without,
With piteous looks of prayer, and speech
Sobbing and quick, but musical,
With white clasp'd hands, and eyes withal
Needing no tongue, did she beseech
An earnest space, the help of each;
Then sudden stopp'd in perplexed fit,
And seem'd abashed to think of it.
But up sprang Sir John Lacey, who
Although he did not know her tongue,
Yet well her face's language knew,
Up sprung he, and cried loud and strong,

"Fair lady, by our God, we'll do
Whatever men may to succour you!"
"We will, we will," Sir Geoffrey cried;
And there the good knights, side by side,
Stood while she gave them sobbing
thanks:

And then the heralds led us forth
Again, down lanes of gazing ranks
Of pagans black, and pagans swarth,
And red men from the ends of earth,
Who thronged the court where was the
foe

To combat whom they so had sworn,
And who already on that morn
Had wrought to many a champion woe,
And whom till now we dreaded so,
Not having seen; and it was here,
Somewhat to raise our drooping cheer,
We had first sight of that Soldan
Flashing green flames against the sun—
A wondrous sight to look upon,
A wondrous sight; for horse and man,
From helm to heel, and head to hoof,
Were clad in shirts of scaly woof,
Close fitting as mine easy hose,
Yet limber on the limbs as those;
And all of glassy green scales wrought,
As trim as on a lizard's back:
Nay, till I saw Sir Geoffrey hack
Through scale and rivet sheer, I thought
That magic had indeed supplied
To each a natural dragon-hide.
So blazing stood that champion proud,
Bright contrast to the dusky crowd
Of goggle dwarfs, and grinning priests,
And slaves that gloomed in swarthy cloud,
From the grey backs of mountain beasts,
Whose horrid conclave frowned around
The far end of the tourney ground.

"Ha noble Lacy courage yet,"
Cried stout Sir Geoffrey, as his eye
First freely scann'd their enemy.
"Ha, noble Lacey, courage yet:
By heaven, I thought to see him set
On some red dragon, breathing fire,
Backed by a Griffin-mounted squire!
I thought to see some giant tall,
With double heads and twenty hands,
To tear us into shreds withal—
But would I e'er may see my lands
So sure, as into pieces small
I'll hack the Pagan where he stands!"
Ah, courage, dwarfeth giant foes!
Sir Geoffrey in his stirrups rose,
(They had drawn lots who first should
run,
And him the chance had fallen upon,)
Strong as ten men in might of scorn:
"Blow, villains, till your cheeks be torn!"
Cried he, as changed the marshal's horn;
"And Lacey, in this hour of need,
Pray me God speed!"

Into the flank the spur he drave,
 And ran his course—ah, Baron brave;
 He was a rider stiff and stour,
 And stood the shock like iron tower;
 But though he kept his seat so well,
 He shook not yet the infidel.
 Both lances to the rests were riven;
 And now a second time, among
 The shouts of the astonished throng,
 Fresh staves to both were duly given;
 A second time the trumpets rang,
 Forth sprang they to the charge once more;
 But ere had ceased the trumpet's clang,
 Horses and riders, all the four,
 With reeling leap and spurning bound,
 Were rolling wide upon the ground.
 Sir Geoffrey pitched beyond the coil
 Of the wild plunging steeds, and so
 Sprang forth unhurt; but fierce turmoil
 Of struggling hoofs perplexed his foe,
 Who rose at last with crippled gait,
 Of all his plumes and braveries peel'd;
 Leaving, besides, beneath the weight
 Of his stark horse's flank, his shield;
 But dauntless still his crook blade drew;
 Sir Geoffrey plucked his long sword out,
 His shield away indignant threw,
 And leaped upon him with a shout—
 'Saint George for merry England—ha!'
 Saint George! what noble blows I saw
 Both deal upon that listed ground!
 Nor need to see, for, by my word,
 You might distinguish by the sound
 The blows of each: the Pagan's sword
 Sang shrill and clear, as every stroke
 Upon the polished steel was broke;
 But down when came the answering blow,
 Red Shearer's voice you then might know
 Hoarse brawling through the splintered
 scales,
 That sprang at every stroke he made,
 An emerald jet about the blade,
 As thick as chaff beneath the flails;

For, fast as threshers' blows came down
 On leaping sheaf, Sir Geoffrey pour'd
 The springing battery of his sword
 About the quivering Pagan's crown,
 Who bore up bravely fighting yet,
 Though reeling from each shock he
 met,
 Until at last, quite stunned and spent,
 Beneath his bulk his body bent,
 Down came the blows withouten let,
 And flashing, down he went!
 Forth thundered an exulting shout
 From all the friendly Persian crowd,
 While from the Sultan's savage rout,
 Rose yells of rage and curses loud—
 The swart dogs with their clenched
 fists,
 Blaspheming each his conquered god;
 While heralds rushed into the lists,
 And lifted painfully the load
 Of trailing limbs and body broad,
 Slack dangling arms and hanging head—
 The battered infidel was dead.
 For though his wondrous armour gave
 No entrance to the sword edge keen,
 Its scaly chainwork scarce could save
 His flesh from Shearer's dint, I ween;
 So, though on all his body's bulk,
 From no cut wound the blood was shed;
 Yet it so close with bloody welk,
 And livid bruise was overspread—
 That when his clinging mail at last
 Was stripped away, you would have
 thought
 All over shoulders, neck, and breast,
 A net of crimson cords was wrought.
 But, comrades, hark! the castle bell
 Chimes midnight: when we meet again
 I'll tell you further what befel
 The Princess and her champions twain:
 Meantime, to bed; ho! strike a light—
 Reach me my staff—and so, good night.

THE RED INN OF ANDERNACH.

A TALE WITHIN A TALE.

“ Oh! what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!”

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

“ Where art thou? What impenetrable cloud
Hides thee from justice, thou grim murderer!
On whom the dead man's blood, the quick man's tears
Now call with two-fold vengeance? Drive him forth,
O Fear, into the light, and I shall know him,
Soon as my eye meets his.”

WILSON.

CHAPTER II.

A very short time was sufficient to complete the refecation of the worthy Herr Hermann, both in lungs and stomach: a few minutes of zealous and devoted application expended in transferring a *reasonable* quantity of the vintage of the Gironde into the latter, induced that member to ‘hold out’ as the diplomatic slang would term it, ‘the most friendly assurances of an amicable disposition,’ while the silence and calm which necessarily accompanied the operation restored his wind machinery to its original excellent efficiency.

All being now in order, and our attention solicited by a deep drawn sigh, which told as much of recent satisfaction as of anticipated exertion, the German thus proceeded with his narration.

It would be impossible for me to describe to you the feelings of horror and desperation which overwhelmed the mind of the wretched Prosper, as returning consciousness gradually brought to him a knowledge of his situation. There he sat, to all appearance, a midnight plunderer, and Great God! a thousand times more dreadful, a blood-stained assassin, convicted too, upon proofs so clear and irrefragable, that none could entertain a doubt of his guiltiness. He was innocent, it is true, but alas! the consciousness of being so did not sustain him in this

hour of trial, for as he sought to look, with steady and unquailing eye, upon the officer who was busied in taking the depositions of the host and his wife, and making out the ‘proces verbal,’ the expression of horror and disgust with which he saw he was regarded, chilled his heart, and, unable to abide the look of his examiner, he turned his eyes to the earth in the stupor of utter hopelessness.

It was just then that he felt his hand pressed by that of some person whom he did not distinguish, and as he raised his eyes once more for the purpose of discovering who it was, and, as it might be, seeking for some friendly protector amongst that fearful crowd of enemies that surrounded him, he recognised, by the military uniform which he wore, that the surgeon of the demi-brigade, quartered at Andernach, stood beside him.

The gaze of scrutiny, with which this man regarded him, was so penetrating, so stern, so annihilating, that it crushed again the scarce reviving spirit of the unhappy youth; his whole frame shook with a cold convulsive tremor, and his head sunk helplessly upon the back of his chair; a bottle of smelling salts was, however, quickly procured, and one of the soldiers who stood by, having forced him to respire it, he again recovered the animation that seemed well nigh extinguished for ever.

As he opened his dim and haggard eyes, all light of life and intelligence appeared to be so utterly quenched within them, that the surgeon, after having felt the pulse of Prosper, shook his head doubtingly, as he replied to the inquiring glance of the officer.

"I fear, captain, it is quite impossible to interrogate the young man just now."

"Well, well, then take him away for the present," replied the captain, interrupting the surgeon, and addressing himself to a corporal who stood behind the chair of Prosper, "take him away for the present, and see that he is kept under close arrest."

"Sacré!" whispered the corporal in a deep, yet energetic tone, as he stooped over him, "can't you contrive, you pitiful coward, at least to march steadily before these German mastiffs, if it be only for the honour of the republic."

This cutting reproach was not without effect: Prosper Magnan roused himself for a moment, he rose up from the chair and advanced a few paces forward, but as soon as the door was opened, and he felt the chill stream of external air rush upon him, and saw the crowd pressing in from without, his presence of mind and strength deserted him altogether, his knees bent beneath him, he staggered back.—

"Diable! he would deserve to lose two lives, if he had them, for discharging that musket," muttered the corporal.

"Marche donc," said the two soldiers who supported him on each side with their arms.

"Oh! the villain! the villain! Here he comes—that's he—look at him! look at him!"

Such were the exclamations that assailed him on every side, and which seemed rather to proceed from a single voice—the tumultuous voice of the enraged crowd, as they accompanied him with shouts of insult and opprobrious epithets, becoming louder and more violent every step they went.

"While he thus walked, or to speak more truly, was dragged along, from the *auberge* to the prison, the clamour and disturbance which the people and the soldiers made as they marched along, the murmuring of the multitude as they answered the hasty inquiries of

each person, that with every step swelled the throng, or discoursed about the horrible deed of which they supposed the young man guilty, the sight of the bright and tranquil heaven spreading above, the fresh breath of the morning air, the view of Andernach as it rose just before them, the heaving and swelling of the waters of the Rhine, all these passed in hurried review before his senses, and crowded into his brain, even at that fearful moment, but the impressions which they left there, were, like those that flit away from before the eyes of the dreamer as he awakes from slumber, vague, and dim, and undefinable, and there were moments, as Prosper himself afterwards told me, when he doubted whether he existed in this world or not.

At the period when this strange event happened—said M. Hermann, interrupting his narrative to explain to us how he had become so intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of his tale.—At the period when this strange event happened, it was my own fortune to be confined in prison. Full of ardour and enthusiasm, as we are indeed all apt to be when we have but the experience of twenty years to guide us—for at that time I reckoned no more—it was the dearest wish of my heart to defend my native land. At my own expense I raised, and organised in the neighbourhood of Andernach, a company of volunteers, and placed myself immediately at their head; unfortunately, however, I fell during the night, into the midst of a detachment of the French army, composed of about eight hundred men, while our little band did not, I suppose, at the most, amount to two hundred. I found, when too late, that my own scouts had sold me to the enemy. Resistance was in vain; it would be only a useless sacrifice of human life. I surrendered, and was immediately cast into prison at Andernach, while, in the mean time, it was strongly urged that I should be shot, for the sake of showing a public example, calculated to intimidate that part of the country. The French too, at the time, spoke a good deal about reprisals, but in truth the murders—if I am justified in so calling them—for which the

republican party wished to draw down vengeance upon my head, had not been committed in the Electorate.

My father had obtained with some difficulty a delay of the proceedings in my case for three days, in order that he might have time to go to General Augereau himself and endeavour to obtain my pardon; he was fortunate enough to effect an interview with that General, who, after some difficulty, granted his request.

It was just at that time that I happened to see Prosper Magnan, as he was led into the prison at Andernach, and that sight inspired me involuntarily with profound commiseration and inexpressible interest for one apparently so young and so unfortunate. He was pallid and haggard in the extreme, and his garments were dabbled all over with blood; yet his countenance bore the characters of candour and innocence so forcibly stamped upon it, that I felt myself irresistibly impelled towards the young man. Besides, what still more strongly appealed to my own feelings, the very spirit of Germany seemed to dwell in his light and flowing tresses, and within his blue eyes. These were, in my sight, the true tokens of my own loved and suffering land, and he no longer appeared to me to be a murderer, but a martyr. Just at the instant when he passed by beneath the window of my cell, he cast towards me a bitter and melancholy smile, which words cannot enable me to describe—a smile of one upon whose wandering and distracted mind the flickering light of reason has for a moment returned—assuredly that smile did not belong to an assassin.

The impression which the sight of this unhappy youth left upon my mind was, as I said before, very powerful, and not likely to be readily effaced; accordingly, I waited with the utmost anxiety the hour when his usual round of duty should lead the jailer to visit my solitary apartment. At length it came, and no sooner did the man make his appearance, than I questioned him eagerly concerning the young person who had in the morning been led by my window to prison.

My first impression was, that he might probably have been, like myself, involved in some unsuccessful struggle for the liberties of his country: my

doubts on that head, however, were speedily dissipated.

“No, no,” said the keeper, in answer to my query, “that’s the trade of honest folk belike. The young villain cut the throat of a German merchant with whom he slept last night in the inn yonder.”

“Has he confessed his guilt?” I asked, still clinging to the hope of his innocence.

“Confess!” said the jailer, “Oh no, the fellow’s too dogged for that, I fancy. He has never opened his lips since he set foot in the dungeon, but sits all the while with his head between his hands, and for aught I can tell is fast asleep, if the thought of his sins don’t keep him waking. Well, to-morrow morning will close his accounts, for they say he is to be shot in twenty-four hours. *Tonnere de Dieu!* powder and shot is too good for him; such chaps would be better fruit for the gallows tree;” and muttering something about “looking through the wards and having no time for gossiping,” he flung out of the apartment.

I know not why it was, but I could not endure to think that the poor youth was guilty of so dreadful a crime: that ingenuous and guileless, though distracted look, still dwelt upon my recollection, and appealed to my heart in his favour. Upon that evening I spent beneath the window of the prisoner’s cell, the few short minutes which were daily allowed me to indulge in walking up and down the court-yard of the prison. I attracted his notice, and beguiled him to enter into conversation with me, and he disclosed the whole circumstances of his misfortune to me, simply and without disguise, while the answers which he returned to my numerous questions discovered a pure mind and a just understanding.

After the first conversation which I had with Prosper Magnan, not a shadow of doubt with regard to his innocence remained upon my mind. As my own captivity was of an honourable description, I requested as a favour, and obtained permission to remain a few hours with him in his cell, and from that time I saw him on several occasions, during which the unfortunate young man disburthened his whole soul to me, and scrutinized every thought of his heart.

How strange it was, have I often since reflected, that the mysterious occurrence of that fatal night should cloud the conscience with a stain of guilt when the hand had never perpetrated the crime, and even the heart had successfully struggled against it. Such however, was the fact, and it exhibited powerfully how terrible is the responsibility of man even for the secret and unaccomplished cogitations of his spirit.

At first he believed, at one and the same moment, that he was innocent and guilty of the heinous crime with which he was charged; for when he recalled to mind the horrible temptation which had assailed him, although he had finally found his virtuous resolution sufficient to resist its influence, the dreadful thought flashed upon him that he had, during the moments of slumber and in an unhappy fit of somnambulism, actually perpetrated that crime which had, while awake, so powerfully occupied his thoughts.

"But your companion?" said I to Prosper, as we conversed together.

"Oh!" cried he, interrupting me with generous ardour, "Wilhelm is incapable ——"

"No," he continued after a pause, "he never could have committed such an act."

He uttered these words with an expression so full of youthful enthusiasm and friendship that it touched my heart.

I could make no answer, so I pressed his hand in silence.

"When he awoke," resumed Prosper, "he must no doubt have been greatly terrified, I suppose he lost all presence of mind and fled away from the inn."

"What," said I, "without awaking you?"

"However," I added, "your defence will be easy and certain, inasmuch as the vallise of Walhenfer has not been plundered."

For a moment he became thoughtful, then all of a sudden tears gushed into his eyes, and grasping my hand with eagerness, he passionately exclaimed,

"Oh! yes, yes, I am indeed innocent—I *know* that I am. I never killed him. See, I have at length called to mind my dreams of last night; alas! they were of scenes far away, in the happy days of my boyhood. I thought

that I was enjoying our sports at college, pitching the bar with my comrades—No, I never could in sleep have cut the throat of the merchant, when I fled with terror from the crime while awake."

Still, despite of this light of hope which had flowed in upon the darkness of his soul and afforded, at times, tranquillity to his troubled conscience, he continually felt his heart crushed and torn by the remorse that preyed upon it. He knew too well that he had indeed lifted up his arm with the intention of depriving the merchant of life. He arraigned his own conduct with strict severity, and he could not pronounce his heart pure after having committed the dreadful crime even in his thoughts. At other times the tide of his feelings would take another direction, and almost forgetting his misfortune as it more immediately affected himself, he would bitterly bewail the affliction in which it would plunge those who were dearer to him than life.

"Oh my poor mother," he would cry, "how will she endure to hear it."

And then his mind would hurry him away to the scenes of his peaceful home, and with that unaccountable perversity of feeling—which we would not know how to credit did not experience put it beyond the reach of philosophy to question—turn away from the objects which should absorb its contemplation, to dwell for a moment upon some minute and trifling accident of the picture before it.

"Yes," he would proceed, the melancholy languor of his features almost relaxing into a smile, "perhaps even at this very moment she is seated happy and sinless amid the circle of her worthy neighbours; there, there, I see her in her little *salon* hung with tapestry —— O God! could she only know that I dared even lift this hand to murder a fellow-creature, she would never survive it. And yet, Almighty Power! I am in prison, accused too of having perpetrated that very crime—oh! wretch, there is no escape for me from guilt: if I have not been *his* murderer, I will too surely be the murderer of my mother."

As the wretched Prosper spoke these last words, his tears ceased to flow, while his swollen and blood-shot eyes

gleamed with a fierceness that appalled me. He sprung from the seat on which he had just before sunk down, and goaded to frenzy by a thought so insupportable, he dashed himself recklessly against the walls of his cell. He would have shattered his head to pieces had I not seized him in my arms, during that short though fearful transport.

"Be patient, my dear friend," said I, "and await with fortitude the event of your trial. I cannot suffer myself to doubt the issue—you are innocent—you will be acquitted, and your mother —"

"Hah! my mother," he cried with returning fury, "she will be the very first to hear of my accusation. It is always the case in small towns, and she will die of sorrow when she hears it. Happen what will, *then* I shall never be innocent. Shall I tell you the truth—shall I tell you how I feel——" and then sinking his voice to a whisper, and looking at me with terrifying earnestness—

"I feel that my conscience has lost her virgin purity."

As he uttered this hopeless denunciation, the young man sunk slowly down upon his seat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and drooping his head downwards, he fixed his eyes upon the ground with an air of sullen and gloomy desperation.

There are moments when the human spirit falls prostrate before the hand of affliction, when it turns away from the words of counsel and of comfort, and the voice of reason will but jar upon its wretchedness and irritate it to madness. I felt that moment was now come, and I awaited in silent watchfulness till its darkness should pass away.

Before the dormant energies of his soul were yet stirring within him, the turnkey came into the room. My time of leave with which I was indulged had expired, and he had come to conduct me back to my own prison room. I felt deeply grieved at being forced to abandon the miserable Prosper at that fearful moment when the shades of desperation were gathering gloomiest around him, and clasping him in my arms with an emotion of friendship to which a few short hours had given the strength of years, I said,

"My dear friend, be patient and

resigned. All will, I trust, yet be well. If the approving voice of one who feels that his honor is without stain, can calm those cruel doubts which disturb your soul, be assured that I esteem, and honor, and love you. Accept then the friendship of my heart, if you cannot feel in peace with your own."

The remainder of that night I passed in meditating upon the sorrowful scene which I had witnessed. About nine o'clock upon the following morning a corporal, attended by four fusileers, came to the prison for the purpose of conducting Prosper Magnan to the court-martial where he was to be examined. I heard the noise which the soldiers made as they marched by, and I sprang up immediately and placed myself at my window. As I reached it, the poor young man was passing through the court-yard of the prison, and he turned his eyes full upon me. Never shall I forget that look; it was full of a thousand unutterable thoughts, of sad presentiments, of manly resignation, and an air of pensive and melancholy gracefulness, that was indescribably dignified—a sort of sacred testament, unspoken by the tongue, yet perfectly intelligible to the heart, by which a friend bequeathed the memory of a wretched and devoted existence to his last remaining friend.

Without doubt the past night had been to him one of fearful trial, difficult to endure, and solitary in the extreme, yet his eye was serene and unagitated, his features calm, unchanging, and pallid; perhaps that pale composure was the result of a manly stoicism, a fortitude of character which he knew not himself that he possessed till he communed in solitude with his own spirit, and summoned its energies into action; perhaps it was that by repentance he had purified his conscience from the stain of meditated crime, which, spreading like a cloud over his mind, oppressed and appalled it, and that he now trusted he had washed away the guilt, if such it were, by suffering and humiliation—I know not how it was; but he appeared before me totally changed from what he had been on the preceding evening. His step was firm and regular, and he had removed from his garments all traces of the blood with which he had unconsciously polluted himself.

"My hands," said he, on the preceding evening, with a voice of despair that appalled me as he accounted for this mysterious occurrence, "my hands have involved me in this fatal dilemma, my sleep is always restless, and I must have thrust them into the blood while I slept."

I learned that Prosper Magnan was then on his way to appear before the court-martial. The division of the troops were to leave their quarters on the day but one after, and the officer in command of the demi-brigade did not wish to leave Andernach without punishing the supposed perpetrator of so aggravated a crime, on the spot where it had been committed.

In a state of indescribable anxiety and suspense, I waited during the time that the court-martial was sitting. At length when it was near mid-day, Prosper Magnan was dismissed and remanded to prison. I chanced at that moment to be taking my accustomed walk in the court-yard: as soon as he perceived me he hurried forward and threw himself into my arms.

"It is all over," said he, "I am lost—lost beyond hope—and oh! worse than death—the world shall believe that I am an assassin."

The thought of future infamy overwhelmed him for a moment, then he raised his head with gloomy fierceness.

"Be it even so. The injustice of this day's sentence has once again rendered me innocent. My life would have been always troubled with remorse; my death shall be without guilt or self-reproach, and as to the future—*bah!* is there indeed a future?" I shuddered at the question—There was all the dark scepticism of the eighteenth century involved in that startling and sudden interrogation.

For a while he remained silent as if occupied by some vague and unsatisfying thoughts. At length I broke in upon his reflections.

"Tell me," said I, "how did you defend yourself? What answers did you make to the accusation? What questions did they put to you? Did you not relate the whole circumstance in the same simple and natural manner that you told it to me?"

He raised his eyes and looked fixedly in my face; then pausing as if

to collect the full import of my hurried queries, he replied with feverish earnestness,

"What questions did they put to me? They asked me first,

'Did you leave the inn during the night?'

"I said, 'yes.'

'How did you get out?'

"I reddened and replied, 'through the window.'

'You opened it then of course?'

'I did.'

'Do you know this surgical instrument?'

'Yes.'

'To whom does it belong?'

'To me.'

'Was the window barred that night?'

'It was.'

'You must have used great caution in opening it. There was no noise, for the innkeeper did not hear you. What was your reason for acting so stealthily?'

"I could not answer: I was struck dumb by the question. The mariners had, upon their examination, already deposed, that they had observed me during the night walking hurriedly to and fro, sometimes going towards Andernach, and sometimes towards the neighbouring forest. They declared I had made a great many journeys back and forward. It was plain I was then engaged in burying the gold and diamonds of the merchant. To finish all, the valise could not be found. What further proof was wanting? They thought me guilty beyond a question. Besides, I was at war with myself, remorse was preying upon my heart, and when I tried to speak, a merciless and avenging voice cried within me, 'you *wished* to commit the crime,' and the words died upon my tongue. Alas! every one was against me—I was against myself.

"I was next," continued Prosper, "interrogated concerning my fellow traveller. I defended him with all my energies. They then replied,

'Some one amongst you must have committed the crime, either you, your comrade, the innkeeper, or his wife. All the windows and doors were found closed upon the morning after.'

"When my judges made this observation," said the youth, "I stood silent before them without strength, without

spirit ; but it was more for my friend who was not present to undertake his own defence, than for myself. I could not find it in my heart to accuse him, were it possible for me to do so. I perceived, however, clearly enough, that we were both regarded by the court as equally accomplices in the crime of assassination, but they looked upon me as the least adroit of the two. I wished from my heart, and endeavoured with all my energy to ascribe the unfortunate occurrence to a fit of somnambulism, and thus to clear the character of my friend. Alas ! it was all in vain—my thoughts wandered and became confused. I was overwhelmed and ruined. I read my condemnation but too plainly in the eyes of my incredulous judges ; they were immovable, and replied to my protestations of innocence only by smiles of disbelief. My friend, I have no more to tell you. All has ended in terrible certainty—I shall be shot to-morrow.”

“ Almighty God ! ” thought I, overcome by my emotions, “ is there no means of saving him, so young, so ardent, so innocent.”

“ Death has but little terrors for me,” he continued, “ I could think of it without a pang—but my mother, my poor mother ——”

He could proceed no farther—convulsive sobs were almost choking him. He turned his look towards heaven in speechless supplication, but his eye was dry and tearless, the flood of feeling found no vent—it had rushed back upon his heart.

“ Frederick,” cried the young man—

“ Ah ! by the way now, that’s the very name of the other youth,” exclaimed M. Hermann, looking round with an air of triumph, “ Frederick, Frederick, yes, ’tis the very name—how stupid I was not to have remembered it before.”

My communicative neighbour gently touched my foot, and with a significant glance, directed my attention to M. Mauricey.

The old contractor had, I know not why—perhaps unconsciously—suffered his right hand to slip down from his forehead, till it stretched across his brows, and concealed his eyes, yet between his fingers, as they lay somewhat apart, I fancied that I could dis-

tinguish the light of a gloomy troubled intelligence gleaming within them.

“ Mon Dieu ! ” whispered my fair friend close to my ear, “ *his* name is Frederick.”

I made no other reply than by a stealthy and admonitory glance, as much as to say, “ keep your mind to yourself.”

Meantime M. Hermann, having done honor to the triumph of his memory by an additional bumper of Chateau Margeau, proceeded with his narrative.

“ Frederick,” cried Prosper, “ Frederick has basely, ungenerously abandoned me. He was terrified at the murder ; or perhaps he is even yet concealed somewhere about the inn, for I remember having seen both our horses in the court-yard on the following morning.”

“ What an incomprehensible mystery ! ” he added, after a moment’s thoughtfulness. “ Somnambulism ! — somnambulism—no, it cannot be, I never had more than one attack of that sort in my life, and that was when I was about six years old.”

“ Shall I go down *there*,” said he, striking his foot with bitterness against the earth, “ and know that I bear with me to the grave all that remains of friendship and fidelity in the world ? Shall I then have to endure the pangs of a second death by doubting the truth of that which seemed more than brother’s love, that friendship which commenced when we were but five years old, and continued unaltered through health and sickness, at school, at college—oh ! where, where is Frederick ? ”

The tears, that came not to his eyes when he spoke of his own forfeited life, flowed fast and bitterly as he thought on the hollowness of friendship.

How unaccountably has nature woven the web of human feelings ! The threads that hold our existence together seem less tenacious than those of sentiment and passion.

“ Let us return to my cell,” said he, “ I should at this moment prefer privacy, even though it be the privacy of a dungeon. I cannot endure that any one should see me in tears. I shall meet death with courage and composure, I feel I shall ; but I cannot assume a show of heroism at so unsea-

sonable a moment as the present. No, I confess to you that I regret the loss of life. During the night I never closed my eyes in sleep, but I was recalling to mind the scenes of my joyous infant days, when I used to sport about in those sunny meadows, the very recollection of which has perhaps been the cause of my ruin——”

“Oh! I was forgetting,” said he, interrupting suddenly his former train of thought, “I had my thoughts of the future too. Listen. Twelve men and a lieutenant drew up before me—he gave the word of command—carry arms—present—fire—and then—the rolling of the hollow drums, and then—infamy everlasting. Yes, that was my vision of the future. Oh! there is surely a God, or all this would go un-avenged!”

Shortly he became more composed, and taking me in his arms, he strained me ardently within them, then he addressed me solemnly.

“You are the last of mortal men to whom I shall have an opportunity of pouring forth the wishes of my soul. In a few days you shall be free. Promise me that you will see *her*—my mother. I know not whether you are rich or poor, it is of no consequence; you are to me the entire world. Well, then, the war here cannot last much longer; as soon as peace is established go to Beauvais: if my mother survive the fatal intelligence of my death you will find her there; see her, speak to her these words, ‘*he was innocent*,’ they will afford her heart the only consolation it can ever receive.

“Yes, they will console her,” he proceeded, “for she will believe you. I will now go and write to her, but you shall carry her the blessings of her dying son; you shall tell her that you received my last embrace. Ah! how will the heart of the childless and the widowed cherish you, you who have been to her unhappy son his last, his only friend!”

“Here,” he continued, after a silence of many minutes, during which he appeared to be pressed down beneath the weight of those agitating reflections, “here I know neither the officer in command, nor any of the military, and were I even acquainted with them, I have conceived an insuperable

horror to them all. Without you my innocence should remain for ever a secret between heaven and myself.”

I swore to him that I would most religiously and scrupulously execute these his last earthly wishes, and the sincerity of my words, and the warmth of my feelings as I made the promise, touched his heart, and afforded comfort to his spirit. We had then no further conversation; in a few minutes afterwards the military guard returned for their prisoner, to bring him once more before the court-martial.

I cannot, were I inclined to do so, dwell on this painful scene: suffice it to say, he was condemned and sentence passed upon him. I am myself ignorant of the formalities which usually attend or accompany such judicial proceedings, nor do I know if the young surgeon pleaded for his life according to the established rules prescribed on such occasions. Sentence of death, however, was passed upon him, and as he knew that he should be led out to execution on the following morning, he employed this last night of his existence in writing to his mother.

“We shall both be liberated on the same day,” said he to me, with a melancholy smile, when I went to visit him the next morning, “I have been informed that General Augereau has signed your pardon.”

I continued silent, and regarded attentively the young man that I might be able to impress deeply upon my memory the expression of his countenance. Immediately he remarked with an air of self-upbraiding and dissatisfaction,

“I have been a sad coward since. During the night I supplicated these very stones for mercy,” and he pointed to the walls of his cell. “Yes, yes,” he continued, “I have howled in the ecstasies of my despair: my spirit rose in rebellion against itself. I underwent agonies the most terrible that the soul of man can endure. The snares of death were spread over me, and I felt them closing and straining around me. I was in darkness and alone. However, I have wrestled with my inclinations and subdued them. I reflected upon what others in my circumstances have said, that courage is but a habit which can be assumed, and it is my duty to

meet my fate with decency and spirit. Yes, my friend, I shall at the last moment——”

“Oh, for mercy’s sake, do not finish that horrible story,” cried the young lady who had entreated the German to tell her one of his interesting tales, and who now, in an agony of the most amiable alarm, interrupted the worthy Nuremburgher, “pray do not tell us anything more about it. I would rather a thousand times remain in uncertainty; for then I can fancy that they did not shoot the poor young man. Bless me, if I should hear this evening that he really was shot, I am certain I should not be able to close an eye the whole night. Besides, dear M. Hermann, you know you can tell me the remainder tomorrow.”

An appeal from such fair lips staggered the German; and being, moreover, accompanied and enforced with so touching a display of delicate distress, it was utterly irresistible. He added not another word, so that we rose from the table, for the most part, but little pleased at the interruption.

To the honour of womankind, however, be it spoken, my fair and inquisitive neighbour was not to be foiled thus easily. She contrived to get near M. Hermann, and as she took the arm which he gallantly presented to her, proceeded, forthwith to catechise him.

“Well, but he *was* shot. Wasn’t he?”

“Yes, madame; I myself was present at his execution.”

“How, Monsieur, is it possible that you could have had the ——”

“It was his particular request, Madame; I confess, nevertheless, it is an appalling solemnity to follow the funeral of a living man; and that, too, of a man whom we love, and of whose innocence we are convinced!”

The fair catechist sighed, while the catechumen proceeded.

“From the moment that he was led forth, the poor young man never withdrew his eyes from me. He seemed to exist but in my presence. He wished, as he himself expressed, that I should be with him till the moment of death, and bear his last sigh to his mother.”

“Ah, poor youth! Well, and did you see his mother?”

“Upon the peace of Amiens, I went immediately to France; but on my arrival at Beauvais, I learned that

Madame Magnan had died of a consumption; and with a feeling of profound emotion, which I cannot describe to you, I consigned to the flames the letter of which I had been the bearer. You will, perhaps, smile at my German enthusiasm, or romance, as you will, I dare say, call it; but in my eyes there was a melancholy, an almost holy sublimity, in that eternal secret which thus for ever concealed from mortal eyes, as it were, the awful communion of the departed—the voice rising from the grave of the son, to fall upon that of the parent—the cry of the spirit, which no living ear ever heard; like the idle shriek of the traveller in the midst of the boundless desert, when the lion comes unawares upon him——”

“And,” said I, interrupting the German, while I looked steadily at him, “if any person should place you, face to face, with one of the guests, we will suppose, at present in this very apartment, and should say to you—Behold the murderer of Walhenfer!—would not that be a scene scarce less moving? How should you act in such a case?”

My question disturbed him exceedingly; he seized his hat hurriedly, and left the room.

“I protest,” exclaimed my fair companion, “you have acted like a very inexperienced young man, and most indiscreetly. But, bless me! look at M. Mauricey, do you see him there, sitting on that *bergère*, just beside the chimney-piece; Mademoiselle Fanny is offering him a cup of coffee. He smiles too. Sure it is not possible that an assassin, who must have endured such agonies during the recital of M. Hermann’s story, could assume so calm a deportment? Nay, is not his air truly patriarchal?”

“Yes,” said I, “but go and ask him if he was ever in the wars in Germany.”

“Why not? There is surely no harm in the question.” And with that admirable courage, which, I believe, was never yet known to fail a woman when she has a point to carry—whether she has taken a crotchet into her head, or her curiosity is piqued to discover a secret—my fair friend advanced towards the old contractor.

“What charming people the Germans are,” said she, “they are so wild so romantic—so——. Pray, Monsieur

Mauricey, were you ever in Germany?" The old man started slightly, and the saucer fell out of his hand.

"Me! Madame—No, never."

"Eh! Mauricey," cried our host, the banker, interrupting him. "Surely you were with the commissariat at Wagram. Were you not?"

"Ah! true, I had forgotten. On that occasion I did go to Germany."

"You have certainly been deceived," said the lady to me, as she returned near where I was standing; "the man is positively innocent."

As for myself, I confess I had not charity enough to come to the same conclusion. I had watched his demeanour too narrowly, during the evening to be satisfied with it. He had betrayed too strong and too painful an interest in the German's tale, to be set down to the effect of sympathy alone; and there remained, I felt, but one other motive to explain it. Then, too, the strange coincidence of his name with that of the young men, and his visible emotion on its disclosure; and, to crown all, his unwillingness to admit that he had ever been in Germany. I revolved all these circumstances in my mind, and became almost convinced that Monsieur Mauricey *was* the man. "Well, well," said I, "I will hunt out the murderer from his den, before this evening is over."

There is a phenomenon in the moral world, which every day—every hour presents itself to our eyes, that appears to me as inexplicable as it is wonderful; but which, nevertheless, like many of those in the material world, is so frequent in its occurrence—so commonplace in its appearance—that it passes away silently from before us, without challenging even a momentary observation. If, for example, there be two individuals, one of whom has some reason either for despising or detesting the other, whether it arise from the knowledge of some dark and lurking deed with which his soul is stained, or from having become the depository of some secret guilt, or instigated by the gloomy prospect of future vengeance—in fine, be the cause what it may which excites these feelings—place these men suddenly face to face, in the festive ball room, in the crowded promenade, in the untenanted desert, and mark them narrowly. Each, as it were by

instinct, divines the sentiments of the other, and beholds, at once the inapproachable distance at which they are placed by their feelings—the impassable gulf which their antipathies have flung between them. Unconsciously they are watching each other, with an intense, yet stealthy anxiety, that, to strangers, would seem unaccountable; they are, as it were, pre-occupied by themselves, predisposed by some strange fatality, that at once attracts and repels them. Their eyes, their motions, their whole deportment, ill at ease and agitated in the presence of each other, display the uncontrollable operation of their thoughts. There is a sort of love—if I may be allowed so strange an expression—which draws them forcibly—inevitably towards each other, without ever suffering them to coalesce, whether it be revenge or guilt, hatred or contempt. Like the Heathen Priest, who is unable to consecrate his victim in the presence of the evil spirit that awaits him, they stand arrayed for the combat, which none beholds but themselves—each constrained by the other's influence—each counteracting, opposing, distrusting, the other. Enough, however, of this philosophical disquisition, if such it can be called, for I confess myself but an indifferent scholastic metaphysician, having acquired all my knowledge on that subject from my own untutored cogitations. Phrenology is to me a sealed volume; and I only know enough of Lavater to induce me to cross over to the farther side of the road, when I meet a man with dark hair, a hooked nose, and a squint in his eye. So to my tale without further digression.

This secret and almost instinctive understanding of each other's hearts and sentiments, established, as it were, a mysterious struggle between M. Mauricey and myself. From the moment that I first addressed him when he seemed indisposed during the recital of M. Hermann's tragical story, he sedulously shunned my scrutiny as I thought, perhaps, indeed, he was equally anxious to avoid the eyes of all the other guests. He had engaged the artless Fanny, the daughter of our host, in some trifling conversation, feeling no doubt, as the guilty always do, the desire and the necessity of once again approaching the inno-

cence from which they have strayed in the hope of finding repose in her presence. I was far from him, yet did his every word fall with unaccountable distinctness upon my ear; my eye was ever upon him and fascinated his own with the intentness of its gaze. Whenever he thought he could survey me with impunity he still encountered my eyes, and his own were instantly directed to the earth in confusion.

At length, totally harassed by the torture to which my scrutiny subjected him, M. Mauricey endeavoured to release himself from it by engaging in some occupation, and accordingly sat down to cards.

Still I resolved not to lose sight of him: I crossed over to the card table, as if without design, looked on for a moment, and then commenced betting upon his adversary, but with an anxious wish that I should lose my stake. Fortune, who is ever blind, favoured my wishes by deserting my cause; I lost, took the place of the player who went out, and found myself face to face with the murderer of Prosper Magnan.

"Monsieur," said I, while he was dealing me the cards, "*auriez vous la complaisance de demarquer?*"

He pushed his counters hurriedly from the left side to the right.

My fair fellow-conspirator, who anxiously watched the issue of my proceedings, had sat down beside me. Without being perceived I stole a significant glance towards her, and once more addressed the commissary.

"Pray, Monsieur Frederick Mauricey, do you belong to the family of your name at Beauvais? I was very intimate with some of them."

"Ye—yes, Monsieur, certainly," replied he; the cards instantly fell from his fingers, he became deadly pale, buried his face in his hands, and begging one of the company who was betting to play the game for him, he rose up hastily.

"It is too hot here!" said he, "I am afraid that——."

"He could proceed no further. His countenance instantaneously exhibited the terrible suffering which he endured, and he rushed hurriedly out of the room. Our worthy host, the banker, immediately followed him, and seemed to be greatly concerned at the indisposition of his friend.

My neighbour and I regarded each other in silence, but I discovered a scarcely definable shade of bitter and remorseful sadness spreading over her features.

"I fear that your conduct this evening has been neither merciful or Christian," said she, leading me to a recess in one of the windows, as soon as I lost my game and had risen up from the card table.

"What! my friend, would you willingly accept the power of looking into the secrets of all hearts? Why did you not leave the wretched man to the course of justice, human or divine? Though the sinner may baffle the one, believe me he can never escape the other. Are the duties of the *président d'assises* so captivating as to excite your envy?"

"Nay, nay," I replied. "This is scarcely fair, Madame. After having stimulated my curiosity, and gone shares in my discoveries, you would now reward me with a lecture."

"Alas, Monsieur, it is too true, your retort makes me reflect on the part which I have taken in the impropriety."

"No," said I, "*paix aux malheureux, guerre aux scélérats et défions l'or,*" be that my motto—but let us dismiss the subject. Regardez, je vous prie, can you tell me who that young lady is who has just this instant entered?"

"Oh yes, certainly."

"I met her about three nights since at a ball given by the Neapolitan Ambassador. The moment I saw her I was quite charmed, I fell passionately in love with her. Do, for heaven's sake, tell me her name. None of my acquaintances there knew her—such an air—such a face—such——."

"That is Mademoiselle Mauricey!"

A dizziness spread over my eyes, my head reeled, and I could scarcely control my emotion.

"Her mother," continued my informant, not seeming to notice my discomposure, though it was with difficulty I could collect my senses to listen to her words, "her mother has just lately taken her from a convent, where she has been educated. She comes out tonight for the first time. She is a lovely creature, isn't she? and then so very rich too."

These words were accompanied with an arch smile that showed my fair

friend was no novice in an *affaire du cœur*.

I was on the point of betraying myself when we were suddenly surprised by the sounds of violent, yet stifled cries. They seemed to proceed from the next apartment, and resounded faintly through the garden.

"Hist!" cried I, "surely that is the voice of M. Mauricey."

We listened attentively to the sounds which still continued. Never shall I forget them. The most terrifying groans I ever heard, then fell upon our ears.

The wife of our host ran hurriedly across to where we were sitting and closed the window.

"For heaven's sake," whispered she to us, "let us come away from this distressing scene. If Madame Mauricey should hear her husband's groaning, she will most assuredly be seized with an attack of nervousness."

While she spoke, the banker re-entered the apartment, and, going up to where Madame Mauricey was, whispered something gently into her ear; instantly she uttered a piercing shriek, rushed towards the door, and disappeared.

This strange event created a great and universal sensation throughout the company. The card tables were deserted, the talking parties were broken up, each person was making inquiries of those next him, the murmuring of the voices increased by degrees, and various groups were formed up and down the room to discuss the subject.

"What can have happened to M. Mauricey? I demanded.

"You have killed him outright, I fear," returned my fair companion in a half-railing half-serious tone. "I suspect were you to put on mourning for him it would not give you very much concern."

"Nay, but in truth he must be seriously indisposed."

"Oh! the poor man," said the mistress of the house, joining in the conversation, "he has been long subject to some terrible malady; I am sure I cannot remember now the name of it, although his physician, M. Brousson, has told it to me a thousand times over, and he has unfortunately had an attack of it just now."

"Pray, may I ask the nature of his complaint," inquired a *judge d'instruction*, with the most important air imaginable.

"Mon Dieu! I cannot tell precisely, Monsieur; but it is very terrible indeed," returned our hostess. "And what is more distressing still, none of our medical men can discover any remedy for it. His sufferings, it seems, are beyond description. I remember on one occasion his having been seized with it while spending a day at our villa beyond town, and his shrieks were so dreadful that I could not endure them. I was obliged to go to one of my neighbours, that I might not hear him. Poor unhappy man, they say when the fit is upon him that he endeavours to make away with himself, and that his wife is forced to have him tied down in his bed, nay, sometimes to have him even placed in a strait waistcoat. He fancies at times that there are animals within his head, who know away his brains. And then such spasms and twitchings, at one time as if his flesh were hacked and lacerated by a saw, at another, as if every nerve in his body were dragged and strained till it snapped. M. Brousson says that it is a nervous affection, an inflammation of the nerves, and very frequently applies leeches to his neck and opium to his head. The only comfort he has is, that the attacks have gradually become more rare in their recurrence, so that he is now seldom afflicted oftener than once in the year, and that always about the latter end of autumn. Poor man, as soon as he is recovered from one of them, he protests incessantly that it would have been comparative happiness to have been broken to pieces upon a wheel, or torn asunder by wild horses.

"Pardi, Madame, it would seem then that Monsieur Mauricey *does* suffer a good deal on those occasions!"

This was uttered in a very solemn tone by a matter-of-fact little gentleman at my elbow. I turned to look at him, and recognized a most respectable money broker of Paris.

He was the *bel esprit* of the company.

"Juste ciel! oui Monsieur," returned our hostess, "it was only last year that he was very near dying. He happened to be at his house in the country at the

time, and through want of medical assistance I suppose, for there was none at hand, he continued two and twenty hours stretched out, stiff and cold, just as if dead. Indeed I believe he was only saved by being plunged into a very warm bath."

"It was, I should rather imagine, a species of tetanos: was it not Madame?" demanded the broker.

"En vérité, Monsieur, I cannot tell," replied the banker's wife, "but I know that he has now been afflicted with it for near thirty years. He contracted the malady when abroad with the troops, he stumbled one day into a vessel, and a spar of wood pierced his head. However, M. Brousson has great expectations of curing him. By the way, Monsieur," she continued turning towards me, "they say that your physicians in England have discovered a successful treatment for this disease; prussic acid, I think, they use."

Whatever my fair hostess's knowledge of pharmacy might have been, mine was certainly very slender. I was, therefore, on the point of declaring my utter inability to satisfy her on the subject of her inquiry, when I was accidentally saved the humiliation. At the instant a shriek, more terrible and piercing than all the others that had preceded it, thrilled through the apartment and chilled every heart with horror.

"Le Dieu m'en garde! voila!" cried the banker's wife in great alarm, "what can that terrible shrieking be? Is it not frightful! I protest it made me spring off my chair with terror, I feel my nerves quite shaken; Monsieur Damont, where are you?"

"Me, voici! Madame," returned the broker, "can I be of any service to you?"

"Oh! yes, will you have the goodness to get me a glass of water. Ah!

merci, that will do, Eh bien," and she proceeded with her narration. "But would you believe it, the strangest fact of all is, that poor unfortunate Mauricey, while suffering those most unheard-of tortures, never seems to seek for death or to be weary of living. Tout au contraire, he eats and drinks as well as even during the few moments of reprieve, which the intervals between his dreadful sufferings allow him. Nature is indeed most unaccountable and capricious. He had a celebrated German physician in town to see him, and he pronounced it to be a species of gout in the head, and that opinion you perceive rather corroborates M. Brousson's, and besides ——."

I rose up and left the group which had now formed around the chair of the mistress of the house and offered my services to Mademoiselle Mauricey to conduct her from the room, for a valet had just come to say her father waited for her.

"Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu," sobbed the almost distracted girl, how can my father have offended heaven that it should visit him with such insupportable affliction! Oh! he is so kind, so good ——."

I descended the staircase with her, supporting her trembling steps. I led her forward to the carriage, and, as I assisted her in entering it, I could perceive her wretched father writhing and doubled up together with torture. Madame Mauricey was endeavouring to stifle the groanings of her husband by holding her handkerchief to his mouth. At that moment unfortunately he caught my eye. His figure seemed to shrink away still farther than before, as if he would hide himself from me. A convulsive cry of agony rang through the still air of night, and casting upon me a look of mingled horror and supplication, the carriage drove away and I saw him no more.

CHAPTER III.

“————— The moment comes—
It is already come—when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.”

COLERIDGE.

“You are welcome—take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question————”

SHAKESPEARE.

If I were master of my own actions and had my time completely at my own disposal, there is no spot of earth—to the west, at least, of the Irish sea—where I would rather retire from the bustle of town and the toil of business, to dream away the summer months, than within the sequestered demesne and venerable mansion of Castle Mac Garraty.

The house, overhung by a dark, thick mountain wood, is situated in a wild and picturesque region of the south of Ireland, and far westward of the waters of the Shannon, exhibiting the architecture of many an age in its time-honoured fabric—the massy and turretted pile of sombre masonry, with its low-browed windows, long slender chimneys, and almost perpendicular roof, dignifying and, as it were, sheltering the less solid, but more elegant, structure of the modern portion of the building. It seems to me, when I look upon it from amid the clump of chestnuts that crown the eminence in front, to be no inapt illustration of its worthy inmates. Its aged, yet cheery master, whom some sixty summers have mellowed from a spruce and love-crossed bachelor, to as kindly-hearted an humorist as ever railed at mankind in the mass, yet loved him always in the individual; his stately and still unbroken form, fashioned after the antiquated and somewhat formal mould of by-gone days, surrounded and adorned by the graceful clustering of many a lovely niece, and sustained by the strength of a couple of stalwart nephews, all of whom have not forgotten to combine the accomplishments and learning of the present times, with

the candour and simplicity of those which are past.

But in chief do I love the old oak-wainscotted dining parlour, hung around with the family portraits of many generations—the stark air and rugged features of the mail-cased knight—the courtier, with his luxuriant tresses flowing in ample curls down his breast and shoulders, his lace ruffles and embroidered neck-cloth—the jovial country squire, with the glow of health and benevolence brightening his ruddy jocular face, in rounded green coat and booted to the knee; while the favourite greyhound, or set-made and wiry-haired terrier stands beside him. And the ladies too, Heaven bless them all! grandmothers and great grandmothers in their day, dressed in the various extravagancies of taste and time—stiff with hoop and stomacher, flounce and train, or in the simple morning robe, displaying the almost naked beauties of the glancing breast, or the tempting proportions of an unconfined waist. All this I love to rove over with my eyes, as I lounge in the recess of the large window opening to the southwest, through which the gorgeous light of summer sunset streams in all its blended hues of beauty and magnificence, filling the heart with that indefinable “rapture of repose” which the last smile of a lovely day imparts.

It was here, then, most sagacious reader—for now is it fit that you should know that, which had I told you earlier you might by this time have forgotten—it was here that I sat one evening, during my short visit in vacation, enjoying the fresh green prospect and fragrant breath of early summer,

relating to gay cousins—my simple-hearted uncle, too, not being inattentive—the events which, I trust, have had the good fortune to beguile some half hour of your time which, perhaps, might otherwise have passed unemployed.

“So far,” I continued, “as to the tale of the German banker; but,” addressing myself more particularly to my uncle, with somewhat of an air of mysterious discomposure, “how little did I then know the consequences to me of that fatal dinner party, or the cruel influence which it was destined to exercise over my future life and fortunes.

It required but a very few days, and as calm an investigation of my feelings as I could, under the circumstances, institute, to bring to me the conviction that I was actually irredeemably in love with Mademoiselle Mauricey—nay more, that the strength of my passion seemed to be increased precisely in proportion to the barriers which delicacy and honour should have thrown up against it to prevent me allying myself with one whom I now considered beyond a doubt to be an assassin, however estimable he might be as a father, however blameless as a husband.

An impulse, even to myself almost incredible, and which I can account for only on the principle of a fatality, constrained me to throw myself in the way of the lovely Josephine upon every possible occasion, to frequent the walks which I knew she loved, to visit at the houses where I knew I should be most likely to meet her. How often during the day have I aroused within my breast the dormant sentiments of honour, and pledged myself in secret that I would renounce for ever the dangerous gratification of gazing upon her; and, alas! how often have I found myself upon the very evening of that day in her presence—at her side.

Though my passion was attended with pain, still I cherished it with unspeakable devotion: perhaps, indeed, the pleasures I derived from it were the dearer for the price at which I had purchased them. It was a legitimate and blameless love for all that was most worthy of exciting it, yet full of remorseful feelings, as unavailing as they were unjust, which invested the

sentiment with the colour of a criminal attachment.

For Mr. Mauricey, however, my opinions could undergo no change: I despised myself for so far compromising my candour as to salute him when I chanced to meet him in company with his daughter; but it was in vain: I never failed to salute him.

Why need I dwell longer on this subject? The more my opportunities increased of knowing Josephine, the more firmly did she secure my affection, the more completely also did she command my esteem. 'Twas my misfortune—for I believe I may so call it—to find her not only beautiful in person—

“Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night”—

but lovely also in mind, accomplished in a high degree, replete with talent, and grace, without the least mixture of pedantry, without the slightest tincture of ostentation. The retiring gentleness and feminine reserve of her mind, flung an inexpressible charm over her conversation, while her manners possessed the polish of courtly breeding, relieved by the gaiety of an unsophisticated heart: in a word, she had so many attractive charms, that the coldest heart could not resist their influence. Judge, then, how so inflammable a one as I unluckily possessed must have glowed—in faith, I believe it was at a red heat.

Time, too, brought to my heart the pleasurable belief, if not the conviction, that my passion was not without return. Yes, she certainly loved me, or at least gave me reason to suppose that she did; I fancied that she greeted my approach with a tenderer look and a warmer smile than she bestowed on others; for me, too, the sweetest tones of her voice were reserved.

“Oh yes!” I would exclaim to myself, “she assuredly loves me; but, alas! she adores her father; he is the constant theme of her praises; she extols his goodness, his gentleness, all his amiable qualities.”

Ah! these very praises were like so many strokes of a dagger into my heart.

At length I found myself becoming

in heart almost an accomplice in the very crime to which M. Mauricey and his family owed all their prosperity. I was on the point of seeking a participation—not for its own sake—in the ill-gotten wealth, and to demand from the guilty father the hand of his stainless child. I struggled with the desire; I fled from Paris; I resumed my wanderings; I went to Germany, to Andernach: but, I returned again, and sought Josephine once more. I found her pale, and thin, and dejected. She had suffered then from my absence! Alas! had I beheld her on my return gay and healthy, I had surely been saved!

Once again in Paris, and in the vicinity of the charming Josephine, I felt that I had the whole battle to fight over anew. My passion burst out with a violence, if possible, more ungovernable than before, as though it had gained strength from the temporary restraint which I had imposed upon it. I found my good resolves melt away like wax in the glow of the furnace, and at last I began to dread the scruples that still tortured my heart would drive me to frenzy. I declared myself in a state of siege; held immediately a council of war; and after rejecting a thousand schemes, at length came to the determination of summoning to my aid some external assistance. For this purpose I resolved to convoke a cabinet council of such of my acquaintances and friends as I knew to possess the purest consciences and most unprejudiced understandings, in order that they might, if possible, throw some light on one or two knotty points of morality and philosophy, in which my scruples had involved me; for, in fact, the question had become tenfold more complicated since my return to town.

Accordingly, in a very few days after, I assembled those friends whom I had pitched upon as best qualified, as I said before, for probity and nice sense of honour. I may as well here give you a list of the company I invited, as it will show you I took every possible means to insure a fair discussion, as well as a satisfactory solution, of the problems touching which I was to crave their assistance.

First, then, were two Englishmen,

old acquaintances whom I chanced to light upon in the nick of time, the one a gentleman of grave, forensic habits, whom I had known at Lincoln's Inn; the other an Irishman—this is no bull, for we are all English in France—a native of the county Roscommon, a man of a most mercurial hot-headed temperament, with a huge pair of sandy-coloured mustaches, and blessed with the most sensitive discrimination of honour in his trigger finger; next came a secretary to one of the foreign embassages in Paris, a strict disciplinarian, with some dash of the Puritan in his manners; with these I associated an ancient minister, a veteran in politics, who had grown old in the pursuits of diplomacy and intrigue; besides, a worthy priest of great sanctity, an advocate, a notary, aye, and even a learned judge, and three other gentlemen; so that I secured a representative for every opinion in society, for every practical virtue.

Well then, suppose us all duly assembled according to invitation; we commenced proceedings, as all important proceedings should be commenced, with gravity and deliberation—that is to say, we sat down to dine upon the matter; and in this respect I must remark that the English are the wisest folks under the sun, not presuming to allocate the funds of a charitable institution with empty stomachs, or concoct the laws of a temperance society without a cheerful glass. Then we chatted upon indifferent subjects, waxed as merry as became reasonable men; and as soon as dinner was removed, and the dessert laid upon the table, I introduced the subject that was nearest to my heart, recounted my own history with candour and simplicity, and concealing the name of the fair author of my embarrassment, as well as those of her parents, besought from them, one and all, the favour of their advice.

“And now,” said I, after I had made an end of my recital, “give me your counsel and assistance upon this perplexing question: discuss the subject with calmness, as if you were debating a point of law or a treaty of alliance with a foreign state. Must I necessarily sacrifice my passion to preserve my honour?—yes, or no! Here are the balls and the balloting box for

you ; let each give his vote in secret and according to his conscience, for or against my marriage."

I ceased, and looked around me; the silence of the grave sat on every lip.

M—— stroked his mustaches, and for once in his life looked puzzled.

The notary begged to excuse himself.

"There would seem to me," said he, "to be a contract, in some degree, impliedly upon your part——"

"Pardon me," cried my Lincoln's Inn friend; "touching the implied contract I must differ from you; it is laid down in all the books, &c. &c."

The worthy and learned judge, on whose brain the wine had already begun to make considerable inroads, was unable to adjudicate between the disputants: he did, however, what many of his brethren have done under a similar difficulty, he bowed his head to each party in turn with great gravity and astuteness.

My worthy friends had now got fairly mounted on their hobbies, and were forthwith proceeding with incredible heat and obstinacy to ride tilt against each other. Seeing them, therefore, joined upon what is termed among lawyers a collateral issue, the disposal of which, should they ever arrive so far, would leave the original question as undecided as ever, I put an end to the discussion as speedily as possible.

"My good friends!" I cried, stretching forth a hand toward either belligerent, "I comprehend too clearly how the matter stands; none of you wish to give an opinion on the subject I have proposed to you, and that very circumstance forcibly points out to me how it is now my duty to act.

There was a general movement amongst the assembly. Mr. M—— caught my eye first, and was accordingly declared in possession of the chair.

"I fancy," said he, "the affair is not quite so desperate as you imagine: 'tis a little puzzling, to be sure; but by——, Sir"—here he stroked his long mustaches, and frowned with ominous import—"I have brought many a worse one to bear by a little calm arrangement and cool morning air. Tomorrow you shall call upon the lady's brother——"

"She has no brother: the lady is an only child."

"Well, that does not signify, she has some friend that will stand in his place for the matter of five minutes. You state your suspicions of her father; he denies the truth of them. Good! Myself and some other gentleman will take care of the rest. If you fall," and he waved his hand, "why there is no more about it; if you do not, you will be at liberty to act as you like; your honour becomes unimpeachable; I warrant it on my personal responsibility."

Having delivered the last emphatic observation, M—— slowly moved his eyes from guest to guest, as if challenging the dissent of each individual. No one, however, seemed disposed to dispute the point with him, and he sat down.

Quelle impiete! groaned the priest at my right hand.

Quelle sottise! muttered the diplomatist, M. le Baron de T——, at my left.

Perceiving me to be in despair at the dilemma to which my Irish friend's proposition had reduced me, the Baron twitched me slyly in the elbow.

"Ne craignez rien," said he, in a low voice, and rose to reply.

"I beg," said he, "to express my entire concurrence in the sentiments of the gentleman who has just sat down (I started at his ominous commencement); but we are not, fortunately, obliged to have recourse in the present instance to his excellent suggestions. As to the father, there is absolutely no evidence against him, nothing on which to ground such a charge; and then, where is the difficulty as to the wealth? It must be considered, in all justice, as the property of its present possessor."

By the way, the Baron's extensive property was chiefly acquired by the confiscation of the possessions of refractory Protestants at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

The advocate was next upon his legs.

"Monsieur le Baron a raison," said the organ of the law, "in point of law there is no difficulty whatever in the question which is at present under our consideration. May not the person

almost be said to have his property by prescription; and consider then the nature of prescription depending as I may say rather on the absence than the presence of proof. Besides, Messieurs, what would become of the best of us if we were obliged to trace back our fortunes to their origin? (Hear! hear! from the baron.) This matter then is plainly an affair of conscience, and if you are desirous," addressing himself to me, "to bring the cause before a proper tribunal, to that of your own conscience, must you refer it."

This last observation smacked so much of an appeal from the temporal to the spiritual side of the house, that the expounder of the Gospel felt himself called upon to reply. The good priest accordingly rose.

"God," said the pious old man, with a firm yet gentle voice, "God has made us all frail and erring, and requires not perfection from any of us. The child inherits not the sins of her father with the wealth that his crime has procured him. If you love her unchangeably, marry her; but content yourself with the blessings of wedded life, let the treasures of an amiable wife satisfy you, and give those of her father to the poor."

"Pardonnez moi," cried a young man, one of those unmerciful cavillers whom we sometimes meet demolishing a theory for the want of a '*vis consequentie*,' "the lady's father may have made a good match, for instance, and so got a fortune. In such case that portion of his wealth cannot be considered the fruit of crime."

"The very discussion of this question is, in my opinion, a reason against it," said the judge gleaming up in the socket and believing that he would throw light upon the whole company by a sally of maudlin wit. "There are cases—gentlemen, I say there are some cases in which a man should never deliberate."

"C'est bien dit, it is well said," cried the secretary to the embassy.

"It is true indeed," quoth the priest.

The two men, no doubt, understood the observation in very different senses.

A young doctrinaire of great parts, who had failed only by a majority against him of 58 votes out of 60, in being elected to a vacant chair of phi-

losophy, now rose up to put an end to the discussion.

"Messieurs," said he, "the subject now submitted to our mental investigation—I mean the passion of love—is an accidental phenomenon of our intellectual natures, which has its origin in the sympathies of our animal existence, though modified according to the peculiar laws and conditions by which social life is regulated. Its operations are rapid and instantaneous, belonging to impulse rather than to ratiocination, as I could demonstrate were this the proper time or opportunity. Our decision then ought to be congenial with it—to be an extemporaneous act of our consciences—a sudden conception, an instinctive judgment, a fugitive gleam, as it were, of the internal light of reason. Gentlemen, let us vote!"

The address of the doctor had convinced us all that human learning was, in the present instance, of no avail.

"Let us vote," cried all the guests with one accord.

I presented each member of the council with two balls, the one white, the other red. The white was an emblem of virginity and was intended to signify the dissent to my marriage: the red ball was to show approval of it. I counted heads, and found that my friends were eleven in number, so that six would give a majority without my voting, from which, for motives of conscience and delicacy, I abstained.

And now all being arranged, each person proceeded to throw a ball into a small wicker basket with a narrow aperture, which I had procured for the purpose of a balloting urn, and all awaited with anxious curiosity the issue of the scrutiny; this method of disposing of a question, involving a very critical principle of morality, had in it something strange and original.

At length every individual had given his vote, the basket was opened, the balls counted, and I found six white balls and five red ones!

The result of the investigation did not, I must confess, give me very much surprise. I had just before taken the precaution to count the number of young men about my own age whom I had selected to form part of my judges, and found they were but five in number.

The opposition were all well stricken in years: they had no difference of sentiment upon the subject of matrimony.

"Alas! alas!" said I, "there is a majority against the marriage. How, in the name of heaven, am I to extricate myself from this embarrassing situation?"

"Who the devil can this strange fellow be," demanded M—— bluntly, unable any longer to control his impatience, "that you are so much afraid of for a father-in-law? who is he—where does he live?"

"He was not fated ever to become a father-in-law," said I; "upon that point my conscience has, for some time, been clear enough to make your adjudication to that extent at least superfluous. He is now beyond the reach of mortal's censure and mortal's exculpation. Listen to this letter which I received some weeks since."

I drew from my portfolio a packet edged with black, and having a black seal, and read the following melancholy invitation:

"Vous êtes prié d' assister aux convoi, service et enterrement de M. Jean Frederic Mauricey, ancien fournisseur des vivres—viande, en son vivant, chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur et de l' Eperon d' or, Capitaine de la premiere compagnie de grenadiers, de la deuxieme legion de la garde nationale de Paris, decédé le vingtieme de Novembre dans son hotel, et qui se feront a, &c.

"De la part de, &c."

"You see therefore, my friends," said I, folding up the letter and replacing it in my portfolio, "you see how the question now stands. It is disembarrassed of one difficulty; another, and only another, remains to be disposed of. What then am I to do? I will now state the case to you in the hope that you will reconsider your decision.

"Mademoiselle Mauricey is wealthy, but there is the stain of blood upon that wealth. Is it right that she should retain that of which he possessed himself by crime, and, if not, to whom should she restore the fortune?"

"That," said the young gentleman who had edified us with the metaphysical disquisition, "is a proposition entirely of abstract morality."

VOL. IV.

"It is a matter of conscience," said the priest.

"It is a point of mere law, '*strictissimi juris*,'" quoth the advocate.

"Pardonnez moi, it is neither one or the other altogether," replied M. le Baron de T——, "it is rather a question partaking in some degree of all those qualities, but which must depend upon circumstances, and be decided by the state of facts. Pray who is the right heir of the plundered money and jewels of the German pin merchant that was murdered at Andernach?"

"He has left no heir," said I, at least that I could discover: after the most minute and diligent search I was unable to learn that he left any relations. It seems he was unmarried.

"Good," said the baron, "so much for the law. Now, in morality and conscience, should not the heir of him who, with his blood, paid the price of its acquisition, be best entitled to enjoy it. Who is the heir of Prosper Magnan?"

"He was an only child," said I, "and in the event of his mother's death I understand that by his will he left all his property to Frederick, the companion of his youth."

"Good again," said the baron, "then both in law and in equity, Mademoiselle, his daughter, is entitled." Besides does not the possession of the father transmit to the child a right strengthened tenfold, almost incontrovertible? Mademoiselle Mauricey may therefore retain, with justice and honour that to which she had the fortune to succeed. What say ye, Messieurs?"

The baron's exposition was adopted by acclamation.

"Pardi, c'est bien dit," quoth the doctor.

"Et endroit," cried the advocate.

"Et en conscience aussi," added the priest.

"Then," said I, "gentlemen you will have the goodness once again to take the balls and give me your sentiments on the subject. Marriage or no marriage."

The balls were again distributed, the balloting box sent round, again I proceeded with considerable anxiety to examine its contents. There were ten red balls and but one white.

This almost unanimous declaration

in my favour, silenced all my scruples, and filled me with the liveliest emotions of joy. My puritanical friend, the secretary to the embassy, was not long in qualifying those feelings, thereby leaving but little doubt on my mind as to whom I was indebted for the unfavourable vote.

"The question has, it is true, been just now decided in your favour; but have you no doubts still hanging about your own conscience? Is it not fit, at least, that you should apply some of the riches which may come to your hands to sanctify the rest."

"I would most willingly do so," said I, "could I learn the best means of applying it. I borrowed the '*Dictionnaire des cas de Conscience*' the other day, from an old monk of my acquaintance for the very purpose, but I am no wiser than before I read it."

The puritan looked at me with an air of sorrowful surprise.

"There are a thousand ways," said he. "Could you not, for instance, build an hospital, or a house of refuge for the penitent and the sinner?"

"And thus, perhaps, increase the number of the vicious, by taking away its terrors from vice."

"Or found a religious edifice for the souls of Prosper Magnan and Walhenfer?" said the priest.

"You forget, holy father, that we are in the nineteenth century."

"The deuce take your curiosity," cried M——, "what business had you to ask the old gentleman if he was ever in Beauvais?"

"Well, but your marriage, Frank," cried my uncle, rising up straight in his chair, and propping his chin upon the top of his ivory-headed cane, as was his wont when anything puzzled the worthy old gentleman, your marriage, if you be married, how comes it

that you never told it to me before. I remember your scampering off to France, like a fool, and losing your term; but for the rest, I vow, child, I never heard one word about it before. Tell me are you or are you not married?"

"I protest, on my honour, Sir, I do not exactly know how that is."

"Eh! not know!"

"In fact, my dear Sir, I have not settled that point."

"Not settled that point! Why, what the deuce does the puppy mean? Zounds! you dishonorable rascal, would you desert the young lady after having gained her affections. Fidelity is too rare in that fickle sex, to be rejected when met with."

"But really, Sir ——"

"Sir I tell you, you should have married her out of hand; when I was your age I would not have waited the girthing of my saddle."

"Really, Sir, I should feel most happy indeed, as you seem to think it would be a good conclusion, if I had time."

"O Lord! O Lord! only hear him. I say, you dog, it is never too late to do what is right."

"Excuse me, my dear Sir, it is impossible: the Dublin University Magazine will be out in a week."

"Well, what the deuce has that to do with the matter?"

"Why, Sir, I am absolutely run to the last moment; you are aware the revise must be looked to, and then the printing—Hist! there, I protest, it is striking seven o'clock, and the post goes out for Dublin, from Bally Mac Garraty, in less than half an hour——"

"Oh, Frank! Frank! God forgive you; you have made a fool of your poor old uncle; but do you think you can deceive 'a discerning public?'"

LOTA.

TUTTI FRUTTI.

THIS belongs to a very interesting class of books, which, like the reminiscences of Walpole, Charles Butler, or D'Israeli, present to the reader the cream of the author's observations—the richest of his anecdotes—and the most lively of his descriptions—unfettered by the restrictions which the choice of any one leading subject must, in a certain degree, impose. It is written by the author of a book which created a considerable degree of interest in this country, under a title which has been translated “The Tour of a German Prince,” and was soon, we believe justly, attributed to Prince Pückler Muskau. His former work drew down upon itself about as much mingled censure and applause, as any author might expect who could, and dared, to sketch, with so humorous and lively a pencil, the peculiarities of national and individual character; and though we must join in reprobating the love of scandal, of which books are more the index than the cause, and the breach of hospitality by which alone such scandal can be made public—though we must feel our national pride hurt at his description of our gentry, as they appeared upon the race-course of Galway, and our chivalry excited when we find him proclaiming to Europe that Lady Morgan is neither young nor pretty—yet, with all this, we have seldom met with a more amusing book of travels, and must, however humbled, confess, that if

“*Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true.*”

Before we enter upon the present work, we may congratulate our readers upon the increasing knowledge of German literature in this country, and upon some of our schools having introduced it into their course of instruction, although the University, as yet, possesses no professor, and affords not

the least encouragement or opportunity for the cultivation of a language so teeming with the most valuable works upon theology, science, and polite literature. The days are gone by when a field of literature so analogous to our own, only excelling it in erudition and extent, was known to all but a very few, otherwise than from the imperfect report of some stray wanderers, who, like most wanderers in an unknown country, had described only what was marvellous and unnatural. The general idea of German fiction was founded upon such works as “Lewis's Tales of Terror”—of their theology, upon such as the wild reveries of Boehmen—and of their sentiment upon the un-English “Sorrows of Werter.” At length it has been found that the land which has produced the rankest weeds, has also borne the richest harvest; and we hope that the time is not distant when we shall become as well acquainted with the German literature as Germany is with ours.

Now to the subject of the book before us. The first part of it describes the author's travels in his native country, to which he describes himself as returning, “*post varios casus*,” in search of variety, upon the same principle which actuated the rake, who after considering how he could possibly invent some new pleasure, at length determined upon spending one night at home. His observations upon the scenery through which he passes, are characterised by the same glowing enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, which formed the great charm of his other works; and as illustrating this, and giving some clue to his opinions upon the subject of religion, which, it must be confessed, are not the most orthodox,* we shall begin our extracts with the following:—

“We passed some pleasant villages—

* While thus venturing to accuse the author of want of orthodoxy, we cannot refrain from quoting an amusing proof that he gives, in bringing a similar charge against

the young corn and the blooming fruit-trees; the heavenly, youth-giving breath of spring; the azure sky, and the soft spicy air, would have made a paradise of a spot of earth even less richly endowed. I gave myself up entirely to such a delightful impression, and then betook myself inwardly—to church; for God is to be found everywhere, and is indeed no such mysterious, invisible being as many theologians would represent, and philosophers look for; it is in appearance only that he is different to different persons; but the simplest nature feels and acknowledges him often, although under different names and ancient forms: one sees him in the image of his beloved, another in the splendour of the setting sun, in the majestic leafy arches of the wood with its thousand chanters, in the enjoyment of a beneficent deed, in a yielding to the love of what is right—yes, even in the inward rectitude of innocent youth, in the works of art and genius, in the happy consciousness of a successful undertaking, in a hundred other subjects of feeling; but in all these cases there is one test, without which God never appears, and which never appears without his presence—a *pure, a holy joy*. Let not, then, any one tell thee, thou poor man, that thou canst gain this happiness through the means of the Bible or the Khoran, in the church or in the mosque, from thy priest or the priest of Mollah; it is everywhere—wherever thy spirit hath power to raise itself up to the Almighty, where thou thyself art good, although thou dost not bring sacrifice; for, thanks be to Heaven! cross and passion, skeletons, sacrifice, and death, are not necessarily connected with it; but it is love—love to God, his whole creation, and himself united. *True religion* is no heavy burden; it is *only* comfort, and support, and happiness; it denies nothing that reason allows of, and only increases by consecrating the most trifling of pleasures. Under whatever form, by whatever means or revelation it has been disclosed to thee, adhere to that. Is it in

the church? remain there; is it in the temple of nature? then let that be thy temple."

He gives next a very interesting account of his visit to the old Moravian establishment in which he was educated, and in the same chapter makes a most unwarrantable selection of quotations from their early pieces of sacred poetry, which, we shall give high authority for asserting it, are only to be found now upon the page of history, and there stand as a record of the absurdity and wickedness into which man naturally falls when he presumes to mingle earthly with spiritual things, and to confuse together the two courses which he has to pursue, as a mortal being upon earth, and bound by the laws of sound compact and expediency; and as an immortal looking for future happiness to a secret covenant established between him and his Creator. Of these quotations we shall only say that they are such as require to be written in Greek character, in order to render their meaning accessible to those only in whom an acquaintance with the learned languages is unfairly presumed to argue a taste for impurity and blasphemy. Against this, as well as against the coarseness of allusion which occasionally occurs in the author's writings, which, if not corrected, will place him in the same class proscribed to refined readers, with Paul Kock, Victor Hugo, and some others of the most amusing of modern novelists, we most strongly protest. His account of the Moravians generally is as follows:—

"Who is not pleased at the outward appearance of those friendly, neat, and unpretending places which are inhabited by the Herrnhuters? I speak now seriously. Certainly it is a favourable testimony for them (let people think as they

the British public. After giving an account of a discussion between Alcibiades Tavernier and an Arabian upon religious matters, he adds in a note—"All this may be very well for a conversation in the desert! These thoroughly French views appear to me to present a fair pendant for Thomas Moore's new work, '*The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*'—a work that, absurd as it is, may give a deep insight into the state of religious feeling in England. What must the pass be to which others have arrived, when one of the most imaginative and richly endowed men in the nation can bring to market, in two large volumes such miserable stuff! (etwas so Jämmerliches.)"

will of their form of religious worship,) that legal processes are unknown among them, and criminals but rare, and that all landed proprietors wish for them and prefer them as tenants; they give also, quietly and without opposition, to God what they think is due to God, and to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar."

Among the young persons whom he found collected from distant countries, for the purpose of being educated as missionaries, he saw some from Labrador, Otaheite, Africa, Greenland, &c. He endeavoured to find out whether the *maladie du pays* existed strongly amongst them, but found that

"The Greenlander alone, who was indeed the least charming in appearance, spoke in a longing manner of her Fatherland."

In order to reconcile the extreme inconsistency that will strike the reader as existing between this testimony to the excellence of the Moravians as a religious community, and the absurd extracts that the author has chosen as a specimen of their religious offices, we must say a few words in explanation. In the ninth century Christianity was introduced into Bohemia, from Greece, and the professors of it maintained a long but somewhat fruitless contest with the Papacy, upon the subject of free access to the scriptures, which, however, prepared the way for the introduction of the doctrines preached by Wickliffe and gave to the reformed religion in Huss, the first, and in Jerome, the most illustrious of its martyrs. A long and melancholy history of war and persecution, followed, and the professors of the reformed faith were more hardly dealt with, and more nearly exterminated there than in any other part of the world. Those who escaped were compelled to emigrate, and establish themselves in different parts of Europe, where their doctrines were tolerated. A large community of their brethren applied, through their pastor, to Count Zinzendorf, a Saxon nobleman, for permission to establish themselves upon his estate at Berthelsdorf, in Lusatia; and this being granted, fixed upon a piece of ground called Hutberg, or Watch-hill, on the high road to Zittau. Here, with their own hands, they

erected a village, and called it Herrnhut, or the Watch of the Lord; and from thence comes their well-known appellation. Here they were soon joined by Count Zinzendorf, who took upon himself the government of the settlement, and so many emigrants joined them, that their numbers soon became very considerable. A code of rules was drawn up, by which they were all bound, and among which the most remarkable provided for the education of the children apart from their parents; and the marrying of young people, not according to inclination, but according to the choice of the elders, supposed to be chiefly influenced by the direction of the Almighty.

"To this part of their discipline," says Southey, in his life of Wesley, "and not to any depravity of manners, that fanatical language of the Moravians may be distinctly traced, which exposed them at one time to so much obloquy, and which in any other age would most certainly have drawn upon them a fiery persecution, with every appearance of justice. Love, in its ideal sense, could have no more existence among such a people than among the Chinese, where a husband never sees the wife for whom he has bargained until she is sent home to him in a box; but when the Count Zinzendorf and the founders of his Moravian church had stript away the beautiful imaginative garment, they found it expedient to provide fig-leaves for naked nature; and Machiavel never gave birth to combinations of more monstrous and blasphemous obscenity, than they did in their fantastic allegories and spiritualization. . . . Fortunately for themselves and for that part of the heathen world among whom they have laboured, and still are labouring with exemplary devotion, the Moravians were taught by their assailants to correct this perilous error in time. They were an innocent people, and could with serenity oppose the testimony of their lives to the tremendous charges which, upon the authority of their own writings, were brought against them. And then, first, seeing the offensiveness, if not the danger, of the loathsome and impious extravagancies into which they had been betrayed, they corrected their books and their language; and from that time they have contrived to be not merely without reproach, but to enjoy, in a greater degree than any other sect, the general good opinion of every other religious community."

Surely, then, that author is strongly to be blamed who rakes up these abominations in giving an account of the present condition of this estimable community.

His return to the home of his childhood, leads him into many interesting reflections upon the political changes which have taken place in Lusatia ; and we shall endeavour to follow him through some of these, not only because the author appears in a more favourable point of view as a politician than as a theologian, but because so many of his observations apply with peculiar force to those changes which are at present taking place in our own country. He introduces the subject by describing the workings of his own imagination while in the sober twilight he sat among the tombs of his fathers, and looked down upon his broad hereditary possessions. His vivid imagination conjured up visions of the past and future ; and in describing the scenes of burial as they passed before him in chronological order from the earliest ages, he has traced admirably the progress from free, wild, savage life to civilization ; and from civilization again to that worse than savage, material, mechanical state of society into which the spread of cold utilitarian doctrines would appear to be hastening us. When the light and colouring of imagination shall have vanished from the earth, and only dull, tangible forms remain, to be measured and judged of by the compass and rule of those who deem the highest right of man to be a sufficiency of food and clothing, and the object of mind to transmute all things into what is food for the body, the watchwords of whose politics are freedom and equality—words which convey ideas singularly captivating to the restless, seeking mind of man, but which lose their power of charming when considered in opposition to the whole framework of creation, which is connected by a system of mutual dependence and unequal power.

“ You,” says the author, “ seek and strive after *freedom* and *equality*, and think *that* all you want: oh! rather seek after *freedom* and *love*. That wild striving after equality that can never be satisfied here below, because God has not so willed it, is a second eating of the

apple that shall deprive us of all that remains of Paradise. In the commencement of your search after it, you may possibly effect some good. Soon there will be no longer any slave or slave-master, absolute monarch, or people submitted to his caprice, arrogant conqueror, or army led to the slaughter, aristocracy surrounded with pomp, or beggar prostrate at the feet of the rich, fearful hierarchy, or persecuted heretic ; and thus certainly less bitter sorrow, but, perhaps, less enjoyment. How many noble lights will take their departure along with these shadows ; and much I fear that all the virtues connected with love, such as voluntary self-denial, humility, sacrifice, childish obedience, unselfish constancy to death, generosity, the delicate sense of honour, will all wither away upon the hard soil of freedom and equality, and only to make room for strict right and rigid egoism. There will then be no more lovers or friends, but only companions, according to circumstances united by contract, either for the purpose of carrying on business, or the propagation of the species. In place of honouring our parents, we shall only honour the police ; instead of kings, we shall have only presidents ; instead of an army, we shall have a militia ; instead of servants, hirelings ; and finally, instead of the great God, a constitutional ruler of the world in abstract. Poetry and art, pomp and luxury, will be in the same manner absorbed in sober, vulgar utility ; every one will have just what is necessary, and no one abundance ; ambition will no longer vex us, when there will be nothing to envy another the possession of ; there will be no brilliant object to contend for, no temple of fame, no height to ascend, for then home-brewed poverty will be all that we may hope to win—in a word, no burning colours will then shed their hues over life ; grey will be the warp, and grey the woof that the Future will be permitted to weave in the noisy loom of Time. May success attend it ; but willingly would I depart before, with my own old many-coloured world, as the Catholic would rather rest under the dim and glimmering gem-bedecked window of his ornamented cathedral, than in the light and glaring church of the reformers.”

Having thus expressed his opinion of the utilitarian principles which appear to actuate those enthusiastic reformers, who are so busy in all parts of the world, he proceeds to detail some of the immediate inconveniences which

his own country is at present suffering under in the cause of improvement. The object of the government appears to be to change the present feudal tenure under which the peasant holds his land, in consideration of part service and part rent, into a tenure similar to ours, and to force the enclosure of farms. With this view

“A number of new offices were created, under the title of a general commission, for the purpose of exchanging and altering the tenures by which the peasantry hold their land; and a host of economy commissioners, (for the most part bankrupt proprietors or tenants, discharged servants, surveyors, &c.) were let loose upon districts that were already too poor, and whose inhabitants were thus plunged into immense expense and trouble.

“We have seen instances where property has been thus regulated, and where the cost of regulation, even before the transaction was concluded, had exceeded the whole amount of indemnification, so that the proprietor lost not only the service and fealty of his peasant, but was also obliged to pay money in addition.”

“The cost of the regulation is, to the proprietor, at least 75 per cent. upon the highest value of his property.”

“In all the districts in which the regulation has taken place, the peasants have lost the half or a third part of their land, and also their horses, with which before they did their feudal service first, and then hired them to their landlords for the remainder of the time he required them. They part with their horses, which they cannot any longer feed upon their own ground, and become what may be called little farmers—they have no opportunity of reaching to any more extended means of industry; but they, with wife and child, and some couple of cows, work at and manure their little field, and are contented when not actually suffering from hunger; a state not even always to be calculated upon under the present circumstances; and yet much less are they able to meet the government taxes, with respect to which they are in enormous arrear.”

These extracts are sufficient to show that we are not the only people that are suffering from over-legislation, from the spirit of centralising and simplifying government, which has proved so injurious to France, and with which our rulers appear to be so deeply

imbued, while withdrawing confidence and power from the natural guardians of the state and depositories of authority over the people, and investing one immense body of hireling police with all the power, without the responsibility; which was possessed by so many beautifully graduated classes in our old and proven constitution. His next subject of discussion is the emancipation of the slaves, which he does in a most rational and temperate manner, and concludes by observing that he fears

“The emancipation of the slaves, which is about to be carried into effect in England, promises but little good—even as little as the application of constitutional principles of government to Spain and Portugal. In such states the remedy must originate *within*, and not be applied from *without*.”

It would be well if this principle were generally kept in view by those who benevolently aim at bettering the condition of the lower classes in this country, and who often turn in despair from the irksome and disappointing endeavour of forcing improvement *from without*, while the precaution of beginning *from within*, and making the people sensible of their wants, before these wants are supplied, might have guaranteed success. The mere doing for people what they ought to do for themselves, is like laying, with a pencil, the artificial hue of health upon features wasted by disease—the appearance may, for a while, deceive, but the condition, alas, remains the same.

In the latter part of the second volume he introduces to our acquaintance a very interesting character, whom he met with at Leipsic, and of whom we shall extract some account; as, when he publishes his travels, they will, probably, be among the most interesting that have yet been written.

“He is a captain in the French guards, Doctor, Emir, Chan, Alcibiades Tavernier, nephew of the great traveller of that name, and by far a greater traveller than he was; having been severely wounded in the revolution, and not restored to his former situation until the time when France gave up the ghost, (I mean Napoleon,) Monsieur Tavernier contemptuously refused to return into the military service, and followed his natural inclina-

tion—which is always the safest guide to men of talent in leading them into their proper sphere of action—in commencing a diligent study of medicine and surgery—a pursuit which he determined to follow for the future.

“When he had completed his studies, he began his extensive travels into Africa and Asia, particularly into Egypt and Abyssinia, Syria, Arabia, Persia, the ancient territory of the Great Mogul, Armenia, and what is by far the most interesting part, into the enormous and almost unknown centre of Asia, as far as the Chinese wall. From thence he travelled through Chinese Tartary, as far as Kiachta, and returned to Europe by the new Russian and Siberian military road, where he was unfortunate enough to meet with shipwreck, as it were, in the very sight of his harbour; that is to say, at the very gates of Bucharest, where he lives at present: he was seized upon by robbers, deprived of a great part of his property, collections, and papers, and left for dead, together with his son, who, although only ten years old, had seized a gun that lay in the carriage, and shot the leader of the robbers. Having received ten wounds his recovery was tedious and difficult.

“The remarkable and almost verging on the marvellous details of this journey, exceed in variety, the most interesting of romances, while they promise to add much to the increase of science. At one time we find the hero like *Marco Polo*, a favourite and minister of some mighty Tartar Prince, and even exalted himself to the rank of princes; at another time giving himself up to a romantic passion for the brightest ornament of the seraglio of his new lord, pursuing it through the greatest dangers and at last crowned with success. Now commanding an army, and giving battle, then again appearing as the leader of the wild hordes, in which character he discovered the original breed of horses in the very centre of Asia, which will probably prove superior to the Arabian, and discovered a new mode of drawing down lightning from heaven, which appears likely to throw into the shade the former one of Franklin.

“But as we shall soon see the details of this extraordinary adventure in his own work, I shall content myself with

giving here a brief notice of Monsieur Tavernier, (principally with a view of calling attention to his work,) to which I shall add two of his least important stories, which, from having a good memory and also from having taken notes at the time, I think I can give tolerably accurately, and in doing so I am not afraid of taking anything away from the interest which a further acquaintance with the author will create.

* * * *

THE BEAR HUNT.

‘There was a bear,’ said our Alcibiades, ‘that on account of his unheard-of size and colossal strength, had become the terror of all the inhabitants between Bucharest and Cempino, near the Carpatho-Romano-Moldavian mountains: the monster frequented the boundless forest of Poentar, which crosses a part of the road from Bucharest to Kronstadt in Transylvania. For from eight to ten years this enormous brute was well known to the peasants, whom he had robbed of about four hundred oxen, beside other domestic animals. No man dare close with him: a universal panic appears to have seized upon the country people. The last exploit that was reported of him, and which excited the attention of the principal divan of the country was the following:

‘A large caravan of wine was making its tedious journey across the mountains towards Bucharest; the people, as is usual there, halted in the heat of the mid-day, and unharnessed their oxen, to let them graze in the wood along the road side. Soon a terrible noise was heard—those who were nearest to it ran to see what was the matter, and saw among the buffaloes an enormous brute, something like them, only black, and far larger, which had seized upon one of them and laid it across his back, where he held it fast, as with an iron grasp, in spite of the fearful struggle of the agonized animal, and walked away with his prey upon his hind legs. This report, in appearance, so fabulous, awakened the interest of not only the government but also the greatest lovers of the chase in Bucharest, namely, the Bojar Kostaki, Kornesko, Manoulaki Floresko, the Bey-Zadey Soutzo, and your humble servant. A great chase was proposed, and planned

in the best possible manner by one of us, Floresko, the prefect of the foreigners' department. The whole was arranged so that the bear should be first traced out, and then driven by five or six hundred peasants into a semicircle of about a hundred chasseurs. After the requisite number of people were collected together upon the appointed day, and all the regulations carried into effect with the most perfect silence, the signal sounded for beginning the chase; it was a long-sustained note from a Jager's horn, followed by other noisy instruments and the shouts of the drivers. This did not last long until a shot was fired at my right, where Kornesko stood, and then all was quiet again; after some minutes I heard an animal make a considerable noise in breaking through the bushes, at a distance from me, for the stillness of a clear October day, together with the rustling of the leaves, that were already thickly strewed over the ground, doubled the noise made by the tread of any animal. This time it happened to be only a well-fed fox that exhibited himself to me at about eighty yards' distance; I let a bullet fly at him, and he rolled over, well shot through the head, and again all was silent; but the beaters approached nearer and began again their loud cries: indeed it is sometimes terrific to hear our Moldavian peasants, spread over an extent of some five or six miles, uttering their piercing shouts and more fearful sounds of lamentation, while they struck the trees with rattles and a thousand other discordant instruments. Soon I heard, at about a mile and a half on my left, two shots close together, and afterwards a deafening cry of *ours, ours*, which word is pronounced exactly the same by Romano-Moldavians as by the French, run like lightning along the ranks of the beaters. The Prince or Bey Zadey Soutzo (Bey means Prince, Zadey the son of a Sovereign Prince, as for example, Ibrahim Adama is of the Sultan) came to me and cried "Seigneur Alcibiades, the bear has broken through the beaters. What have you killed?" A fine fox, as you may see; his Mameluk, or Albanieser, took up the fox, then Kornesko came up and we went together to the place where the bear had broken away. Then we found Floresko, who was

endeavouring to trace the direction which the animal had taken; he informed us that it was the Jager Lazar who had fired at him and had hit him in the back; the other shot was fired by a peasant, by whom the bear had rushed with such rapidity, breaking down the young trees on the right and left of him, that the poor fellow fell flat on his back with the fright, and his valiant gun took the opportunity of going off by itself; we laughed heartily at the terrified peasant, and brought him back to his former equilibrium with a good dose of brandy. Then, without any further delay, we followed the track of the bear. Before we had gone a hundred yards we saw drops of blood upon the leaves and branches which he touched in his passage through them; these marks were all at about five feet and a half high, just on a level with my eyes. This, being the height of a tolerably large man, induced me to ask Lazar of Poentar, who had shot at the bear, whether the bear went upon hind-legs alone or upon all-four? "Upon all-four," he said, "just like a dog." Then, for the first time, I began to give credit to the stories I had heard of the enormous size and strength of the monster, and my curiosity as well as my ambition to be, if possible, the slayer of him, reached the highest pitch.

'For a long time I wandered on with the others who had, in the meanwhile, sent for a pack of from sixty to seventy hounds which had been left in the nearest village. But at length, weary of the vain search, I left my companions and turned to the left through a wild part of the wood, in which I expected to strike upon the road by which the carriage, containing our provisions, was to come; for I was sure that it was somewhere in that direction, and indeed I had become tolerably hungry. At last I came into what really deserved the name of a virgin valley. Enormous oaks lay there, fallen from age, and weeds, and young trees had sprung up upon their mouldering trunks, under the influence of the beneficent rays of the sun; deep darkness reigned beneath the wide-spread branches of other giants, yet in the vigour of life, and invited by the coolness of the

shade, I determined to enjoy a few minutes' rest ; but almost immediately I heard an amazing noise as if a whole squadron of cavalry were charging down upon me, and soon I saw a gigantic coal-black animal, about two hundred yards from me, rushing down into the valley and passing by me with the speed of lightning. I had not time to remark it very accurately ; but as far as I could judge, nothing from the Ice bear of the Pole to the enormous black inhabitant of Siberia, came near the size of this monster. I hastened to follow him, taking a westerly direction, and heard the pack of hounds which had just found his track and was following him with great speed. Soon I met a Bojar, the principal servant of M. Floresko ; the unfortunate fellow said to me while we were proceeding, "I have a kind of presentiment that I shall get up to the bear, so that I have brought with me the best of my sharp-shooters, who are following me on foot." We now came into a deep part of the wood that was all overgrown with fruit-trees, which, it would appear, was the favourite resort of the bear, for we found the ground covered with great heaps of his droppings. I settled to remain in this wild strange place. Kostaki went on, although neither had his suite come up to him, nor could the hounds be any longer heard. Weary and heated I lay down under a great apple-tree, with my faithful dog Amico, lit my chibouk (Turkish pipe) with moss, and charged Amico, one of the strongest breed of wolf-hounds, whom I had trained to my service against either man or beast, to keep strict watch. Here I might have dreamed away some half hour or so, lying right comfortably, and with the greatest satisfaction, puffing away clouds of smoke into the air, when I heard again the noise of animals approaching. I rose gently and placed myself behind a tree when about a dozen sows, with an enormous boar at their head, burst forth from their head. Soon others came up until I reckoned three-and-twenty, who were all diligently employed in turning up the dead leaves in search of fruit that might have fallen among them. I kept back my hound and crept along like a serpent, upon my belly, under

cover of a fallen oak, until I had come within about eighty yards of them ; my object was to kill the great boar ; for I knew, from long and dangerous experience in Mongolia, that people often risk their lives by not killing, in the first instance, the leader of the troop ; but, as if he was conscious of some impending evil, he kept continually moving away, and I could not, by any means, get within shot of him. At length I lost all patience and determined that, come what might of it, I would bring one of them home with me as a trophy, and as I feared that they would not stay where they were much longer, and as one of the largest sows, not quite so black as the others but covered with very long bristles, stood exactly opposite to me, I took good aim and shot well enough ; for after a few steps she fell and did not stir again ; the others immediately disappeared, and the forest resumed its former state of solitude. It appeared that the collections of jagers had spread themselves wide, and, ambushed in different places, awaited the good fortune of the hounds driving the bear towards them ; while I hoped that I had taken the most secure means of surprising him by waiting in the very centre of his camp.

'I knew that my shot must have excited attention, and so I blew my horn several times in the hope of bringing up to me, if possible, some of the beaters, who might carry my booty into a place of safety. I soon received an answer to my call and about thirty men, both jagers and beaters, came up by degrees. The wild boar, though he had fallen, was not quite dead, and gnashed frightfully with his teeth, until one of the jagers finished him. They then carried him up to the place where Kostaki had left me about an hour before. It proved an enormous beast, both as to size and fat. While they were all wishing me joy for having killed him, one of the peasants from the neighbourhood of Poeniar appeared to examine him very accurately—what surprises you in this animal, said I ? "Sir," he replied, "it is very extraordinary ; but about five or six years ago one of my pigs left me, and made acquaintance with a herd of wild sows, with whom he was often seen during the

following year, but not afterwards. Now, I could take my oath this is him. If he is my pig, he has got a mark in his left ear; and, in truth, there he found it, although somewhat worn away. One may easily imagine what a rage I was in, and what ridicule I had to endure, when it was discovered that my fine Erymanthean Ape, was changed into the domestic pig of a peasant, to whom I was, in all justice bound to restore it.

‘I should have heard much more of the raillery of the Jagers, had it not been interrupted by the cry of the hounds, which sounded at about three miles distance. In the greatest possible haste my companions left me to resume their positions, which they did not wish to abandon; only Lazar, the Jager, who had had the first shot at the bear, and who, with the others, had obeyed the summons of my horn, remained along with me. When the pack of hounds had again turned off, I lit my chibouk again, and set myself astride upon my pig, that, in scorn, they had placed as a bench for me to sit upon. We heard the hounds then turning back again, and now really coming, faster and faster, in our direction—soon after we heard a fearful scream, followed by a yet more terrific yell. Having arranged my rifle, I ran towards the place the noise came from. There was a momentary silence—then a sound like the rushing of a thunder storm; the underwood before me shook and bent aside, and now I saw the long-sought-for monster in reality, standing before me. The path was entirely taken up by his gigantic form, and he appeared to me to be springing directly at me, uttering a howl that nearly deafened me, and which literally made the air tremble. I was only half-conscious of what I was doing—victory or death lay before me. I took good aim, let him come within six yards of me, then discharged my fortunate double rifle, with which I had killed the fox and boar, the bullet hit the terrific animal directly between the two eyes. He paused a moment—my faithful amico sprung forward. The bear, perhaps astonished at the unexpected sight of a large white hound, and his courageous barking, gave me time to apply a second bullet in exactly the same place; while

Lazar, who had taken up a safe position behind an oak tree, fired a third into him, which, however, did not do him a great deal of harm, as we found it afterwards buried in his fat. As I now saw clearly that with every drawing of his breath streams of blood spouted from his head, I drew my hunting knife, and joined my hound in endeavouring to bewilder him with the loudest shouts that I could command, when he yelled frightfully, and turned sideways to seek safety in the mass of underwood; but he soon tottered from side to side, and it was easily seen that his strength was departing. After about thirty steps he lay down. I made immediate use of the time thus offered to me to load again, and then was prepared to follow him in safety. He lay quite quietly, made no more noise, and used his fore legs, just as a man would his arms, to wipe away the blood from his face. I endeavoured to irritate him again, that he might turn round, and give me an opportunity of aiming at the most mortal part, which succeeded but too completely; for, after having first broken some branches of trees, and thrown them at me with prodigious force, he was excited by me and my hound to such a degree, that, seeing that he had no further chance of escape, he raised himself once more, with all his strength, and made a second attempt at rushing upon me, but his fate was sealed. When he had almost touched the barrel of my gun, he received his last mortal wound in his brain, and sank forward, covering me with his blood, and almost burying me under the enormous mass of his body; and the last roar that he gave exceeded the most terrible that I have ever heard; the tone of it was so full, so deep, so full of despair, and piercing, that the whole forest resounded with it, and the echo trembled as it returned the sound.

‘Now came up Floresko, the hounds, and a hundred men, who were astonished, and shuddered as they contemplated the brute, and all poured in upon me their congratulations at having slain the monster who had for so long a time been the terror of the neighbourhood.

‘I felt, indeed, very much elated; for I had never been in more immi-

nent danger, and never won a victory that gave me more momentary satisfaction. They were obliged to cut away the underwood, in order to be able to carry the brute to the nearest road. In the meanwhile Floresko told me that he was afraid that his upper steward, Kostaki, had proved the sacrifice of that day, for he had found him in a frightful condition; and shortly the poor fellow was brought up upon a bier. His appearance was dreadful. His limbs, as well as his clothes, hung down torn to pieces, his entrails protruded from his body, his spine was injured, recovery was out of the question. After horrible torments he died the same day.

'So did this great beast die, not unavenged; and the joy of our success was too dearly purchased.

'They placed the bear upon a large waggon, yoked with four oxen, in order to bring him to Bucharest. They there skinned him, and found from 780 to 800lb. of fat, and 963lb. of flesh and bones. From the hindermost part to between his ears, he measured 19 feet; and according to calculations, made upon the theory of Dr. Gall, he

must have been from 170 to 180 years old. He was entirely black, and his teeth were much worn away. He was, most probably, a Siberian bear, that had been from time to time hunted, and received occasional wounds. In his left haunch, and in his back, two arrow heads were found. I gave his skin to the Turkish general, Namik Pacha, who, a short time ago, travelled through Europe, charged with several embassies from the Sultan. I have his skull, and a part of his fat, in my ice house at Bucharest.'

We have now given a sufficient number of extracts, to prove the author's versatility; and we can assure those among our readers who cannot read the original, that when a translation appears, it will be well worth a perusal.* We now take leave of him, with the hope that he may live long, travel much, and write often; and that, in his future works, he will avoid personalities, as well as the discussion of religious topics, and leave unexpressed those thoughts which require a Greek character to veil them from the public eye.

SONNET.

Thou dost not know how he, the worshipper
 Of his soul's idol from his earliest years,
 Can draw a language from his hopes and fears,
 And make a converse of his thoughts with *her*.
 Thou dost not know how oft amid the storm,
 Remembrance of thee hath been gladly woo'd,
 And e'en when nature smiled in gentle mood
 I have forsaken her, to catch thy form,
 And lingering nightly by the desert shore,
 With none to see me but the silent moon,
 Have dreamed of thee in such delicious swoon,
 So painfully pleasing, like a dream of yore,
 That heaven, and earth, and moon, and the still sea,
 Seem'd all conversing, with one voice, of thee.

* While these sheets are passing through the press, a translation has been announced, which we have not yet seen.

RECENT POLITICAL EVENTS.

London, June 17, 1834.

DEAR ANTHONY,

Well, my friend, there has been a change of ministry at last—"and *such* a change!" But no matter; the "Reform" cabinet exists no longer, and *this* thing cannot *long* endure, at least I suppose it cannot, though Heaven knows it is hard enough, after the experience of the last three years and a half, to say that anything is positively *too* absurd to totter on, under the name and semblance of a government of these kingdoms. I think we were lately in that sort of position in which it is said, "you must be worse before you will be better." Perhaps we are so still; but we have, at all events, made an important step towards that worser condition which is to be the precursor of our amendment. I do not mean, in imitation of the prevailing fashion, to set about eulogizing these men who have left the ministry, just as if their doing so had wiped away all the folly and error of which they have been justly accused when in the administration, and of which they would be still accused if they were still in the administration, even by those who now praise them. But while I regard the four ex-cabinet ministers as participators in pernicious acts of revolution, which Great Britain can never forget, and ought never to forgive till justice has been done upon the perpetrators of them, it must be confessed that they, or at least three of them, were the most respectable in talent, and by far the most respectable in character, of the whole cabinet. As for the Earl of Ripon—the Fred. Robinson of "prosperity" notoriety, the Lord Goderich of Canning manufacture, and the Goosy Goderich by popular acclamation—the less that is said about him the better. But Stanley, Graham, and the Duke of Richmond, were men who, with all their faults, did *some* credit to their places, and the substitutes for them are "poor indeed."

Let us look for a moment at the *new* men they have got, and let us laugh, if we can laugh, at that of which the country ought to be so heartily ashamed. Rice, you must remember, they had before, and, if I do not much mistake, in a situation where he did them much more service than he will be able to do as Secretary for the Colonies: many a good clerk makes a bad manager; the *clever* Secretary to the Treasury will, I suspect, be a feeble, fussy cabinet minister. As for the House of Commons, his measure has been taken there long ago, and he will never bear more weight than he has at present. It would be absurd to talk of him for a moment as an equivalent for Stanley in any respect; but be the value of his services what they may, they are not now *acquired*—they are only shifted from a more appropriate to a less appropriate sphere of action. As for Rice himself, he is the most delighted creature on earth, now that he has secured his seat for Cambridge; and as he is unquestionably a clever fellow, and a good fellow too, though cursed with an unpleasant kind of affectation and a love of displaying as something fine and uncommon, that which every gentleman ought to know as a matter of course, I am willing that he should enjoy the glory of being a cabinet minister, but I wish he had wiser people for colleagues to keep him in the right way. Lord Carlisle, the new Privy Seal, they also had before, though he held no office. The change from no office to a sinecure is not much, except as to the pay; and that circumstance, however agreeable to Lord Carlisle, has in it no very obvious advantage to the country. I suspect that his lordship's fitness for an office where he has nothing to do, is much more certain than his worthiness to receive a salary from the Treasury. The new First Lord of the Admiralty is no new accession of wisdom to the government. He has had all sorts of situations, in which no more ability

than that of receiving pay was requisite—his name appears, I know not how often, in the pension list. He is an undeniable blockhead—stiff, pompous, and without an idea. His accession to the cabinet is mere nonsense. Edward Ellice is an active, talking, “knowing lad,” as we say in Ireland, whose character ought to have been a complete bar to his admission into the cabinet. His assistance the government also had before, in the only way in which he really can be of any use to a government. He has been a jobber in other things besides politics, and can bring nothing good, whatever evil he may bring to the character of the patched-up cabinet.

The new Master of the Mint—Abercromby—is the most important of the new cabinet ministers; and this shows how insignificant the rest must be; for Abercromby is nothing more than a cool, hard, shrewd Scotchman, and a bitter Whig; but bold and independent enough to carry his whiggism through, without doubling, and twisting, and shrinking, according to the general custom of his party. Abercromby always looks as if he had shaved with cold water, and swallowed a large lump of ice for his breakfast, which still lay cold and heavy upon his stomach—his brains may be supposed to be an agglomeration of iron wire, and his heart an ossification, with just enough of cavity to hold the black bitter substance which circulates through genuine sulky Whigs, instead of wholesome blood. Independently of his hard, remorseless, destructive principles in politics, he is unfit for a British minister. He may be a very good estate agent, or factor—which he was, not very long ago, to his Grace of Devonshire—but the man has by no means the elevation, or the grasp of mind for a statesman, who has a share in guiding the affairs of the kingdom. But, such as he is, he can hardly be considered an accession to the government; for they made use of him before, nearly to the extent of which he was capable of being useful.

Poulet Thomson’s step from the Vice-Presidency to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, makes no difference. He was a pernicious, pedantic coxcomb before, and he will be a pernicious, pedantic coxcomb still. So no

more, at present, about him. A junior Baring is transferred from a Lordship of the Treasury, to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, lately held by Spring Rice. I rather think the gentleman is quite inadequate to such a situation, which requires great attention, industry, and acuteness; but the truth is, that not much is known about this Baring. No doubt he will be able to sign his name to the accounts; and as to his *efficiency* in office, the Whigs will not mind *that*, unless the matter, by some chance, is *forced* upon them.

As for Lord Conyngham, Colonel Hay, and Captain Byng, who have, respectively, got the Post-Office, the Clerkship of the Ordnance, and a Lordship of the Treasury, what can one say of such trash, except to express wonder that a serious, thinking, business-like people, as the English are, should endure to have such persons as the responsible managers of important public affairs; and, what is more strange, should endure *to pay them* too. If such appointments as these be tolerable, I should be glad to know what things they were, under the ante and anti-reform system, which, we are assured, produced the storm of popular indignation that carried, as on the wings of the wind, the reform bill?

Such, then, are the “arrangements” which, after many painful throes and struggles—many impediments, doubts, and difficulties, have, at length, been effected; and the government appointments—principal and subordinate—are at length complete after the late breach. I need not tell you of the outpourings of contemptuous wrath—the almost universal blame and derision, which this patching up has met with. The storm raged so high, that I, at one time, suspected something more serious would come of it than the thundering, howling, and hissing of the newspapers, and the sneering and jeering in the genteel, and particularly devoted, as well as “reformed,” House of Commons. But, for some days back, there has been a lull, and there seems to be some chance of its continuing, unless a threatened motion on the part of Lord Wicklow, should lead the Conservative majority in the Lords into decisive action on behalf of the church.

The debates in both Houses, in

which the ex-ministers made their *explanations*, were not less interesting than such debates generally are. Mr. Stanley's speech, if one could forget some other speeches which the same Mr. Stanley has made, would excite the utmost admiration and gratitude. He never was more eloquent, and when one says this of Mr. Stanley, it follows that the speech must have been indeed a great one. Undoubtedly the theme was an animating one to all who feel as earnestly for the church as I would fain hope, notwithstanding some misgivings, that Mr. Stanley does. Sir James Graham was much more effective also, than he generally was, while a minister. How absurd it is of the people to talk here as they do about the cool audacity of the Irish, and so on, when they have such a gentleman as Mr. Ward to rise up, and with an air of the most *liberal* assurance imaginable, propose that the property of the Established Church in Ireland, shall be held applicable to the purpose of the state. He would not for the world (he *means* just at present) apply the same rule to the property of the church in England; but in Ireland the establishment, by a mind so purged from prejudice as his, is seen to be preposterous. It is, in short, very coolly assumed that nothing but unenlightenment and bigotry, of the darkest and densest description, could dream of upholding the church establishment in Ireland, and this, too, is from a man brought up in Tory society, and since he came to man's estate abiding in Toryism, and consenting thereunto! There can be only one thing more disgusting than this, and that is, that ministers of the crown should consent to such principles as those avowed by Mr. Ward; and to fill up the measure of their shame, shrink from the parliamentary recognition of principles, which in fear and trembling for their places, they humbly allow to be just. There does not seem to be any reason for this miserable half-and-half proceeding, except that it caused delay in coming to that crisis which, when it does come, will probably shake them, and all such feeble men, out of political power, and also that it gave opportunity for a new commission, under pretence of at once affording a

pledge against the church, and leading to the attainment of what is called necessary information. There never was a more offensive absurdity than this new commission of inquiry, respecting church property, Protestantism, Popery, education, performance of ecclesiastical duty, and I know not what besides, which the government, to make the humbug the greater, have stuffed into it. It is offensive, because it puts, or seems to put, all sorts of religious belief or superstition on a similar footing, as if they were all of equal authority or equal doubtfulness, and one no more entitled to respect and support than another. It is absurd because I, Terence O'Ruark, you, Anthony Poplar, and every other man that knows anything of Ireland, are perfectly well aware that even if persons, the best fitted for such an inquiry, (and such are *not* the persons named in the commission) were employed upon it, they could not come at results to be depended upon as accurate, without years of labour, and check upon check, to supply the defects of carelessness, and to guard against the industry of misrepresentation. The commission, if it reports at all, will report a curdle of conjectures or falsehoods, and this will be made probably the foundation of legislation! Such is the effect of proceeding to make laws, not to suit the requirements of a people, but to appease the brawlings of a faction.

In the House of Lords, upon the Earl of Wicklow's motion, for the production of this commission, Lord Grey approached so near to dignity in his declamation, and produced such an impression of sincerity by his earnestness, that I was disposed more to pity than condemn him, until I came to his frantic vows of allegiance to the cant term (for I know not what definite idea it is supposed to convey) the "spirit of the age." A more egregiously absurd, and grossly improper speech than this, was never made by any one at years of discretion, and having important duties confided to him. What! Shall a man who has lived seventy years—the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who ought to have clear principles of religious and political duty, fixed and moored in the depths of his conscience so fast,

that they could never be moved by any storm of popular sentiment—no, nor by any hope, however splendid—any fear, however terrible—shall a man who ought to be thus settled, established, fortified—long and long ago—tell us now, in his old age, and when directing the government of the country, that he has nothing more definite for his guide than “the spirit of the age?”

Why this is like the silly rant of some youth in a debating society, or the trashy declamation of some shallow political pedant, who prepares “fine writing” for a country newspaper.

What does the “spirit of the age” mean? Are there no criterions of right and wrong by which it must stand or fall? Is there nothing so certain, nothing so sacred, nothing so worthy of being held to, and suffered for, in good or ill fortune, but it must be held subordinate to the “spirit of the age,” and sacrificed to that dire tyranny, if the sacrifice be demanded? God forbid that we should ever live under such an authority as that. What! shall a man with definite duties, have the face to say he will abandon them, to follow what he supposes to be the “spirit of the age?” This is more absurd than if a man who was bound to journey to a certain place, should say he would not follow the road he knew to be the right one, but follow rather the spirit of his horse! Lord Grey would do worse—he would follow the spirit of an ass, or a herd of asses; for what else is the source of that silly braying which we often hear described as emanating from the “spirit of the age?” But enough of this. Lord Grey has *warned* the country that he has no principle of action or restraint that can be depended upon, and so far his avowal has done good.

But, after all, you will ask, what are these ministerial movements, and what are the events of the session to come to? How will the revolution speed? and will the long-threatened *collision* between the House of Peers and the democratised House of Commons be *evaded* for another session? Now, Anthony, I will not hazard my prophetic reputation by answering all these questions. The ministerial changes are what they are: it is a feeble, fair-weather cabinet; and if there be a smart shock of any kind, to pieces it

must go; but if there be not, it may enjoy the leisure of the long vacation in place and pay. As to the business of the session, it is likely, after so very much talk, to end in nothing but the poor-law bill, (which, I suppose, the Lords will alter considerably,) the Irish tithe bill, the renewal of the coercion bill, and I know not what more; for I will not think so badly of the House of Lords, as to suppose that, with the power to throw out the bill for disuniting the English universities from the church establishment, they will shrink from doing so. Indeed it seems impossible that after what has taken place at Oxford, the Duke of Wellington can do anything else than strain every nerve to preserve to the last the Protestantism of the Universities—of Oxford, at all events. I should, indeed, not be at all surprised if the government, according to its usual, *juste-milieu* method, should propose to unchristianize Cambridge only, and leave Oxford to the church; but this is only a speculation.

As to “collision,” it is curious to observe how the same organs of the press which, when the reform bill was in progress, asserted that it was “a final measure,” and that it did *not*, as the Conservatives contended, contain the elements of confusion and destruction to the whole balanced system of the constitution, now unblushingly exclaim, that a collision *must* come, and that the House of Lords must not presume to thwart the views of the House of Commons. For mine own part, I neither dread collision (in comparison with the present state of things) nor deprecate its speedy occurrence. We shall have neither peace nor certainty in this country, touching the stability of public institutions, nor even of the rights and liberties of the people, until the question be set at rest, what the power is which is to rule over us. At present the House of Lords pretends to it, and the King pretends to it (I mean in partnership with the other estates of the realm); but the cry is, that the House of Commons alone must substantially rule. I wish this demand had been met and decided upon, before so much was given up to the fear of bringing the king and the peers into trouble by an opposition to the House of Commons. Nothing can

be more plain, than that the more that is conceded, the more will be demanded, until, at last, the Commons be suffered to rule alone, or resisted. All the analogy of history teaches, that if we do not make a stand upon the ancient ways of the constitution, and insist upon the equal authority of the three estates in the making of laws, we shall by and by arrive at despotism through the gates of anarchy. With a country circumstanced as this is, with such important interests to be crushed, before monarchy and aristocracy can be crushed, we cannot come by a *peaceful* revolution to the state of American rudeness and republicanism. We must have a struggle in the long run : to *prevent* that—much better to struggle now for *retaining* that which we have.

I intended to have given you a short dissertation on foreign affairs ; but I have changed my mind.—Take instead this summary : The revolutionary and anti-religious party in Portugal and Spain, have been enabled, by France and England, to overthrow the legitimate sovereigns, and to triumph over the will of the mass of the people. England, France, Spain, and Portugal, or rather the *liberal* governments of these four kingdoms, are now in close league ; and the *shock* between them and the northern powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, is at hand.

Yours ever, in peace and in war,

TERENCE O'RUARK.

Thus far has our friend Terence written from the other side of the water upon "recent political events ;" but we have more, much more, to say to our friends on this side, upon events which, in one sense, we can hardly call political. The question on which we write is one that involves considerations beyond those of civil polity, while it includes all in politics that is dear ; the question is between religion and infidelity, between the friends and enemies of our God—the question, WHETHER BRITAIN SHALL BE A CHRISTIAN STATE.

Protestant brethren, how shall we speak of what has occurred ?—for it is to you that we address ourselves—in what language shall we clothe the feelings of our hearts ? "The rulers have taken counsel together against us." It was not enough that they have destroyed our Protestant corporation ; that they have forbid us to remember the day that we loved, and declared the banner of Protestantism a rebellious flag ; that they have insulted our clergy, and cast down the mitres of our church ; that they have attempted to take the Bible from our children : all is not enough ; they have sent round to number us, our wives, and our children, and to mark us out as a few, a remnant, by their own policy a sorely diminished remnant among a great people, and this, too, to find in our fewness a pretext for the spoliation which they purpose. This policy has hitherto been such as to drive many of us from our homes ; and now, when their own persecutions and oppressions have exiled the great mass of our brethren, they insult us on the smallness of our numbers, and tell us, that to conciliate Popery, that Popery which those very rulers have sworn to be damnable and idolatrous, they will confiscate, by a most unholy sacrilege, the property of our church which they have sworn to defend.

His Majesty's ministers—but no, we will not pollute our Christian sovereign's name by associating it with the patrons and advocates of infidelity ; the ministers whom the political unions have forced upon the King, have done this. They have openly avowed that no rights are too sacred for them to violate, no property so hallowed as to be beyond the reach of their spoliation. The King of Judah took away the gold from the door-posts of the Lord's house, to buy off the invasion of his Babylonish foe ; but these men are ransacking all the treasures of our temple, and squandering them on the mad and profligate attempt to buy off the demands of modern Babylon, demands that will increase with every concession. Moderation is unknown to Popery ; the word itself might be put with the Bible in the index expurgatorius of the Romish church. The lust for lordly dominion is her very essence, and in Ireland she would have it, were it not for the Established Church, which resists her encroachments, and therefore is the object of her unceasing hate. Let the church be removed, and throughout whole districts of Ireland her tyranny will be unmasked and

undisturbed. The few Protestants whom the church now keeps together, and whose presence operates as a check upon her absurdities and her aggressions, will depart to where they can worship their God unmolested; and bigoted priests will rule an enslaved and degraded population with a rod of iron, and riot in all the luxury of unrestrained and unmitigated despotism. And this despotism is not merely the despotism of temporal tyranny, but it is this, in all its worst features, along with despotism over the hearts and consciences. While our church, essentially a missionary church, exists, this despotism never can be complete. That Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, will sometimes be heard, and the pure doctrines of evangelical religion be brought into contrast with the fictions and traditions of Popery. But let the church be destroyed, and in many parishes Protestantism will be extinct, and whole districts be as effectually precluded from the voice of truth—from the labour of Christian love, which we find in the church, their rallying point, as if the Inquisition had drawn round them a “cordon sanataire.”

But we are not only marked out, and numbered as a few, in the midst of a blood-thirsty mob, but a premium is offered on our extirpation. In a country which was the scene of the massacres of 1641—in a country where the names of Scullabogue and Carrickshock are still familiar as the proverbs of sanguinary atrocity—those who “thirst for the life’s blood of Protestantism,” are told that whenever they can diminish the Protestants to a certain number, they will be rid of the GRIEVANCE!! of a Protestant Church. Gracious God! was not the work of extirpation proceeding fast enough? Have we not, in the pages of this very Magazine—in this very number, shown the frightful increase of Protestant emigration? Is not this process rapid enough for the savage ferocity of our foes? For years—“and years are but the moments of a nation”—has the heart’s blood of Protestantism been trickling, drop by drop—must the impatient cruelty of our enemies hurry on the consummation? We cannot write with coolness. We say with Colonel Conolly, the bold and undaunted member for Donegal—“our soul is full of execration.”

To the Protestants of Ulster, who, numerically, are equal to their enemies—in all that could nerve the arm or animate the heart, are immeasurably their superiors, the mischief of this numbering may not be so apparent; but let them think of our brethren in the South, where, in some parts, they are scattered, a few amid great numbers of the votaries of Rome—will they coolly permit the signal to be given for their persecution? The struggle is not now for ascendancy, we contend for our lives. In the name of God, brethren, be men. Your King is on your side—pour in your loyal and affectionate addresses to his throne; they may support even a royal heart against the persecution to which he too is subjected, to force him to abandon your cause. The people of England are on your side—victory rests with yourselves. If a month elapses before the Protestants of the North have held meetings in every county and every parish, to thank their King for his Christian declaration, they are unworthy to be the subjects of such a King.

And dark as is the cloud that is over us, God has set in that cloud the bow that promises that he has not forgotten us. Witness the Christian men who have left the ungodly cabinet, and given up place and pension sooner than betray their consciences—witness the soul-stirring appeals that have been made to our religious feelings, and to those of our English brethren, by our beloved King—by Lords Winchelsea and Roden. Neutrality is crime, and despair is impiety, because it may lead to inaction. We take the words of our King as our motto—“The threats of those who are enemies of the church, make it the more necessary for those who feel their duty to that church to speak out.” The Protestants of Ireland meet in Dublin in the commencement of July, and this is right; but they must meet everywhere—“they must speak out.”

The *St. James’s Chronicle* was the first paper that gave the words of our religious and gracious King to the Protestants of Britain; and since that time they have been read by every Protestant in the empire. But it may be that some one has forgotten to retain a copy of this precious document, and, therefore, we reprint it, were it only to show our veneration for the very words;

and, could we hope that our expression of gratitude could reach the royal eye, we would tell his Majesty that those words have been wept over by many a poor and persecuted Protestant—that they have been pasted in the commencement of the family Bible, and that at the sacred service of each evening, from many a cottage fireside has ascended up to the throne of the King of Kings, the unbought prayer of many a heart that is now ready to spill the last drop of its blood in defence of his sacred person. We take from the *St. James's Chronicle* the following report of his Majesty's reply to the birth-day address of the bishops:—

“ My Lords—You have a right to require of me to be resolute in defence of the church. I have been, by the circumstances of my life, and by conviction, led to support toleration to the utmost extent of which it is justly capable; but toleration must not be suffered to go into licentiousness: it has its bounds, which it is my duty and which I am resolved to maintain. I am, from the deepest conviction, attached to the pure Protestant faith, which this church, of which I am the temporal head, is the human means of diffusing and preserving in this land.

“ I cannot forget what was the course of events which placed my family on the throne which I now fill: those events were consummated in a revolution which was rendered necessary, and was effected, not, as has sometimes been most erroneously stated, merely for the sake of the temporal liberties of the people, but for the preservation of their religion. It was for the defence of the religion of the country, that was made the settlement of the crown, which has placed me in the situation that I now fill; and that religion, and the church of England AND IRELAND, the prelates of which are now before me, it is my *fixed purpose, determination, and resolution* to MAINTAIN.

“ The present bishops, I am quite satisfied, (and I am rejoiced to hear from them, and from all, the same of the clergy in general, under their governance,) have never been excelled, at any period of the history of our church, by any of their predecessors, in learning, piety, or zeal in the discharge of their high duties. If there are any of the inferior arrangements in the discipline of the church (WHICH, HOWEVER, I GREATLY DOUBT) that require amendment, I have no distrust of the readiness or ability of the prelates now before me to correct such things; and to YOU, I trust, they will be left to correct, with your authority UNIMPAIRED and UNSHACKLED.

“ I trust it will not be supposed that I am speaking to you a speech which I have *got by heart*. No, I am declaring to you my real and genuine sentiments. I have almost completed my sixty-ninth year, and though blessed by God with a very rare measure of health, not having known what sickness is for some years, yet I do not blind myself to the plain and evident truth, that increase of years must tell largely upon me when sickness shall come: I cannot therefore expect that I shall be very long in this world. It is under this impression that I tell you, that while I know that the law of the land considers it impossible that I should do wrong—that while I know there is no earthly power which can call me to account—this only makes me the more deeply sensible of the responsibility under which I stand to that Almighty Being before whom we must all one day appear. When that day shall come, you will know whether I am sincere in the declaration which I now make, of MY FIRM ATTACHMENT to the church, and RESOLUTION TO MAINTAIN IT.

“ I have spoken more strongly than usual, because of *unhappy circumstances* that have forced themselves upon the observation of *all*. The threats of those who are enemies of the church, make it the more necessary for those who feel their duty to that church TO SPEAK OUT. The words which you hear from me are indeed spoken by my mouth, but they flow from my heart.”

Surely, surely, these noble sentiments call for some peculiar expression of gratitude on the part of the Irish clergy. On our pastors and our bishops we now affectionately call. The King has declared his sentiments towards you; it is your part to declare yours towards him. Venerable men, come forward on the moment, from the holy duties of your office, to thank your protector for the assurance that he will assent you the uninterrupted discharge of your duties. If you do this, and if the nation be, what we believe it to be, a loyal and a Christian nation—THE CRY OF CHURCH AND KING WILL RING THROUGHOUT THE LAND IN ONE BURST OF GENEROUS AND AFFECTIONATE ENTHUSIASM OF PROTESTANT AND RELIGIOUS BRITAIN.

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

WHILE our eye glances over the few sunny spots of greenery which adorn our "library table," it reverts again and again to "*The Dream, and other Poems*," by Mrs. George Lenox Conyngham, a fair countrywoman of our own. This interesting volume is brought out in beautiful type and paper, by Mr. Moxon of Dover-street, London. To us the authoress is better known by her virgin name, Elizabeth Holmes. We knew her in our college days, not many years since, when the names of wife and mother were yet strangers to her ear, and as such we remember her—"the admired of all admirers."

Even then her reputation as a German scholar was remarkable, and she was, perhaps, the first lady in this country who made German literature her study, and who ventured to clothe in our language the creations of the German muse.

In turning over the pages, our eye is caught by the motto "beglantz vom rothen Schein des Himmels bebt"—prefixed to a sweet poem called "*The Summer Evening*." This is a translation from the classic Matthison; but if we remember rightly, the original is called "*The Evening in Spring*." (*Frahlingsabend*.) We cannot resist the temptation of giving a few lines.

On the young stalk the tint the red
heaven throws
Plays o'er the trembling dew:
The vernal landscape's quivering image
glows
Through waves of clearest blue.

The mountain rill, the brightly blossom'd hedge,
Woods bathed in sunlight streams,
The evening star, that on the purple edge
Of yonder soft cloud beams.

Oh! how encircleth everlasting love
Creation with its band!
The glow-worms light, the fiery orbs
above
Are kindled by one hand.

Almighty! at thy signal from its place
Is dropped a leaflet *here*.
There, at thy signal, through unbounded
space,
Is hurled a wandering sphere.

We may, *en passant*, observe the coincidence between the expression of Matthison in the third verse:

O! wie umschlingt und hält der
Wesen Heer

Der ew'gen Liebe Band,
and that of Montgomery, who applies the same thought to "beauty,"

O! Beauty is the master shell,
The syren of the soul,
Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with control.

While, however, we notice the coincidence, we do not forget the remark of a celebrated critic:—"The expression of two writers may be similar and sometimes identical, yet be *original* in both." But a truce with the cold criticism of poetical plagiaries, while one of the spirit-stirring passages of "*The Persians*" of Æschylus presents itself as a motto to "A Greek war-song," in the volume before us.

And here we pause to thank our fair countrywoman, whose knowledge of Greek literature is not less than that of German, for the beautiful recollections of the Greek dramatic poets which adorn her pages; we feel the more inclined to do so in this age of brass, when historical and classic associations are alike forgotten for the fustian of the self-important *Punch* (fit emblem of the present spirit of the times) and the march of humbug.

In the following specimens of the "Greek war-song," which is an original poem, vigour, fire, and classic chasteness harmoniously combine. To enjoy it fully, let the reader imagine himself a spectator of the battle of Salamis. Before him the unnumbered fleets of the Persian sweep the Saronic straits—on land his multitudinous army, of many nations, is congregated—on the rocky brow of Ægialus, that frowns over the

island, sits the haughty Xerxes on a gorgeous throne of silver, in proud anticipation of immediate victory; and *here* the band of Greeks, led by Themistocles, breathe united strength; and as they come on, their war-song rises in one heart-stirring cry:—

Sons of the Greek! advance!
 Defend your liberty!
 This day's departing glance
 Must leave you fall'n or free.
 The stranger is at hand,
 His fleet is on the sea:
 Ere night, your native land
 That stranger's slave may be.

With his myriads of troops
 He would sweep us away:
 Like the eagle that swoops
 From the clouds on his prey,
 Yonder despot now deems
 He shall crush us today:
 Let him trust Fancy's dreams—
 We are truer than they.

In his pomp and his power let the tyrant
 confide,
 In the minions that crouch at his nod,
 In the ministering reptiles that pamper
 his pride;
 Our defence is the patriot's God!

Look round, as brave men dare,
 Upon your fathers' graves;
 They left you free as air,
 Unshackled as the waves:
 Their blood must never flow
 Within the veins of slaves—
 He who beats back the foe,
 His father's glory saves.

We would gladly dwell on this sweet volume, and more particularly on the principal poem, "*The Dream*," which contains passages of great power, fire, and beauty, but must be read throughout to be appreciated as it deserves.

The language is chaste, unincumbered by superfluous epithets or ornament; and the thoughts and the expression of them abound in that pithy vigour, condensation, and point so seldom found in poetry, and for which the fair authoress promises to be no less remarkable as a writer than her father—one of the most deservedly distinguished and respected members of the Irish bar—has long been as a speaker and an advocate.

The poems are dedicated to him in language alike simple and interesting.

We lay down the volume, which we can sincerely recommend to all our readers with associations of mingled pleasure and regret; pleasure, in the recollection of some delightful hours spent in the society of the writer, "when life was fresh, and youth was in its spring;" regret, that her lot is now cast in another country, where the duties of a wife and mother demand her residence, away from her native land.

Of her country she was then, and, we doubt not, still is, a passionate lover; and the enthusiasm of her feelings when she spoke of Ireland, its history, and its sorrows, commanded, from her very childhood, the admiration of all that knew her.

We well remember the last evening passed in her society, some ten years since; and as she sat by a young friend who had been her schoolfellow in England, and listened to her singing our national Gramachree, we will not soon forget, as the words were repeated,

"So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,"

how the bright tear stood in her long lashes, and spoke feelings for her country too beautiful for words, too tender for utterance.

We envy not the individual who could then have looked upon that radiant countenance with unmoistened eye.

But we grow pathetic, and forget that we ourselves are now a sober Benedict—and our days of romance passed away.

Before we lay down our pen we would notice two other volumes of poems, one of which lately issued from the English press, printed in a very attractive shape and style, and at a price within the reach of all; by the Rev. John D. Hull.

If genuine poetic feeling, and, what is better, a sound moral feeling—and what is far better still, a pure Christian feeling, are recommendations, this little volume has all these, and more. It abounds in "sheaves of gentle and religious thoughts," which recommend themselves to every reader of taste and sensibility. The following specimens are taken almost at random:—

Oh! for the hour—the ecstatic hour—
 When Winter's raven blasts take
 wing;
 And Rapture's renovating power
 Comes bounding in the breath of
 Spring!

When trees are newly blossoming,
When flowers beneath the sun expand,
And songs through all the ether
ring—

What heart the impulse can withstand,
Nor inly bless the God, who hath such
blessings planned?

How deeply blest is he who loves
To mark and study Nature's charms!
He, while through endless sweets he
roves,
But little reck's of life's alarms;
Aloof from carnal strifes and harms,
From pride, and care's malignant spite,
He steals—and still his bosom warms,
As more entranced at every sight,
He drinks delicious draughts of ever-new
delight.

The following lines on music, are spi-
rited and beautiful:—

“Hark! how deep comes the sound
Of those liquid tones meeting!
How the heart's happy bound
Feels in unison beating!
How each soul-gnawing pain,
Like a charmed adder, slumbers;
E'en Care slacks his chain,
While he lists to the numbers.

Oh, 't is amid care
Music deepest entrances;
As the desert's hot air
The spring's coolness enhances.
For in moments of glee,
No soft anodyne needed,
Like rain on the sea,
Drop the sweet notes unheeded.

But when clouds wrap the mind,
And no bright star befriends us,
What a bliss unconfined
Soothing Melody lends us!
Slow and sad it begins,
Then, with gentle transition,
The rapt soul it wins
With a magic Elysian.

As fast as each tone
From the instrument breaketh,
An answering one
In the bosom awaketh:
As the harp-string resounds
To the hand o'er it stealing,
The soul-chord rebounds
To the fine touch of Feeling.

Oh! if in a sphere
Where some note is still wanting,
The strains which we hear
Be so sweetly enchanting—

What a joy will inspire
The believer hence taken,
When Glory's full choir
On his ear shall awaken!”

We shall close our extracts with a
merited tribute to Henry Martyn:—

“O'er many a sea and sultry waste
Had the way-worn pilgrim wended;
The wished-for goal is gained at last,
And the days of his mourning are ended.

No pitying bosom sustained his head,
With anguish and fever burning;
No tear beside his dull couch was shed,
As the spirit to God was returning.

He dies far away from his native land,
From the friends of his deep affection;
While merciless heathens around him
stand,
To embitter each dreary reflection.

Yet, though lonely and stricken to mortal
eye,
One Comforter still was near him;
And an angel-band was hovering nigh,
Aloft in their arms to bear him.

Then deem not so cheerless and dark his lot,
Though by suffering marked severely;
He hath entered the rest by his Saviour
bought—
The Saviour he prized so dearly.

Ah! bright seems the warrior's wreath
while renown
Speaks loud of his brave endeavour;
But who heeds the *Christian* hero's crown,
That shines, as the stars for ever.”

We must confess that we have a strong
prejudice in favour of sacred poetry,
when taste in the selection, and talent
in the execution of a subject so difficult
to be treated well, recommends it so
strongly to favourable notice as in the
little volume before us. But before we
close our observations on this particular
department, we would call the reader's
attention to a second series of the Sacred
Harp; a collection of gems from authors,
living and dead, of the highest poetical
fame. Independent of the claims which
the Sacred Harp is justly entitled to
upon this ground, the style in which
it has been got up is a credit to the
Dublin Press—we have never seen a
finer specimen of typography.

Here we have a truculent-looking
volume of poems, spattered with gold as
to its external. What kind of dust is
there within?

But let us tell the reader what the book is. "The Royal Mariner, etc. etc." by C. D. Sillery; a collection of poems—the fruits, we imagine, of some rather elaborately employed years.

We remember having complimented Mr. Sillery upon the ability with which he treated a divinity work of considerable merit. At that time, to our shame be it spoken, we did not know that he had ever committed a line of poetry; and in this our ignorance how far were we behind the knowledge and judgment of a Scotch critic, whose observations upon Mr. S., as a poet, are quoted at some length, amongst myriads of favourable notices, at the end of the volume before us. We quote a passage or two, partly because we are in some degree at issue with the learned reviewer, and partly because it is not every day that the "ungentle craft" are to be caught in such sublime good-humour as the *Edinburgh Observer*. Speaking of a poem by Mr. S., yclept "Vallery," the critic proceeds:—

"A more enthusiastic child of song than Charles Doyme Sillery, has rarely appeared on this terraqueous globe. We have seen him in retirement, and we have seen him in society; and, whether seated in the dark penetralia of our office, or acting the gay and gallant cavalier among fair women and brave men, we found him invariably the same single-hearted, frank-spoken, honest fellow. Like Anacreon Moore, his wit flashes in incessant coruscations. Like the same illustrious bard, he sings his own songs, and dashes even his prose with poetical ornature. He possesses, moreover, the astronomical enthusiasm of a Newton, the philosophic vein of a Brown, and the mechanical skill of a Watt. About the ordinary size, and exceedingly slender in figure, we never look upon his eye, gleaming with intellectual fire, but we think of the

'—mighty soul, that working out its way,
Fretteth the puny body to decay.'

Mr. Sillery is still very, very young, yet he has visited, not only mentally, but bodily, the uttermost parts of the earth. He has been rocked by the tropic billows—has seen the tomb of Napoleon—doubled the cape of storms—gazed on the palmy headlands of Hindostan, and learnt to eat with chop-sticks in China.(!!!) The mutations of his boyhood have given a versatility to his muse that it would not be easy to parallel: it leaps like lightning from land to land, and from sea to sea; it

wanders into all variety of rythm, and it transmutes into verse all sorts of topics, however recondite. There is a piling of armour—a marshalling of brand and banner—an apparelling of maidens—a glittering of gems—a clustering of fruits—a grouping of trees—a strewing of flowers—a tinting of skies—a smiling of seas, and a tossing of waves, such as no other poem that we are acquainted with exhibits."(!!!)

But this is mere child's play to the *Glasgow Free Press*:—

"With a daring that has something bold and redeeming in it, even blank verse (*i. e.* of Vallery) is, for the first time, interspersed with rhyme in the splendid Mosaic, along which the stream of story sparkling flows, with a brightness that confuses us, and a bubbling music that almost makes amends for the foamy obscurity sometimes that mars its clearness."

Verily if our Anthony Poplar, Gent., should, taking leave of his sober senses, become a poet of the 19th century, he shall be poetically born and delivered in the Land of Cakes. There is gas enough in a sentence of what we have quoted to balloon a Parnassian to the third heaven of poetical repute.

"If he," (that is, Mr. Sillery,) says the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, "speaks of an ancient castle, all the technicalities of architecture seem at his fingers' ends!—if he ascends a mountain, geology opens her stores for him!—if he lands on an uninhabited island, botany pours her treasures into his lap!—the still midnight finds him pointing to the heavens with the wand of an astronomer, and the vessel that bears him to distant lands; carries with it a curious observer of the phenomena of nature!" To which may be added, from ourselves, as an illustration of Irish climax, when the sky falls Mr. Sillery shall be found catching larks! After all, joking apart, it was cruel in the press to blow a trumpet so loud that that it was laughable. Mr. Sillery, if he has one ounce of brains, *must* know that he is not Sir Walter Scott, nor fit to brush his shoes; and yet he has hoarded, at the end of his volume, more praise—if it be not humbug—upon his qualities and qualifications as a poet, than, we could swear, was ever bestowed upon the bard whose memory we bless as we reverently breathe his name."

Mr. Sillery had something else at his fingers' ends, beside the "technicalities of architecture," when he penned the follow-

ing lines, which we quote as a charade for landmen:—

“ Embrail'd the fluttering topsails lie,
By straining braces squared.
The yards now pointed to the wind,
By rolling tackles are confined:
To strike top-gallant-yards, some send
The travellers up; while others bend
At each mast-head, the top ropes—so,
Slack parrels, lifts, and clue-lines go:
Topped and unrigged the work is done,
The yards adown their back-stays run;
Along the booms securely laid,
The ropes aloft are all belay'd!”

While we are at the page we referred to, we may as well treat the reader to a mouthful of sunset in a storm:—

“ How horrible is sunset in a storm!
Forms in the clouds, and death in every
form;
Hell on the billows, with destruction
hurl'd:
Fiends on the gales, and lightnings
through the world!
Thunders terrific on the tempest driven;
Earth spurning sea, and sea insulting
heaven!—
On shore, the cataract foaming into
floods;
The stripped trees dancing through the
bellowing woods.”

This is a pretty fair bout of the elements: earth salutes sea in the breech; and sea, not caring to box his match, flies like a Whig in the face of heaven. Then is it any wonder for the woods to bellow when the trees dance naked? At the same time, be it observed, that we do not clearly comprehend how, if the *trees* fall a dancing, the *woods* can stand by and bellow. But this may be a mistake of ours in thinking that a wood consists of trees. Horace gives us to understand that it contains something more; but of this enough. This poem is followed by a diatribe in blank verse, upon the portrait gallery of Mr. S.'s ancestors, heralded by a very silly remark upon Byron's family pride, and one not much more sensible by Rousseau; however, on the strength of such good company Mr. S. carries us from generation to generation, a long line of Sillerys down to note first of the Appendix, where we have the genealogical tree in full leaf, with a coronet blossom on top, and the Earl of

Clarendon Lord High Chancellor of England, in capitals thereto adjoined. We have seldom met with a more ridiculous piece of vanity; it is almost as bad as the book of Mr. Shepherd Grace, who decorated his ancestral dignities, by inserting amongst his own family the heads of all the sovereigns in whose reign they lived, and the heads of all the great men with whom his forefathers were contemporaries. Lucian gives a comical deduction of a would-be literaire of his day, who inferred that as physician to a company of pike-men he was under the patronage of Esculapius, who was son of Apollo, the leader of the Muses, whence he, as a physician, was entitled also to the dignity of an author. Does Mr. S. wish to air his logic with equal effect by stuffing his ancestors into a volume of poems?

But by what we have said we do not intend to demolish Mr. Sillery altogether—far from it. There are some very pretty pieces of poetry, containing many happy thoughts and well-conceived expressions throughout the volume; we close accounts with Mr. S., entering our protest against his Mary Queen of Scots, which the reader may skip if he thinks with us of the specimen.

“ Be her's the slumber of the blessed—
heaven rest her wearied soul:
Brought to the mansion of her rest,
where worlds in glory roll!
Ye warblers of the wild wood, strain
your plaintive little throats,
And mourn poor Mary—lovely Mary—
Mary Queen of Scots.”

We do not suppose that Mr. S. has intentionally plagiarised the spirit and rhythm of the above; but it reminds us strongly of a strain familiar to our school-boy ears.

“ While many a cheek, o'er crabbed Greek
and Latin lore grew pale,
Young Tommy shy'd his daily task,
and stole his father's ale;
* * * * *
So when he died of apoplexy,
all the village sots
Bewailed poor Tommy, drunken Tommy,
jolly Tommy Potts.”

We shall acquit ourselves to a host of authors and publishers in our ensuing number.

DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XX.

AUGUST, 1834.

VOL. IV.

CONTENTS.

	Page
IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION, AND THE CORONATION OATH	121
IMPROMPTU—SONNET	126
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT. Chapter V.	
Cabo Tormentoso	137
HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY.—No. II.	152
THE RIVAL POPE. An Epigram	168
CONSOLATION. A leaf from the Philosophy of Voltaire	168
POETRY, AND THE DECLINE OF POETICAL GENIUS	174
LETTERS FROM SPAIN—No. III. An Execution	184
CURIOSITY. From the German of Schiller	191
REVIEW—NAPIER'S PENINSULAR WAR	192
ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA—No. IV. The Prize	205
AN ADDRESS TO THE PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND, ON THE MEASURES IN PROGRESS RESPECTING THE IRISH CHURCH	219
THE CRISIS	231
TWENTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMBUG	235
THE GOLDSMITH. An Indian Story	236
ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK. Naturalist's Library—Walker's Physiog- nomy—Drury's Thucydides	239

DUBLIN :
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

A WORD TO OUR DEARLY BELOVED PUBLIC.

"DEARLY BELOVED," we say in good earnest—for in the spirit of the old proverb, that "love begets love," the "universal public" are become mighty favorites with us. In the first place, we would have all men to know that henceforward our Magazine is to be called and denominated by the title and epithet of **DEA**, as we ourselves rejoice in no other appellation than that of **Anthony Poplar**, and in that we do in sooth rejoice. Now, let no one dispute the propriety of the name. The Roman Emperor deified his dead mistress; and we may surely do the same in honour of the living "ladye of our love;" and we who know her qualities best do declare her to be altogether divine; and so if any one shall, after the issuing of this our proclamation, deny her claim to the title of **Dea**, he is hereby declared to be guilty of high treason against the Protestant interest, Ireland, and **Anthony Poplar**; and is bound in all the pains and penalties thereto appertaining.

Now, which of the goddesses of the poet's song she is—it is perfectly superfluous to enquire. She is, as occasion requires, an impersonation of them all. She is a **Juno**, for she wields the thunderbolt wherewith she hurls Whigs and traitors (if this be not tautology) from their seats. She is **Minerva** in her wisdom, and also because she has leaped fullgrown, in her panoply of radiant armour, from the head of her parent. She is **Venus** in her beauty, and also because she rose like **Venus** from the waves that dash "our seagirt Isle." Chaste as **Diana**, she repudiates from her pages everything that is impure; and, therefore, like **Diana**, she is fit to be the companion of the maidens that wander over mountain and glen; but mountain and glen far more beautiful than those of **Delos** or **Cythæron**; and maidens fairer and more lovely than ever joined the goddess of the Chase—the daughters of **Erin**. She is **Hebe** in her eternal youth—for just as you see her now when twenty moons have scarcely filled their horns since she lighted on this mortal world—just such shall your children's children see her when a century has rolled by and found no change in her—still young and vigorous and merryhearted, still rejoicing as a giant to run her course. Like **Cybele**, she wears a crown of turrets, and on every turret stands a watchman true. Like **Cybele**, too, she is the **Bona Dea**—yes, **Bona Dea** be her name. She is good—she is all good—nothing that is below the degree of optimism shall be found in her pages—then **Bona Dea** be her name.

In the next place, our dear public will perceive that our leading article for this month was written before the foul conspiracy in the cabinet had unseated **Gaffer Grey**. After this article was in press we received the eloquent and soul-stirring address to the Protestants of England. It is true that it repeated some things which we had said ourselves; but then it said them with much more force, and it came also from a quarter sufficient to ensure for it attention and respect; and it was on a subject upon which too much can hardly be said or written, and so we could not withhold it.

Now, a word for his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace has been playing some strange tricks about getting a King's Letter for his new College. Now, let not his Grace suppose that anything can escape our knowledge. We have a little bird that tells us a great many things; and being ourselves also immaterial and intellectual in our essence, we can hover near His Grace when we are not seen. We know that the King's Letter has been drawn out, although His Grace thought that it was a secret; but he can keep no secret from us; and if he goes on, all we have said to him yet will be praise and kindness to what we will say. But we will make a bargain with His Grace—let him give over manœuvring about colleges, and mind the affairs of his diocese, and His Grace and we shall be the best friends possible. If he keeps himself quiet we will let him alone; but if not—

ANTHONY POPLAR.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XX.

AUGUST, 1834.

VOL. IV.

THE IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION, AND THE CORONATION OATH.

GREAT BRITAIN IS A PROTESTANT STATE. This is a truth which impudence has not as yet presumed in words to deny—a principle which wickedness has not as yet attempted openly to contradict. It was in defence of this principle that the revolution of 1688 was undertaken; and it was the sacredness of this principle that hallowed that noble and glorious struggle of a people contending against tyranny for their religion. It was this principle, established at the revolution, and bequeathed to all succeeding generations of Britons, that placed the house of Hanover on the throne; and it is only so long as this principle is maintained in all its integrity, that William the Fourth possesses a legal or a moral right to be our king. Protestantism is not an accident, but the essence of our constitution. Our ancestors have placed it above all law and beyond all legislation, when to maintain it they interfered with the most ancient legal rights, and dispensed with the most established forms of legislative usage. The act of settlement has interwoven national Protestantism with all the common and all the statute law of the land. When it regulated and limited by this principle the succession to the throne, it made it the warrant of all those judicial trusts, and all those executive authorities that depend upon the prerogative of the king; nay, it made

it the basis of all future acts of parliament that should derive their legality from the signature of any future king. Resting upon the same authority with the title of the sovereign to rule, or rather that title and authority itself, it is linked to all public rights and to all personal immunities; it is the jewel which, placed in the centre of the ark of the constitution, cannot be injured without breaking up the coffer in which it is enclosed; it is the band of our social compact, which once removed, all our partnership in the state is at an end, and our allegiance to its confederacy is absolved. The commonwealth, when once it discards this principle, vitiates every act of government that has been done since the expulsion of the Stuarts; and brands all our foreign and domestic policy, since that period, as but a course of unjust aggression and iniquitous usurpation. From the moment Britain ceases to be Protestant, her government is at an end; and that constitution which has long been supported by the fealty that is due to prescriptive right—by the voluntary homage that a nation renders to its ancient judicatures—is resolved into its elements—to be swept away by the winds of anarchy—or cemented for a time by the awkward soldering of economists—ultimately to be kept together by the iron rivets of unmitigated force.

Now, in considering the Irish Church Commission, this truth must be borne in mind. That commission has been issued by the ministers of a Protestant state, and the ministers have affixed to it the signature of a Protestant King. It is not the act of a state that has discarded the God of Revelation, and deified the goddess of Reason; nor of a state that is virtually infidel while it professes to be indifferent—that adopts the most absurdly anomalous principle that men in communities must altogether avoid any acknowledgment of that which, in their private capacity, they are bound, as they value their eternal interests, to recognise. Britain, thank God, is not such a nation. She believes in Christianity as the revelation of Him who rules the destinies of nations, and she adopts Protestantism as the purest form of Christianity. And if she has of late years admitted those who are not Protestants into her legislature it is not without exacting an oath (no matter how that oath is kept), a most solemn oath, that they will do nothing to interfere with the Protestantism in which she believes, and with the church which she reveres; she does not teach her statesmen to regard themselves as raised to a political elevation from which they may look down in philosophic indifference, on the religious prejudices of those whom they govern; but she demands it of them to be anxious for religion; and even on her king she imposes a vow at the altar of his Creator, to “maintain the laws of God,” and the “true profession of the gospel.” And, lest some keeper of the king’s conscience might find out, in the indefiniteness of the oath, a pretext for its violation, she adds—“the Protestant reformed religion, established by the law;” and then, to show how best she believes that religion may be maintained, she binds him by the most tremendous of all sanctions—a sanction which not even kings can neglect with impunity, to “preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do, or shall, appertain unto them, or any of them.” These are the vows imposed by a Christian state, that is anxious, first, for the power of godliness, but yet is not regardless of main-

taining the form. And these vows breathe the spirit of her constitution—a spirit that, in accordance with her national character, is essentially religious and Protestant; and even in the very act in which she departed farthest from that spirit—when she admitted those who held doctrines which she declared to be “damnable,” into her councils—she yet showed the reluctance with which she violated her feelings, by the vow with which she accompanied that concession; and seemed, even in the hour of her madness and her guilt, to cling, with an almost despairing tenacity, to the principles of religion which she was virtually abandoning.

It is our intention, before we conclude, to examine the Commission and the measures which ministers intend to found upon its information, (for these never can be separated from it,) in reference to the Coronation Oath; and, when we come to do so, no fear of man—no respect of persons, shall prevent us from saying honestly what we think. But we will first speak of it in relation to the Protestantism of the State. A Commission has been issued from his Majesty, directed to Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, Edward John Littleton, Thomas Dooley, Thomas N. Lister, John Wrottesley, G. B. Lennard, Edward Carleton Tufnel, Daniel Maude, George Cornwall Lewis, William Henry Curran, William Tighe Hamilton, Acheson Lyle, and William Newport, directing them to visit every parish in Ireland, and ascertain, by the best evidence they can procure, the number of persons in communion with the Church of England, and also the number of those attached to other persuasions—also the number of clergymen, and the number of places of worship—also to ascertain the number of schools, the average attendance at each, and the sources from which they are supported—and, finally, to report such other circumstances, related with the moral and political relations of the church establishment, and the religious institutions of other sects, as may CLEARLY!! bring into view their bearing on the general condition of the people of Ireland! Now, if all this could be separated from the declared intentions of ministers, which, we repeat, it

never can, there might, apparently, be very little harm in it. Nothing can be more natural than that a Protestant king should desire to be fully assured of the state of Protestantism among his subjects, and to know something of the "moral and political relations of the Church Establishment," and it is very proper that, to gratify this laudable curiosity, he should give charitable employment to five or six briefless barristers, without either information or brains; but who, by the magic influence of the royal commission, are to be qualified for a task whose due execution would require a college of philosophers. Of course, "our right, trusty, and well-beloved cousins and councillors," Lords Brougham and Melbourne, or Edward John Littleton, will not go upon the itinerary voyage of discovery with the "dearly beloved" vagrants with whom their names are associated; the vagabond part of the business will be left to such gentlemen as Edward Carleton Tufnell, Acheson Lyle, Thomas N. Lister, and Co., and these are the persons who are to go from parish to parish—the knight errants of spoliation—the pioneers of sacrilege—to find out in some incredibly short space of time, information which it would require years of labour from sensible men, to collect; and then, on that information, to condense into a quarto report, the concentrated wisdom of all political philosophy. We do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the six acting commissioners; they may, for aught we know, be very respectable. We take his Majesty's word that they are barristers, and we have so much of old habits as, therefore, to presume that they are gentlemen; but beyond the information which the commission has graciously vouchsafed of their calling, and the inference (perhaps in these days an unwarrantable one) which we have drawn—with respect to five we have been able to ascertain nothing, although we have made very general inquiries, both in the hall of the Four Courts and through all other possible channels; of the sixth, Mr. Acheson Lyle, we accidentally heard that he is a radical barrister, who is accustomed to go the north-west circuit, and is generally considered, by those who know him, very competent to make a motion of course in the Com-

mon Pleas, or open the pleadings in a trial at *Nisi Prius*. We cannot, however, learn that he has as yet, manifested those talents for business which will enable him to perform the miracles enjoined by his Majesty's commission, nor yet the depth of intellect which will qualify him to understand "the moral and political relations of the church establishment, and the religious institutions of other sects," and to "bring clearly into view their bearing on the general condition of the people of Ireland."

Were the subject less sacred we would smile at the folly and presumption of the Whigs. It is true, it is very true, "that those who have no respect for the wisdom of others, generally pay it off by a very full measure of confidence in their own." The Irish Church is an establishment which the lapse of ages has interwoven with all the institutions, and all the property of the land—the prescription of centuries has conferred on it the most sacred of all claims—all the statesmen who have spoken on the subject, including even Lord Plunkett, have left on record the declaration of their opinion, that it is the bond of union between the two countries; like a tree long planted in the soil, it has struck out its roots in directions which it may well baffle political sagacity to trace. One would have thought that to "bring clearly into view" all the multiplied relations of an establishment so ancient, so venerable, and so vast, would have been a work of no ordinary difficulty, and requiring no ordinary mind. The problem was one that would require a philosopher, and its perfect solution would have been sufficient to confer immortality on a philosopher. Years of labour, and of thought—of labour, expended in collecting his materials, and of thought employed in their arrangement, would do little more than place the inquirer at the commencement of his calculations—calculations in which no maxim of political wisdom would be useless, no precept of political morality should be disregarded—calculations that were not merely to depend upon the vulgar arithmetic of a numerical census, but were to be regulated with a view to all those conflicting interests, and all those opposing principles by which they

were liable to be disturbed. It might not, indeed, be long before he would discover that the church establishment was the only barrier against the domination of Popery, the only preventive of the worst tyranny, civil or religious, that ever trampled upon the slaves of superstition; and to every honest man this consideration alone is sufficient to secure for it support. But this would be very far from the requirements of the new commission. All the moral and political bearings of the church establishment must be brought clearly into view, and not only this, but all the religious institutions of all sects (nunneries we hope included) must be examined as to their bearing on the condition of the country. And all is to be done by six young gentlemen, just such as we meet every day, made by their very appointment to this arduous office perfectly fit for its discharge.

Now, leaving out of the question the absurdity of the means taken to procure the desired information, and remembering that this commission has been issued by the sovereign of a Protestant state—it seems very strange that there is no direction given to enquire into the religious relations of the Irish church. “Moral and Political” seems very like the language of those who regard religion, merely, as an instrument of government, and not as that in which we have an eternal interest. The new commission puts the Irish Church upon her trial, and “our most religious king” has been counselled to try her, not by her efficiency in maintaining “the true profession of the gospel,” among a people given over to the idolatries and the corruptions of Popery—not by her faithfulness in teaching Christian truth, or her zeal in opposing anti-Christian error, but by the convenience or inconvenience of her political relations—by the narrow considerations of unprincipled expediency and the blind calculations of selfish economy. The days are gone by when truth was valued for its own sake—when religion was honoured as a matter of duty, not of convenience; and the antiquated doctrine held that rulers and statesmen were not absolved from their allegiance to their God. It is the duty of every Christian, no matter in what station he

may be placed, to employ his every power to advance the cause of truth; and the state that requires of her ministers, in their ministerial capacity, to forget this plain duty, is not a Christian state; and no believer in Christianity can conscientiously be her servant. There were days when Britain was not guilty of such tyranny as to demand it of her servants to discard the service of their Creator and call upon her magistrates to obey men rather than God. But the “spirit of the age” is infidel—religion is tolerated, not encouraged, by the march of intellect; and those governors who will worship that “spirit” must leave their religion at the portals of its temple, and in entering on duties where the sanctions of Christianity are most necessary to guide them, must become practical Atheists and forget all responsibility, unless that which they owe to the will of the multitude. Lord Brougham, as an individual, may be a devout Christian of the Church of England; but Lord Brougham, as Chancellor, must be an infidel. It matters not that the constitution appears to teach a different doctrine when it makes his communion with the national church an essential requisite for admission to his high office; but who, in these days, would place the constitution in opposition to “the spirit of the age?” The magic spells of Whig necromancy have evoked this grim phantom from its hiding place, and all its commands must be obeyed, and all its maxims be revered as oracles—and what says it—“Away with religion from the state and statesmen; these latter may, in private, be very anxious for all religion; but woe to them if, in public, they confess any: they may, in the church, believe, and be firmly persuaded, that Protestantism is true and that Popery is false; but in the cabinet they must, they shall, be equally persuaded that ‘this is a theological question as yet undetermined.’” This “spirit of the age” is an awful being—the grisly head that haunts the premier’s guilty conscience is not half so appalling or tremendous. ’Tis true, the phantom has neither form nor substance, at least, that is discernible to common eyes; but terrible in its indistinctness, it has scared away even Lord Brougham’s regard for religion, and Lord Grey’s attachment to the

church ; and, believe the noble lords, it disputes with Wellington the glory of the conquest of Napoleon. It was this mighty power that imprisoned the despot in St. Helena—it guarded him (perhaps in the shape of Sir Hudson Lowe); and having laid its mighty captive in his lonely grave, the fiend has wandered over the earth, seeking rest and finding none, until, at length, it has found its way to Britain, to shock the vision of the Premier and the Chancellor, and “fright the isle from its propriety.”

It is, unquestionably, this spirit of the age that has indited the church commission, and in every line of it the traces of its pen are legible enough. There is all that ignorant presumption, that imagines itself fully capable of solving the difficulties of a great question, simply because it is not sagacious enough to see them—there is all that passion for experiment, and all that contempt of experience, that marks the self-confidence of folly, and might justly give to our age the epithet of the age of brass in impudence, however it may be the age of iron in crime. There is quite manifest, too, the desire to decide all questions by the philosophy of the counting-house, and drag into legislation the principles of the ledger. Utility is to be estimated by cheapness; and even into the balance of the sanctuary, in which are to be weighed the most sacred principles of eternal truth, must be thrown the same sordid weights, which men employ in the transactions of worldly gain and perishable pelf. Mammon is the god of the present day: and before this golden calf is the present generation bowing down, with one consent, in an unholy and degrading idolatry; and they rise from his worship with the infection of gold having entered into their soul; and they set up, as the standard of all national good, and the measure of all political right, the sordid calculations of mercantile avarice, and the griping niggardliness of mercantile parsimony. And thus it is that the church of Ireland is to be tried. It avails her not that she has kept alive the profession of true religion, and given to Ireland a succession of able and holy men who ministered at her altars—it matters not that she has borne the word of God to many a

cottage fireside, and that, by her means, the sound of the Gospel has been heard in many a lonely valley—that she has trained up many a generation of peaceable and Christian men, who made their bible the rule of their lives, and found it their stay and consolation in death. All this is not to be taken into consideration. The ministers look upon religious instruction as a material, of which they must supply a certain quantity to the prejudices of men; and they are determined to contract for it at the cheapest rate, and, provided that it be supplied at a moderate cost, they are not over-anxious as to the quality. These are just the principles that are to guide the commissioners in their inquiry—they are the principles which the ministers have avowed as their actuating motives; but the moment those principles are sanctioned by the legislature of Britain, or admitted to regulate her councils, farewell—a long farewell—to England’s greatness! the temple of our constitution is then indeed polluted by the tables of the money changers; and the spirit of social order—of dignified freedom, which we had enshrined, is gone for ever—indignant at the desecration.

This commission is, after all, only the form of a trial—the mockery of inquiry. It is avowedly sent out, not to furnish ministers with information on which they may make up their minds, but to search for information that may justify the decision to which they have already come. It is, in fact, very difficult to know what are the intentions of the cabinet—it is more than questionable whether they know them themselves. Ever since the evil hour when they took the reins of government, they appear to have had no principle to guide them but a determined and tenacious adherence to office; and their whole course presents no instance of decision—no unity of purpose—nothing but a dull uniformity in continual vacillation and temporary expedient. But yet, as far as Lord Althorp’s blundering explanations are intelligible, the new commission was intended to embody the principle of Mr. Ward’s resolution, and thus furnish ministers with a convenient excuse for getting rid of that resolution altogether!! The conduct of ministers was, indeed, most extra-

ordinary—compared with their declarations it was most unaccountable. If they approved of Mr. Ward's resolution, why did they not adopt it, and thus obtain the sanction of the House of Commons for their measures? If they disapproved of it, why issue a commission that was to carry its principle into effect? Was their conduct the blundering of stupidity or the stratagem of deceit? Certainly nothing could be more like the duplicity of the knave, who adds cowardice to guilt, and voluntarily chooses hypocrisy as the avenue to crime. But no Tory should have lent himself to such a manoeuvre. No Tory should have consented to a motion that implied that a proposition for robbery could, under any circumstances, be entertained in a British House of Commons. The Tories should have joined with the Radicals, and with every Whig that set any value upon consistency of principle or manliness of conduct; and negatived the previous question. The ministers would thus have been forced into some determined line of policy; they must have either voted for Mr. Ward's resolution, and so shown themselves to the people of England, in their true character, or else given it a direct negative, and so been pledged, (as far as honour can pledge a Whig) to the defence of the Church. But the Tories threw a cloak over their imbecile vacillation, and charitably permitted them to escape in the dark. Of the Irish Protestant members, Sir Edmond Hayes was the only one who voted in the minority, and with all due deference, to many whom we respect, he was the only one who voted right.*

The truth, is the commission, was merely an artifice for gaining time—an

expedient taken up without reflection and arranged without system. Ward's resolution was the little pebble that sufficed to break asunder the ill-assorted cabinet; and the secession of Stanley and Graham has left them literally, as well as metaphorically, at their wit's end. Without talent to form, or energy to adhere to any course of action, they were just on the point of being dismissed in disgrace as the Incapables; but a drowning man will catch at a straw, and so in a lucky hour they bethought, themselves, of a commission of inquiry. It would, at least, put off the evil day and leave them, for a little longer, their beloved places and perquisites—and so having determined on the commission they then invented a necessity for it, and reckless of pledges, and utterly regardless of consequences, they declare it their intention to cut down the Church Establishment to what they believe to be the wants of the people. They hunt folly through all the mazes of a labyrinth of absurdity—they issue a commission for the purpose of gaining time!—they decide on measures that will look like plausible excuses for the commission on which they are to be based!! They get rid of a resolution simply because they approve of its principle!!! and they declare the commission is to enable them to decide on the propriety of measures which they previously inform us it is their settled determination to adopt!!!

But let us pass over all this prelude of blunders, and imagine ourselves fairly arrived at what is to follow: let us forgive the doubly preposterous character of this arrangement—the boldness of the political figure, the Whig *υπερβολη προτερησις*, upon which they have ventured; and coolly consider what they

* Nothing could more clearly exhibit the ignorance which is abroad upon the subject of Parliamentary usages and parliamentary forms than the feeling which the honourable baronet's vote excited among his constituents, many of whom imagined that he had added another to the list of traitors—already too long. To many, even of our own readers, it may not be unnecessary to state that the amendment, technically termed the previous question, is understood to imply that the House does not wish to express any opinion upon the original resolution, and will, therefore, proceed to the next order of the day. This was the amendment against which Sir Edmond Hayes very properly voted. We wish all the Tories had done the same. This explanation and testimony from us will, perhaps, help to satisfy those freeholders of Donegal, who have been expressing by letters, in the Northern Journals, their surprise at the conduct of their excellent and honest representative. Indeed we believe our ever watchful friend, the *Evening Mail*, has been beforehand with us in his vindication.

mean by the proposal to cut down (for this is the cant term of the day) the Irish Church Establishment to the wants of the people. That is—in every parish where the members of the Established Church shall not bear a certain arbitrary, and as yet indefinite proportion to the population, they have determined to do away with the Church Establishment altogether, and apply its revenues to purposes other than ecclesiastical. The incomes of the suppressed benefices are to be appropriated to the paying of the priests and to the education of the people—not a moral and religious education, according to the principles of the Church of England, but an education based upon the infidel system of the Irish Education Board. This is their scheme of sacrilege, and from this scheme we cannot separate their recent commission of inquiry. Apart from this, that commission is but a prodigal and profligate expenditure of the public money, without either the pretext of an object or the semblance of an excuse. In connection with these measures we must regard it as a declaration of hostility against the Irish Church; a declaration which the ministers have counselled their king to make—not, *be it remembered, in his legislative, BUT IN HIS EXECUTIVE CAPACITY*. But more of that hereafter—for the present, let us confine our remarks to the probable, nay, the certain effects of the measures which they contemplate.

Mr. Stanley laid it down, in the House of Commons, as the principle of a church establishment, that the state should furnish religious instruction to all the members of that church; no matter in what circumstance they might be placed—no matter whether chance, or, to speak more correctly, Providence should fix their lot in districts where they could hold communion with many of their brethren, or in districts when all around them were of a different persuasion. And if the reality of religion be admitted, it seems hard to object to the reason of this principle. The Protestant whose residence, necessity or duty has fixed in a Roman Catholic district, has surely a claim upon the state for spiritual instruction, or, as Lord Morpeth would say, “spiritual edification.” He is not to be left to pass his days in

practical heathenism—in virtual excommunication from the national church, because those around him are dissenters from the national faith. There was once a promise given by the Author of our holy religion that “where two or three were gathered together in his name there should He be in the midst of them.” One would think, that to men who believed these words to be the words of their God, they would be a sufficient warrant for maintaining his pure worship wherever worshippers could be found. But our infidel rulers can see no beauty in the service of a little flock. They will go with religion when she is attended with a crowd; but they will desert her when her cause is supported but by a few. They know nothing of that exalted principle, that high and generous sense of right, that supports truth simply because it is true, and scorns to make the opinions of the multitude the rule of its conduct. Either let the church establishment be altogether given up, or let it be maintained in all its efficiency; but never let a sensible and reflecting nation adopt the absurdity of establishing an arbitrary numerical proportion as the criterion of the necessity of spiritual instruction; and as if to complete the anomaly, deprive the Protestants of the benefits of pastoral instruction, precisely in those cases in which it is impossible for them to supply the deficiency by voluntary contribution.

Now, this is merely considering the question in relation to Mr. Stanley’s principle; and we are anxious that it should be so considered; because his is a principle which we cannot conceive how any believer, in the doctrines of the Church of England, can deny. But, for our own parts, we think the right honourable gentleman takes far too low a view of the duties of an established church, and certainly is altogether mistaken as to the spirit and character of the Irish Church. That spirit and character are essentially missionary. She is not content with merely attending to the spiritual interests of those who are attached to her communion, but she binds her bishops and her clergy by all her institutes and ordinances, to endeavour to bring back those who are wandering in the paths of error. A national

establishment, she regards the nation as her charge, and looks upon all the teachers of strange doctrines as intruders upon her pastoral care.* Now, this is just the spirit which a Christian statesman, or even a wise politician, would have endeavoured to foster and encourage. We say even a wise politician; for almost all impartial men now admit that, while Popery preserves her debasing and demoralizing sway over the hearts and consciences of the peasantry of Ireland, there can be but little hope of elevating her from her abject state of moral and physical degradation; and, therefore, we hold that all the maxims of political wisdom, and all the sanctions of religious duty unite in demanding it of the rulers of this unhappy and distracted country, to employ every means which the spirit of Christianity will recognise, to destroy and exterminate Popery in Ireland. This may not be the language that is suited to the soft-tongued liberalism of modern times; it may shock the Popish predilections of many who call themselves Protestants—of many who have sworn that Popery is damnable and idolatrous. But we care not for the approbation of those who think that an energetic attachment to our religion is a crime—of those who would go to worship, in the temple of their God, in velvet slippers, lest the sound of their footsteps should tell that they have been there. We love Ireland, we love our Roman Catholic brethren, as well as they do; and it is because we love both that we feel indignant that superstition has flung her chain alike around our country and our countrymen—that a despotic priesthood have enslaved the consciences of Irishmen—have made imaginary fears the me-

dium of real extortion—have kept the people in darkness lest, in acquiring knowledge, they might cease to be their serfs—and extending the limits of ecclesiastical rule, until it reached the utmost verge of temporal dominion, have become alike, in politics and religion, the keepers of their consciences—and are rivetting the fetters of their own ascendancy, in perpetuating national ignorance, and national degradation. And it is because we are indignant at all this, that we tell the minister who will presume to govern Ireland, and yet not use all his endeavours to oppose the false religion that is her bane, that he will answer to his God for all the misery, and all the bloodshed—and there will be much of both—which Popery will yet cause within her borders.

Ministers have avowed their readiness to make an alliance with Popery to buy off its attacks and commit sacrilege to procure the price of the exemption. The revenues of the suppressed benefices are to be applied to the paying of the priests—the priests! the deadliest foes of British connection—the men who, free themselves from all human ties, have established a spiritual tribunal before which all human, and all divine obligations can be dispensed with!—the men who teach their votaries that they can legalize murder, and make perjury a virtue!—who, avowing themselves no principle but the forwarding the interests of their church, impress upon their flocks attachment to that church as a virtue, beyond all others!—the men who, by the dogmas of their infallible religion, are bound to believe that it is a good deed to extirpate, not heresy but heretics.† Will Protestant England suffer

* See, in particular, the fortieth canon—a canon which we have very lately had occasion to quote as damning evidence against the temporizing and compromising Archbishop of Dublin. (Vol. 3, p. 707.) It is a canon to which we cannot too often refer. It is the Magna Charta of our church—the solemn declaration whereby she acknowledges herself to the world as a missionary church.

† We take the following paragraph from the *Wexford Conservative*, a journal of high respectability, which will prove that the influence of the priests is exerted as we have stated:—

“We have it from the lips of a gentleman of unquestionable authority, that at the late election two freeholders, who it was supposed had been bribed, were dragged by the priests to one of the polling booths to vote for Mr. Waddy. The poor men resisted, but all to no purpose, as the priests and the mob were too powerful. The book was put in their hands, and the bribery oath tendered, but the men evincing

this?—will the English Protestant dissenters, who profess a special anxiety for the purity of religion, permit this ungodly and iniquitous application of property which, if it does not belong to the church, certainly does to the state? Will the lovers of freedom suffer it? Popery is tyranny—tyranny in its worst—in its most tremendous form—the same tyranny sits at the confessional of the holy office, and at the humbler, but not less despotic confessional of the Irish mass-house. And this is a tyranny before which all human associations, and all earthly regards must bow. No feeling of earthly affection must interfere with the commands of those “unto whom all power in earth or heaven is given;” no sanction of the law of God can interfere between the conscience and the bidding of those who have arrogated to themselves the convenient power of dispensing with the commands of their Creator, and forgiving all transgressions against his law. And this too, is the tyranny of the soul—an all-seeing tyranny, to which every thought is open, and to which even the half-formed feelings of the mind are acknowledged and avowed. The Sicilian tyrant has been branded as the worst, because the most suspicious of oppressors, because he contrived the cave where he could listen to all the words of his prisoners. But Popery has improved upon his plan—she has established a Dionysian cave, where she sits to catch not merely the expressions, but the thoughts of her captives; and, in a country where the mass of the people are Roman Catholics, every whisper of suspicion—every tale of hidden scandal, or of secret guilt, are all confided to her safe keeping. In

Ireland no movements of covert treason—no risings of secret insurrection have been, or are unknown to the church. The keepers of the secrets of the people, the priests, become, of necessity, the masters of the people’s fears,

“*Scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.*”

Auricular confession is the engine by which they convert spiritual authority into ecclesiastical dominion, and make all the terrors of the next world subservient to the temporal aggrandisement of their order. It is this which spreads the bleak and withering influence of their tyranny over all the reciprocity of social, all the intercourse of domestic life—that establishes their system of espionage by every man’s fire-side, and makes their unhappy victim dread in the friend of his confidence, and the wife of his bosom, a spy and informer of the church.

And let us not be told that in stigmatizing their power as tyranny, we are giving to it a name that it does not deserve, because forsooth it is voluntarily submitted to by men whose erroneous belief is its foundation. We deny the fact—Popery is not voluntarily submitted to by individuals; and had it not been that Popery has established an organized and systematic persecution against all those who dare to show symptoms of questioning her authority, history would long since have recorded the exultation of mankind over her complete and unpitied downfall. But, with a population as her serfs, she coerces her rebellious children by the most terrible of all penalties—that of outlawry from the pale of humanity, and excommunication from the sympathies of men.

some reluctance to take the oath, the priests got into a rage, stamped and raved, cursed them, and vociferated, ‘take the oath, take the oath, you villains, take the oath.’ The men still refusing, the deputy called their reverences to order, and having asked the men calmly would they take the oath, they turned off, saying they would consider of it.”

Need we remind our readers of the case of priest Burke, at Cork, who absolutely induced a dying man to make depositions before a magistrate, which were afterwards proved, on the cross-examination of the reverend individual himself, to be false! and this too, after many witnesses had sworn to their truth in open court! Thus did the priest compel a dying man to commit perjury—persuade many of his flock to unite in that perjury—and prevaricate upon oath himself—all to take away the life of an innocent individual! Is not this “legalizing murder, and making perjury a virtue?”

And, did we believe that the newly appointed Commissioners were men whose principles could allow them to receive such evidence, or whose intellect could enable them to understand it, we could prove before them, prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Popery wields the power which she derives from general opinion to coerce individual dissent, and by guiding the lawless will of the multitude binds her dominion over the consciences of all! In Popish districts, the man who presumes to read the word that God has given him, or to question, in aught, the authority of his priest, is visited by all the vengeance of a lawless, but, at the same time, an organized mob. Proscribed by the anathema of the priest as effectually as he could be by the firman of the despot, he is exposed to the fury of a populace that know no law and that respect no right; he has no further security for either property or life; he goes abroad with the mark of Cain upon his forehead, a vagabond upon the earth; but, alas! without Cain's exemption from attack upon his life: well may he say, "whosoever findeth me shall kill me;" in every stranger he meets a foe, and his blood pays the penalty of his apostasy from the Church. These are the means by which Popery maintains her supremacy. Many—many have been the martyrs to the dread inquisition which she has in Ireland set up; and ready enough is the priest to give absolution and his blessing to the man whose hands are yet reeking with the blood of the heretic. In Portugal or Goa, her murders are perpetrated in the dungeon—in Ireland, on the mountain or in the glen; but murder is, in both places, the same sanguinary *auto da fe*: in both, her power is maintained by cruelty and oppression—in the one case, the legalized butcheries of the familiar—in the other, the unrecognized, but not unsanctioned, atrocities of the marauder: both the worthy dispensers of Papal vengeance, and the fit upholders of Papal power: both pursuing their bloody avocations in the name of their God, and at the instigation of their Church.

This is no overdrawn picture of the despotism of Popery in Ireland—"drunk" there, as every where, "with *the blood of the saints*," shed not by

the formal murders of the Holy Office, where persecution is arrayed in the robes of Christian justice, and torture is meekly dispensed in orthodox severity, according to the dictates of Christian charity, but by the more summary, and certainly the less iniquitous, proceedings of the barbarity of the gang. But it needs not this to prove that Popery is tyranny; it is tyranny over those who are its slaves from persuasion as well as those who are its captives from intimidation. Terror is the instrument by which all despotism is maintained; force is only brought into action when resistance is offered, but resistance is obviated by maintaining the fear of force; fear, of consequences, either real or imaginary. When the Mussulman permits the Grand Seignor to take away his wife, it is because he fears to resist: and though the fears which the priests employ are of imaginary punishment, which they impiously pretend they have at their command, this does not diminish the effect, nor palliate the enormity of their despotism. It may increase our compassion for the slave, to know that he is a dupe, it cannot take from our detestation of the tyrant to be assured that he is an impostor.

Against the despotism of the priests the Church of Ireland has raised the standard of pure and tolerant Christianity, and by the very contrast created by her presence, has materially mitigated the pretensions of the rival Church. There is a moral check in the contrast with Protestantism, which puts a restraint upon Popery; and this check the government are about altogether to remove, and consign whole districts, peopled with immortal souls, to her dark and unmitigated reign. They are, virtually, about to make Popery the established religion in many parts of Ireland. Disguise their intentions as they may, to palliate the enormity of the proposition, to a people not yet prepared for this flagrant act of moral guilt and political insanity, this is the plain, the unvarnished meaning of the measures they propose; and if ever the legislature adopt those measures, the constitution is dissolved, and all government is at an end; the King will have done that for which James the Second lost his crown; he will have violated his coronation oath; he will virtually have abdicated

his throne ; the propriety of resistance will then be measured only by the probability of success—our obedience to the mandates of a godless and an illegal usurpation will be a matter of expediency, not of duty.

If there be faith in pledges—if there be meaning in compacts—if there be virtue in oaths, there never has been privilege more solemnly guaranteed than to the Protestants of Ireland, the maintenance of their church. It is secured by the King's coronation oath and by the act of Union—the one of which cannot be broken without dissolving the constitution, nor the other violated without dismembering the empire. We know that with respect to the coronation oath, the ministers have put forward the doctrine, that the King will be looked upon by his God in a two-fold capacity, and that what is sworn by the individual will not be binding upon the hypothetical personage whom they call the Legislative Sovereign. But this miserable sophistry—this desperate resource of casuistical chicanery, fails them in the instance of which we speak. The Commission is issued by the executive King—a personage whom they have acknowledged to be bound by the vows that the actual King took at his coronation. When William the Fourth—we designate his Majesty thus, to get rid of all the confusion of the multiplicity of characters in which ministers would present him—when William the Fourth was crowned King of this mighty empire, the Archbishop who imposed on him these vows, as if to remind him that all his power he held but by the sufferance of his God—in the sight of that God, and in the presence of the people over whom he was to rule—thus embodied in an oath, the terms of that original contract which subsists between the sovereign and the nation :

Archbishop—"Will you, TO THE UTMOST OF YOUR POWER, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, established by law? and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and TO THE CHURCHES COMMITTED TO THEIR CHARGE, all such

rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them, OR ANY OF THEM?"

William the Fourth—Legislative, Executive, and actual King of Great Britain—"All this I promise to do—(and having laid his hand upon the Holy Gospels), "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God"—(and his Majesty kissed the book.)

Now, after this solemn compact, thus made between the Protestant King and his Protestant people, and ratified by a solemn appeal to Him before whose bar kings as well as private men must yet appear—were we credulous, if we imagined that our church and our religion were secure? It can only be in direct contravention of this compact—in undisguised violation of this oath, that measures can be based upon the Commission whose immediate effect will be to suppress the "true profession of the Gospel," by removing from many districts those who preached it—to subvert "the Protestant reformed religion," by putting an end to its worship, and, most likely, giving over its then useless temples to be desecrated by the ceremonies of an idolatrous faith*—and to deprive many "churches," or congregations, of their most sacred "right"—of their dearest "privilege"—that of receiving consolation and instruction from a resident pastor. The Commission is intended to facilitate these measures—the issuing of the Commission is an executive act—and even admitting that the Whigs have succeeded, by a novel species of political legerdemain, in dividing the monarch into distinct persons, with distinct, and in the present case, opposing duties; it follows, of necessity, that William the Fourth, No. 1, (the executive King) who has sworn to maintain the church, is bound to give no assistance to William the Fourth, No. 2, (the legislative King,) for whom it is expedient to destroy it—and thus the moment that legislative robbery is based upon the Commission, William the Fourth, No. 3, (the King, in his proper and individual person,) has violated his coronation oath.

And let no person imagine, that the observance of the coronation oath, in

* The Protestant places of worship, in the suppressed benefices, will, of course, be given up to the new clients of the government, the Romish Priests.

all its integrity, is a matter of light moment, even as it respects the preservation of the general liberties of Britain.

By a maxim of the constitution, we have admitted that the King can do no wrong ; but while we exempt him from all earthly account, by this oath we oblige him to feel himself the more deeply accountable to an Almighty power—and while we set up by the constitution no tribunal to which he is amenable, it is only because we have already made his duty to his subjects a part of his responsibility to his God. Prerogative implies discretion, and in the coronation oath is to be found our only constitutional pledge for the proper exercise of that discretion. Resistance is an extra-constitutional remedy unknown to the contemplation of the law. But here is the proper, the safest limit of royal prerogative—the security that discretionary shall never become arbitrary power. There are many things which the law enjoins upon the King, the performance of which it has neither established the means of compelling, nor yet sanctioned the infliction of punishment for their neglect. In the coronation oath is to be found the expression of all those moral checks—all these intellectual barriers which Kings might or might not respect so long as they merely existed in the vague and undefined principles of our constitution, but which acquire, in these vows, a permanent habitation and a shape. It is this oath that prevents prerogative from being tyranny, and privilege from being but a modification of resistance—that makes the King's conscience the safeguard of our freedom—and obliges him to be a traitor to his God before he can be the tyrant of his people ; and which even in these very matters, where we seem to place him above law, brings him most effectually under the authority of the law. Unless they desire the only security of their freedom to be found in the possibility of resistance—in the power of breaking up the whole frame of our social constitution—let Britons guard, with the most jealous solicitude, against the slightest encroachment on the sanctity of the coronation oath—let them repudiate, with indignation, any doctrine that could furnish Kings with a pretext for disregarding it. If the precedent is established, who is to set *limits to its application* ? If we consent

to the practical abrogation of any part of it, we vitiate and make worthless the security that is derived from the entire.

But we must hasten to speak of the act of Union ; an act by which the nationality of Ireland was surrendered, and her constitution utterly destroyed ; the provisions of which, towards her, should, therefore, be observed with the most scrupulous exactness. The fifth article of that union provides, “that the continuance and preservation of the united church, as the Established Church of England and Ireland, shall be an essential and fundamental part of the union ;” and let us not be told that, when the doctrine of proportion is admitted, this article is observed. No. If this be so, it is an unmeaning and worthless form of words. If the legislature have the right, by this article, to fix *any proportion*, they may fix any proportion that they choose—they may make the presence of a single Roman Catholic a sufficient reason for destroying the church establishment in a parish—if the suppressing any number of benefices does not contravene this article, neither would the suppressing of all. Now, we do not question the legal power of the Imperial Parliament to modify even the act of union ; but this we assert, that when it was declared that the preservation of the church was “an essential and fundamental part of the union,” it was enacted that whenever this was disregarded, the union was—not violated, but **REPEALED**. We beg to be understood. We do not address ourselves to the reason of politicians, but to the judgment of lawyers. The very act by which the Imperial Parliament sits, provides that when the Established Church is not maintained in both countries, that act shall expire and be of no force—we can see no other meaning in the words “essential and fundamental.” The Parliament, then, has the power to destroy the Church ; but in so doing, to all intents and purposes, they repeal the act of union. Both countries, then, are in the same relative position as if it had been formally enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, &c. &c., that the act of union be repealed. The Imperial Parliament no longer exists. The United Parliament of England and Scotland may meet and legislate

for their countries, as they did in 1799; but "no power on earth can make laws to bind the people of Ireland, but the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland;" and every honest judge upon the bench would, if the Imperial Parliament continued to sit in defiance of all law, be bound by his oath to reject, and refuse to be influenced in his decision by any statutes they might pass.

Has the opinion of the law officers been taken upon this point—whether by the very provisions of the act of union, that act does not cease and determine as soon as the Church of Ireland, as an establishment, is subverted? But of one thing the British government may rest assured, that whether or not the union will be legally repealed by such a measure—which, from our souls, we believe it will—its maintenance, for any length of time, will be virtually impossible. They need not, they cannot, entertain the dream of coercing a nation—of opposing force to the energies of a people united in disaffection. The agitation for repeal is now harmless and ineffectual, because the Protestants are attached to British connexion; but we tell the British government, that if the Irish Church be sacrificed to the clamour of the agitators and the intrigues of the priests, the mass of the Protestants will become the advocates not of repeal, but of separation; and separation will inevitably take place. We know well, we are proud that we know, the manly determination—the moral confidence—the undaunted bravery of the Orangemen of Ireland; and we know also, that it needs but a little more of faithless oppression, of unprincipled ingratitude, on the part of the British government, to cause all that determination, all that confidence, and all that bravery, to be employed against British connexion as energetically, aye, and as successfully, as it ever was in its behalf. When the moral energy of the Protestant is united with the physical force of the Roman Catholic population, the combination will be irresistible; and the Imperial Parliament, with all its resolutions, and its addresses—its eloquent debates, and its triumphant majorities—and the imperial government, with all its ordinances and its coercion bills—all its fleets and its armies, may postpone, but cannot

avert, the separation of the countries. God grant that a sad experience may never establish, by its melancholy test, our character as prophets! But if the English nation desire to preserve the existence in maintaining the integrity of the empire, and, by retaining Ireland, to prevent Britain from being swept from the chart of nations—let them know, and be assured, that in deciding the principle of the Church Commission, they are, in reality, determining the fate of repeal.

We are not singular in our opinion that the Church Establishment is the bond of union between the two countries. We certainly have high authority for the assertion that its subversion will inevitably lead to their separation. Lord Chancellor—we beg pardon, Mr. Attorney-General—Plunkett, has left on record his eloquent testimony to its truth. We do not wish to be understood as falling into the absurdity of supposing for one moment that it is possible, from any statement, or even vow of the noble and learned lord, made at any period, to infer what his opinion may be at any other period. The noble and learned lord's opinions depend upon "circumstances over which he has no control;" but yet his former declaration is worthy of being preserved for the eloquence of the terms in which it is couched—compared with his future conduct it may be valuable as a curious specimen of political tergiversation. In the year 1824, a little more than ten years from the date at which we write, a Mr. Plunkett spoke thus in the House of Commons:

"Sir, with respect to the Protestant establishment in Ireland, I think it necessary not only that there should be an established church, but that the establishment should be richly endowed. Sir, I wish that the establishment should be richly endowed, to enable the clergy to take their places among the nobles of the land; but, speaking in a political point of view, I have no hesitation in saying that the existing Protestant Establishment in Ireland is the grand bond of union between the two countries. If ever the unfortunate moment shall arrive at which the legislature shall rashly lay hands upon the property of the Church, that moment will seal the doom of the union, and terminate, for ever, the connexion between the countries."

Lord Plunkett is beginning to have a conscience, at least he has put on the semblance of possessing one. His name does not appear in the commission. The English Chancellor's name is at its head, but the Irish Chancellor's is unaccountably passed over. This is a noble and a worthy tribute to consistency, from one whose whole political life has set it at defiance. It is something like the penitence of the miser, who, having amassed wealth by all the arts of fraud, and all the instruments of extortion, endeavours, on his death-bed, to square his accounts with heaven, by posting a pitiful charity against enormous iniquity; and imagines that he redeems the oppression by which thousands have been amassed, when he sends a donation of five pounds to the parish poor. But no! we are estimating the noble and learned lord's consistency too highly. Paltry as is the donation of the dying miser, it takes something from his hoarded store. Lord Plunkett's consistency has not subtracted one single farthing from the perquisites or the salary upon which he has closed a determined and tenacious grasp. Political pliancy of principle has already borne him through all the demoralizing grades of a subservient elevation; and, for himself, political baseness has no object, as political delinquency can obtain no further reward; and then the Hannibals—the dear, the precious little Hannibals—they too are all comfortably provided for. Lord Plunkett has trafficked in tergiversation until he has made his fortune, and he is now, perhaps, about to retire from the trade. His lordship can now afford to keep a conscience.

His lordship will perceive that we are ready to allow every merit to his new-born consistency, when we say that we have discovered (and we confess we were surprised at the discovery) that he will not *gratuitously* put himself forward as the violator of a pledge. We do not believe that ministers wished for his name, or they could have had it. But the time is gone by when that name could add respectability to any thing in the eyes of any. Political venality would be the most permanent as well as the most lucrative of trades, if it were not that it destroys itself. Character is the capital which it employs, and this capital perishes in its occupation. The *hackneyed* slave of power is too de-

based to be worth his purchase; and in the multitude of transfers the commodity is so injured, as at length to become unmarketable. Happy they who make to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when bankrupt in character they may not be without resource—happy they who bargain well for their price in the hour of their political prostitution; for the time must come when they will be discarded, and they will be compelled to enact the late learned chastity of the female who ceases at length to yield, because she is no longer wooed; and having outlived her attractions, becomes virtuous of necessity, and not of choice.

Had Lord Plunkett resigned anything for the sake of his consistency, our language would be different. Had he joined the righteous and the honest men who have seceded on the church question from the spoliation cabinet, we would give him credit for purity of intention, and have respected it even in him. But we cannot understand the absence of his name from the Commission. If his lordship approves of the measures of his colleagues, why has he not the courage to give them the sanction of his name? If he disapproves of those measures, why does he continue to act with the men who are adopting principles of robbery as the ground of their treatment of the church? We believe the solution of the problem is to be found in the declaration we have quoted. Lord Plunkett cares not for the principle, and therefore he retains his place. He dreads the infamy of an open contravention of his recorded opinions, and therefore he will not permit his name to appear in the Commission. From our soul we despise the man who does wrong by halves, and has all the responsibility without any of the boldness of guilt—still more do we despise the man who can disregard the sanctions of rectitude, but dreads the censure of opinion.

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name;
And free from conscience is a slave to fame.

What is the amount of his lordship's concession to his principles, or rather to his declaration? He will not join in the Commission, but he aids and abets the act. He is too honest to be a principal, but no inconvenient conscientiousness prevents him from being an accessory. He reminds us of the tender-hearted assassin who could not bring

himself to stab his sleeping friend ; but in the full relenting of his honest heart, hands the dagger to his brother ruffian.

"I cannot stab him—I once swore to be his friend ; Give me the lamp—here, take the dagger! strike! Strike to his heart! I'll light thee to the deed."

Before we conclude, we wish to call attention to one mischief that is sure to result from the working of the Commission—a mischief which all who mourn over the religious feuds of Ireland will at once understand and lament. In a country such as this, where religious animosity has embittered every feeling, and intrudes its baneful influence into all that concerns the interests of Ireland, it is madness—it is wickedness in the government, to send round to every parish to number the population by their religious profession—to marshal them into two great religious parties, and establish a muster roll of dissension by recording individually their differences as to creed. Could any system of policy be devised better calculated to perpetuate that spirit of religious partizanship which the government affect to deplore? is not this setting the Protestant against the Roman Catholic, and the Roman Catholic against the Protestant ; and making broad and distinct the line of demarcation between the two classes? When the commissioners are to take their evidence in each parish, will no heartburnings be engendered by its collection? when conflicting testimonies are presented—and most assuredly there will—will no malice remain on the minds of the party whose evidence is set aside? If ministers choose to deal as they have said, with the Established Church, let them, as they value the peace of the country, act on the information they have already—information which it has cost the country thousands to procure ; but never let them venture on a measure that will bring dissension home to every man's door ; that will drag every man to be a sharer in religious feuds, and aggravate those feuds by all the animosity of local associations, and particularize them by all the individuality of local quarrels. Their commissioners will be itinerant incendiaries : like Samson's foxes, they will be sent forth two and two ; and like Samson's foxes, each couple will have a firebrand between their tails.

We must have done. Dark as is the prospect, we do not yet despair of the preservation of the church. It is in the apathy—in the disunion—in the cowardice of Protestants that the danger is. If those who value the blessings of a scriptural church—who wish their children to enjoy the privileges which they themselves, perhaps, do not know how to value until they lose them, will even now stand forward to resist the attacks of revolutionary infidelity, the country may be saved. Let Protestants now fling to the winds every selfish consideration and every selfish fear : as they value their religion—as they love their country—as they honor their God, let them protest against the unholy alienation of the revenues of the Church, and protest in the language of men who are ready to risk all for their religion. If the Protestant establishment is destroyed, the Roman Catholic religion must inevitably be established in its place ; and then farewell to all liberty of conscience, to all freedom of thought. Let us, then, in resisting spoliation, remember that we are preventing usurpation—let us feel that we are upholding our liberties in contending for our faith. If Protestants are animated by such motives, and join in the soul-stirring cry of "no surrender" of the church—with the blessing of God we have no fear of the result ; our distant congregations will be still preserved, the outposts of the British constitution and the British faith—the watch-towers of religion and of freedom in districts where the tyranny of superstition rules—and brighter days will dawn for Ireland, and a purer faith be yet professed throughout her borders. The church shall remain the grand maintainer of Christian faith, to bring down the blessings of heaven upon a Christian land. If there be power in truth, religion shall civilize Ireland, and error and superstition shall flee away ; and when the stillness of the grave has closed upon the violence of those who now assail our temple, and the arm of its defenders is slumbering in dust, that temple shall still stand—and the flame of pure religion still burn upon its altar—while in the majesty of venerated antiquity it looks down upon another generation of a free and peaceable, because a Christian people.

IMPROMPTU.

SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF AN AFFECTIONATE LETTER FROM ONE
DEAR TO THE WRITER.

Thee EVERLASTING ! let me praise,
Not for the boon of life alone ;
But that the heart whence came those thoughts,
Beats in a bosom *all* mine own !

Grant then, good Lord, this soul-sent pray'r—
Whate'er the fate thou mean'st for me,
Whether care-soil'd or joy-illum'd,
Still by my hearth-stone may *she* be !

Sorrow, with *her*, I could not deem
An unreliev'd or hapless lot—
But desolate were palace halls,
And gilded state, where *she was not* !

Ah ! let me, then, contented be,
Though fortune never o'er me shine—
Since better far than gold or pomp,
Is *one* fond heart, my love ! like thine.

C. X. R.

SONNET.

'Twas at the breaking of a summer morn,
When earth as yet in dewy slumber lay,
And heaven first blushed her welcome to the day,
Just then a song burst forth from yonder thorn,
So sad, it seemed as if some bird forlorn,
Hid the night through beneath th' o'erarching spray,
Now wept the entrance of the coming day,
And called upon the darkness to return.

I too, (though far less eloquent my strain,)
Was watching there, and, like that lonely bird,
Strove to discourse the shadows back again,—
Those shadows, whose retirement is not stirred
By heartless merriment, to mock my pain,
But where the low-voiced heart alone is heard.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

“*Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terræ magnum alterius spectare laborem.*”—*LUCRÆTIUS.*

CHAPTER V.

CABO TORMENTOSO.

HAVING despatches for the governor, and a variety of other business to transact in Cape Town, we stood into Table Bay, previously to proceeding to Simons Bay, which is the regular naval station of the Cape. Table Bay is well known to be extremely liable to sudden squalls, which frequently make tremendous havoc among the shipping, tearing them from their moorings, and drifting them with awful violence on the shore. It is generally admitted, however, that much of the danger attendant on these storms might be avoided by using the precaution of mooring the vessels firmly with strong cables and heavy anchors. Ships so secured have been known to ride out the most tremendous gales, while such as neglect this precaution almost invariably suffer. Accordingly, although the weather was extremely fine when we arrived, Captain Morley directed the best and small bowers to be dropped with nearly an hundred fathom of cable to each, in order to preclude the possibility of accident.

It was evening when we came to our moorings, and in the morning the captain proceeded on shore, taking Strangway and myself along with him. We landed opposite the custom-house, and proceeded immediately to the residence of the governor. Our way lay through the Heergraft; and certainly the appearance of this elegant street was well calculated to make on us an agreeable first impression. In length it extends fully a quarter of a mile, and its breadth is in proportion. The houses are regularly built; generally two stories high, with flat roofs and flights of steps up to the doors.

The carriage-way is lined on each side by rows of handsome trees, betwixt which and the houses are trottoirs. For the first half of its extent, only one side of the street is occupied by buildings, the other being a large open space, lined with trees, and used as a military parade. The shade of the overhanging branches affords a grateful shelter from the heat of the sun; and their full and verdant foliage tends to promote an agreeable circulation of air when the weather is sultry. Altogether I have not seen a place where I should be better contented to drop anchor for life than the Heergraft of Cape Town. The day was remarkably fine; and the bright rays of the sun imparted an agreeable air of cheerfulness to the scene.

The captain having delivered his dispatches, and transacted some other slight business in the town, we determined to take a peep at the environs before returning on board. Accordingly, having repassed the Heergraft, we took the road to Green Point, which is an extensive tract of meadow land running between the sea and the foot of the Lion's Rump. The scenery here was delightful, especially to men just arrived from a voyage. Before us were stretched the placid waters of the expanded bay, bounded on the one hand by a range of azure mountains, and extending on the other far away into the horizon-bounded Atlantic. Numerous merchant ships—the jolly old Hesperus peering proudly above them all—were riding at anchor; most of them with their white sails, unfurled to dry, flapping loosely in the breeze. Boats and lighters of all sizes were plying to and from the shore, or lying

along-side the different ships, on whose decks the mariners were busily engaged in loading or unloading their cargo. An occasional pinnacle with its gaudily painted gunwale, and dazzling triangular sails, was seen treading its way through the maze, bound with a party from town on some pleasure excursion. Altogether it was a scene on which a sailor loves to gaze—life, hustle and activity, on the placid surface of the element of his adoption.

Turning round from this pleasing prospect, the land-view was scarcely less interesting. In the back ground the towering mass of Table Mountain, flanked on either side by the lesser but still stupendous heights of Devil's Hill and the Lion's Rump, stretched its stately head nearly four thousand feet into the air—steep, bare, and torrent-furrowed towards the top, and covered towards the base with huge fragments of detached rock and heaps of mountain debris, among which a stunted tree or occasional patch of brushwood were here and there observable. Betwixt this and the green plain on which we stood lay the town, with its gay white-walled houses glittering in the sun-beams, or thrown into agreeable obscurity by the dark shade of overhanging trees. Extensive gardens, surrounded by luxuriant myrtle and laurel groves, with here and there clumps of lemon trees, and lofty oaks twined round by the tendrils of the “enlacing vine,” adorned the environs towards the land-side, while the fort and batteries presented their sloping glacés towards the sea. Sometimes turning round to contemplate this prospect, and sometimes reverting to our own proper element, we passed on delighted with both, extending our walk nearly to the extremity of Green Point. Here, on a wooden bench erected for the use of the townspeople, we sat down to rest. The waters of the bay, unruffled and motionless, seemed literally to be sleeping in the sunshine, and reflected vividly the shadows of the ships and boats that floated on their surface.

I do not know how long we might have remained in this situation, but certainly not so much as half an hour, when turning to contemplate once more the land-view, we were surprised at the change that had taken place in the appearance of Table Mountain. Its lofty outline was no longer relieved against the clear blue sky. A dense mass of black clouds mustered ominously behind it, and a thin white mist was curling in sweeping eddies round its summit.

“We must return with all speed to the ship,” said Captain Morley, rising from the bench. “I know that signal of old! When the table-cloth is spread upon the mountain, we may look for heavy squalls.”

We rose, accordingly, and walked rapidly in the direction of the town. The fog round the summit of the mountain increased meanwhile in density, and became more and more agitated by intermitting gusts of wind. The sea-fowl, instinctively prophetic of an approaching storm, left the water in flocks—the cape pigeon winging its way rapidly landward, and the mighty albatros towering high into the welkin to make its bed among the clouds of some more tranquil region.* The lurid clouds in the background continued to marshal ominously—overtopped the hill, and speedily reached the zenith. Still the sun, which they had not yet obscured, shone brilliantly, casting our shadows before us. We had not proceeded many yards, however, till these too disappeared. All was black and ominous. We increased our pace to a run, and were hurrying rapidly forward, when in an instant, and without the slightest warning, we were met by a gale so furious as completely to retard our course, and even carry us a pace or two backwards. A torrent of the heaviest rain I ever witnessed, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder, succeeded. We buttoned our coats, bent our heads downwards, and contended with the tempest as we best could.

* The albatros is said to sleep when on the wing ;

“ —loin des bruits de la terre,
Bercé par son vol solitaire,
Il va s'endormir dans les cieux !”

Our progress, however, was extremely slow, for the wind, if anything, continued increasing in violence. The blackness of the atmosphere, too, became more and more appalling; and we could hear by the dashing of the waves, for it was dangerous to look up, that the sea was already agitated.

After a tedious and fatiguing walk we at length reached the town. Not an individual was to be seen; the wind howled desolately among the houses, and the rain-water ran in torrents through the streets. With great difficulty we rounded the corner of Somerset road, where the gale swept past with a furious eddy, and, getting into the comparatively more sheltered Waterkant street, at length reached the quay. Here, neither our own nor any other boat was to be seen; the quay was totally deserted, and the waves lashed furiously over the parapet. Elkins, who had been anxiously waiting our arrival, presently joined us.

"No craft can live in the water, at present, Sir," he said, addressing Captain Morley, "every boat in the harbour has gone somewhere for shelter, and we have taken our gig into the dock of Rogge battery."

We now looked towards the sea, and were immediately convinced that to return to the ship at that time was impossible. The waves were running mountain-high, and the seething foam lashed far up the beach and adjacent rocks.

"I would give all I am possessed of," said Morley, "to be, at this moment, on the deck of the *Hesperus*!"

"It is impossible, Sir," said Strangway, "no boat could live for an instant in such a sea;" and, as he spoke, an enormous billow, as if in confirmation of what he said, rolled far up the beach beneath us, and deposited its snowy plumage at our feet.

Meanwhile, the gale continued to blow so furiously that we were obliged to hold on by each other in order to keep our places. The rain-water streamed in torrents from our clothes, and every moment seemed to add fresh violence to the hurricane. While standing in this uncomfortable situation, uncertain what course to pursue, we were suddenly hailed by a voice from behind, and turning round observed a gentleman at an upper window

of the custom-house, beckoning us to come in. We were not tardy in taking advantage of this considerate invitation, and soon found ourselves in a comfortable room, where several clerks were busily engaged with their ledgers in the midst of all the turmoil. From the window we commanded a complete view of the bay; and the prospect it presented was truly appalling. The billows were of enormous magnitude, and rolled onwards with a violence which no power seemed capable of resisting. Their wide and agitated tops were covered with fields of foam, flakes of which the drifting gale caught up as it passed, and wafted impetuously away, far over the tops of the houses. Towards the shore, the yawning gulphs between the waves were so black and deep that the eye almost shrunk from contemplating them; while, farther out, where the perspective shut those fearful chasms from the view, nothing was to be seen but one immense, unbroken, sheet of foam. Beyond the bay, the waters of the ocean were black and desolate; no horizon was distinguishable. The gloomy colours of the clouds and of the distant water, were so completely assimilated, that they appeared to pass into each other; nor could the eye fix on any point where the one could be said to terminate, and the other to commence. In the lower strata of the air, detached masses of cloud, fringed with a stormy copper-coloured light, were racking furiously before the tempest; while above, all was blackness and obscurity, fixed and immoveable as the rock of ages.

"What are become of all the vessels that were moored in the bay this morning?" said I, observing only the *Hesperus* and a single merchantman.

"They all cut their cables," replied the gentleman who invited us in, and who now stood beside us at the window, "and stood out to sea as soon as the mist began to gather round the top of the mountain. This is, in general, their only chance of escape in such a squall, for, notwithstanding so many warnings, they are seldom provident enough to furnish themselves with moorings sufficiently strong to ride it out. I presume, Sir," he continued, addressing himself to Morley, "you are the captain of the *Hesperus*?"

"I am," replied Captain Morley, "and I shall never forgive myself for being absent from her at such a crisis."

"You need not be in the least alarmed for her safety, Sir," said the gentleman. "I have witnessed many of these squalls from the spot where we now stand, and can judge pretty accurately of the chance a ship has of weathering one of them. The *Hesperus*, I perceive, is moored by her two bowers, in addition to which she has since dropped a sheet anchor, and her cables are sufficiently long to allow her to humour the waves. I have watched her narrowly for some time, and I assure you she is not in the slightest danger."

Our own observations confirmed the gentleman's remark. The *Hesperus* was riding out the tempest in most gallant style. From time to time she appeared on the summit of a wave, by which she was borne forward to a considerable distance, till the water gradually glided out from beneath her, and, without the slightest shock, she sunk back into the abyss behind. Here her hull, and all the under part of her rigging, were hid from the view, and nothing was to be seen but her top spars, till gradually she again emerged, and stood out high upon the top of the succeeding billow. After observing her carefully for some time, the captain himself seemed satisfied of her safety, and was, at length, so much relieved as to be able to turn his attention to the merchantman.

The state of this unfortunate vessel was very different. She was riding at single anchor, and it was evident she was not provided with a sufficient length of cable. When she appeared on the summit of a wave, she was hurled impetuously forward, and when at the very top of her precipitate career, was checked with a sudden jerk, and fell back, amid clouds of spray, into the yawning trough of the water.

"She can never ride it out," said Captain Morley. "Those repeated shocks must, eventually, snap her cable."

Nor was it long till the captain's prediction was verified. An enormous billow caught her up, raised her on its heaving side, and hurled her forward with irresistible violence. For an in-

stant her strained cable seemed to check her in her course, but it was only for an instant. Again she was precipitated forward—her prow took a downward direction—bowsprit and bows were immersed in the water—the billow passed onwards and hid her from our view. It was evident her cable had snapped, and we considered her destiny as sealed. Again, however, she appeared on the top of the succeeding wave, and we could see, with the assistance of a glass, that she had ported her helm, and succeeded in turning her head from the wind. The manœuvre was dexterously managed. She glided down the farther side of the wave and surmounted the next. Some hope seemed still to be left, as she was certainly making, though slowly, from the shore. We watched her with intense anxiety. The gale drifted furiously against her, and her spars were snapping, like reeds, before it, but still she bore gallantly on, till an enormous sea caught her on the weather beam, and threw her obliquely into the trough of the water. When she next appeared, her rudder was gone. No power on earth could now save her. She was dashed, unresistingly, forward, and precipitated, with a furious shock, upon the beach, where the sea broke over her, mountains high.

"For God's sake," cried Captain Morley, "let us descend, and render what assistance we can to the unfortunate crew!"

"Any assistance of ours, Sir," said the stranger gentleman, "will, I fear, be unavailing. The government guard will be already on the beach, to protect the property that may be washed ashore, and we would only be exposing ourselves to the gale for no purpose."

"D——n the gale!" cried Morley, impatiently; and he rushed out of the room, followed by Strangway and myself.

When we reached the street we found that the wind and rain had somewhat moderated, and that the clouds were beginning to rack away, though the sea still raged with all its former violence. We hastened forward to the spot where we had observed the ship to strike, and soon arrived at the scene of devastation. Here we found a large concourse of people

already assembled, among whom were a non-commissioned military officer and a few soldiers. The vessel was lying within half a cable's length of the beach, and evidently in very shoal water; for the waves that washed furiously over her in their advance left her in their reflux so bare that we could sometimes even see her keel. The crew and passengers, among whom were several females, (we learned from the bystanders that she was an English merchantman homeward bound, with goods and passengers,) stood on the deck holding on by the remainder of the spars and rigging, for the bulwarks were almost entirely washed away. It was evident she could not resist the fury of the tempest for many minutes. Her timbers creaked and crashed with a fearful sound as she was struck by each successive wave; and, at length, a huge sea struck her on the quarter, broke her back, and hove the sternpart round alongside the prow. The cries of the unfortunate passengers for help were at this moment truly appalling. But what assistance could we give? We had no boat, and, though we had, it could have been of little service in such a sea; as for swimming, there was not among us a heart stout enough to attempt it. The crew themselves seemed incapable of any exertion; they stood paralyzed and motionless on the deck looking eagerly towards the land. At length one of the men appeared with a rope in his hand, the end of which he fastened round the root of the foremast. He then stripped to the shirt, and taking a lead-line to which he had attached the other end of the rope, between his teeth, threw himself into the water. For some time he was totally lost to our view, and we supposed he had fallen a sacrifice to his daring attempt. Presently, however, he appeared on the top of a wave by which he was borne rapidly forward and thrown with awful violence on the beach. The spectators made a simultaneous rush to his assistance, but before they could reach him the receding water caught him up, and washed him out a considerable distance from the shore. We now gave him up for lost; but before many minutes had elapsed he again appeared, swimming strongly, and struggling manfully with

the raging surge, which he endeavoured to oppose by striking out in an opposite direction to that in which it was running. He at length neared the shore, and, giving himself up to an advancing wave, was again borne rapidly forward, till suddenly diving beneath the water, he disappeared, and the billow rolled on without him, dashing its foaming crest high up upon the shore. Back again it rushed, hurling along with it immense masses of stone which it tore up from the beach; and, when it had receded a considerable way, we again descried the sailor struggling against it and swimming shorewards. By dint of sheer strength he so far overcame the force of its suction as to attain the beach before it again advanced, when, starting nimbly to his feet, he ran hastily up to the spot where the spectators were collected. I shall never forget his appearance when he first presented himself before us. On leaving the ship, he had taken off all his clothes save his shirt, and this was slipped down from his shoulders, and fastened round his waist by the sleeves, which were firmly knotted in front. In his countenance, which was handsome, though dark and weather-beaten, there was a strange peculiarity of expression which seemed to indicate a singular mixture of courage and pride, generosity and sullenness. His long black hair hung, in dripping ringlets down his temples, and intermixed, in clotted tangles with his huge, bushy, whiskers. His figure was thin but extremely athletic; and the elegant moulding of his limbs, elastic with the vigorous energy of youth, seemed to indicate an origin superior to his present humble station. Round his neck he wore a black ribbon, to which was attached a large metal locket. His chest and shoulders were streaming with blood; and in his hand he bore the lead-line from which he had never parted in all his danger. He gave no salutation as he approached us, and waited for none, but commenced hastily to haul the rope to which the line was attached, ashore. When he had secured this he instantly thrust it into the hands of the nearest bystanders.

"Hold tight on there, messmates,"

he cried, in a hoarse voice, and without waiting for a reply, he rushed down to the beach and again plunged into the water.

With the assistance of the rope, which now extended from the ship to the shore, it was not long till he stood once more on deck, where he was received with a loud cheer by his messmates. Encouraged by his example, and by the prospect of safety which the rope afforded, the rest of the crew now began to bestir themselves. Quantities of luggage and stores of different kinds were tossed overboard, and, being gathered up by the bystanders as soon as they had drifted ashore, were placed together in a heap, round which the soldiers formed a ring. The sea, however, still continued to rage as furiously as ever, and the eventual rescue of the passengers and crew seemed matter of great uncertainty. At length, we observed the same intrepid seaman advance towards the side of the vessel, and, grasping a female in one arm, while with the other he held on by the rope, he plunged overboard. For a short space they both disappeared, but when the water receded it left them on the firm land, the sailor still holding fast by the rope. By an almost superhuman exertion of strength and agility, he succeeded in bearing his charge to the beach, safe though exhausted, before the wave again advanced. As formerly he did not exchange a word with the bystanders, but, laying his burden gently on the grass, returned again to the ship. The rest of the crew now emulated his example, and the female part of the passengers were all rescued, with the exception of two, who were washed out to sea and drowned. The crew and male passengers succeeded in saving themselves with the loss of only one life.

The sailor who first brought the rope ashore, had made no fewer than seven different trips to the vessel, and the excitement seemed each time to inspire him with fresh strength and courage. But now, when the work was done, he stood before us shivering with cold, exhausted, bruised, and bleeding. Still he exchanged words with no one, nor joined in the congratulations which the rest were giving

and receiving among each other and from the bystanders. Without taking notice of any one, he passed on to the place where the boxes that had been saved from the wreck were heaped.

"You can't come in here, my lad," said the officer, who was guarding them, observing that the man wished to pass, "no one can be allowed to touch these till the magistrate has examined them."

"I see my own chest there," growled the sailor, "I want a coat!"

"Well, I can't allow you to touch anything here," said the officer, "so you had better take yourself off."

"I'm wet."

"I can't help it; my orders are peremptory."

"I'm shivering with cold."

"There's no use speaking to me; I tell you, once for all, you shan't touch one of these packages, at present."

The sailor made no reply, but a dark scowl passed over his face, and he turned away. Captain Morley interceded with the officer, but in vain; he was quite inexorable. I turned away in disgust from the unfeeling monster, whose conduct no observance of duty, however strict, could palliate, and the first object that met my sight was Strangway, busily engaged in stripping to the buff. I was well aware of the temperament of the worthy lieutenant, whose choler nothing so easily roused as cruelty or oppression, and I never doubted that he was preparing to beat humanity into the unfeeling officer, in the genuine old English fashion. In this, however, I was mistaken.

"Here, my good fellow," said he, addressing the sailor, "here are a coat and waistcoat for you; you will find money enough in the pocket to procure a proper rig-out when you reach the town."

The man gave him a look which seemed to say; "are you serious?" and, with a simple "thank you, heartily, Sir," he took the proffered garments and leisurely put them on.

"Give me your hand, Strangway," said Captain Morley, who had stood a passive observer of the scene; "you've taught me a lesson to-day, which I shall not soon forget!" and the worthy commander shook the hand of his

lieutenant with a cordiality which evinced how much his conduct had pleased him. I thought I observed something like a rising tear glisten in his eye.

The wind now lulled almost as suddenly as it had sprung up; the clouds raked rapidly away, and the sun once more shone out with all its former splendour. Towards evening the agitation of the water subsided, and Captain Morley desired Elkins to bring our gig to the quay stairs.

"Elkins!" said the captain, observing that there were only three men at the oars, "what is become of Stubbs?"

"He left us this morning, Sir," replied Elkins, "soon after our arrival, and went into the town to purchase tobacco. We have not since seen him, Sir."

"Did you not go in quest of him, when you found he did not return?"

"We did, Sir; but we have not been able to find any trace of him."

"Well, we can't wait for him now," said the captain. "Mr. Lascelles, will you take the fourth oar?" Without farther interruption we returned to the ship, and were gratified, on our arrival, by learning that she had not sustained the slightest damage during the gale.

On the forenoon of the following day I was summoned to attend the captain in his cabin.

"Mr. Lascelles," said he, "I have sent for you to say that Thomas Stubbs, the former captain of the mizen-top, who disappeared from among our boat's crew yesterday, is not yet returned on board; and, from what I can learn from his messmates, I have every reason to believe that he has deserted. You shall, therefore, take a sergeant of marines, and proceed in search of him; and as he is probably still lurking somewhere about the town, I trust you will find no difficulty in tracing him out."

Nothing could be in more entire accordance with my taste, than such an expedition as this. From my youth up "the chase," in all its branches, has been my delight. Short time sufficed to make the necessary preparations, and before half an hour had elapsed the sergeant and I were hunting, in couples, through the streets of Cape Town, in pursuit of the ill-fated deserter. All our inquiries, however, were vain. No one knew anything of such a man—no one had seen anything

of him; and, what was still more extraordinary, no one had even *heard* anything of him. We traversed every street in the town—drank beer in every tavern, from the highest to the lowest—entered every place of public resort—but still no tidings of Tom Stubbs. We were fairly at fault. At last, finding all other means fruitless, I thought it would be necessary to have recourse to the governor; and having informed my companion of my intention, we proceeded together towards his residence. We were, at this time, in the suburb of the town, and wishing to take the nearest road, we turned up a narrow lane, fenced on each side by high walls—the heavily laden branches of fruit trees hanging over one of which indicated a garden; while some tall beams and planks of timber peering over the top of the other, gave symptoms of a carpenter's wood yard. The day was bright and intensely hot, and everything around was still and motionless, save the humming of the insects among the trees, and the monotonous sound of the mallets of the workmen, who were engaged at their craft on the other side of the wall. We plodded on our way as leisurely as the nature of our duty warranted, but had not proceeded many paces when our attention was arrested by a voice in the wood-yard, calling out in rather a loud tone:

"Come along, Blackie; wont sing us a song, man, to help away this hot afternoon?"

"No blackie me, massa Jem! me call Tom! Him no forget dat."

"Well, Tom, sing us a song, my lad, and you shall drink a pot of beer with me at the Stag, this evening."

"Hey, ya! beer bery good ting, Massa Jem!—berly good ting!—berly!"

"Well strike us up a stave, my lad; and see that your voice run mellowly as the beer from old Hans's cask!"

Thus urged, the party addressed lifted up his voice; which if it *did* flow as mellowly as old Hans's beer certainly said very little for the entertainment to be met with at the Stag. The words of the first part of the song have escaped my memory; but it was chanted to a very lugubrious air, and contained a "melting account" of the miseries endured by poor slaves. The latter part was sung in a more lively strain, and described the joys that were

whose hat and face seemed to hold an honoured rivalry for the palm of Japanese brilliancy. The hope, however, that he might be Stubbs in disguise, I was unwillingly obliged to relinquish. Stubbs was a middle-sized man, Tom an extremely athletic powerful fellow of at least six feet. Besides, there was no mistaking the polished shining complexion, flat nose, and thick blubbery lips that bespoke the uncounterfeited negro. The rest of the workmen followed in a group behind, apparently curious to ascertain what the Englishmen could have to say to their African comrade.

Having first formally presented Tom to our notice, the overseer was called away to another part of the work, and we were left to pursue our investigations as we best could. I have often cordially thanked my kind stars that I was not bred a lawyer; and yet I have frequently been placed in situations where a little of the proverbial cunning of that amiable fraternity might have been of considerable avail, and such was the present.

"Pray, Tom," said I, floundering at once in *medias res*, without the precaution of employing previously a few appropriate "leaders;" "Pray, Tom, are you acquainted with one Thomas Stubbs of his Majesty's ship *Hesperus*?"

Tom, who stood while I was propounding this sapient question with his huge glaring eyes fixed in the middle of their sockets, and the door through which eloquence flows expanded wide enough to have allowed a long Demosthenic harangue to issue forth, compressed his lips as I finished, and turning round to his companions, as if he wished their attestation of the truth of what he was going to say, shrugged his shoulders, looked wise, and replied with a grin:

"No massa!—my no sabe he!"

"Nay, Tom," continued I, "I don't mean the poor fellow any harm, nor you either; but I wish you would tell me where Stubbs is at present."

"Tubbs! Tubbs!" repeated Tom, looking down at his black splay feet, as if he thought they might help him at a pinch; "Tubbs! Tubbs! massa me tell him true, my no sabe dat pigeon!"

"But you've seen him somewhere,

haven't you, Tom?" I continued pressing the point.

"No massa," replied the incorrigible negro with the most imperturbable gravity of countenance; "no massa! my no see him nebber!"

Finding that nothing was to be made of this mode of interrogation, I shifted my tack, and determined to proceed more cautiously.

"Very well," I said, "no matter, Tom; I only thought somehow that you had known him. By the way, that's a very handsome hat you've got, Tom!" and I looked keenly at him to observe if the remark produced any effect. But Tom maintained unaltered the calm serenity of his countenance; and if he *did* blush, I confess the soft tint of conscience escaped my observation.

"Hey ya!" he replied, taking off his hat, and twirling it between his fingers with a most pleased and complacent smile; "Hey ya! him hat bery good hat!"

"Will you let me see it, Tom?"

"Hey ya, massa!" and he put the hat in my hand, apparently highly pleased with the admiration it excited.

"By heaven!" I exclaimed after a short examination, and raising my voice to a tone of extreme displeasure, "how is this Sir! this is Stubbs's hat, here is his name written on it!"

Tom seemed highly nettled at this insinuation; the smile upon his countenance gave place to a look of wrath, and his voice and gestures became somewhat fierce, as extending his hand to recover his property, he exclaimed:

"Tubbs' hat! me no sabe dat dam Tubbs! Me buy de hat for one pot of beer! Gib him! Gib him goddam!" and at every word he advanced a step nearer, attempting to clutch the disputed hat from my hand.

"I say, Tom!" cried one of his comrades, a tall broad-shouldered Englishman in a blue apron, "where did you get the beer you bought the hat with, my lad?"

"Wer me get him?" replied Tom, a little posed by the question: "wat de dibble matter, wer me get him, massa Jem!"

"Ay, ay! you stole it, I warrant me, from the master's store."

"But me not steal him hat goddam!"

me buy him hat! gib him, gib him, goddam!" and he laid hold of my arm to effect a forcible recovery of his property.

"That's it, Tom," cried Jem, egging him on to the attack; "go it, my lad; the fellow wants to steal your hat, by Jove, as you stole the master's beer. At him, my hearty!"

Tom, by this time highly incensed, needed no such incentive to urge him to open hostilities. He laid hold of me with both his hands, and it was only by the exertion of my utmost strength that I succeeded in throwing him off, when, drawing my dirk, I swore I would stab him if he attempted to lay a finger on me. At the sight of the glittering steel, Tom cautiously retreated a few paces backwards, but it was only to snatch up a huge block of wood, with which he again returned to the attack, brandishing it over his head, his black eyes sparkling with fury. I was completely at his mercy; one blow would have shivered my skull like a nutshell; and it was just on the point of descending, when the arm of the negro was suddenly arrested by the voice of the overseer.

"What's this your after, you black devil!" he exclaimed in a thundering voice; and Tom stood, petrified as it were by the sound, in the posture he had assumed to give good effect to his intended blow—one leg a little advanced, his head somewhat depressed, and both hands grasping firmly the uplifted weapon—no bad representation of an African Hercules in the attitude of inflicting the lethal blow on some couching Nemean lion.

"What's all this about, you black beast?" said the overseer, as he approached and struck the uplifted club from the hands of the astonished Tom; "I'll have you flogged every day for a fortnight, you savage, to beat a little discretion into you. Off with you to your booth, or I'll send you there with a chain round your ankles."

I now thought it right to intercede in Tom's behalf, and deprecate the resentment of the overseer, to whom I explained the whole particulars of the quarrel.

"You see, Sir," I continued, presenting the hat, "here is the name of the man, Stubbs, in whom I am at

present in pursuit as a deserter from his majesty's ship *Hesperus*."

The overseer examined the hat, and turning angrily round to Tom, asked him where he got it.

"Me buy him," replied Tom, quite subdued by the presence of his superior.

"Where?"

"From Massa Moses Mosheim."

It appeared from the farther interrogatories of the overseer, that poor Tom, chancing that morning to pass the shop of Moses Mosheim, where the hat was hung out at the door to lure purchasers, had been mightily taken with its appearance, especially with the writing with which it was adorned, and which the cunning Jew had represented as a new-fashioned sort of ornament, and that after half an hour's bargaining he had become the purchaser on the terms above alluded to.

"Well, Sir," said the overseer, "you have allowed yourself to be cheated, and you must suffer this gentleman to take away the hat, as it belongs to one of his men."

Poor Tom sobbed with very vexation when he saw his newly-acquired adornment thus unceremoniously disposed of, but did not offer a syllable of objection. I positively felt sorry for him.

"I have no wish, Sir," I said, "that this poor fellow should be a loser by the business; and if you will allow him to conduct me to the shop of this Moses, in order that I may make a few inquiries there, I have not the slightest objection to his retaining the hat."

Tom's face brightened up at this proposal; and the overseer having given his consent, I restored the contested castor to its owner, and we proceeded in company towards the residence of the Jew. After a short walk, we arrived in a low, narrow street; and Tom, pointing to a shop completely hung round with coats, hats, trousers, and other parts of male wearing apparel, informed me that this was the place of our destination. Its interior corresponded with its external facade. It was a perfect forest of pendent habilaments, which were hung on the walls by means of nails and cloak-pins, and across the confined area of the little shop by strings, which were stretched

in all directions, transverse and diagonal. So great was the obscurity caused by this incongruous assemblage of human vestures, that it was some time before we discovered the object of our visit standing like a shrivelled mummy behind his little counter. He was a puny, diminutive little fellow, with a countenance truly Jewish, sallow chocolate complexion, and genuine patriarchal longitude of beard. He was habited in a loose grey gown, which was fastened round the waist by a broad leathern belt; and his head was covered by a low, round-crowned hat, whose brim was of the right Bohemian breadth. Indeed the longitude of the beard, and the latitude of the brim, appeared to bear a sort of geographical reference to each other.

We had scarcely well entered the shop, when Tom lugged off his ill-fated hat; and floundering it down upon the counter, roared out in a furious voice to the astonished vender,

"Vat for you sell me dam Tubbs hat, eh? vat for, eh? dam Tubbs hat, goddam!"

The merchant, who was probably accustomed to such sallies from his customers, took not the slightest notice of the hat, but looked coolly and steadily in the face of the enraged negro.

"You are one leetle beet angré, ma frien'," was his only reply.

"Me leattle, goddam!" cried the incensed Tom; "me leattle! me great dam deal angry, goddam! Him gib me back him beer, goddam!"

"Dat I cannot do, ma frien'," replied Moses; "becaush it ish all drunk up."

"Goddam!" cried Tom, brandishing his fist in Moses' face; "vat him say! drinky he! drinky massa beer, goddam. But me make him beer come out of him inside again, goddam!" and he was about to vault over the counter in order to apply an external stomach-pump to the unlucky Moses, when I laid hold of him and kept him back.

"Avast there, Tom," said I; "no more of your blarney, my lad. See, there's a shilling for you; take up your hat, and be off!" and Tom, attempting to twist his face into an expression of something like thankfulness, pocketed the money, clapped on his hat, and made a most rapid retreat, apparently

alarmed lest I should repent of my bounty before he was beyond hearing.

At the expense of half-a-crown and a little civility, we now succeeded in learning from the Jew that he had received the hat on the previous evening from an English sailor, to whom he had given another in exchange. He farther showed us other parts of the same sailor's dress, consisting of jacket, trousers, and check shirt, and told us that he had furnished him instead with the worn-out dress of a Dutch skipper. He did not know, however, he said, where the man was at present to be found, but thought we were likely to hear something of him by going to the house of one Karl Kranse, who kept a beer-shop in a certain street in the suburbs, to which he directed us.

"But you mosh take care, young shentlemans, added Moses; "for if Karl tink you come after any of his people, he vill shoot you vid his pistol, or stab you vid his knife, () yais!"

"The devil he will!" said I: "pray who is this Karl?"

"Hist!" said Moses, putting his finger on his lip, and speaking in a whisper; "he may hear us!"

"Hear us! Is he in the house then?"

"O yais! O no! he is here, dere, everywhere. No one know where Karl may not be found. Hist, young shentleman, I mosh not speak more of him—O no!"

It was in vain that we attempted to question farther on the subject of this mysterious personage; but thinking it prudent to act upon the cautious hint of the old Jew, we availed ourselves of the variety of costumes his shop afforded, and soon sallied forth in quest of Karl, arrayed as an English merchant of the lower class, and his son. The Jew informed us that Karl was a German; and as my companion had served in his youth in the Memel and Riga trade, where he had picked up a smattering of the German language, we hoped this accidental circumstance might be of use to us in our researches.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to the place to which Moses directed us; but, after a variety of wanderings, we at length entered a narrow lane, of which the houses were of the very meanest description. This lane was what is usually termed a blind

alley, being shut up, at the farther end, by a high wall, and one of the very filthiest of those proverbially filthy places. It seemed, indeed, to be the general receptacle of all the abominations of Cape Town. Over the door of a wretched-looking house, about halfway up this delectable spot, dangled a wooden sign-board, which appeared to indicate a place of public entertainment. It exhibited a rude representation of a tankard of ale, beneath which was painted the name of the host. The latter, on a nearer approach, we were able, with some difficulty, to decipher, and found it to be that of which we were in search—"Karl Kranse."

Without any unnecessary observance of ceremony we entered the house, and proceeded towards the interior; guided more by the sound of voices from within, than by the uncertain light, which, being admitted only by the doorway, was nearly obscured by our persons. Presently we found ourselves in a middling-sized room; which, in the absence of windows, was lighted by a solitary iron cruise, that dangled from the ceiling. The earthen floor had recently been sprinkled with clean sand, and several small tables and a few chairs were placed up and down, for the accommodation, apparently, of customers. The only occupants of the room, when we entered, were two men, who were seated at one of the tables smoking cigars and drinking beer. One of them was a man apparently about thirty years of age, with a finely-moulded face; the expression of which, however, was a good deal marred by a dark scowling look, restless fiery eyes, and long overhanging black hair. He was dressed in a sailor's, or perhaps more strictly, a fisherman's costume. A pair of huge wide boots, into which were stuffed the legs of his loose blue trowsers, extended up as far as the bend of the knee. A coarse brown monkey-jacket, with large horn buttons, occupied the place of a coat, and being thrown open, for the comfort of the wearer, displayed a broad leathern belt round the waist, in which were stuck a brace of pistols and a clasp-knife. His companion appeared to be a man about forty-five, and one of the most ferocious-looking fellows I had almost ever seen. He was square-built, strong,

and broad-chested, with a countenance seamed in all directions with deep gashes and scars. His dress was much the same as that of the younger man, saving that he wore no belt, and the butts of his pistols were seen protruding from the pockets of his capacious double-breasted blue waistcoat. As we entered, both the strangers were eagerly engaged in conversation; but our appearances suddenly silenced them; and as we took our places at an adjacent table, I observed that they eyed us attentively, and did not seem to be altogether satisfied with our intrusion. In a few minutes our host appeared, and there was certainly nothing in his appearance that justified the account given of him by Moses. He was a portly, jolly-looking Boniface, with his person completely enveloped in a large circular apron, which was fastened up close under his chin, and extended almost to his feet. He accosted us with much apparent cordiality, smirking and smiling like a true son of the trade.

"*Und was befehlen Sie, meine Herren?*" he said, in a most respectful tone.

As we had previously determined that we should avail ourselves of such knowledge of the German as the sergeant happened to possess, for the laudable purpose of eaves-dropping only, we informed our bowing host that we were Englishmen, and would thank him to accommodate us with a pot of English beer, pipes and tobacco.

"Certainly, gentlemen, certainly!" replied mine host, with perfect fluency and propriety of pronunciation, as he bustled away to execute our commands. A brace of foaming tankards were soon produced, and in a few minutes we were enveloped in a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke. The redoubted Karl, meantime, hustled about the room, arranging the tables and chairs, or removing empty glasses and dishes. The elder of the two strangers, both of whom had maintained an inviolable silence since our entrance eyeing him all the while with an impatient expression of face; much the same as that with which a cat watches the motions of a mouse, preparatory to making a decisive pounce on her prey. At length, as the unsuspecting host passed near the chair of his guest, the latter clutched him by the shoulder, and muttered

between his half-closed teeth—" *Du alter dummer Teufel Du,*" at the same time giving him a shake so hearty as almost to knock him off his equilibrium.*

"Why what ails thee, now, André, my lad," replied Karl with great equanimity, "dost take me for a sack of bran that thou shak'st me so?"

"I take thee for a sack of arrant stupidity," replied André. "What the devil do you mean by allowing strangers to come into the room when we are here?"

"Why, for the matter of that, André, dear," replied the host, "my house is a public, and open to all customers; and trust me, I'm not the man to keep it empty a whole evening for the matter of a couple of cigars and a pot of small ale."

"Thou dolt," cried André, in a tone of great indignation, "what's thy house to me? Could I not by a wink of my finger, blow it up about your ears, and send you to dangle your overgrown carcase on the cross-beam at Green Point?"†

"Two of us can play at winking of fingers, André, my lad," replied Karl; "and, if you commence the game, I warrant me I could have you hanging yourself high and dry at that same Green Point, before to-morrow's sun go down."

"I defy thee, thou craven," cried André. "Look here, Karl," he continued, pointing to the butt of his pistol, "before thou could'st raise thy finger, *this* would bite it off."

"Damn your gewgaws," replied Karl. "You know, André, I had always the advantage of you when such playthings were in question."

"The devil you had;" cried André, "let's see then if your luck will attend you now," and he drew a pistol, cocked it, and was about to present it at our host, when his companion laid hold of his arm.

"Have done with your brawling, yon fools," he said, in the haughty confident tone of a man who must not be disobeyed. "Do you come here to quarrel like a couple of idle school-

boys? Karl, I thought I knew you better. André, you were wont to have more discretion. Come, shake hands and be friends," and the hopeful couple growled an assent, and shook hands with apparent cordiality.

"And now, Karl," continued the younger of the two strangers, "tell me when you expect this new recruit."

"It is now very near the time he appointed, Sir," replied Karl, "I expect him here at six o'clock."

"So—and is he likely to be an useful hand, think you, Karl? We want no half-and-half milksops, you know."

"Why, Sir, to say the truth, I think he's a fellow that will improve. He spent last night here, and I think I could make a man of him shortly. He drinks his liquor heartily, swears a good round oath, and is damnably in want of the rhino!"

"Very good qualities, certainly, Karl; has he served at sea?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, six years and more before the mast, and completely up to the management of a craft such as ours."

"What service was he in?"

"The English service, Sir."

"Better and better; why did he leave it?"

"Because he tired of it, Sir. It was too dull a life for one of his active disposition; and besides, he wished to see the world a bit, and finger a little honest gotten gear. He tells me he has been long looking out for an opportunity to join our jolly boys, and so he e'en gave his messmates the slip yesterday, when they were lying alongside the quay with the captain's gig."

"All very good indeed, Karl; and thou didst well to secure so promising a recruit. But you must clear the room of those interlopers, my lad, before he come, as I wish to have some conversation with him, and I suppose I must speak to him in English."

"Ay, ay, Sir, leave that to me," said Karl, as, with many grimaces, and bows, he approached our table, and intimated to us that, if we had finished our liquor, we would favour him very

* The remainder of this dialogue was carried on in German, and I give it as it was afterwards reported to me by the sergeant.

† The place of common execution.

much by making way for some guests whom he expected shortly, and who had engaged the whole room. Not having understood a word of the previous dialogue, I wished, before going, to have some conversation with Karl on the subject of our deserter; but, on a hint from the sergeant, I remained silent, and, having discharged our reckoning, we took our leave.

On reaching the street, my companion gave me a full account of all that had passed; and both of us were of opinion that the expected recruit was no other than Stubbs. We determined, therefore, to wait his arrival at the end of the lane, and should we be right in our conjecture, to seize upon him as soon as he made his appearance. An open common passage in one of the houses afforded us a favourable place for our ambuscade, and there, accordingly, we took up our station. Nor had we long to wait. In a few minutes a jolly Dutch skipper hove in sight, in whom we had no difficulty in recognizing Stubbs. He, however, was as alert at recognition as we were; for we had no sooner emerged from our place of concealment than he instantly descried us, and turning sharply round on his heel, ran off at the very top of his speed. After him darted the sergeant and myself, overturning one or two passengers in our haste, and astonishing many more, who stood gazing at us in amazement as we dashed along, and marvelling doubtless what the Dutch skipper could have done to offend the English merchant. In such cases, however, the main stream of popular suspicion generally sets in against the pursued; and several daring attempts were made to intercept the progress of the flying Dutchman. Stubbs, however, was an adept at the practice of "right and left," and no sooner was any one hardy enough to lay hands on him, than he was received at the point of the fist, and speedily prostrated in the street, with a cut eye or a bloody nose. At length, as such imminent danger was found to attend the enterprise, he was permitted to pursue his course uninterrupted; and a pretty chase he led us. He plunged into every lane, darted into every cross street, and, at length, after a variety of doublings and windings, led us into the public walk in the

neighbourhood of the governor's house. Here the trees and fences afforded him ample scope for deploying; and out and in he jumped and jinked;—we sometimes close at his heels, sometimes considerably distanced. By dint of good lungs and active limbs, however, we succeeded at length in beating him out of this fastness, when he darted down the heergraft, cleared the palisade of the Grand Parade—ran across—cleared the other, and made for the shore. Here, not far from the beach, stands, or did stand, a range of public storehouses, unconnected with any other building, and divided from the public shambles by a narrow lane. Stubbs took his direction past the open side of this building, apparently shaping his course for the beach. We were close upon him at the moment; but it occurred to me that he intended to elude us by making a complete circuit of the building, and escaping unnoticed on the other side. I accordingly left the sergeant to follow him in the direction he had taken, while I ran round the other side, thus making sure of him, if he attempted to practise the ruse I imagined. Nor was my conjecture erroneous; scarcely had I turned into the narrow lane which divides the store-house from the shambles when I descried him coming down upon me, at full speed, followed at no great distance by the sergeant. The lane was so narrow that he could not possibly pass me, so he had no alternative but to surrender or to knock me down. Forward he came, his nostrils expanded, his shirt and waistcoat torn open at the breast, and the flaps of his huge Dutch coat flying loosely behind him. There was no time to hesitate. With an expression of desperation in his countenance, he doubled his fist and bent his arm in such a manner as to bring his hand close to his ear. In this attitude he approached within a yard of me. I stopped and steadied myself to receive the expected blow, but just at that moment something like irresolution seemed to come over him. He faltered for an instant—I took advantage of the opportunity, and, with a single spring, I was hanging at his collar. It was then that the blow fell, and hitting me with great violence on the head almost stunned me. I, however, still kept my hold, notwith-

standing the repeated and hard blows he dealt me, and succeeded in retarding his course sufficiently to allow the sergeant time to come up. His fury was now turned towards my companion. Mustering all his strength, with a single effort he hurled me from my hold, and put himself in an attitude of defence. A combat ensued that might have done credit to the English ring. Both men were expert bruizers, and each bent upon victory. The sergeant, however, had right on his side, and he received his adversary with the most collected coolness, while the nerves of poor Stubbs were unsteadied by conscious guilt and desperation. He exhausted himself in fruitless attempts to strike his opponent, who parried his blows with the most exemplary calmness, never wasting a hit that did not tell. After a few fierce rounds Stubbs became unsteady, and began to falter, and the sergeant, watching his opportunity, dealt him a decisive blow on the right temple, which laid him sprawling and bloody on the ground. When he was sufficiently recovered we fastened a rope's-end round his wrists, carried him to the boat, which was waiting for us at the quay, and rowed off with all despatch for the ship.

"What! Mr. Lascelles," said Captain Morley, as soon as we arrived on deck, "you are covered with blood! Did the fellow offer violent resistance?"

"He certainly did not strike, Sir," I replied, "immediately on the first summons."

"The villain!" said Morley, "did he dare to lift his hand to his officer?"

"He did, an't please your honour," said the sergeant; "and I warrant he would have served him out, too, had I not come to his assistance."

"Put the scoundrel in irons!" cried Morley, in a voice of thunder. "He shall hang at the yard-arm for this, if ever I punished a man in my life!"

"But, Sir," said I, in a tone of intercession, "I am only slightly hurt, and I hope Sir ——"

"Silence, Sir!" cried the captain, in a voice of extreme agitation; "Silence!

and let the doctor look to your wounds!"

But I had not a thought to bestow on my wounds. The whole evening I brooded over the idea that if this poor fellow should suffer, his death would lie at my door. His desertion might have been pardoned, nay, almost certainly, would have been pardoned, but it was for striking an officer—for striking *ME*—that the last punishment was to be awarded. I felt perfectly miserable.

It chanced that the middle watch was mine. I paced the deck in a most unenviable state of mind, thinking by what means I might succeed in mitigating the captain's intended sentence. But I knew that Morley, though indulgent, was a rigid disciplinarian, and that, though always inclined to overlook trivial offences, he was, nevertheless, severe in the punishment of crimes. He had passed the sentence; and he had done so with that peculiar manner which he generally assumed when he meant that what he said should be irrevocable. Eight bells of my watch had sounded, and I descended to my berth feverish and disinclined to sleep. On my way down I had to pass the place where poor Stubbs was lying. As I drew near I heard his irons rattle. I shuddered; my blood froze in my veins. I advanced a few steps, and almost came in contact with the pallet on which he lay. All was still as death. Again the irons rattled, the bed-clothes moved, and a voice whispered in my ear—

"O, Mr. Lascelles, save me!"

"How?"

"A file!"

It was the work of an instant. I passed on and tossed him a file from the armourer's bench.

In the morning, when I came on deck, the first thing I learned was that Stubbs was gone, and that his irons were filed. How the file had been procured was matter of wonder and conjecture to all. I, of course, was wise enough to keep my own counsel; quite satisfied that as the fellow was an excellent swimmer, he was, by that time, safe ashore, and beyond the reach of pursuit.

HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY.—No. II.*

THE thrushes are singing, the dews glistening, the cuckoo is calling from the grove, the rail replying from the meadows, and a crop, which, by the blessing of God, will, ere long, fill the granaries of Ireland with food for many millions, is gushing from the moist earth, like an exhalation. We write in early May, for May is the month of lovers—love is the subject of our labours, and to all who love we dedicate the vernal conception. May is the month of lovers, whether their path be in city or solitude, bright in sunshine, or lustrous in moonlight, or dim in the still radiance of the stars. May breathes the inspiration of desire from all the fresh bosom of the impregnated earth; May sheds the animation of hope from all the clear depths of the buxom and enamoured air. God bless the happy hearts, that even now thrill with Heaven's holiest influences, in the breasts of many fond and innocent young creatures, walking or wandering by one another's sides, over the fair face of this delightful island; for on such a bright May morning when were the valleys of our country not sanctified by the presence of true lovers? Under many an odorous hawthorn, and among the dews of many a daisied meadow, are youths and maidens even now exchanging vows, to be ratified, ere long, before the altar, in unions which shall yet brighten a hundred hearths with the glad faces of free and happy generations. Alas! a thousand springs have smiled on the same scenes of love and promise; but, of their thousand winters, few, few have scowled in vain through the closed lattice on secure or free firesides.

Year by year, if we could obtain a retrospect of the scene before us, with its ascending succession of yearly change, our eyes, which now rest delighted on as fair a valley as ever yielded its increase to the hand of man, bright with the dwellings of as honest and as happy a people as ever

sowed, reaped, or consumed the fruits of earth, and, we again, thank God, smiling with the promise of as rich a harvest as ever filled the barns and bawns of Ireland—our eyes resting delighted on such a scene would, we say, ere they had contemplated it under the receding change of half a century, shrink back, appalled, at the spectacle of smoking ruins, trampled corn fields, discoloured waters, and fugitive and famishing families, houseless—lawless—hopeless. Shift back the scene another two or three half centuries. Fewer corn fields there are here to trample; fewer cottages to burn; but the stream of blood flows freely as ever. Musket and cannon still mingle their dreadful noises with the clash of steel, and the victorious troops still shout the same huzzas which followed the rebellious rout from Ross and Antrim; but, mingling with the British cheer are war-cries long unheard upon our hills, and fighting, foot to foot, with the trained soldiery of England, are men, the recollection of whose very costume is lost among their descendants. See the wild Irishmen—how the chain mail still glances on their breasts—how the long glibbs are still tossed on their mantled shoulders!—mark that stirrupless lancer, how he dashes at the ponderous man-at-arms. He bears one stave like a javelin, whirled high overhead; another fills his left hand, with the tasselled reins; his sword is in its sheath till these are cast; his rear-rank man sways a broad battle-axe—the last—he of the galloglasses.—See the kern with the matchlock; how he blows his fuse in the face of a field-piece.—Hark to the war-cries of Claneboy, Iveagh, and Clanbrasil.—*Farrah! Farrah! Lamh dearg aboo! Aengus more aboo! Lamh laidir air uachdir!—Faunat aboo!* shouts Mac Sweeny of the ships; *Bataillach* aboo! cries Mac Sweeny of the battle-axes—Huzza! Huzza! replies the British line; and down go kern and carbineer, galloglass and trooper, tanist and captain, in the

* Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English poetical translations; collected and edited, with notes and illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. London: Joseph Robins, Bride-court, Bridge-street. 1831.

reeling struggle. Again shift back the scene till the roar of the artillery is heard no longer, and the only smoke of battle is the steam of reeking men and horses; and over the same valley, now all uncultivated, yet green in deep, delicious pasture, we see the ancestors of the same men who vainly strove with British discipline at Kinsale and the Boyne, now still more vainly striving with one another, for the possession, perhaps, of the unconscious brutes scared from their grazing ground beside, perhaps of the grey ruin crumbling on the hill above; or, it may be, as it often was, for the mere lust of inflicting pain, and the mad glory of fighting. A horrid sight! They hack one another with brazen knives; they pierce one another with flint-headed arrows and the barbed blades of javelins; they torture the dying; they mangle and insult over the dead. Woe to the conquered! Wives and little ones, old men and maidens mingled in common massacre, expire among the ruins of the huts or the unavailing defences of their earthen rampart. No sulphurous canopy here to hide them from the eye of day; but all on the open plain, where summer dust never soiled a daisy, do the heroic savages exult before the face of heaven, while bards and Seanachies contend in glorifying the brave atrocity! Alas! how soon have we forgotten that love was to have been our theme! How soon has the sad necessity of Irish history drawn us into the strife, and cruelty, and desolation, and despair, by the modifications of which alone can we compare the different aspects of early Irish society—a society which has differed little from the days of Henry to those of George, save in degrees of violence or misery. But let war and famine do their worst, love is immortal and the same; and the valley before us, with all its successions of disfigurement and desolation, has never missed its May tribute of sighs and songs. The flowers of our forest are hard to weed away. Seven hundred years of disaster, as destructive as ever consumed the vitals of any country, have each in succession seen our people perishing by famine or the sword in almost every quarter of the land; yet at this day there is neither mountain, plain, nor valley that is not

rife with generations of the unextinguishable nation: long may they walk upon our hills with the steps of free-men! long may they make our valleys ring with the songs of that love which has thus made them indomitable in defeat and ineradicable in a struggle of extermination!

These are the songs before us—songs such as the speakers of the English language at large have never heard before, and which they could not see and hear now but for the pious labours of a man who, however politically malignant and religiously fanatical, has yet done such good service to his country in their collection and preservation, that for her sake we half forgive him our own quarrel, and consent to forego a great part of its vindication.

Those who have known the melodies of Ireland only in association with the delightful lyrics of Moore, will, we fear, be startled to find them connected with songs so marked as these are, by all the characteristics which distinguish the productions of rude, from those of refined society. Moore's Melodies, indeed, present a combination of the most delightful attributes of music and poetry, unattainable otherwise than by uniting the music of a rude age to the poetry of a refined one. The hardships, dangers, and afflictions which must have crushed the heart of the musician before it could so shed its whole life-blood of passion into the absorbing and almost painful pathos of an Irish melody, must have been too destructive of all security to have admitted even an approach to that devoted leisure which alone could qualify a writer for success in finished poetry. The contrast between the native songs and the lyrics of Moore, is indeed strangely striking—as strange as uncouthness can present in juxtaposition with politeness, but still no more than that which may be admitted to have distinguished the *Murus Hibernicus*, from the modern Irish gentleman. We will look in vain for the chasteness, the appositeness, the antithetical and epigrammatic point, and the measured propriety of prosody, which delight the ear and the judgment, in a song by Thomas Moore, among the rude rhymes which accompanied the same notes two centuries ago; but the

stamen and essence of each is interwoven and transfused through the whole texture and complexion of the other—for sentiment is the soul of song, and sentiment is one imprescriptible property of the common blood of all Irishmen.

What we mean by Irish sentiment, we hope to show in the progress of our notices; and we can execute our purpose only by adhering to the strict severity of literal translation. We have exemplified Irish adulation, Irish whimsicality, and Irish fun and jollity in the songs of Carolan, with a fidelity painful to ourselves, as it was derogatory from the character so long reflected on Carolan's poetic, from his musical talent. If we have done that wonderful musician poetic injustice, we will give his poetic defenders their revenge in kind; for it is our purpose, sometime about the Lammass floods, to give an appendix to this series, containing, along with some communications of considerable interest and from rather distinguished persons, as many

versions as we think ourselves and our aids sufficiently happy in, to warrant the assurance which we now beg to give our readers—that whatever versions of Irish song may find their way into our pages shall be as faithful as the best talents of ourselves and our assistants can secure—therefore should any Irish scholar, conscious of a good talent for translation, conceive that he can set Carolan right with the English reader, (which we confess we ourselves almost despair of being able to do,) we will be happy to give his versions our best consideration for insertion with those alluded to.

Meanwhile, whatever beauties may remain concealed in the songs of Carolan, we will proceed with those which furnish less suspicious and equally, if not more, available material for a judgment on the subject proposed. Heaven help us! what a key to the whole melancholy mystery is here. It is the first part of the Song of Sorrow, and mournfully true to its name it is.

If you would go with me to the County Leitrim,
Uilecan dubh O!

I would give the honey of bees and mead as food for you;
Uilecan dubh O!

I shall give you the prospect of ships, and sails, and boats,
Under the tops of the trees, and we returning from the strand,
And I would never let any sorrow come upon you.
Oh! you are my Uilecan dubh O!

I shall not go with you, and it is in vain you ask me;
Uilecan dubh O!

For your words will not keep me alive without food:
Uilecan dubh O!

A hundred thousand times better for me to be always a maid,
Than to be walking the dew and the wilderness with you:
My heart has not given to you love nor affection,
And you are not my Uilecan dubh O!

Desire, despair, and the horrible reality of actual famine—these are three dread prompters of song. Whoever first sung the Song of Sorrow had felt them all; but desire was his paramount inspirer, and the concluding stanzas rise into such a fervid frenzy of undisguised desire that we shrink from exhibiting them in their literal English. Yet there is nothing impure, nothing licentious in their languishing but savage sincerity. This is the one great characteristic of all the amatory poetry of the country; and in its

association with the despondency of conscious degradation, and the recklessness of desperate content, is partly to be found the origin of that wild, mournful, incondite, yet not uncouth, sentiment which distinguishes the national songs of Ireland from those of perhaps any other nation in the world. We say in this is “partly” to be found the source of that peculiarity which marks Irish sentiments; for we believe that great proportion of the characteristics of a people are inherent, not fictitious; and that there are as

essential differences between the genius's as between the physical appearances of nations. We believe that no dissipating continuance of defeat, danger, famine, or misgovernment, could ever, without the absolute infusion of Milesian blood, Hibernicize the English peasant; and that no stultifying operation of mere security, plenty, or laborious regularity could ever, without actual physical transubstantiation, reduce the native Irishman to the stolid standard of the sober Saxon. Holding these opinions, our object must be rather to ascertain what Irish sentiment is, than why or whence it may be so or so. The great ingredient in the sentiment of the song we have just translated is desire; yet that song is called the Song of Sorrow—not, as we conceive, on account of those misfortunes, however miserable, which rendered that an unattainable desire; but rather because the hopelessness of passion rises to such a paramount excess of anguish as overbears and obliterates all other griefs, and would make the lamentation of the hopeless lover pining among all that wealth and peace could give to comfort him, as bitterly woful as that of the wan outlaw himself; were it not that the comparatively artificial state

of feeling induced by the influences of wealth and refinement, renders such passionate excess in civilized life too rare to justify the general application of such a supposition. No doubt, the poignancy of the fugitive's disappointment must have been greatly exasperated by the recollection that it had been his own rebellion, (for the Song of Sorrow was composed by a fugitive rebel,) which had plunged him into this bitter abyss where desire turned to languishment, and hope to despair: still the great strength of the song's concentrated paths lies in deploring the effect, not in deprecating the cause. He does not blame the illfortune that struck him down before his enemy in battle, or that drove him bleeding and bare from his burned homestead to lead the life of a wild animal among the woods and mountains: there is no reproach against the treachery or cowardice of his people, no complaint of the misery and insecurity of his country—and yet, had it not been for these, black Uilecan had surely been his own—no; he has but one wish, the enjoyment of his love; one grief, the hopelessness of having his desire; and there is nothing for him but to blaspheme heaven and fly—and he does blaspheme heaven—

Great God! why am I thus denied
My Uilecan dubh O?

is the last exclamation of his agony, as, diving into the deepest forest of the Black Valley, he bursts away for the Lakes of Leitrim wild as the red deer in September.

Let us no longer imagine that humour is the characteristic of the Irish. Their sentiment is pathetic. Desire is the essence of that pathos—desire either for the possession of love unenjoyed, or for the continuance of love being enjoyed, or for the restoration of enjoyed love lost. We know no Irish song addressed to the judgment: if an Irish song fail to go to the heart at once, it fails outright. Even in the most whimsical there is some touch of sentiment, some appeal to the pathetic principle. So also in their music, as admirably exemplified by Mr. Moore in his dedication of the

first number of the Melodies, where, alluding to the characteristic introduction of a flat third, he draws the same inference from its effect in harmony, which we would deduce from the presence when least expected of some pathetic allusion in the lyric composition of some of their most extravagantly humorous rhymes.

Pathos is indeed the great ingredient of lyric excellence; and these Irish lyrics would be excellent were their pathos managed poetically. Poetry—that is, as we would here understand it, the *ars poetica*—is a lesser but still an indispensable requisite. Poetic art is not largely exhibited in the Irish songs; and this defect is chiefly conspicuous in point of arrangement. Compare one of the incongruous series of huddled epithets and aspirations

which constitute a majority of our amatory lyrics with any of the simplest Scottish songs, and our inferiority in this respect is manifest. Yet we adduce Scottish song not as example of a radical difference, but for illustration of the effect of society's advance on lyric composition prior to the period now generally referred to for its rise in these islands; for we must recollect in instituting such a comparison, that the majority of ours are centuries more antique (either in point of date or of grade on the scale of civil advancement,) than the most antiquated of theirs—at least in the lowland dialect of which alone we can at present judge. Convinced as we are by diligent and we hope impartial inquiry, of the truth of that part of our national annals which declares Western Scotland to have been peopled from this island, we have looked to Scottish song as the most germane source of illustration for our own, and finding nothing either in style or sentiment to satisfy our anticipation of close generic likeness, we have dwelt on the differences of their and our respective eras of lyric emulation, as accounting for a fact not favourable to our theory: for we have no hesitation in declaring that

we look on Burns, himself, as in all probability of Irish blood. We find him born on the location of his ancestry, in the centre of our colony of Galloway, among a multitude of families of Irish name there resident time out of mind—Kennedy, (branch of the Clan O'Kennedy of Ormond,) Murray, (of Clan O'Murray of Cork,) Macneill, (of Clan O'Neill of Antrim,) &c., &c., while his own name is scarce distinguishable from our Wicklow O'Byrnes, called Burn, to this day, by the vulgar. Had he been a foundling, his face alone would have been considered Irish enough for a similar surmise. But we can afford to lay claim to Burns's kindred with the better grace, that we have no longer need of his aid in claiming for our people a lyric reputation. Moore has vindicated our right to the first place in that class, let Burns and Beranger dispute their countries' respective titles to the second. Yet neither Burns, Beranger, nor Moore, ever addressed more touching incoherencies of passion to Bonny Jean, Lisette or Chloe, than did Father Costello, the Friar of Ballyhaunis, in the sickness of his hopeless love to Mary Gradh.

Oh Mary dear, 'tis you who are paining me ;
 Oh ! give me your hand closely.
 It is my right to possess the supremacy of this province,
 For ever then do not reject me.
 Oh head of ringlets, it is my sorrow continually
 That I am not united with you in marriage ;
 For I shall pine mournfully under constant melancholy,
 If you be long absent from me, oh love !

Oh blossom of berries—hence I became
 Weak, feeble—for love of you—
 Come into my presence, oh vein of my breast,
 And give love without perverseness or denial to me.
 Bitter woe ! I am a head without sense,
 And to the advice of my father I did not yield ;
 For it was the last discourse he had with me,
 “ Forsake thou Ballyhaunis.”

But I gave love to your fair head
 Behind the garden of beans ;
 To your moist small mouth, like froth on the strand,
 And to your two cheeks red as the berries :
 To your voice sweeter than the cuckoo on the bough,
 And than the gentle music of the birds.
 My woe and my ruin ! that you and I are not, oh love,
 Flying away with one another !

Oh love, and oh secret treasure, would you come with me
 To the region of ships from Ireland?
 There is not a headache or sickness of heart
 That would not certainly be healed there.
 You are the star of knowledge beyond Ireland's women,
 And keep me to yourself from death;
 For, without the grace of God, I shall not live
 In this street of Ballyhaunis!

Here, as in the Uilecan dubh, the sentiment is hopeless desire; but the mode of composition is less original, the ideas more monotonous, the style of expression more conventional—yet withal the effect is more tenderly complete. We sympathise more fully with the love-sickness of the pining friar, than with the love-frenzy of the desperate outlaw. We can well believe that there was nothing for the languishing ecclesiastic but enjoyment of his love or death; but we can imagine the gaunt wooer of Leitrim, year after year, disputing his summer sustenance with the hives of hollow oaks, fighting the wild boar for the mast and acorns of many a successive autumn, and, winter after winter, descending like a famished wolf on the pillaged border of the pale. We can imagine him growing old in caves and thickets; his grizzled beard purpled with the juice of berries, his thin locks bleached and tanned by winter storms and summer heats, his limbs brown from the marsh waters, his very language half-inarticulate from disuse in the wilderness, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Is this an overcharged picture of the old Irish outlaw? Alas! it is but a faint copy of that which history tells us was the dreadful original. The

historical portrait of a people, however, is no more than an outline without the shades and colours of their genius. Thus the squalid and repulsive sketch given by Spenser or Morison, and which we have delineated in rough characters above, would excite our feelings of disgust and horror, perhaps of contempt, if there were not this "purple light of love" to make the whole savage representation glow in the warmest colours of humanity; and thus it is that the writer of Uilecan Dubh was not a savage, although but for the Song of Sorrow his historian might well mistake him for one.

Father Costello would never, we think, have fled to the woods: he would rather have lain down on the floor of his cell, in Ballyhaunis Abbey, and sighed himself to death. But Mr. Hardiman says he left the country to avoid the object of his sinful passion. If he did so, he could not have lived: he must either have been found the morning after setting sail, leaning over the quarter bulwark, dead; or have gone overboard at night. Not so that bold priest who got the dispensation for his "black rose-bud." He would neither shun his pleasure nor despair of getting pardon for his sin. Thus sings the sanguine son of the church—

Oh rose bud, let there not be sorrow on you on account of what happened you:
 The friars are coming over the sea, and they are moving on the ocean:
 Your pardon will come from the pope and from Rome in the East,
 And spare not the Spanish wine on my Roiseen dubh.

The course is long over which I brought you from yesterday to this day—
 Over mountains I went with her, and under sails across the sea:
 The Erne I passed at a bound, though great the flood,
 And there was music of strings on each side of me and my Roiseen dubh.

You have killed me my fair one; and may you suffer dearly for it!
 And my soul within is in love for you, and that neither of yesterday nor today:
 You left me weak and feeble in aspect and in form:
 Do not discard me, and I pining for you, my Roiseen dubh.

I would walk the dew with you and the desert of the plains,
 In hope that I would obtain love from you or part of my desire.
 Fragrant little mouth! you have promised me that you had love for me :
 And she is the flower of Munster, she, my Roiseen dubh.

Oh, smooth rose, modest, of the round white breasts,
 You are she that left a thousand pains in the very centre of my heart :
 Fly with me, oh first love, and leave the country ;
 And if I could, would I not make a queen of you, my Roiseen dubh ?

If I had a plough I would plough against the hills ;
 And I would make the gospel in the middle of the mass for my black rose-bud :
 I would give a kiss to the young girl that would give her youth to me,
 And I would make delights behind the fort with my Roiseen dubh.

The Erne shall be in its strong flood—the hills shall be upturn ;
 And the sea shall have its waves red, and blood shall be spilled ;
 Every mountain-valley, and every moor throughout Ireland shall be on high,
 Some day before (you) shall perish, my Roiseen dubh.

This, says Mr. Hardiman, is an allegorical political ballad—it seems to us to be the song of a priest in love, of a priest in love, too, who had broken his vow, of a priest in love who was expecting a dispensation for his paramour, of a priest in love who was willing to turn ploughman for his love's sake—nay, to practise the very calling of a priest to support her. And why, in the name of holy nature, should the priest not be in love? and why, in the name of sacred humanity, should the priest not long to enjoy his love? and why, in the name of divine reason, do the Roman Catholic priesthood of the present day submit to a prohibition so unnatural, monstrous, antisciptural, and innovatory as that which gives the will of some infirm old man seven centuries ago, as the only reason why he should not love? But we anticipate a communication on this subject from one more competent to do it justice, and return to the “black rose-bud.”

If, as Mr. Hardiman asserts, the whole song be an allegory, in which Ireland, under the name of Roiseen dubh, is addressed by that famous rebel Hugh Roe O'Donnell, we have to beg pardon of the priesthood of the sixteenth century for thus unworthily imputing it to an ecclesiastic: for, could we but believe it such an allegory, we would not wish to go out of our way for causes of reproach against men who, however opposed to what we consider true liberty, did yet stand by their king and people throughout the troubles of that and the next cen-

tury, with a constancy of loyal devotion admirable in any body of men, whether clerical or lay. The story of Red Hugh O'Donnell is, perhaps, better known than any other of the family romances of Ireland. Inveigled on board an English vessel, he was kidnapped in early youth and carried prisoner to Dublin, whence, after long confinement in the castle, he at length effected his escape with two other young gentlemen of the noble house of O'Neill. There is no episode in Irish history more touching than the account of their hardships on the first night of their freedom. It was in the depth of winter, and a heavy snow storm, while it favoured their escape in one respect, retarded it fatally in another—for the same snow that covered their footsteps covered their pathway also; and by the time they had gained the hills above Rathfarnham, had involved them in an inextricable labyrinth of hidden pit-falls, where they could not see more than a few yards in any direction, from the blinding violence of the tempest. Exhausted by unusual fatigue, chilled by the cold, and already worn down by close imprisonment, young Art O'Neill, after being supported by his kinsmen till they could no longer stand beneath the burthen, lay down and perished. The rest—for O'Donnell was met outside the city walls by his foster-brother and other friends—were found next morning beside him, numbed and frost-bitten; and borne, if we recollect aright, to the house of one of the O'Byrnes, who sheltered

and succoured them till the swelling of Hugh's feet had, in some measure, subsided, and left him able to prosecute his flight on horseback. Attended by a few followers, he, and the remaining O'Neill, made their way with wonderful courage and good fortune through the very centre of the Pale; fording the Liffey, the Boyne, and all the other rivers on their route through Dublin, Meath, Louth, &c., to Armagh, where they got shelter for a night from the Archbishop. Thence they proceeded over the Blackwater to Dungannon, where they might, at last, rest fearlessly in the castle of their kinsman Tyrone: for although the earl was, at that time, loyal to excess, and therefore durst exhibit no public manifestations of triumph, he was too habitually a plotter to omit such an opportunity of caressing one whose justifiable enmity towards the English, he might afterwards turn to his own ambitious purposes, as he did. And now, if we could imagine all Donegall ringing with the news of the chief's escape, and picture to ourselves the wooded banks of the Erne, swarming with the gathered Clans of MacSweeney, Maguire, MacDermott, O'Rourke, O'Connor Dunn, O'Connor Sligo, and O'Donnell Tyrconnell, waiting the arrival of their liberated liberator—for from his boyhood, Hugh had been the hope of his people, and the fame of his late boldness and endurance had already raised his nation's hope to a settled and prophetic confidence in his anticipated successes against the Saxon—could we also see the old castle of Ballyshannon crowded from keep to barbican with stewards, butlers, bards, and musicians, and hear the solemn sounds of thanksgiving from

the neighbouring abbey, whence the monks are issuing two by two from the ivied gateway, and winding round the great stone-cross beside the yew-tree, to head the procession of the chiefs and tanists, as they prepare to take their places on the green amphitheatre of the rath, where their recovered kinsman and future leader is soon to rouse them with such an appeal as shall wrap all North Munster in the flames of desolation before the first note of the cuckoo—could we imagine and picture all this in the mind's eye of our reader, as vividly as it has stood before our own since the first day of perusing the Irish story of that astonishing romance, there would be needed no farther explanation of the interest which Roiseen Dubh would possess for us, were it, as Mr. Hardiman asserts, the expression of the restored prince's affection for his country. But we cannot think it so, and we need not dwell on a fictitious interest. We sympathise with the priest's passion, we pity his predicament; but we despise his dispensatory expedients, and give him one parting advice, to pitch his vows to the Pope, the Pope to purgatory, marry his black rose-bud, and take a curacy from the next Protestant rector.

Be the lover, however, priest or parson, layman or divine, love is the same in all—though different natures will entertain and express the same affection in different degrees of intensity and vehemence. The Irish lover is not vehement: he does not burn: he is consumed, dissolved, lapped in a lambent glow of tenderness—intense, delicious, deadly-sweet—"a hundred times sweeter for me" he exclaims—

A hundred times sweeter for me to be faint and weak,
Listening to the sweet voice of her gentle ruddy mouth,
Than to have all the treasure of the free towns of Ireland.

His passion communicates this tenderness of sentiment to all the ordinary scenes of his coarse life. It converts the ale-house into something more than a cabaret, makes the fight of the factions a sort of olympic tournament; nay, touches with a dash of sentiment his very crimes. This sentiment is not what we would call honor or high moral generosity. Magnanimity is

not to any considerable extent its characteristic. Neither, on the other hand, does it admit into its composition anything sordid. It spurns illiberality, and repudiates impiety: yet cruelty is not destructive of it, and treachery to some may exist simultaneously without weakening in any degree the strength of its sincerity to others—nay, in proportion, as it tolerates du-

plicity and inhumanity towards enemies, it renders more intense all the kindly feelings of domestic and familiar attachment. Duplicity, a hateful vice in the nineteenth century, was a virtue in the heroic ages. Cruelty, a mark of most contemptible cowardice among us, was honourable in the most magnanimous of the Greeks before Troy. If duplicity and cruelty still linger in the Irish character—and we fear that to no inconsiderable extent they do—we can console ourselves by reflecting, that the ancestors of the noblest nations the world ever saw, were them-

selves treacherous and cruel in one stage of their progress to the pinnacle of civilization. But whatever civilization the world may have yet seen, it has never borne a people whose lyrics carry the amorous sentiment to the same excess of ardent fervour expressed in every line of Irish song, with so little of even the implied grossness of licentious desire. What, considering its rustic naïveté, can be more purely passionate, more innocently and tenderly affectionate, yet more languishingly amorous than the first stanza of

MOLLY ASTORE.

Oh, Mary Chuisle—oh, blossom of fairness,
Branch of generousness, westward from the Nair ;
Whose mouth is sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch—
You have left me in the anguish of death.
The candle is not clear to me, the table, nor the company,
From the drunkenness you cause me, oh, star of women :
Majestic, graceful maid, who have increased my woe—
Alas, that I am without your cloak till dawn !

I walked Ardagh, and to Kinsale,
To Drogheda, and back again,
To Carlow and to Downpatrick—
I have not looked upon the like of Mary.
High coaches (I have seen) with white horses,
And English cavaliers fighting for their ladies.
If you go from me, Mary—safe home to you !
Your shadow would make light without the sun.

It is Mary, indeed, the beautiful plant of a child,
The gentlest and fairest of all that can be found ;
Her neck like the lily, her eye as chrystal,
Her cheeks redder than the fairest rose.
The doctors of the globe—and gather them all—
And it is not a great difficulty to find them—
They could not cure the pang that goes through my middle ;
But a little kiss of honey from your little mouth, moist, gentle.

This was written—for it bears internal evidence of the fact—by one not much above the rank of a peasant. The allusion to the cloak for a coverlet marks the rude life of the lover—a life rude, but far from unpoetical, and the direct reverse of sordid. He was but an humble spectator of the Saxon pomp : no associate he, for English cavaliers and their ladies. He had

gazed on them at first, perhaps, with envy ; but comparison of their fairest with his Mary, soon reconciled him to his different fortune. Little thought the plumed and silk-robed rivals that the shaggy kern, who had stopped to cast a wondering glance on their brave equipages, as they pranced past him with their cortege of attendant squires, would yet so shame their roses by

comparison with Mary Chuisle's, that they would be remembered in after ages only as the foils of a wild Irish-woman. Little thought the wild Irish-woman herself, while listening in coy satisfaction to the complaint of her sighing wooer, that the time would yet come when the strains inspired by her humble beauties should be sung to the music of unimagined instruments in crowded theatres; and when the rude record of her lily neck, and eyes of chrystal, should become the subject of inquiry and admiration to English cavaliers and ladies gay. What matter whether there did exist such a kern and such a coolin or not? In the multitude of chances, 'tis one to a million that they did; and who need ask more certain ground for such a speculation? With Gramachree in our ears, and the words of Molly Chuisle before our eyes, we were the most unimaginative of critics if we could not, if necessary, become much more intimate indeed, both with Mary and her lover. But lest we should be tempted to make any unhandsome use of our fancy's privileges in cutting him out by making ourselves too amiable to her, we will bid adieu to both, with the expression of a sincere hope that she will soon enable him to get a clear sight of the candle; and that he, on his part, will not fail, as in duty bound, for so effectual an interference on his behalf, to drink our health till the privilege becomes of double efficacy.

All the amatory songs in Mr. Hardiman's collection, seem to have been composed by men of much the same grade in rank and acquirement. There was little or no distinction in manners among the great majority of the Irish. A few chiefs and ecclesiastics may have had a higher caste of sentiment, and perhaps a purer style of expression; but in the collection before us, we would associate almost all the best pieces, as well in point of genius as of style, with authors in general even humbler than the writer of Mary Chuisle. But humble rank among the old Irish, was essentially different from the vulgar debasement of the lower orders of society at present. After the chief, the tanist, the brehon, and the bard, all the other members of the clan were on a par: and although their measure of comfort, security, and

independence fell far short of that dealt out by advanced civilization to even the lowest classes of a modern state; yet in point of leisure, opportunity, and the enjoyment of manly sports and exercises—hunting, fishing, and training and practice in arms—their condition must have been infinitely more agreeable to an ardent people, and, as such, undoubtedly much more favourable to the development of whatever natural genius they might possess. The course of such avocations, easy or exciting in themselves, kept them almost constantly in the open air, by the river side, or on the loch, or through the meadows, or sheltered from the sun or hard weather under some overhanging bank, or beneath a matted roof of leaves and interlacing branches. Leading such a life, it is strange that they have not exhibited more of the imaginative faculty in songs composed among scenes so well calculated to excite its highest attributes. The cause must have been that paramount supremacy of feeling so conspicuous in every line of their passionate love songs; that ascendancy of the heart; that rush of hot blood to the head which smothered the apoplectic intellect, and left the Irish lover blind, deaf, and swooning at the feet of one idea. One image is ever before the eye of a lover: an Irishman, who takes to versifying, is always in love; no wonder, then, if the Irishman says little of other sights, unless like the rose in the garden or the berries on the bough, they chance to illustrate the engrossing vision of his fancy. To the same cause we may also attribute the want of arrangement noticed above: but passion is incoherent, not injudicious; and even when reeling most drunkenly through all the mazes of husteron-proteron, aposiopesis, and apostrophe, still picks its steps with a verbal propriety, as remarkable for elegance of choice as for effectiveness of position. To illustrate this, which is not an uninteresting characteristic, Irish airs generally conclude with a descent of notes, prolonged, and deeply pathetic. The more desponding, and the more expressive of any thing low, deep, or tending downwards, the language can be made in this member of the stanza, the more appropriate it will be. Let us recur

to the song of Lord Mayo, where, in the midst of an almost paralytic confusion of parts, the close of the second stanza exhibits a wonderful adaptation of corresponding words, music, and sentiment :—

I shall not be again that length (of time) from you,
Oh, branch of the true ones noble,
Until shall go the clay of the earth down
On my old body blind under the sod.

It will be at once perceived, that the position of each word, as here retained, is admirably chosen ; and when we reflect that the apparent uncouthness of the idiom is not felt in the original, we must grant the blind bard of Castlebar no inconsiderable credit for propriety of diction. Again in Mary of Meelick, a delightful instance :—

My sorrow, bitter sad ! that I and my dear are not
In the western island, pure-aired, delightful—
Mary of the amber locks and Aodh bawn to be married ;
And she without cause to regret her counsel.
They are not married, and never will be,
Unless the fair young maid will take pity on me.—
Since I am without use, let my coffin be made,
And let me rest in Kilmaine, stretched.

Take this stanza alone, and the composition is perfect : it is a song complete in itself ; but take it with the rest of the piece, and it is as striking an example of subordinate arrangement in the midst of general incoherency as can be exhibited. Let us adduce another instance : it is the concluding stanza of the Pastheen Finn :—

I shall forsake my friends and my friendly relations,
And I shall forsake all the other girls in the world ;
But I shall not forsake, during my existence, you, love of my heart,
Till I be laid in the coffin under the clay !

Now, this is the conclusion of as maudlin a jumble of incongruous parts as ever came staggering into the imagination of a man half-drunk, half-desperate ; yet it is arranged with a perfect minuteness of verbal propriety. When we call it a maudlin jumble, we do not mean to say that it makes the worse song. We are sure Pastheen Finn thought it all the better for evincing, as it does, the bothered state to which she had reduced her sweetheart ; and only wondered, as we do, how, under the united influences of such a quantity of love and drink, he could attend so clearly to the minor details of a subject, the general arrangement of which appears to have so much perplexed him.

Here, however, is a little song more artificially constructed, yet not less natural in ardent sincerity :—

CELIA CONNELAN.

O, Celia, fair, of the pearls—
O, first love, who have never known frowning,
You have left my soul distracted,
And after you I will not be long enduring :
Unless you come to see me,
And to escape with me to the valleys of the coast ;
Then shall be grief and sorrow after you on me,
And I shall be as black as coal.

Let there be brought to us the wines,
 And be filled for us the best glass,
 Unless I get permission of touching
 The smooth skin of the bosom white.
 O, flower, whiter and fairer
 Than the silk and than the down of birds,—
 Troubled and oppressed I am
 When I think of being parted from her !

Would that I my own self and smooth skin—
 Gentle—of the bosom beautiful—
 Were in a valley delightful, pure-aired,
 From falling of the night to rising of the day,
 Without any one being in our company
 But moor-hens or the wild cock ;
 Oh, there would be love, without deceit, in my heart within,
 For little Celia Connellan !

Amorous as this is, Celia Connellan is courted coldly in comparison with

ELLEN A ROON.

Oh, with love for you, there is not sight in my head !

Ellen a Roon :

To be talking of you is delight to me,

Ellen a Roon :

My pride very just you are,

My pleasure of this world you are,

My joy and happiness you are,

Ellen a Roon.

My own girl, indeed, you are,

My dove of all in the wood you are,

And for my heart there is no cure without you,

Ellen a Roon.

Then, omitting an interpolation about Venus and Helen—

I would go beyond the brine with you,

Ellen a Roon ;

And for ever—for ever—I would not forsake you,

Ellen a Roon :

With tales I would pleasure you,

I would taste your mouth closely,

And I would recline gently by your waist,

Ellen a Roon.

I would give you an airing along the river side,

Under the green branches of trees,

With music of birds in melody above us,

Ellen a Roon.

With passion beyond life for you,

Ellen a Roon,

I would lie on the couch with you

Ellen a Roon.

In my arms I would press you,
 In happiness I would keep you,
 And beyond all I would love you,
 Ellen a Roon.
 Oh little star—beautiful—modest—
 Before I would have you turn from me,
 Oh, let me sooner die,
 Ellen a Roon!

For passionate fervour of expression, we can compare this to nothing but the sick delirium of Sappho—"alike, but oh, how different!" alike tender, alike intense; but never, let us hope, to be identified in common reference to the blush of maiden modesty. A more ambitious composition is blooming Deirdre: but the exhibition of poetic art among the Irish is unfortu-

nate. One grotesque fancy, apparently considered as the height of good taste, is an accumulation of epithets; and if the bard be ingenious enough to arrange these alphabetically, or alliteratively, so much the more correct. Thus, if we aspired to high bardic reputation, we should say, singing, for instance, of the Whigs—

Jejune, jobbing, jaundiced, jealous,
 Fussy, flimsy, flippant fellows!

Yet this, although no despicable essay, is still deficient in its sequences. We should have begun, as in the pretty game "I love my love with

an A," imitating the master-hand who set down the qualities of Owen Roe O'Neill—

*An t-og-uayal, uanach, aedheanach
 Bnatrach, buadhac, buanach, bejmneach,
 Cneachach, cuantach, cuantach, cepeachtach,
 Dneachach, dualach, duanach, dejnceach,*

And so on to X Y Z. There is some sprinkling of this in Blooming Deirdre, but inferior in alliterative excellence. Thus the lady herself is

Alluring, majestic, white-toothed, cerulean-eyed,
 Bright, charming, truly-pure, love-exciting,
 Courteous, sensible, well-disposed, secret.

And her hair

Bright-twisting, branching, waving,
 Delightful, flowing, gently-twisting, knee bent,
 Right-smooth, [], luxuriant, bending-in-layers,
 Softly-fair, branching, long-in-its-course.

No wonder then that

The fish make pause at the beauty of her long curling hair,
 And the birds sing their delight at saluting her;

And that the lover's face

Has faded as a hermit's in the cave of a green hill.

But Blooming Deirdre has an interest for us, independent of all merit or demerit in its composition. It was composed by the bard of Thomas, the sixth Earl of Desmond, when, "by the Fael's wave benighted," he first beheld the fatal beauties of Cathleen

N-ic William Mac Cormack. "The match, (for he married her,) proved the cause of the earl's ruin. His followers became enraged that he should connect himself with an inferior; and his uncle James, taking advantage of the feeling, drove him from his estate

and country, and in 1420 he died of grief in France, where Henry V., King of England, attended his funeral." This accounts for the conceits. Had the earl himself written the song, there would have been no such blemish. But, as we take it, Irishmen of his rank rarely wrote; they had their bards, whose business it was to furnish appropriate stanzas on all occasions, whether of joy or sorrow—triumph or disaster; and it would perhaps, in general, have been as incorrect for the chief to have descended to the

composition of verses, as for the bard to have presumed to take his master's place at the council table. Yet there have been bards among the Geraldines. The noblest ode in Miss Brooke's collection is that of Maurice Mac David to his ship, on setting sail for Spain; still we would incline to believe that what we have said holds generally.

To return once more from the artificial pedantries of the professional poet, to the simple sincerity of the rustic lover—what freshness of honest affection in

NORA OF THE AMBER HAIR.

Oh Nora of the amber hair,
'Tis my sorrow I cannot
Put my hand under your head.
* * * * *
'Tis you have left my head
Without an ounce of sense:
I would fly with you over the waves,
Oh sacred love, if I could.

Oh Valentine of my heart within,
Make not for me a lie;
Since you promised to marry me
Without a farthing in the world:
I would walk the dew with you,
And I would me bruise the grass with you,
Oh Nora of the amber hair,
'Tis prettily I would kiss your mouth!

On the other side of the Moy
Is the white treasure of my heart;
Her thick hair like amber,
Whereby I have lost my looks:
I pray the King of the Sabbath
That my fortune may turn,
And that I may (yet) see my cattle
Passing along the ways of Ballybuy.

What a world of sentiment in the expression "I would walk the dew with you!" An idea of freshness, fragrance, and loneliness diffuses a charming tenderness over the picture which it immediately suggests. We think we see the lovers before dawn, moving like shadows through the reluctant moonlight, just yielding to the break

of day—their steps make no noise in the dewy depth of pasture—the cattle are asleep in the high grass—the very woods are dreaming under their thinned curtain of moonshine. But hark! there a lark begins to sing from his nest, and, next moment, from the very bosom of the sky.

Hail to thee, blythe spirit,
Bird thou never wert;
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

Hail, also, to the radiant tresses of the morn, now emulous of Nora of the amber hair, for day is indeed dawning on us as we sit picturing our imaginary sunrise.

Such, then, are the songs in which

the mere Irishman gave utterance to the best feelings of his nature. He promises no more than love and constancy, but he promises them as man never did before. He does not sing

For thee alone I ride the ring,
For thee I wear the blue,
For thee alone I strive to sing,
Then teach me how to woo!

No, he has no heart for either tilt or tournament, till he gets it back from the breast of Molly Bawn. As for his singing, that comes naturally; and he asks no credit for the acquirement. His wooing faculties are equally intuitive. He wants no instruction in telling the truth; and whatever Dr. Mandeville may have said of the

virtue of hypocrisy in love, we think the truth not only the most delicate, but the most effectual argument. We find nothing here of a feature rather common in most early lyrics—namely, the promise of wealth or rural splendour, in whatever degree, held out as additional inducement to the maiden to accept the hand of the possessor.

I'll give you a petticoat, gold to the knee,
And why don't you love me, my bonny Marie?

was never translated from the Irish. The Irishman sees at a glance the hopelessness of making such an ugly fellow's offer, and the absurdity of asking such a simpleton's question. Besides, his own love is so great as not to allow him a thought for any thing else, not even for returned affection, and requires all the words he has at command for its own expression, unless it should be the case, as, alas! it but too often was, that some apology for his want of the world's wealth is rendered indispensable, before he can be confident enough in his own sincerity to ask her to walk the dews with him and live on mead and honey, or to take up her lodging with the black cocks and moor hens on the mountains. Love is all he has to offer, but he considers that love enough—for he feels that it is infinite—to qualify him for the hand of a princess. In the face of this assurance, the acknowledgment of his poverty must be considered rather as the discharge of a moral obligation, than as the admission of any drawback on his suit. He would have no reflection on his sincerity hereafter; so he

alludes to his purse merely to satisfy the scruples of his conscientiousness, simply to show he is not ashamed to offer himself at the worst; but with no shadow of apprehension that the circumstance itself can for a moment weigh against his all-sufficing qualification of wishing most sincerely to be married. Poverty he admits, poverty he professes, but never as an apology for sacrificing love to prudence. In the whole circle of Irish song there is no complaint that the lover dare not ask his mistress to marry him, because he was conscious he had not means to support her; and yet he might have known his risk from the daily experiences of others, equally poor and equally amorous, rejected on the same disagreeable grounds. But no; he feels that they must have wanted some integral essential portion of the love which animates him with such conscious competency to obtain its object in spite of poverty; so he asks the maiden's consent, in right divine of love alone, and in right humane of natural piety, relies on Providence for that love's support. Thus in the Coolin—

Oh, faithful treasure of my heart! be faithful and constant to me;
Forsake not the loved of your heart, on account of his poverty:
I would pledge to you the Bible, both what is under and above it,
That the faithful God would give us enough to spend!

Again, in another Coolin—

Oh, beautiful, stately damsel, to whom I have given my choice,
Imagine not that there is efficacy in riches without love :
He who formed us from clay, 'tis from Him we will get a sufficiency—
Oh, for sake of cattle I would not forsake you !

And in Cashel of Munster—

I would marry you without cattle, without money, and without much portion,
And I would marry you on a dewy morning at whitening of the day.

* * * *

There is no yellow gold in my pocket, nor silver white—
Nor have I herds to drive the length of the evening ;
But there is not a young maiden that would take me, empty, without cattle,
Whom I would not take with me on my voyage to the county Tyrone.

The reader is, of course, aware, that the earliest money among the ancients bore the impression of a bull, to indicate that animal's use as the standard of value before coin had been invented ;

so, until within the last two centuries, was value expressed in Ireland by multiples, of which the unit was a cow. Thus in old *Ellen a Roon*—

I would drink a cow with you,
Ellen a Roon ;
I would drink two cows with you,
Ellen a Roon, &c.

where the lover means to say, not that he would suck up the heifer, horns, pluck, and all, like a boa constrictor, for her entertainment, but simply that he would drink as much port wine (for port is the most ancient tippie in the sacred island) to her health, as could be purchased for two cows ; or perhaps he meant that he would dispose of so much of his stock, and convert the proceeds into Spanish ale, (which was another favourite beverage in the land of saints,) to be drained between them hobnobbing over the barrel head. We enter into this explanation to show the force of the above allusions to cattle.

When war becomes a national calamity, poverty ceases to be a disgrace. For hands which used to produce the articles of affluence, are then either needed for the field, or hurried from the quiet pursuit of their occupation elsewhere. When the war has ceased, the conquered party, already accustomed to the hardships of the struggle, desponding and insecure, care little to repossess themselves of those precarious comforts which it had already cost them so dear thus fruitlessly to defend. Whatever is common in a society, is not there disgraceful.

Where some only are wealthy, and none secure, poverty is an evidence of that only which makes it, in any state, disgraceful—gratuitous sloth. Besides, whatever squalidness of poverty might mark the empty cattle-shed, and unroofed cabin, the hills still offered their red deer and game, and the lochs and rivers were still the same inexhaustible sources of sustenance. The hunter and fisher could still support a migratory household in the woods, savage, it is true, but secure enough to satisfy his rude notion of independence. Thus, unconscious of the shame of poverty, yet unapprehensive of the terrors of absolute want, did the Irishman on the first impulse of his heart, court, marry, and surround himself with an offspring, to obey in their turn the dictates of an equally sanguine and equally inconsiderate simplicity of feeling, and perpetuate the characteristics of their ancestral blood, as they have done, till, in many instances, we might say that the Irishman, unconscious of the shame of poverty, yet unapprehensive of the terrors of absolute want, does now as he did then. If he but justify his imprudence in such songs as *Mary Chuisle* and *Ellen a Roon*, we could forgive him.

THE RIVAL POPES.

AN EPIGRAM.

"A. D. 1394, the two contending Popes, John and Nicholas, held separate councils. John and his Bishops, at Avignon, anathematized Nicholas the Fifth as a heretic, because he held that our Lord did *not* possess property. Nicholas, on the other hand, cursed John as a heretic for affirming that Christ did possess property.—*Baxter's Church History*, p. 425."

In days of yore two popes, as records say,
 Fiercely contended for pontific sway.
 Pope Nicholas, at Rome, denounced Pope John,
 Who cursed Pope Nicholas at Avignon ;
 Each damned the other as an imp of evil,
 And piously consigned him to the devil ;
 Satan, who watched the contest, nothing loth,
 Came at their call and kindly took them both.

BELFAST.

J. S.

CONSOLATION.

A LEAF FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOLTAIRE.

There lived, some time gone by, in modern France—
 Whose sunny clime the human bosom warms ;
 The land of love, and bravery and romance—
 A youthful dame of most transcendent charms,
 Who, on a fatal day, had the mischance
 To have her husband wrested from her arms
 By the rude hand of death ! a blooming youth,
 Whose looks were love, his soul's best treasure, truth !

Who can describe her grief ; it passed all thought !
 Handsome, and young, and wedded scarce ten days ;
 A handsome husband, too, who only sought
 To love, and please, and humour all her ways ;
 Who just the day before he died, had bought
 A phaeton for her, drawn by two smart bays.
 O married wives ! imagine if you can,
 Her grief at having lost so dear a man.

Oft would she sit, and o'er his portrait dream
 For hours together heaving heavy sighs ;
 Then she would start, and wring her hands, and scream,
 Rending the very heavens with her cries,
 Till she sank down exhausted, and did seem
 As dead ; saving, that from her half-closed eyes,
 The tears welled copiously, you could not trace
 One sign of life on her pale marble face.

And sometimes by the full moon's silver light,
 She'd wander on the banks of the Garonne ;
 Where he and she, on many a summer's night,
 Had fondly wandered, hand in hand alone,
 Ere their loves met this rude and sudden blight.
 And sometimes she would stand and gaze upon
 Her phaeton, or her husband's favourite horse ;
 But this invariably made her worse.

It chanced that a philosopher lived near,
 Whom for the present, Timon we shall name ;
 A man who to himself was very dear,
 And wished, to others that he were the same.
 Talent he thought he had ; although we fear
 You'll scarcely find him on the lists of fame—
 A chance which might have risen from neglect—
 Merit but seldom meets with due respect !

But he was good and kind—and *that* is much !
 And thought it was his duty, as a sage,
 To search for arguments, if any such
 Could be discovered in the books, to 'suage
 The lady's grief. And so he took his crutch,
 (For he was lame) and sought her house. A page,
 In deepest mourning, slowly led the way
 To the boudoir, where the sad lady lay.

Upon a couch. He bowed ; the page withdrew.
 The lady rose, with a dejected air,
 And from her snowy forehead backward threw
 The floating tresses of her raven hair.
 And she received him kindly, for she knew
 He was her friend, and bade him take a chair.
 He sat : a silent tear stole o'er his cheek ;
 He dried it up, and thus began to speak :—

“ Lady,” he said, “ youv'e lost a loving lord”—
 (He mentioned this by way of information ;
 He thought it might her calmness have restored,
 Preparatory to his consolation)—
 “ A worthy man—'gainst whom no evil word
 Was ever spoken !—'tis a dispensation—
 A sad one truly—a severe affliction !”
 Of this she had already a complete conviction.

“ Perhaps you do not recollect the story
 Of Mary, the unhappy Scottish queen ?
 She had a husband too, her heart's sole glory,
 Handsome and rich, and liberal too, I ween.
 Wedded they had not been for long—not more, I
 Believe, than twelve months—at the most fifteen,
 He was blown up by secreted gunpowder—
 Such an explosion ! ne'er was heard a louder !”

The lady owned that it was very sad,
But her *own* husband's loss it was she wept ;
"She had a lover, an Italian lad,
A famed musician, whom she near her kept,
From morn to night, through good report and bad.
One evening some disguised assassins slipped
Into the room where *he* sat with her Grace,
And butchered him before her very face !"

The lady wept, but for her husband still.
"Her kingdom once she was obliged to fly,
Her people said that she had governed ill ;
And though she did by no means wish to die,
They threatened, if they caught her, they would kill.
On England's queen she thought she could rely,
And prayed her to stand by her in her need.
She *took her in*—and then took off her head !"

The lady's burning tears still flowed amain,
But 'twas not for poor Mary that she cried.
Though all the queens in Europe had been slain,
Would *that* have brought her husband to her side ?
Could *that* recall the dead to life again,
Or give her lover to the sorrowing bride ?
The sage perceived that "Mary" would not do,
And so he thought he'd try another clew.

"The story of Maria Antoinette
Is better known. She was a loving wife,
And had a loving lord, and lovely set
Of juveniles. But there grew up a strife
Betwixt her husband and the mob, who let
Him not escape, but took away his life.
In one short night her auburn hair grew grey—
She nearly lost both head and hair next day !"

"'Twas a sad case, indeed," the lady said ;
But still her husband caused her tears to flow.
"I will not talk to you of Orleans' maid ;
Her dismal story you must surely know,
How she was persecuted and betrayed—
No woman ever was more foully so !
How she exposed her life for France's sake,
Her sole reward the faggot and the stake !

"The tale of Cleopatra is most sad !
She loved a Roman, Antony by name,
The noblest general that ever had
Added fresh laurels to the Latin fame.
She loved too well, and then went well nigh mad
For grief, to think on her impending shame ;
And, as if death from folly clean would wipe her,
She stung herself with an envenomed viper !

“ There was a Persian princess once, who brought
A favoured lover into her boudoir :
Her father entered unawares, and sought
To slay the youth ; but he seized up a bar
Of iron that lay near, with which he fought
Until the father fell—a ghastly scar
Upon his brow. The princess swooned for fear ;
The youth was taken up by the Vizier,

“ And hanged next day before her very face.
She died for grief ! You’ve never been at Nice ?
No matter ! ’tis a very pretty place,
And once contained a beauty named Berbice,
Who had a charming husband named Alsace—
A very handsome man, who came from Greece.
These two went out one evening after tea,
To take a sail upon the calm blue sea.

“ The moon—the rich Italian moon—shone bright,
Tinging the landscape with her mellow beams.
The wakened waters caught the silver light,
And threw it back in broken fitful gleams.
They sat and gazed upon the silent night,
And hand in hand indulged in soothing dreams
Of love. Row gently, gently, gondolier,
The slightest sound is grating to the ear.

“ And soon the barrier of the bay was passed,
And o’er the bosom of the deep they glide.
The distant white-walled town receded fast,
When a tall ship they suddenly descried—
A sable pennant streaming at her mast.
‘ Lie to your oars, my men ! ’ Alsatio cried ;
‘ ’Tis the black corsair ! speed, make for the shore ! ’
A flash was seen, a bullet whistled o’er

“ Their heads. The gondoliers refused to row,
Sitting in terror motionless and still ;
And the dark giant ship bore down with slow
But steady course upon her prey, until
She threw her grappling irons o’er their prow.
The corsair crew leap down in haste, and fill
The barge. Alsatio fought and fell. Berbice
Was taken prisoner. Farewell, white-walled Nice !

“ Onward the corsair sailed o’er silent seas,
And passed by moonlight Malta’s ancient towers,
And skirted round the lovely Chersonese,
Catching the perfume of its olive bowers,
Whose fragrance filled the gentle summer breeze.
And then they came to Athens, where the Giaours
Made some additions to their human cargo,
Heedless, alike, of firman and embargo.

“ And onward still, they sailed both night and day ;
 And floated o’er the Hellespont’s rude waves,
 And coasted up the sea of Marmora,
 And reached the rapid Bosphorus, which laves
 The Turkish shore, and anchored in the bay
 Of the famed Porte—the noted mart of slaves.—
 The cargo here were driven in a string
 Up to the town, and sold for what they’d bring.

“ The Sultan’s eunuch purchased poor Berbice,
 And led her off to the seraglio straight.
 Poor thing ! if aught her misery could increase,
 ’Twas being destined to so dire a fate !
 But this was not the worst ;—she would not cease
 Her tears, or her deep, dismal sighs, abate ;
 Although—and few dare contradict *his* fiat—
 The Sultan frowned and told her to be quiet.

“ But still she sighed and wept, and wept and sighed,
 Till his sublimity got in a passion,
 And ordered two black mutes to have her tied
 Into a sack—such is the Eastern fashion—
 And thrown headlong in the angry tide.
 The two black demons showed her no compassion,
 But sewed her up, and threw her with a splash.
 In where the Bosphorean waters dash.

“ I will not talk to you of Eloise,
 Or of her love for Abelard the sage ;
 But turn your thoughts a moment, if you please,
 To poor Jane Gray, who, at the tender age
 Of sixteen summers, had a”——“ Cease, O cease !”
 The lady cried—“ my grief you’ll ne’er assuage ;—
 It lies too deeply rooted at the core
 Of my sad heart—I’ll ne’er know gladness more.

“ My husband, O, my husband, ’tis for thee,
 That these loud throbbings in my bosom rise ;
 No consolation’s half so sweet to me,
 As shedding tears and heaving heavy sighs ;
 No human sympathy can ever be
 One half so soothing as these streaming eyes !
 O, I could mourn and weep for countless years !
 My only refuge is in sighs and tears !

Timon perceived it was in vain to stay,
 For still the lady wept, repeating o’er
 Her husband’s name. And so he went his way ;
 But as he reached the threshold of his door,
 And turned round to bid the dame good-day,
 From his rapt breast this oracle did pour :—
 “ Lady !” he said, “ there is no other balm ;
 Nothing, save TIME, your tortured soul can calm !”

He closed the door behind him as he went.
 "Alas! alas!" the lady thought and sighed,
My grief's too great to seek for any vent
 Save tears—it will resist both time and tide!
 Nought but the hand of death can heal the rent
 And tortured soul of the forlorn bride!
 Time *may* go on, but time will never cure;
 As long as life my misery will endure!"

And time *went* on, and fleeting days flew by,
 And by degrees she felt herself resigned.
 Two months sufficed her tearful eyes to dry,
 In four for company she felt inclined;
 In six she never knew what 'twas to sigh,
 In ten she smiled and went abroad and dined;
 In twelve she dropped her weeds, and, strange to tell,
 Wedded another mate—she felt so well.

And time pursued his noiseless ceaseless flight,
 And death snatched off old Timon's only son—
 A youth who was his father's sole delight—
 Whose gentle manners general friendship won.
 And Timon grieved, as well a father might
 At losing this, his dear, his only one;
 His days were spent in weeping and in sighs,
 The air resounded with his wails and cries.

The lady heard of this his poignant grief,
 And how the livelong day he moaned and sighed;
 And anxious to afford him some relief,
 She made a list of kings whose sons had died,
 (Correct according to her best belief,
 Taken from history which never lied,)
 And brought it to the sage. He read it o'er,
 But his salt tears flowed faster than before.

And stern old Time still plodded on his way,
 And added to the past another year.
 The lady sought the sage, and strange to say,
 His cheek was moistened by no bitter tear;
 Soft placid smiles around his features play;
 Content, nay cheerful, did he now appear;
 And those who gazed on him could ne'er have known
 That he had ever lost an only son!

The lady marvelled. "Ah! 'tis time alone,
 "Can calm," she said, "the sorrow-stricken breast,
 Can stifle with his touch each heavy moan,
 And lull the anguish-torn mind to rest!"
 And she erected of enduring stone,
 A monument that should for ever last,
 To TIME, THE GREAT CONSOLER—with this scroll
 In classic French:

A CELUI QUI CONSOLE!

POETRY, AND DECLINE OF THE POETICAL GENIUS.

THERE is an interregnum in the monarchy of song. The harps are hung upon the willows; the laurels are sere; the fingers, whose cunning called sweet magic from the one are wearied and unrelieved; the brows that sustain the other are wrinkled with an honourable age, and find no cause to smooth in smiles upon the vigour and daring of a young and lusty generation of successors.

And yet nature is the same as ever. Her majestic harmony, her minute perfection, her colours, her sounds, her fragrance, are all as unchanged in their exquisite adaptation to the sense of Beauty which lies treasured in the heart of man, are all as prompt to woo his enthusiasm and win him to musings that soar above the atmosphere of earth, and invade infinity, as they have ever yet been, when, from age to age, the master spirits of our race have embalmed contemplation in immortal words, bequeathing an incorruptible inheritance of pure and perfect thoughts to mankind, and confirming the holy alliance of the beautiful and the true, till imagination is only reason arrayed in smiles, and wreathed with a chaplet of roses.

If, then, nature, with her priceless dower of beauty and wisdom, be still as worthy of the ardour of poesy as she has ever been, why has *she* no suitors, why have *we* no poet? For the truth is lamentably undeniable, that the light has gradually expired, and the glory hath passed away; that the swans of the Lakes are no longer metaphorical, nor the dainty meads of Sloperton vocal with song; and that, in short, almost every glorious home of verse in the land is tenanted by occupants weary of the toil of composition, and anxious to resign its honours to candidates of less experience and more active energies. But wherefore have none appeared? Is the cause to be wholly sought in the accidental and temporary deficiency of genius, or are there causes collateral and coefficient, operating to aid the unkindness of na-

ture, and to confirm the decrees of a fortune unjust to the muse?

Doubtless there are; and as unquestionably they are difficult to analyse and specify. Amid the vast variety of minds, how few causes will be found so universal as to act similarly on all, and how many obstacles to some energies, will be found the strongest incentives of others; while, on the other hand, how many of those combinations of circumstances which stimulate the exertions of one class of intellectual *operatives*, hang with dull and oppressive weight upon the stupor-stricken efforts of their fellows, till the philosophic inquirer is lost in perplexity, and humiliated by finding his predictions continually falsified, his generalizations constantly erroneous! Nay, so unmanageable a subject is human nature, even in those more stable conditions in which it would seem to present an invariable aspect, and to be easily detained in the grasp of speculation, that even the solid architecture of *civil constitutions* presents no definite material of inquiry as to possible results, and that even *political* prophesy, which ventures to trace the shadows of the past projected into the future, is, perhaps, more frequently mistaken than any, though it has the known character of a people, and the known form of their government among the *data* on which it builds its cautious conclusions. Harrington, as every one knows, deduced from general principles and after a protracted consideration, the impossibility of re-establishing a monarchy in England; and the restoration of the king confuted his book almost before it was read. But if the experienced tendencies of a national character and a national government are found to supply but a wavering and deceptive index of their future history: and if, after all that has been demonstrated with mathematical cogency on all sides, political wisdom is felt to consist rather in the fine discrimination of a practical *tact* than in any application of infallible principles of general truth—what shall

we say of literary history? how shall we dare to collect its universal characteristics, or with what confidence can we pronounce the causes of its present phenomena or the means of its future alteration? For our concern in this department is not with the common mind of humanity—our travels are not over the level plain, where no ambitious eminence disturbs the uniformity of the prospect, and where an impartial light is equably diffused upon the whole. No; we have to explore the heights and hollows, bleak or verdurous, where the light by which we endeavour to guide our steps, is broken into masses and crossed by depths of shade—where, “now in glimmer and now in gloom,” the path is obscure, perilous, and unsteady. In a word, we have to do with Genius—that mysterious essence which it seems so impracticable to fix or analyse; for, inscrutable as is the power that directs the train of ideas on *all* occasions, still more transcending our comprehension is the nature, and even the subordinate laws of this commanding energy which perpetually directs it, with the certainty of an instinct, through the loftiest regions of conception. The laws of the common intellect are, perhaps, easily assignable: but criticism has regard to the Miracles of mind; and the general laws of such extraordinary instances are as secret, and, from the poverty of those instances, as impossible to be pronounced, as the similar laws which have been thought so to bind together the divine interferences with the course of material nature that its very deviations are a system.* It is not for us—it is not for any speculator to presume to pronounce maxims and draw logical inferences upon a

subject so elusive: it is for the candid examiner to suggest *general* views, which may be modified in innumerable ways—nay, which may never come into unmingled efficiency, but which, nevertheless, are likely to be found, on the whole, influential upon the character or direction of the poetical genius of the country. As in material, so in moral science—we can calculate with more certainty the motions of huge aggregates than of the minor masses which compose them; we can state with precision the paths of the bodies that march the heavens, while we ascribe to chance the direction of the pebble that falls from the cliff—we can tell the laws of the tides, yet cannot conjecture the restless evolutions of the innumerable waves that form them; because the latter are the results of endless, intricate, interfering, and unobservable influences, while the former are those of a few ascertained ones. And thus it is, likewise, that we know more of society than of any part of it—that we may mark with strict justice the character of a community, and find it contradicted in every one of our acquaintance. So true is the acute remark of the inimitable Rochefoucauld, that “it is easier to know man in general than any man in particular.” The result of the whole is, that we may discourse learnedly of universal maxims, but that genius is born to break them. Hence the inglorious conclusion, that those cautious generalities which avoid precision, and address the feelings more than the understanding, can alone protect the critic from the shame of an unfulfilled prophecy, and the fatal necessity of gracing the triumph of some coming genius, who is to turn the stream of

* May we be permitted, as we have casually alluded to the subject, to digress for a moment from our immediate topic, and cite a remark from an ancient writer, which seems to bear a curious degree of resemblance to this sublime theological speculation, as it has been stated with his usual *cautious daring* by Bishop Butler? In Aristotle we find the following passage:—*Ἔστι γὰρ τὸ τερας τῶν παρὰ φύσιν τι, παρὰ φύσιν δὲ οὐ πᾶσαι, ἀλλὰ τὴν ὅτι ἐστὶ πολὺ. παρὰ γὰρ τὴν αἰὶ, καὶ τὴν ἐξ ἀναγκῆς, οὐδὲν γίνεται παρὰ φύσιν.* (Lib. IV. de Generat. Animal.) *Monstrum (vel Miraculum) est aliquid præter naturam, sed non omnem; illam tantum quæ solens et usitata est. Nam præter illam sempiternam, &c. nihil omnino fit.* Though the *τερατα* to which the great modern divine referred, were of a different kind from those which the ancient naturalist had in view, the coincidence, in the applicability of the same proposition to both, is not, perhaps, the less remarkable. But we have to ask pardon for this little irrelevancy.

public taste into some desert wild now unthought of, or condemned as irreclaimable by human skill.

Let us return once more to the topic from which we started. Let us dwell upon the divine form of nature; so truly divine that we can almost pardon the dreamers of old, who mistook the work for the artist, and called the world itself a god. Let us behold her animate and her inanimate realms, all alive with ever-changing forms of unchanging loveliness, and again ask ourselves why she hath found no interpreter of her beauty—no deep-sighted inquisitor of her secret charms—none who have obtained more than a public audience of the fascinator, in the undistinguishing courtesy of her drawing-room smiles—none who have been admitted to share the truth of her hidden feelings in the tenderer communion of those private hours when she may be won to whisper her special revelations. Picture the soft ardours of a summer's day, (such as that on which we write those lines,) and wonder that we have none who can teach us to feel them even deeper!

The fact is, that the spirit of the age is not poetic, nor formed to encourage poesy by its admiring sympathies. We have declared that we meant to deal in generalities, and will admit no private experiences to impugn this truth. Our readers are, doubtless, poetic—their taste is, indeed, unquestionable, inasmuch as they *are* our readers—but, unfortunately, they do not constitute all society, though we are free to admit they form the most distinguished part of it. Again—we may not deny that there is much vagrant poesy hovering, during those sweet days of rural idlesse, among the lakes of Cumberland and Killarney, by the mystic shores of Glendalough, where the spirit of hoar antiquity and lingering religion still haunts the reverend silence of the everlasting hills, or disporting in nature's loveliest dimple—the leafy dells of the Dargle. Sonnets, too, have been found fluttering among the breezy ravines of North Wales, and attesting the potent spell of its cliffs and waving woods. But this power, which thus unlocks the hearts of the young, has but a temporary and local reign; he pervades not the dead mass of society—his bow

of peace is not set among the clouds of toil, and weariness, and distress—and are not these the burden that deeply depresses the loaded atmosphere of British intellect for this year, and for years past? Who does not see that the spirit of poetic abstraction is alien from our land? Where is the man who has received on his mind the impression of present society, by becoming part of the moving mass, and entering into the membership of its feelings and excitements, and who has been able to preserve the virgin simplicity of the poetic taste? It will be said that we have asked a question, to which the same answer may be given in all ages—we partially admit it. But there is an especial pertinency in that answer, as we are now circumstanced. The immense spread of commercial and manufacturing interests, has lowered the fancy of the people, and confined it within the meanest circle of conceptions—the energy of political disquisition has agitated the universal mind in the most profitless of all regions of excitement—the diffusion of “useful knowledge,” which is usually the courteous title for a heartless Utilitarianism in philosophy, and a discontented Utopianism in government, have, with other causes, of a more limited and peculiar nature, contributed to augment a distaste for the perusal or encouragement of poetry. What is poetry but the history of beauty and of passion. We have no interest in the former, and we are more concerned with the reality than with the analysis of the passions of our nature. How, then, did Byron first win his rude but majestic course among us, and what was that conjuration by which his first great production at once arrested the hearts of mankind in such an age? It was by addressing *those very impulses* which have most sway in society, as society is now constituted—by appealing not to our sense of beauty, not to our love of peace, not to the slumbering divinity of our souls—no, but by talking to us in that matchless eloquence, which duskily burns along his gloomy stanzas, of our interests, and our vices, and our corrupted nature, and suiting his sarcastic inferences to the hardened votary of the world, and to the victim of disappointment, to whom disap-

pointment has brought no instruction. It was never by the man of soaring imagination, so much as by the man of morbid reflection, that Byron was truly felt and fostered—it was less for his poetry than his eloquence—less for his eloquence than his philosophy, that the world, in spite of the indignation of all who valued the moral progress of mankind, cherished and idolized him. He had touched the key-note of the age. Men enslaved to ambitious intrigue, yet unconsciously weary of that unhappy servitude, felt a secret something which they could not express,—and Byron gave them words. Men driven by the misfortunes of war or commerce, (then daily casualties,) into that disgust of the world, which so many imagine to be philosophy, wanted a system of opinions,—and Byron became their bible. The country—the world—began to loathe the noise of battles, and to sicken at the folly that had entangled it in the ceaseless quarrels of imperial rapine—"There let them rot, ambition's honoured fools," said Byron. Finally, untaught and unteachable, surrounded by scenes of blood and confusion, which seemed to make earth a Tartarus, and wholly to cloud the moral government of God, many had no heart for religion, and were wont, with a sneer of supreme contempt, to annihilate the pretensions of every creed and system ;* but these pithy aphorisms which condense reprobation in a line, and pack philosophy in portable parcels, were grievously needed—they consulted the new apostle, found that "Even gods must yield, religions take their turn, &c.," and the passage became a proverb. Thus at once, creator and created, Byron was alike the offspring and the director of his age !

And it is true that from every state of society, in which human passion can find play, there may be poetry derived, which shall elevate or depress, as the genius that extracts the precious essence shall please in his power to will. Mr. Elliot has interested us with the effects of the corn laws, and

it is needless to cite the domestic portraits of Crabbe. Yet these are special cases, which prove not the tendency of our present society either to produce poetry or to peruse it. We could almost say that it is their proximity to *prose*, in the absence of imaginative appeals, which has recommended the tales of Crabbe to our age ; and Mr. Elliott's popularity, though it seems to be deserved, can be accounted for on other grounds than the excellence of his effusions. Try the age by a surer test of its poetical appreciation. How few are the readers of Milton ! How forced is the applause that hails Wordsworth, the Plato of verse ! How small is the number that can separate Shakspeare from Kean or Macready, and can read him because he wrote the noblest works of imagination which the world has ever seen, not because he wrote the stock pieces of "the acting drama !" The exclusive selfishness, which is termed *common sense*, and which is the rankest growth of a commercial race, has overrun the domains of sensibility, without being able to stifle the cries of imagination for her food ; and that fair faculty, thus neglected and thus vigorous, is too often reduced to snatch her hasty meal from banquets unwholesome and unsatisfying. And hence the *Novel* has assumed an importance so unprecedented in our literature. We must have excitement, and we must have it on the cheapest terms, and in the most abbreviated form. It must be prepared for our indolence, in a shape which shall leave no trouble to the pre-occupied reader—it must appeal less to our fancy, and our exalted moods, than to the coarser interest of complicated narrative and characteristic dialogue. The principle of utilitarianism has extended even to the pleasures of imagination, and we bargain for our *quantum* of excitement at a cheap cost of time and toil, with the same elevated feeling as that which actuates the honest mechanic who complains of the extravagant expense of the shilling gallery, and the unreason-

* Except their own, the most positive and arrogant of all. It is curious that Scepticism is really the most *dogmatic* of all heresies, in its speculative tenets. It is quite unnecessary, after the close of the last century, to say that it is as intolerant in its practice as any.

able length of the performance, urgently demanding to be horrified for a sixpence, and refusing to subtract more than an hour or two from trade, for the terrors of the new melodrame. We would be intoxicated indeed—not, however, by the sparkling etherealities of Champagne, or the more gradual fascinations of the cool nectar of Bourdeaux, but by the coarser instrumentality of unwatered brandy. And even here we would compound for the trouble of the *process*, if the *end* could be ensured without it—imitating the wish of the worthy Hibernian who, on beholding a neighbour staggering in the seventh heaven of potteen, is said to have earnestly contemplated the raptures of the ecstatic drunkard for a moment, and then broken out into the vivid exclamation, “Holy St. Patrick! what I’d give to be as drunk as the fellow is!” His imagination (trained in the tents of Donnybrook, or among the factious chivalry of Tipperary) shot through the tedious preliminary of consecutive naggins, it wisely spurned the seductions of sentiment, and the delights of that quarrelsome conviviality which are commonly supposed to be the chief provocation of Irish intemperance, and in the simplicity of a disinterested love of beastliness, *for its own sake*, bounded at once to the glorious consummation of the whole. Now—forgetting the atrocity of the comparison, and rising to the gentler intoxication of fancy—reflect if there be not a very similar process of preference in the neglect of the delicate stimulants of poetry, and the universal adoption of the more vulgar material of the novel, whose effect is instantaneous, and whose powers operate only on the inferior energies of imagination. We refuse to rise to literature, or to be raised by her; she must descend and soothe the caprices of an indolent ennui, or remain unnoticed and uninfluential. She must be, not the guide and mistress of elevated action, but the plaything of our leisure hours, the Odalisque of an eastern seraglio.

Again, the convulsions, or apprehended convulsions, of civilized states are not favourable to the beautiful reveries of the muse. Some superficial thinkers are pleased to declaim eloquently about the awakened ener-

gies of a revolutionized people. They are grossly mistaken. These energies are oftener that tumultuous avarice of power which its admiring victims have, with bitter flattery, styled a *glorious ambition*; the restlessness of discontented rapine, the craft of insatiable cupidity, groping among the holy vessels of the temple, and clutching the regalia of the throne. The poetry of such a period is little more than the rough Pæan of civil massacres, the venomous satire that stings alike the friend it envies, and the foe it fears, the brutal ballad which is the hymn of vulgar violence, and in which the Tyrtæus of the ale-house records past, and instigates future robbery. The peaceful smile of poetry has no claims for a nation which knows no distinction save of the plunderers and the plundered, and the despotism of some fortunate assassin at the head of a military banditti, to close a vista of turbulence, has little to charm the coy nymph of the grove and the glade, who, with sullied wings, cleaves her heaven-ward flight from a land accursed, when it has become (do we exaggerate?) from one end to the other, a filthy conflagration of all the grossest propensities of our nature!

We think it may be observed that the genius of these countries has, of late years, been decidedly more favourable to *scientific research* than to the efforts of imagination. The utilitarianism whose narrow scope of vision can see no merit in the latter, is forced to acknowledge the practical benefits of the former. It may coldly recognize the beauties of a poetical “Excursion,” but it cannot refuse its approbation to the convenient locomotion of the steam-engine. We will not assert that these opposite tendencies may not subsist in full vigour, in the same community, and at the same time; but we do conjecture that the spirit of encouragement on which both so mainly depend for progress, is, at the present conjuncture, rather unequally divided. And it is curious to remark that even in science, so slightly is the encouragement connected with admiration of intellectual power or interest in the discovery of pure truth, that it acts directly in proportion as the improvements are of a practical tendency, and augment the resources not of the head,

but of the hand. We prefer art to science in the same ratio as we prefer science to poetry. We have read Bacon so attentively as to have gone *beyond* his meaning. The discoveries of science are indeed the road to the inventions of art; but let none presume to say that they are not an end as well as an instrument. "Knowledge is power," but, in being *knowledge* it is often something far higher than power. Nay, inventive power is never so splendidly exerted as when it is employed as an instrument in the service of knowledge, and thus repays the gifts of its benefactress, either in *increasing her stores*, or *diffusing her blessings*. Witness the invention of the telescope, which, in the former department, has done far more for the amplitude of the mind and conceptions of man, than it has ever done, or can ever do, for his practical convenience; and, again, remember the invention of the press, the noblest present that Art ever made to Science, and which was thus admirable as a work of art solely because it was the means for the circulation of that knowledge which was its all-sufficing end. So miserably mistaken are we if we confine the honours of science to its efficiency as an instrument for the increase of our practical conveniences, or imagine that its utility (in the circumscribed sense of that much-abused term) was ever intended to be its highest recommendation to a being formed as man is formed. Who shall say that *Truth* is not *itself nobler than any of its applications*? Who shall say that the universe (the mirror of God) ought not to have its mechanism explored and its analogies detected—that the power which is deputed from the throne of the Supreme, to bind together systems to their suns, and systems to systems, and aggregates of systems to other aggregates, until at last the one centre be attained where the GREAT SPIRIT himself sits alone, surrounded by his pomp of worlds; that this power, with its laws and results, whatever they be, and as far as we can trace them in the changeful aspect of the skies, should not be sought *for the mind's own sake*, unless the inferior practical interests of navigation or of geography justify the search? Who

shall say that truth is not itself happiness to a being that is given to commune with the Spirit of God, and, if not wholly to understand, or even hear, yet, at least, to catch through revelation the dim and distant echoes of decrees that issue from the majestic council of the Holy Trinity!

The genius of poetry and that of science, like the Pleasure and Pain of Plato, are, perhaps, in their loftiest reach united, or even identical. The vivid imagination whose sagacious audacity suspects analogies, and invents the means of determining them, has surely no inconsiderable resemblance to that which thrills with a sensitive recognition of the beauty of nature's order, and sees perpetual correspondencies, moral or material, in the superficial aspect of things. The power which discovers the secret principles of alteration in objects—electricity, magnetism, heat, and the rest, is not unlike that other faculty whose favourite task is to people nature with the living agents of its changes, and to set the world in motion by a spiritual machinery. Those who will look deeper into the nature of these two forms of the intellect, will perhaps observe that the genius of poetry tends to variety, and that of science to simplicity, that the former loves to multiply her agents, and the latter to reduce their number. (They will perceive that while its poetry gave to antiquity a polytheistic theology, its science almost invariably produced a monotheistic physics.) But, what is more pertinent to the conjecture with which we commenced this paragraph, they will also be inclined to conclude, that, as the scale of minds rises through the universe, the scientific perception must continually increase with the capacity for possible, and extent of actual, knowledge, while the imaginative, which always wanders among the indistinctly known, must proportionably be lost in the former; until in that order of being, if such there be, which comprehends all the laws of all the universe, knowledge exclusively fills the whole mind, no analogy can ever be *imagined* which is not also *known*, nothing is specious or repulsive to the fancy, but all true or false to the judgment, and

imagination is literally become science.* The feeling of *beauty* may indeed be supposed still to occupy such a mind, yet it is questionable whether it would not have become a calm, scientific, perception of the adaptation of means to ends, and an acknowledgment that any other disposition of things than at present obtains in nature, would involve some impropriety of which the limited science of *man* can, of course, form no conception.

But it is not for us, on the present occasion, to wander in abstruse speculation, "breathing the difficult air" of those high contemplations to which the readers of magazines are, it is reported, notoriously averse. Let us play round the subject with a more sportive pen, and let us talk of *poetry* and *science* in connection with a theme dear to all our readers and capable, it may be, of arresting their attention better than our mystic fantasies of other worlds, and our anticipations of that progressive exaltation which it may yet be for our race to inherit. We will say then that we never felt more strangely and strongly the opposition, and yet affinity, of the genius of poetry and that of science, than on a late occasion, when both were suddenly forced on our mind in juxta position and immediate contrast. The occasion we will venture to narrate—trivial to many, it will "sound to the intelligent," and our present disquisition does not affect extreme coherency. We (if in critical etiquette the plurality must still be preserved,) *we* were, at the moment of our adventure, seated in the theatre of our national University, and engaged in witnessing an exhibition which might well be the honour of any seat of learning, which is probably equalled by no other in the world, and the introduction of which, into the "*University Magazine*," a very

slight connection may surely justify. We were, in short, watching with profound attention the progress of our late *fellowship examination*! Nor could any time have been occupied with more agreeable interest. There was a pleasing anxiety—for we must be permitted to describe our recollections—in marking the alternate successes and failures of the young champions, the struggles of reason and memory with the ceaseless difficulties proposed by the examiners, the calm aspect of the latter contrasted with the earnest gaze of expectation or anxious reflection that clouded the former, "sicklied o'er" too, it seemed, with the toil-worn expression of present solicitude for success and past midnights of study. Nor, again, was it uninteresting to observe in the latter, the striking differences of intellectual character and discipline—from the modest confidence of the more practised and prepared candidate to the less assured advances of a young rival inferior in universality of acquirement, but with an intellect of no common standard as an engine of analytic solution or discovery. Then, the extent, difficulty, and lofty order of the subjects of examination, the publicity and impartiality of the trial, the crowds assembled to witness its fortunes, the importance of the result to the successful candidate, being no less than the determination of his whole future life, the splendour of the edifice in which it is held, and perhaps more than all, the memory of the great spirits, who, at various times, have occupied it, and some of whom, to assist the imagination, still look down from its pictured walls upon the scene of their academic ambition—all these things combine to invest this examination with a character of peculiar and elevated interest. But we have forgotten *ourselves* in the remembrance of a detail so gratifying

* Startling as this conclusion may appear, we are persuaded it will be acknowledged on patient reflection. The fact is, that all imagination of beautiful analogies is imperfect science, and to a mind so accomplished as we have supposed, it would be as impossible to imagine without obvious absurdity—or rather, to represent at all in the imagination—any combination which does not really exist, as it is for us to admit a direct contradiction in terms, or to conceive a contrariety of attributes belonging to the same object at the same moment. All imagination will therefore be conversant with realities, and we may say with truth, either that imagination will have altogether perished, or perhaps better, as we have expressed it, that the perceptions of imagination, and those of science, will have become wholly identical.

to national and collegiate predilections; and, in good sooth, when we pass from this field of honourable conflict to the reveries of a fancy, perhaps over ardent, we know not how to justify our tastes, and half suspect that many readers will deem us too wildly aberrant from the world of fact if we venture to connect our fragile follies with the sober dignity of such a scene. But it will be. We remember then that the accomplished professor of natural philosophy was engaged in a searching examination of the candidates in the science of nature, according to that mathematical dialect in which its minutest evolutions have found a language copious to infinity and clearer than the conceptions of its acutest employer, a language which teaches those who use it, and reasons of itself;—and among other topics his inquiries had reference to the physical theories of light. We listened, and our poetry was gradually forgotten! Fancy was exorcised to make room for a sterner spirit—a spirit whose expressions are, alas! poetic only as they sometimes deal with *imaginary* existences—whose similes are equations, and whose metaphors substitutions. We still listened—the ocean of the noontide-beams parted into its seven canals for our attentive reason—the direct and the undulatory propagation of its subtle essence had each its advocate and its arguments—and we soon became interested in the topic of the examination as well as in its fortunes. We thought of sight but as a “*subject*” for the optical dissector, and verily took for granted that it had never vivified the universe for any other purpose but the display of his ingenuity. Engaged in these profound contemplations, we unconsciously looked up from the professor, or the candidates, with that absorbed air which marks the intensity of abstraction—and what saluted our eyes?—saluted? nay, what wooed, and courted, and caressed them? A flood of azure rays from the sky, and a flood of still softer hues of green from a tree of a million many-twinkling leaves, whose summit waved and sparkled in the light just above and beyond the high southern windows of the hall. And this was all; yet it dispelled our calculations, and our hearts met the glorious sky with a

beat of joy, and our feelings nestled among the summer leaves like a flight of uncaged birds. We felt as if nature, to whom we had so long proffered devotion, seemed insulted at our daring to anatomize the form which we were destined only to love; as if she brooked not that her exquisite darts of light which fall so softly on our eyes, and bring us their lovely message of distant things should be received only on the cold examination of philosophy, or that the web in which she has woven her tissue of colour should be unravelled by one who was formed only to admire it. It was at that instant the professor required some property connected with the theory of harmonic sounds; but really the dulcet duet of two goldfinches (those *flowers* of the air) seduced our attention from the philosophic investigation, and the answer escaped us. And what of all this? Simply that it is a momentary record of the human mind, sensitively alive to all things, and at home either in the closet where we are alone with wisdom, or on the mountain-peak where we are physically and morally nearest the heavens: loving the beauty of the universe and exploring its truth; with Newton calmly classifying worlds, or with Shakspeare, peopling them!

What eloquence shall we address to a people who are dead to the sublimity of the truth of fact, or the truth of fancy, to that which suits the real or that which suits the ideal world? What discipline will teach them the unrecognized wealth which mind possesses, and prompt the admiration of knowledge and poesy as their own end? or—if they stoop to subserve any other—as only tending to themselves on a higher level, that is, to the *knowledge* or the *conception* of the Spirit of the universe himself, his works, and his holiness? Would that the habits of thought which the great Wordsworth (great in despite of his occasional efforts to degrade the dignity of his celestial muse to an overstrained and mistaken, because elaborate, simplicity) perpetually inculcates, were more prevalent among us, in their purifying and elevating influences! Not, indeed, that we would recommend the adoption of either his style of expression or his theory of poetical merit: both are suited to himself and

to himself alone : neither can another venture to assume his lyre without his command of the instrument and his compass of pathetic execution. Nor even would we wish that the philosophical poetry of that great master became a model, as to its form and some of its obvious peculiarities : poetry moulded in that shape is easy for mediocrity to imitate, and difficult—without servile imitation—for even genius to achieve. But it is the spirit which it breathes, of exalted contemplation combined with unbroken reference to nature, which we could wish to see transfused into the minds of our fellow-countrymen, and colouring the aspect of their imaginative productions, epic, lyric, dramatic, didactic. It is the glory of our age, in its earlier years, to have restored this characteristic of the loftiest verse : is there none who can continue the charm, without being the parasite of its living but mute masters ?

And will all this prove of no advantage to the universal people ? There are who read these pages and smile at their author as a dreamer—perchance there are those also who “can understand the dream to interpret it.” If a crafty statesman asked only to be permitted to regulate the ballads of the people in order to secure their voices, there is some plausibility in attributing a powerful efficacy to the ballads that fill the ears and hearts of the educated—of those who are susceptible of finer, as well as of more important influences for good or evil. Who shall calculate how much English character owes to the manly genius of Shakspeare, and English piety to the stupendous pictures of Milton ? Who does not perceive that the bright ideal of greatness exhibited to the people from age to age by their gifted bards, has contributed to mature and consolidate that national character which no country has ever equalled, and which unquestionably has given the strongest security for durability of empire which mere character could ever confer upon any country ? Let not the great claims of these great men be undervalued.

There is a wisdom in imagination which is never indeed to be explored by arithmetic, or expressed by syllogism ; but which not the less is deep-felt and wide-spreading—and for this most simple reason, that it is the wisdom of the feelings which never err, and not of moral calculation, which is never wholly right. Poets are the legislators of the heart, and a great poet is mightier than a Solon. “Let none,” says the divine Plato, in the spirit of a guardian of the elder mysteries—“let none intrude upon the lays of Homer, who are uninitiated in wisdom, lest they imagine that that hero wrote fables !”^{*} And truly no fables were they, but the veritable records of humanity—no fiction but the profoundest truth ; for what are the names and dates of three thousand years ago—the idle syllables which the pedant calls history ? Let the pedant’s life, so disciplined, reply ! And what are the perfect pictures of universal nature—the lessons of morality, the examples of excellence—but the sacred sources of instruction and the tablet of truth ? “Let not any deem”—we quote the monition of another venerator of the lord of ancient verse—“that these poems were written merely to amuse the hour : no ! for a deeper spirit is hidden in the lines !”[†] For our part, we believe it ; not, indeed, a mythologic spirit, nor an allegorical transference, which is a question for the critics, but a spirit of social prudence, derived from a wise and comprehensive collection of human nature, a concentrated essence of practical science extracted from a copious experience of lives, and actions, and events. And far does this *deep spirit* of humanity, which finds a home in every heart, transcend all the minute correctness of detail which, with respectable accuracy, preserves the mutable accidents of modified society. Hence, when the British rival of Homer has crowded into a single play and age, the incongruous nomenclature of a Cymbeline, a Posthumus, a Morgan, and a Tachimo, we smile rather in kindly sympathy with the triumphs of a genius by whom names

* In the Alcibiades. The original includes the metaphor which we have hinted ;
 οὐ δὲ ἵν' τοὺς ἀμύητους τῆς σοφίας κ.τ.λ.

† Plutarch de Musicâ : ἀλλὰ γὰρ βαθυτέρος ἐστὶ νοῦς ἐγκεικρυμμένος τοῖς ἱστοί.

are carelessly adopted, merely as the arbitrary and insignificant abbreviations of detail, than in pity or sorrow at the imperfections which such confusion of accessories in the drama may be supposed to include. Such men as these are, indeed, like the first patriarchs, the free inheritors of the world, and wandering through all nature, boldly cultivate what they please, and as they please, with a tenfold harvest of fruits and flowers. And, as we have just been endeavouring to enforce,—such men as these are the guides and masters of mankind in every age; because they lift the standard of human excellence to heights that invite the holy ambition of all succeeding virtue. If not themselves examples, they can form those creations which supply their place, and can discharge the duties of instruction by a poetical proxy; and, therefore, did we affirm that with such apostles of the muse, imagination, which evermore holds the avenues of the heart, is found to be only the form of reason decked with the roses of a May queen, or, as it were, mirrored in that enchanted stream of fable which was said to reflect the sternest mien in a portrait of symmetry and loveliness.

We were obliged to turn over these vague but earnest pages, in order to verify the thought which we have just cited from the commencement of our observations, and have thus been led to perceive to how protracted a length we have deduced them. We shall, therefore, close our disquisitions, which we have not meant to be either very logical in connection, or very profound in speculation, with a pleasing hope that the advent of genius may soon render them utterly inapplicable. We should imagine that the candour of criticism can scarcely go farther than this devoted sacrifice of the pertinency of our lucubrations to the welfare of literature!

Let it not be understood, however, that there are not writers still occupying the field, though the armour be somewhat rusted and the arm droop fatigued—though the argument of the

shield be obscured, and deeds of high enterprize be rather remembered than achieved. And let not this pomp of knightly metaphor exclude from the number the muse of the gentler sex, the poetess who has told us, in prevailing numbers, all the beautiful secrets of woman's heart, and drawn portraits which, perhaps, alone, of all poetical representations of earthly excellence, are ideal without being imaginary. Felicia Hemans has, indeed, approved herself a worthy interpreter of the inestimable feelings of the female breast, and woman in her pages (whether we regard the *subjects* of some, or the exquisitely feminine *spirit* which pervades all) is more truly vindicated than if her "rights" were proclaimed by a thousand Mary Wollstonecrafts—thus, walking in the true nobility of her own loveliness and purity, and asserting her claims on the heart with the silent eloquence of perpetual constancy, dignity, and truth. Dare we hope that Ireland will seem to the Corinna of the west, in some of those legendary fragments which gave to Campbell his almost sweetest lay, to offer "Records of Woman" not unworthy of being combined with those which preserve to us so many beautiful flowers of female virtue?

We have recalled the memory of sweet music to those who are acquainted with the verse of Mrs. Hemans; and we shall not, by prolonging our inharmonious contrast, disturb the pleasure of their recollections. On a future occasion it is not improbable that we may return to the merits of our poetry, and the duties of those who are to continue and magnify the present era, or to prepare a new one. We are willing to believe that at this hour there exist those who are formed by nature to supply an ennobling aliment to the imagination of the age, and

"On earth to make us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."
WORDSWORTH.

W. A. B.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN.—No. III.

AN EXECUTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MERIMÉ.

AFTER having described to you the bull-fights here, I see nothing for it, but to keep up the dramatic effect, by proceeding from a matter of lesser interest to something of greater. I see nothing for it, I say, but to give you an account of an execution. I have lately witnessed one, and am ready to relate to you the details of it, if you have courage enough to read my letter.

But just give me leave to tell you how I came to be present at an execution. I have already remarked that in a strange country one feels it incumbent on him to see everything; and is ever apprehensive that some unfortunate moment of laziness or fatigue should cause him to lose some characteristic trait of manners. In addition to this, the story of the unfortunate man who suffered, had inspired me with considerable interest. I wished to see the character of his countenance; and, last of all, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of making trial of the strength of my nerves.

The following is the story of my culprit, I forgot to learn his name:—He was a peasant, from the environs of Valencia, in high estimation and repute among his fellows for his brave and enterprising turn of character. In fact, he was quite the cock of his village. Not one of the young men danced better, could throw the bar further, or was so much at home in all the old songs of the country. He was by no means quarrelsome, but it was well known that it was not a matter of much difficulty to rouse him. If he accompanied travellers, as their escort, his carbine on his shoulder, no robber would dare to attack them, even if their valises were stuffed with doubloons. It was quite a sight worth seeing this young man, his velvet jacket on his shoulder, strutting along the road, and bearing himself with an air of the haughtiest superiority. In a word, he

was a *majo* in the fullest sense of the word. A *majo* is at once a fine gentleman of the lower class, and a man who is peculiarly sensitive on the subject of his honour.

The Castilians have a proverb among them against the Valencians—a proverb, in my opinion, wholly without foundation. It attacks, at once, their mode of living, their women, and their courage. I can assure you that the cookery of Valencia is most excellent; that the women are excessively pretty, and, perhaps, have the fairest complexions in all Spain; and I am now going to give you a specimen of what sort of fellows the men are.

A bull-fight was about to take place. The *majo* was desirous to be there, but had not a single *real* in his purse. He reckoned, however, on getting admission through a volunteer royalist, a friend of his, who was to be on guard that day. He was disappointed—the volunteer adhered inflexibly to his orders. The *majo* entreated—the volunteer was firm—some reproachful language was interchanged. To cut the matter short, the volunteer repulsed him rudely by a blow with the butt-end of his musket in the stomach. The *majo* went off; but those who observed the deadly paleness which overspread his face—who noticed a certain violent clenching of his hands, his distended nostrils, and the expression of his eyes, felt convinced that something unfortunate would come of it.

About a fortnight after this occurrence, this surly volunteer was one of a detachment sent in pursuit of some smugglers. He slept that day at a solitary little inn. In the middle of the night a voice was heard to call the volunteer by his name—"Open the door, it is a message from your wife." The volunteer came down half-dressed; but scarcely had he opened the door when a carbine was discharged so close to him as to set his shirt on fire at the

same moment that a dozen slugs were lodged in his body. The murderer disappeared. Who could it have been? is the question. No one can guess. Beyond all doubt it was not the *majo* who killed him; for he can produce a dozen women, devoted to him, and all good royalists, who would swear by the name of their saint, and kiss their thumb upon it, that they had seen him, each at her village, precisely at the very hour and minute that the murder was committed.

Shortly after the *majo* showed himself publicly, with a bold front, and wearing the calm air of a man who is desirous to free himself from a disagreeable suspicion. Just in the same manner, at Paris, a man presents himself at Tortoni's in the afternoon, after a duel, in which he has just winged some impertinent fellow. You are also to observe, that assassination is the duel of the poor fellows here; and a duel seriously different in its consequences from ours, inasmuch as it is usually followed by two deaths; whereas, in high life, people oftener scratch than kill one another.

All went on very well, till a certain *alguazil*, with an over-and-above excess of zeal, (caused, as some say, by his being new in his office; or, according to others, by his being in love with a girl who exhibited a preference for the *majo*,) bethought himself of arresting this amiable young man. As long as he satisfied himself with threats, his rival but laughed at him, but when, at last, he was going to seize him by the collar, he gave him a beef's tongue to swallow—an expression, in that country, for a stab of a knife. But does even the law of self-defence, give authority for thus making an *alguazil*'s place vacant?

The *alguazils* are of great consequence in Spain, almost of as much as constables in England. To ill-use one is a hanging matter. Accordingly the *majo* was forthwith apprehended, lodged in prison and tried, and condemned, after a long procedure, for the forms of justice are still more tedious here than with us.

Now, if you are disposed to take a good-natured view of all the circumstances you will agree with me that this man hardly deserved his lot; that he was the victim of an unfortunate

fatality, and that without laying too great a weight on their consciences, his judges could have well restored him to that society, of which (as the orators say) he was intended to have been the ornament. But rarely do judges possess this high and poetical style of reasoning; he was condemned to death without a single dissentient voice.

One evening, passing accidentally across the market-place, I happened to see some workmen engaged in erecting, by the light of torches, beams of wood arranged in an extraordinary manner, forming something like the Greek letter Π . Soldiers who were placed in a circle around them, repulsed any of the bystanders who were too curious; and for the following reason: The gibbet, for this was one, is constructed by means of men who are bound to render certain services to the state, and the workmen who are put in requisition cannot, without incurring the penalty of rebellion, refuse these services. As a sort of compensation the authorities take care that they perform their task, which public opinion makes rather disgraceful, as far as it is possible, secretly. To effect this, they surround them with soldiers, who keep the crowd at a distance, and they work only at night, so that it becomes impossible to recognize them, and, accordingly, they avoid on the morrow the risk of being called gallows-builders.

At Valencia an old Gothic tower is used as the prison. The style of its architecture is noble, especially the front, which overlooks the river. It stands at one of the extreme points of the city, and serves as a gate. It is called *la Puerta de los Serranos*. From the platform, on top of it, the eye traces the course of the Guadalquivir, the five bridges which cross it; the public walks of Valencia, and the smiling country which lies all around. It is rather a mournful gratification, that of looking out upon the green fields when one is enclosed with four walls; but in truth it nevertheless is a positive enjoyment, and those prisoners must feel obliged to the gaoler who allows them occasionally to take the air on this platform. For prisoners the most trifling pleasure has its price.

It was out of this prison that the

culprit should proceed, and from thence through the most populous streets in the town, mounted upon an ass, to the market place, where he was to take his leave of this world.

At an early hour I found myself before the *Puerta de los Serranos*, with a Spanish friend, who was good enough to accompany me, I expected to have found a considerable crowd assembled since the morning, but I was mistaken. The artizans continued to work undisturbedly in their shops; the peasants left the town quietly after having sold their vegetables; there was no indication that any extraordinary event was about to take place, except perhaps a dozen dragoons drawn up near the gate of the prison. This want of anxiety, in the Valencians to witness executions, should not, I am of opinion, be attributed to excessive sensibility. Neither am I certain if I ought to think, with my conductor, that they have been so well accustomed to this sort of sight that it no longer has any attractions for them. It is probable rather that this indifference arises from the industrious habits of the people of Valencia. The love of labour and of gain, distinguishes them not only among the people of all the other provinces of Spain, but even among those of all Europe.

At eleven o'clock the gate of the prison was thrown open; forthwith a tolerably numerous procession of Franciscan monks presented themselves. They were preceded by a large crucifix carried by a penitent, supported by two acolytes, each having a lantern fixed at the end of a great stick, by way of handle. The crucifix, the size of life, was made of pasteboard, painted, with a singular closeness of imitation of reality. The Spaniards, who endeavour to make religion a thing of awe, excel in representing wounds, bruises, and traces of the tortures endured by their martyrs. Upon this crucifix, which was to figure at a tragic spectacle, they had not spared to exhibit blood, putrid matter, and livid contusions. It was the most hideous piece of anatomy that could well be imagined. The bearer of this horrible figure stopped in front of the gate. The soldiers were drawn up at a little distance; about a hundred inquisitive spectators were grouped

behind, but sufficiently near to lose nothing of what was about to be said or done, when the criminal should come forward with his confessor.

Never shall I forget the countenance of this man. He was tall and emaciated, and appeared about thirty years of age. His forehead was lofty, his hair thick, black as a raven, and as straight as the hairs of a brush. His eyes large, but sunken, seemed unusually brilliant. His feet were bare, and he was clothed in a long black dress, upon which was embroidered, just over the place of his heart, a blue and red cross. This is the mark of the brotherhood of suffering. The collar of his shirt, plaited like a ruff, fell down over his shoulders and chest. A whitish cord, which was easily distinguishable on the black stuff of his dress, went several times round his body, and fastened with knots, bound his arms and hands in the attitude one assumes in praying. Between his hands he held a little crucifix, and an image of the Virgin. His confessor was short, fat, and red-faced, with the air of a man who was once a jovial fellow, but who had some time given up such a life.

Behind the culprit was a man, pale, lank, of a mild and timid cast of countenance. He wore a brown vest, with black breeches and stockings. I should have taken him for a notary, or an alguazil in undress, but that he had on his head a large grey hat, with a broad leaf, such as picadors wear in the bull-fights. At the sight of the crucifix he took off his hat respectfully, and I then observed a little ladder, in ivory, fastened to the crown of his hat, like a cockade. He was the executioner.

As he stepped out from the doorway, the criminal, who had been obliged to stoop his head in passing through the wicket, drew himself up to his full height, opened his eyes widely, took in the entire crowd with a rapid glance, and breathed heavily. It seemed to me that he drank in the fresh air with a pleasure caused by his having been long immured in a confined and narrow dungeon. The expression of his countenance was singular. It was not that of fear, but rather uneasiness. He seemed resigned, yet without any bravado or affectation of courage. I could not help thinking that I would wish, on a similar occa-

sion, to be able to carry as steady a countenance.

His confessor desired him to kneel down before the crucifix; he obeyed, and kissed the feet of this frightful image. At this moment all that stood by were moved, and kept a deep silence. The confessor perceiving it, raised his hands to disengage them from his long sleeves, which would have impeded his oratorical gesture, and began to deliver a discourse which had probably served him more than once before on a similar occasion, with a loud and vehement voice, but, nevertheless monotonous, from the regular repetition of the same intonations. He pronounced each word distinctly. His accent was tolerably pure, and he spoke in good Castilian, which the criminal probably understood but imperfectly. He began each sentence in a shrill tone of voice, which, as he proceeded, went into a falsetto; but he finished always in a low and deep tone.

In substance, he told the criminal, whom he always addressed by the name of brother—"you have deserved the death you are about to suffer, and have even been treated with lenity in being condemned to the gallows; for your crimes have been enormous." Here he said a few words about the murders he had committed, but dwelt at greater length on the state of irreligion in which the penitent had passed his youth, and which alone had hurried him to his ruin. "But what," continued the confessor, "is your justly-deserved punishment to what this Saviour (pointing to the image) endured for you?" The poor man looked down most devoutly upon the wooden god, and raised his eyes from the image to heaven. The people bowed their heads, and the confessor commenced a long-winded peroration, which, however, had more sense than the exordium. He told him, that the mercy of God was infinite, and that sincere repentance alone could avail to disarm his just anger.

The criminal looked up, and fixed his eyes on the priest with an air a little fierce, and said to him, "Father, it would have sufficed to tell me I was about to go into glory: let us proceed."

The confessor returned into the prison, quite satisfied with his sermon. Two Franciscans took his place beside

the criminal, whose duty it was to remain with him to the last moment.

They then placed him on a mat, which the hangman drew after him a little, but without violence, and as if by tacit agreement between the passive person and his executioner. It is a mere matter of form, for the purpose of seeming to carry into effect the letter of the sentence—"to be hanged, after having been drawn upon a hurdle."

This done, the unfortunate man was placed on an ass, which the hangman led by the halter; at either side of him walked one of the Franciscans, preceded by two long files of monks of this order, and of laymen, who form part of the brotherhood of *desamparados*. The banners and the crucifix were not forgotten: behind the ass came a notary and two alguazils dressed in black, silk breeches and stockings, swords at their side, and mounted on poor horses, wretchedly equipped; a troop of cavalry brought up the rear. As the procession went slowly on, the monks chanted litanies in an indistinct voice, and men in cloaks made a circuit through the crowd, holding out silver plates to the spectators, and asking alms for the unfortunate man (*por el pobre*). This money serves to have masses said for the repose of his soul; and for this reason, to a good Catholic, who is about to make his mortal exit by way of the gallows, it must be a great consolation to see the plates rapidly filled with money. Every body gives something. Heretic as I am, I gave my little offering with seeming respect.

In truth, I like these ceremonies of the Catholic church, and I wish I had faith in them. Upon an occasion such as this, they have the advantage of making a much deeper impression on the crowd than our cart, our police, and the rest of the mean, pitiful train which attended our executions. Lastly, and it is for this reason especially that I like these crosses and processions, they must contribute powerfully to alleviate the last sufferings of a criminal. This funeral pomp in some measure flatters one's vanity, a feeling which attends us to the last moment of our existence. Then the monks, whom he has been taught to reverence from infancy, and who now offer up prayers for him—their hymns—the voices of the

men who solicit the means of having masses said for him—all contribute to lull, to distract his attention, and to prevent his thoughts from resting on the fate which attends him. If he turns his head to the right, the Franciscan at this side speaks to him of the infinite mercy of God. On the left, the other Franciscan is at his side to extol the powerful intercession of his patron, Saint Francis. He goes to execution, as a coward to battle, between two officers, who keep a close eye on him, and keep up his courage. He has not an interval of quiet, will the philosopher exclaim? So much the better. The incessant excitement which they keep up about him, prevents his giving himself up to his thoughts, which would inflict on him infinitely greater pain.

I now perceived the reason why the monks, and especially those of the mendicant orders, exercise such extraordinary influence over the minds of the lower orders. Nor should this excite the choler of the intolerant liberals; they are, in truth, the support and the consolation of these unfortunates, from their very birth to the last moment of their lives. What more frightful occupation, for instance, can be imagined, than that of associating oneself, for three days, with a wretched criminal who is about to be put to death? For my own part, I do think that, if I was so unfortunate as to have the prospect of hanging before me, I should be delighted to have two Franciscans to chat with in the interval.

The course which the procession took was very tortuous, for the purpose of passing through the widest and most public streets. I took with my guide a more direct road, by which I again crossed the criminal in his route. I remarked that in the interval of the time which had expired from his leaving the prison to his reaching the street where I saw him again, the height of his figure was considerably bent down. He sunk by degrees; his head fell upon his chest, just as if it were held up only by the skin of his neck. Meanwhile, his features betrayed no expression of fear. He kept his eyes fixed steadily on the image he held between his hands; and if for a moment he averted them from it, it

was but to turn them on the Franciscans, whom he seemed to listen to with deep interest.

I was about to have returned home then, but I was pressed to go on to the great square, to the house of a shopkeeper, from the balcony of which, I was told I could command a view of the execution; or if I wished to escape from the spectacle, it was in my power to do so by re-entering the adjoining apartment. I accordingly proceeded.

The square was far from being full. Even the stalls of the sellers of fruit and vegetables were not discomposed. It was quite easy for one to make his way in every direction. The gallows, surmounted by the arms of Arragon, was erected in front of an elegant edifice of Moorish architecture, the silk-exchange (*la Lonja de Seda*). The market-place is long; the houses, which surround them are small, though consisting of many stories high; and each tier of windows has its iron balcony. Looking at them from a distance, one would be disposed to take them for great cages. A considerable number of these balconies were wholly without spectators.

In the one where I was about to take my post, I found two young girls of about sixteen or eighteen, comfortably established on chairs, and fanning themselves with an easy, fashionable air. Both the one and the other were extremely pretty; and by their exceedingly neat dress of black silk, their satin shoes, and mantillas trimmed with lace, I concluded they were the daughters of at least some opulent citizen. I was confirmed in this opinion by observing that, although in speaking to each other they used the Valencian dialect, they, notwithstanding, understood and spoke the pure Spanish correctly.

In a corner of the square was placed a little chapel. This chapel and the gallows, which was not remote from it, were enclosed in a great hollow square formed by the royalist volunteers and the troops of the line.

The soldiers having opened their ranks to receive the procession, the criminal was taken down off the ass, and conducted to the front of the altar I have mentioned. The monks surrounded him, he threw himself on his

knees, and repeatedly kissed the steps of the altar. I could not tell what they were saying to him. In the meanwhile the hangman examined his rope, and his ladder; and having finished this survey, he approached the unfortunate man, who still continued prostrate, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and according to custom said, "brother, it is time."

All the monks, with the exception of one, now quitted him; and the hangman was, as it would seem, put in possession of his victim. In leading him towards the ladder, (or rather staircase of planks,) he took care, with his large hat, which he placed before his eyes, to hide from him the view of the gallows. But the criminal seemed to endeavour to push back the hat with his head, wishing, as it were, to show that he was not afraid to look the instrument of his punishment in the face.

Twelve o'clock struck when the hangman ascended the fatal ladder, dragging the criminal after him, who got up with some difficulty, because he went backwards. The ladder was wide, and had a balustrade but at one side. The monk was at the side next the balustrade, the hangman and the criminal went up at the other. The monk spoke continually, and using a great deal of gesture. When they had reached the top of the ladder, at the same instant that the executioner placed the rope round the neck of the sufferer with great adroitness, they told me that the monk made him repeat the *credo*. Then, raising his voice, he exclaimed—"my brethren, unite your prayers with those of this unhappy sinner." I heard a soft voice pronounce, at my side, with emotion, *Amen*. I turned round my head and saw one of my pretty little Valencians, with her colour a little heightened, and using her fan with rapidity. She was looking fixedly towards the gallows. I turned my eyes in the same direction—the monk was coming down the ladder, the criminal hung suspended in the air, the hangman was on his shoulders, and the assistant was dragging at his legs.

POSTSCRIPT.—I don't well know if your patriotism will suffer you to pardon my partiality for Spain. Since

we are upon the chapter of punishments, I must tell you that if I like their mode of conducting an execution better than ours; I am still disposed to give the preference to their galleys, rather than to those to which we send every year about twelve hundred rogues. Observe, I do not speak of the *presidios* of Africa, which I have not seen. At Toledo, Seville, Granada, Cadiz, I have seen a great number of galley-slaves (*presidarios*) who have by no means a miserable life of it. They work either at making or repairing the roads. They were badly clad enough, but their countenances by no means gave indication of that gloomy despair which I have observed among our galley-slaves. They receive from great pots, with which they cook, a *pachero* exactly the same of that given to the soldiers who guard them, and they afterwards smoke a cigar in the shade. But what pleases me most of all, is, that the people here do not repulse them from them, as they do in France. The reason of this is a simple one; in France every one who is sent to the galleys has been a thief at least, if not worse. In Spain, on the contrary, very respectable people, at different periods, have been sentenced to pass their lives there, simply for having entertained opinions not conformable with those of the reigning powers. Although the number of these political victims has been but very small, it, nevertheless, is quite sufficient to make a difference in public estimation, as to the galley-slaves. It would be better we should fall into error in treating a rogue better than he deserved, than that we should put a slight on a man of honour. Accordingly, a man readily gives them light for their cigar, addressing them as, "my friend, comrade;" and their guards do not make them feel as if they were men of an inferior race.

If this letter does not already appear to you enormously long, I will relate an occurrence of some time ago, which will enable you to understand what are the manners of the people towards the *presidarios*.

As I was travelling from Granada on my way to Baylen, I overtook, on the road, a fine-looking man, who advanced with a good military step. He was followed by a little rough-

haired dog. His clothes were of a singular fashion, and different from those of the peasantry I had met. Notwithstanding that my horse was in a trot, he kept up with me without difficulty, and joined in conversation with me. We soon became capital friends. My guide addressed him respectfully, in the usual manner (*Usted*). They spoke to each other of a Mr. Such-a-one of Granada, governor of the *presidio*, whom they both knew. The hour of breakfast having arrived, we stopped at a house where we could get some wine. Our friend with the dog took from his knapsack a piece of salt fish, and offered it to me. I invited him to join his fare to mine, and we all three breakfasted together, with a good appetite. I must also confess to you, that we all drank out of the same bottle, by reason of there not being a glass within a league of us.

I inquired why he encumbered himself, on the road, with so young a dog. He told me, in reply, that the dog was the chief object of his journey, and that his commandant had sent him with him to Jaen, to deliver him to one of his friends there. Seeing that he was not in uniform, and hearing him speak of his commandant, I said to him—"you are then a *miguelet*?" (a sort of soldier from the Pyrenees,) "no—a *presidiario*." I was a little surprised.

"What, did you not observe his dress?" asked my guide.

The manner of this man, who was an honest muleteer, did not change after this discovery, in the slightest degree. He presented the bottle to me first, in my quality of *caballero*, then offered it to the galley-slave—drank after him, and, in fine, treated him with all the politeness which persons of their class use towards each other in Spain.

"And what sent you to the galleys?" I ventured to ask my fellow-traveller.

"Oh, Sir, a misfortune I met with. I happened to have to do with the death of some fellows. (*Fue por una desgracia. Me hallé en unas muertes.*)"

"How the devil was that?"

"I'll tell you how it happened; I was a *miguelet*—I was one of a party of about twenty of my comrades, who escorted a convoy of *presidiarios* to Valencia. Upon the road there was

an attempt made by some of their friends to deliver them, and, at the same time, there was a simultaneous movement amongst our prisoners. Our captain was puzzled what to do. If the prisoners were to escape he was responsible for all the mischief that might accrue. He was obliged to decide, and gave us order to fire on the prisoners. We fired, and killed about fifteen, and afterwards repulsed their comrades; all this happened in the time of the famous constitution; when the French came back, and took that away, proceedings were taken against us, poor *miguelets*, because amongst the *presidarios* whom we had killed there had been several royalist gentlemen (*caballeros*) that the constitutionalists had arrested. Our captain was dead, so they came upon us. Our time is, however, nearly out, and, as my commandant places confidence in me, because I conduct myself quietly, he sends me to Jaen to deliver this letter and this dog to the commandant of the *presidio* there."

My guide was a royalist, and it was evident that the galley-slave was a constitutionalist; nevertheless, they continued on perfectly good terms. When we again took to the road the little dog was so tired that the galley-slave was obliged to carry him on his back, wrapped up in his cloak. The conversation of this man amused me extremely; on his side, the cigars I gave him, and the breakfast he had shared with me, had so attached him to me that he offered to accompany me to Baylen. "The road is not quite safe;" said he, "I shall get a musket at Jaen, from one of my friends, and, even if we meet half a dozen of brigands, they won't take to the value of a pocket-handkerchief from you."

"But," said I, "if you do not return to your *presidio*, you run the risque of an addition to your time—of a year, perhaps?"

"Pooh! what matter? and sure you can give me a certificate to attest that I accompanied you. Besides, I could not feel comfortable if I allowed you to go that road alone."

I should have consented to his accompanying me, but that he got into a quarrel with my guide. The following was the cause of it:—after having kept up, nearly eight leagues, Spanish,

with our horses, which went at a trot, whenever the road permitted, he took it into his head to say he could even do so when they galloped. My guide began to make game of him. Our horses were not mere garrons; we had a quarter of a league of level ground before us, and the galley-slave had the dog on his back. He felt he was challenged. We set off, but this devil of a fellow had, indeed, the legs of a

miguelet, and our horses could not pass him. The self-love of their masters could not overlook the affront the *presidiario* had inflicted on him. He ceased to converse with him; and by the time we had reached Campillo de Arenas, he succeeded so well that the galley-slave, with that tact which characterises a Spaniard, perceived that his presence was unwelcome, and went off with himself.

CURIOSITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

From this dim dell, which gloom and cloud,
And death-black mists for ever shroud,
Could I but wander, dared I flee,
How gladsome should my spirit be!
O! who will lend me wings to fly
To yon tall hills that kiss the sky,
And rise majestic and eternal,
The bright, the young, the ever-vernal!

Soft seraph-lutes from thence I hear,
Divinest lyres enchant mine ear—
I feel the warm young wind that brings
Me balsam on his fanning wings—
I see the gold-red fruits that bloom,
And twinkle far through leafy gloom,
And flowers whose never-waning dyes
Dread not the blight of winter skies.

How lovely all must be where shines
A sun whose glory ne'er declines!
What richly-odorous airs must wander
Around the immortal mountains yonder!
But hark! that low funereal sound
Of waters gathering darkly round!
In sullen gloom the surges roll
That seem to drown my fainting soul.

A bark, a bark appears!—it nears!
But where is he who guides or steers?
In waverer! in, and unalarmed—
In, trembling fool! the sails are charmed!
Thou must believe—thou shalt not falter,
The gods disown the doubter's altar.
Nought but a wonder like to this,
Can waft thee to the land of wonders and of bliss.

CLARENCE.

NAPIER'S HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.*

COLONEL NAPIER'S fourth volume of the History of the Peninsular War has made its appearance; and we may fairly congratulate the public upon the prospect of the speedy completion of decidedly the ablest military narrative in the language. The colonel possesses talents which peculiarly qualify him for the work in which he is engaged, and has been able to avail himself of information not accessible to many others. He was himself an eye-witness of many of the events which he has undertaken to record; and his powers of graphical delineation are such as make his readers almost eye-witnesses of them. Indeed it is our opinion, that military transactions, upon a *large* scale, can only be adequately narrated by a military man. To him alone can be accurately known their exact value and their relative importance. To the eye of an unprofessional observer many things may appear of great moment, by which, either in their immediate or remote results, the issue of the campaign might be very little affected; while, by things of apparently little moment, its entire character may have been determined. The ordinary reader is too apt to regard a military history as a romance, and to conceive, that all its interest consists in the brilliancy of the exploits which are detailed, and the traits of individual heroism that are exhibited. It is for the soldier alone to preserve an undazzled eye amid all this adventitious splendour, and to regard every event and every character only in their subserviency to the object sought to be attained by the general system of scientific combinations. Therefore it is, in our humble judgment, that the professional know-

ledge and the actual experience of a military man are almost, if not altogether, indispensable in such a work as that which Colonel Napier has undertaken, and the peculiar excellencies of which are clearly traceable, less to his craft as an author, than to his tact and his intelligence as a gallant soldier.

Indeed, in those parts of the work that are not strictly military, the colonel is not unfrequently liable to censure. His party prejudices are very strong, and an envenomed spirit is clearly observable in all his political animadversions. With him the amiable and gifted Perceval was a low and groveling bigot, and Canning a species of charlatan, whose political *caprioleries* might furnish a farcical parody upon the graver and more dignified eccentricities of Don Quixotte. Now, we are not called upon to maintain that the measures of the former were as bold as they might have been; but if they were not, *that* was clearly not more ascribable to the character of the man than to the nature of the accursed Whig opposition against whom he had to contend in parliament, and who, if they had been actually employed by Buonaparte for the purpose of forwarding his views in Spain, could not have been more directly instrumental in enabling him to accomplish his nefarious object. And while we do admit that the policy of Mr. Canning was not regulated by all the foresight or all the prudence that might have been desired, we never can set down the chivalrous ardour with which he identified himself with the cause of Spain as amongst his heaviest political delinquencies, nor help regarding the generous courage with which he hurled defiance at a sordid and unprincipled opposition, backed

* History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C. B., Colonel, H. P. 43d regiment, Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Military Science. Vol. IV. 8vo. London: Boone, 1834.

by an infamously seditious press, but as a redeeming virtue, which might well be permitted to cover even a greater multitude of political errors than can, in fairness, be charged against him. We do not materially dissent from Colonel Napier's estimate of the mischief which was done by our parsimony on some occasions, and our prodigality on others. It is the justice with which he awards praise or blame to the several actors at this interesting period that we chiefly question, and the very little allowance which he makes for the difficulties with which the ministry had to contend; difficulties which were chiefly caused by the conduct of the colonel's Whig patrons, by whose unceasing and dexterous hostility to the vigorous prosecution of the Spanish war, Buonaparte derived more real aid than from the services of his most experienced generals.

We agree with Colonel Napier in believing that the Spanish troops were altogether unequal to the difficulties with which they had to contend, and that, left to themselves, they must have sunk under the veteran and scientific hostility that was brought to bear against them. We do not, however, think, that he estimates, as they deserve, the Guerilla chiefs, whose confidence in their good cause no disasters could cast down, and who, whatever may have been their mischances in the field, succeeded so well in keeping alive, in the hearts of their countrymen, a spirit of fiery and unappeaseable vengeance. He underestimates their value when he says, that their services were equivalent to the subtraction of thirty thousand men from the strength of the invaders; and, while their failures and deficiencies are elaborately detailed, there is no cordiality evinced in his notices of the affairs in which they were strikingly and singularly successful.

The colonel is disposed to feel some little resentment towards Lord Mahon, for calling his work the best *French* account of the Peninsular War. We do not think that it could be more accurately characterised. He must, indeed, be blind to his own partialities if he does not feel that it is full throughout of French predilections. Far be it from us to quarrel with the spirit which

would lead a brave and candid man to do justice to a brave and skilful enemy. But that is very different, surely, from evincing a feeling which manifests that that enemy is regarded as a favourite in the contest. The French did not fail to exhibit in Spain the same soldierlike qualities which distinguished them in other countries. But *there* they could only be regarded in the light of robbers and murderers, and we look, in vain, through the pages of Colonel Napier, for any of that natural detestation which such characters are calculated to inspire, and still less, for any of that generous enthusiasm with which all righteous and energetic resistance to them should be regarded. The colonel calmly contemplates the contest as a specimen of gladiatorial skill; and while he does not fail to depict and to ridicule the awkward, unscientific efforts of the rustic, whose heart has been fired by the flames of his blazing cottage, the screams of his violated wife, and the cries of his bleeding children, he has not words to convey his admiration of the Mendoza coolness with which the ruffian of the ring proceeds to take advantage of the blind rage, and to plant his hits on the unguarded parts of the body of his unequal assailant. Doing justice to a brave enemy! And is there no justice to be done upon a foul, a treacherous, an atrocious enemy? Must our admiration of military skill hold our abhorrence of the most flagitious outrage that ever was perpetrated against the rights and privileges, the constitution, the laws, the hearths and the altars of an independent nation, in abeyance; and steel our hearts against the natural emotions which we are not human if we do not feel when we hear a recital of murder, rapine, lust, and sacrilege, "all hideous, all abominable things?" No, Colonel Napier! Such may be your feelings towards your favourites, the French; but such are not ours. They entered Spain in a character which should have made them the excommunicated of mankind; and one of the most important purposes of history is neglected if they are not held up as a warning to all future invaders.

It is for these reasons that, while we consider Colonel Napier's book so admirable in a military point of view,

we cannot award it the highest praise of history. The soldier will derive from it many useful hints. The politician may also glean some valuable instruction. The general reader cannot fail to be amused and interested by the vigorous and graphical descriptions which are given of battles and sieges, of movements and counter-movements, which marked the progress of this singularly eventful contest. But the moral lesson which should have been inculcated is nowhere to be found. In no single page can we discover a single spark of that righteous indignation against godless and sanguinary invaders, which it should be the object of a truly enlightened historian to inspire; nor any trace of that generous sympathy with the feelings of the outraged inhabitants of Spain, with which, thank God, other hearts, at that period, beat high, and which never should have been absent from the bosom of the British soldier. It is clear to us that, if the French had succeeded in their designs, and if Spain had become the victim of Buonaparte's ambitious and unprincipled policy, Colonel Napier would have taken the matter very little to heart, and have been easily reconciled to a catastrophe, which he would have represented, if not as merited, at least as inevitable. It has pleased Divine Providence to order matters otherwise; and the colonel's whole sagacity is employed to discover, how it was, that valour so indomitable was subdued, that expectations so reasonable were deceived, that calculations and arrangements so profound and so complete, were confounded. This is a problem which he could not satisfactorily solve without acknowledging the rare military excellence of our great commander; and, accordingly, he goes a great way towards doing the Duke of Wellington ample justice. The extraordinary qualities of this singularly gifted man cannot, indeed, now be denied; and a Whig would reap as much discredit from an attempt to depreciate them at present, as he might have hoped to derive advantage from disparaging his services during the progress of the great struggle, and before they were undeniably and conspicuously successful. His victories were then represented as defeats, and

when they were so decided and so overwhelming that no plausibility could render such a misrepresentation credible, the Whig gloss used to be that the French, indeed, *suffered* themselves to be conquered, for the purpose of drawing the English into a position where their ruin must be completed! They long looked, in vain, for such a termination of the Spanish war, but they could not find it; and it was not until all the plans and all the generals of the guilty tyrant were proved of no avail against the British army, under the guidance of its illustrious chief, that they could bring themselves to chant an "Io triumphe" before the liberator of subjugated Europe.

We have, in the very opening of the volume before us, the following unsuspecting testimony to the wisdom of Lord Wellington's proceedings, even on those occasions when the most plausible exceptions might be taken against them. Many of them, he observes, may be called rash, others timid and slow if taken separately; "yet, when viewed as parts of a great plan for delivering the whole Peninsula, they will be found discreet or daring as the circumstances warranted: nor is there any portion of his campaigns that requires this wide-based consideration, more than his early sieges, which being instituted contrary to the rules of art, and unsuccessful, or when successful, attended with a mournful slaughter, have given occasion for questioning his great military qualities, which were, however, then most signally displayed."

The narrative is taken up from the year 1810, and contains an able exposition both of the strength and the weakness of the Spanish forces. They possessed the spirit without the power of an army, and were almost literally without generals or organization. While, therefore, their proceedings were marked by occasional exploits which were highly creditable to those engaged, it is not surprising that in any large system of combinations they should have been found inferior to the French troops under the able, the indefatigable, and the remorseless Suchet, who was a soldier after Buonaparte's own heart, and was never prevented, by any embarrassing humanity, from carrying into complete effect the

wishes of his imperial master. His calmness, sagacity, and personal intrepidity were strikingly displayed at the siege of Tortosa. When the breaches were deemed practicable, and the mine was ready to explode, three white flags were seen to wave from different parts of the fortress. Suchet demanded, as a preliminary, the immediate possession of one of the fortresses; but disputes had arisen amongst the besieged, and it was intimated to him by the governor, General Lilli, that his own authority was scarcely recognized.

“ In this critical moment (says Colonel Napier) the French general gave proof that his talents were not those of a mere soldier; for suddenly riding up to the gates with a considerable staff, and escorted only by a company of grenadiers, he informed the Spanish officer, on guard, that hostilities had ceased, and then, leaving his grenadiers on the spot, desired to be conducted to the governor, who was in the citadel. Lilli, still wavering, was upon the point of renewing the defence, in compliance with the desires of the officers about him, when the French general thus came suddenly into his presence, and, although the appearance of the Spanish guard was threatening, assumed an imperious tone, spoke largely of the impatience of the French army, and even menaced the garrison with military execution if any further delay occurred. During this extraordinary scene General Habert brought in the grenadiers from the gate, and the governor, then signing a short capitulation, gave over the citadel to the French.”

The siege of Gerona was Suchet's next great object, for the speedy accomplishment of which all his energies were put forward.

“ When Tortosa fell, that general's moveable columns, traversing the borders of Castile, the eastern districts of Valencia, a portion of Navarre, and all the lower province of Catalonia, protected the collection of supplies, and suppressed the smaller bands which swarmed in those parts; hence, when the siege of Tarragona was confided to the third corps, the magazines, at Lerida and Mora, were already full; and a battering train was formed at Tortosa, to which place the tools, platforms, and other materials,

fabricated at Zaragoza, were conveyed. Fifteen hundred draft horses, the greatest part of the artillerymen and engineers, and ten battalions of infantry were also collected in that town, and from thence shot and shells were continually forwarded to San Felipe de Balaguer. This was a fine application of Cæsar's maxim, that war should maintain itself, for all the money, the guns, provisions, and materials collected, for this siege, were the fruits of former victories; nothing was derived from France but the men. It is curious, however, that Suchet so little understood the nature and the effects of the English system that he observes, in his memoirs, upon the ability with which the ministers made Spain pay the expense of this war by never permitting English gold to go to the Peninsula; he was ignorant that the paper-money system had left them no gold to send.”

Such was the judgment of this able man, at a time when the English government were chargeable with a prodigality almost beyond the ability of the nation to endure, and a most culpable indifference respecting all pecuniary arrangements. Culpable, perhaps, we should not call it: because Canning justly considered that the cause of England was to be fought in Spain; but it is perfectly certain that that cause would have been more effectually maintained if our resources had, in the earlier period, of the contest, been better husbanded; not to mention that the indiscreet and even lavish prodigality of one period, gave rise, by a kind of necessary reaction, to an unhappy and mischievous parsimony at another. While English treasures were flung, in a kind of scramble, amongst the Partidas of Spain, the British general was left without one fifth of the means necessary for the efficient supply of his army.

Suchet lost no time in pressing forward the siege of Gerona, where, unhappily, the French general's vigour was aided by dissension in the garrison, if not treachery on the part of one of its commanders. Contreras, at the very moment when the assault was expected, ordered Sarsfield instantly to embark in one of the English vessels that lay in the harbour; having overruled his strong remonstrances against such a step by falsely averring that such was the peremptory order of Campo Verde. Thus

the troops were left without any efficient head, and the consequences were soon deplorably manifested. The vile Contreras had afterwards the audacity to assure Captain Codrington, and the junta, "that Sarsfield had acted without his consent, and had, in fact, betrayed his post." The storming of the lower town is thus described :—

"Two breaches had been made in the bastions, and one in the Fort Royal; they were not wide, and a few Spanish guns still answered the French fire. Nevertheless, the assault was ordered; and, as some suppose, because Suchet had secret intelligence of Sarsfield's removal, and the consequent confusion in the garrison. Fifteen hundred grenadiers, destined for the attack, were assembled, under Palombini, in the trenches; a second column was formed to support the storming troops, and to repel any sally from the upper town; and while the arrangements were in progress, the French guns thundered incessantly, and the shouts of the infantry, impatient for the signal, were heard, between the salvos, redoubling, as the shattered walls gave way. At length Harispe's division began to menace the ramparts on the side of Barcelona, to distract the attention of the Spaniards, and then Suchet, exhorting the soldiers to act vigorously, gave the signal, and let them loose while it was yet day. In an instant the breaches were crowded, and the assailants swarmed on the bastions, the ramparts, and the Fort Royal. The Spaniards, without a leader, were thrown into confusion, and, falling in heaps, broke and fled towards the port, towards the mole, and towards the upper town; and a reserve, stationed under the walls of the latter, was overthrown with the same shock. Then some of the fugitives, running towards the mole, were saved by the English launches, others escaped into the upper town, a few were made prisoners, and the rest were slaughtered. At eight o'clock the lower town was in the possession of the enemy. Fifteen hundred bodies, many of whom were inhabitants, lay stretched upon the place, and the mercantile magazines of the port being set on fire, the flames finished what the sword had begun. When the carnage ceased the troops were rallied; working parties were set to labour, and ere the confusion in the upper town had subsided, the besiegers were again hidden in their trenches, and

burrowing forward towards the walls of the upper town."

The upper town was still strongly garrisoned, and might have disappointed the enemy, had any suitable efforts been made to raise the siege; for Suchet's position was becoming every day more and more embarrassing. His men were sinking fast under their prodigious labours—his line of communication with Lerida had been intercepted—that with Mora interrupted, and he had lost a large convoy of provisions, together with the mules that carried it.

A general plan for breaking out on the Barcelona side had been arranged on the part of the besieged, which was to be aided by the cooperation of the English fleet, and a combined attack of the Spanish army. The French general had, however, completed his batteries the night before, and on the morning of the intended sally "they opened with a crashing effect. One magazine blew up in the bastion of Cervantes—all the guns in that of San Paulo were dismounted—the wall fell away in huge fragments before the stroke of the batteries; and from the Olivo and from all the old French trenches the guns and mortars showered bullets and shells into the place. This fire was returned from many Spanish pieces, still in good condition, and the shoulders of the French batteries were beaten down. Yet their gunners, eager for the last act of the siege, stood to their work uncovered—the musketry rattled round the ramparts—the men, on both sides, crowded to the front—and while opprobrious words and mutual defiances passed between them, the generals, almost within hearing of each other, exhorted the soldiers to fight with the vigour that the crisis demanded."

The storming of the upper town is thus described :—

"The columns of attack had to pass over an open space of more than one hundred yards, before they could reach the foot of the breach; and when within twenty yards of it, the hedge of aloes obliged them to turn to the right and left, under a terrible fire of musketry and grape, which the Spaniards, who were crowding on the breach with apparent desperation, poured unceasingly upon them. The destruction was great; the head of

the French column got into confusion, gave back, and was beginning to fly, when the reserves rushed up, and a great many officers coming forward in a body, renewed the attack. At that moment one Bianchini, an Italian soldier, who had obtained leave to join the column as a volunteer, and whose white clothes, amidst the blue uniforms of the French, gave him a supernatural appearance, went forth alone from the ranks; and gliding silently and sternly up the breach, notwithstanding many wounds, reached the top, and then fell dead. Then the multitude bounded forward with a shout; the first line of the Spaniards fled, and the ramparts were darkened by the following masses of the French. Meanwhile, Montmarie's sappers cut away the palisades at Rosario; and his light troops, finding a rope hanging from the wall, mounted by it, at the moment when the assailants at the breach broke the Spanish reserves with one shock, and poured into the town like a devastating torrent. At the Rambla a momentary stand was indeed made; but the impulse of victory was too strong to be longer resisted, and a dreadful scene of slaughter and violence ensued. Citizens and soldiers, maddened with fear, rushed out in crowds by the Barcelona gate, while others, throwing themselves over the ramparts, made for the landing places within the Milagro; but that way also had been intercepted by General Rogniat, with his sappers; and then numbers, throwing themselves down the steep rocks, were dashed to pieces, while they who gained the shore were still exposed to the sword of the enemy. Those that went out by the Barcelona gate were met by Harispe's men; and some being killed, the rest, three thousand in number, were made prisoners. But within the town all was horror; fire had been set to many houses; Gonzales, fighting manfully, was killed; Contreras, wounded with the stroke of a bayonet, was only saved by a French officer; and though the hospitals were respected by the soldiers, in every other part their fury was unbounded. When the assault first commenced, the ship launches had come close to the Milagro, and now saved some of the fugitives, but their guns swept the open space beyond, killing friends and enemies, as, mixed together, they rushed to the shore; and the French dragoons, passing through the flaming streets at a trot, rode upon the fugitives, sabring those who had out-

stripped the infantry. In every quarter there was rage and cruelty; and although most of the women and children had, during the siege, been removed from Taragona by the English shipping, and that the richest citizens had all gone to Sitjes, this assault was memorable as a day of blood. Only seven or eight hundred miserable creatures, principally soldiers, escaped on board the vessels; nine thousand, including the sick and wounded, were made prisoners; more than five thousand persons were slain, and a great part of the city was reduced to ashes."

While this daring and skilful captain was thus accomplishing the wishes of his master, the Duke of Wellington had to contend with as many and as serious difficulties, not only military, but provincial and political, as ever conspired to embarrass a great commander. The atrocious Whig opposition had almost succeeded in exciting throughout England a discontented feeling respecting the continuance of the war; and even the best disposed ministry would be compelled to act with a degree of timid circumspection, such as could not fail to cripple the operations of the general, and to chill the spirit of the army. The Spaniards were divided amongst themselves; and while they were importunate for supplies, both of arms, ammunition, and money, from England, they were but little disposed to put their troops at completely at the disposal of the British chief as might have rendered them really available in the contest; and that, although they had repeated proofs that nothing but disaster occurred when they stood in their own strength alone opposed to the enemy. Then there were jealousies amongst the Spanish generals, which could not be wholly removed—jealousies both of the English and of each other. The colonies were in a state of open rupture with the mother country; and the government were so insensible to the dangers which beset them at home, that they actually diverted much of the aid furnished by England for maintaining the contest against the French, to the subjugation of their revolted South American subjects. There were many small politicians in England, of the (so called) liberal class, who desired nothing so much as a declaration of

South American independence; partly influenced by their innate love of revolution, partly by a foolish notion that our merchants would, in such an event, profit largely by South American trade. And Bardaxi, the Spanish minister, went so far on the other side, as to press earnestly upon Mr. Wellesley the proposition, that if the mediation of England failed to bring the South Americans to a sense of their duty, she should assist Spain in reconquering them. Against the injustice and impolicy of such a course, Mr. Wellesley loudly protested, but was met by a confident assertion, that it was agreeable to the opinion of the Duke of Wellington. This compelled the minister to open a communication with his brother upon the subject, who, in the midst of his financial and military perplexities, in the face of a formidable enemy, while he was literally subsisting his troops from day to day in the best manner his ingenuity could devise, to meet the defalcation of regular supplies, was called upon for his judgment in a matter involving considerations mercantile, political, and economical, such as might well claim the undivided attention of the most sagacious statesman.

"But it was on such occasions," as Colonel Napier well observes, "that all his power of mind was displayed; and his manner of treating this question proved that in political, and even in commercial affairs, his reach of thought and enlarged conceptions, were immeasurably beyond the cabinet he served. And when we consider that his opinions, stated in 1811, have been since verified in all points to the very letter, it is impossible not to be filled with admiration of his foresight and judgment.

"He denied that he had ever given grounds for Bardaxi's observation. His opinion had always been, that Great Britain should follow, as he hoped she had, liberal counsels towards Spain, by laying aside, at least during the existence of the war, all considerations of merchants' profits. He felt certain that such a policy would equally suit her commercial interests and her warlike policy, as well as add greatly to her character. The immediate advantages extorted from an open trade with the colonies he had always thought ideal. Profit was undoubtedly to be made there, and eventually the commerce would be very

great; but its value must arise from the increasing riches of the colonies, and the growth of luxury there, and the period at which this would happen was more likely to be checked than forwarded by the extravagant speculations of the English traders."

He then proceeds to observe that the true policy of England would have been to discourage the disposition to revolt in the colonies; but, now that they had actually thrown off the Spanish yoke, that her policy was to use her influence in diverting Spain from such an absurdity as having recourse to violence, inasmuch as she did not possess the power of reducing even the weakest of them.

"Great Britain," he said, "although late, had, at last, *offered* that mediation which he wished had been asked for, and it remained to consider on what terms it ought to be accepted. It would have been better if Spain had come forward with an explicit declaration of what her intentions towards the colonies, in respect of constitution and commerce, were. England would then have had something intelligible to mediate upon; but Spain only desired her to procure the submission of Buenos Ayres and the Caraccas; and, if she failed in that impracticable object, she was to aid Spain in forcing them to submission; and he, Lord Wellington, was said to have approved of this! One would really, he exclaimed, believe that Mr. Bardaxi has never adverted to the means and resources of his own country, to the object they have acquired at home, nor to the efforts making by England in the Peninsula; and that he imagines, I have considered these facts as little as he appears to have done! Great Britain cannot agree to that condition!"

He next adverts to the terms which should form the basis of any new arrangement with the revolted provinces, and insists that a mere declaration of their independence would not be sufficient, but that they should be indulged with local legislatures, similar to the English colonial assemblies, and that, with respect to trade, they should be put exactly on a footing with the old provinces of Spain.

"It was true," he said, "that the latter would lose immediately, though probably not eventually, very largely, in revenue and commercial profit, by such a concession. This was the unavoidable

result of the circumstances of the times; and she had, therefore, a fair claim to participate in the advantages the colonies would enjoy from it. To this object the treaty of mediation should have adverted. Spain should have confidentially declared to Great Britain her intended course, what system she would follow, what duties impose, and what proportion she would demand for general imperial purposes. Upon such materials England might have worked with a prospect of permanently maintaining the Spanish empire on just and fair principles; or, at all events, have allayed the present disputes, and so removed the difficulties they occasioned in the Peninsula, and, in either case have insured her own real interests. Spain had, however, taken a narrow view both of her own and the relative situation of others, and if she did not enlarge it, matters would grow worse and worse. It would be useless for England to interfere, and, after a long contest, which would only tend to weaken the mother country and deprive her of the resources which she would otherwise find in the colonies for the war with France, the business would end in the separation of the colonies from Spain."

We have given this letter at so great a length because we know no single act which so strikingly exhibits the wisdom and the sagacity of the illustrious writer; and we would not, willingly, omit any opportunity of commending to the admiration of the nation at large, the extraordinary man, whose counsels, had they been followed, would, in all probability, have prevented the dismemberment of Spain, and by whose aid, under Providence, we may still hope to avert the dismemberment of the British empire.

His difficulties at this period were very great, and were hourly increasing. The consummate folly of the Portuguese regency, rendered it absolutely impossible for him to concert any extended plan of operation, with a prospect of being able to carry it into effect: and the awkward collisions which took place between the Portuguese and the English commissariat, the former frequently out-bidding the latter in the purchase of provisions, rendered the supply of the army, with common necessities, both scanty and precarious. At this moment it was

that Lord Liverpool informed him that neither corn nor specie were to be had from England, and he was thus thrown completely upon his own resources for feeding his troops. He had before established a kind of paper money, which, being duly paid at certain intervals, passed current amongst the people. He now practised another expedient, and actually entered into trade for the supply of his necessities. Having ascertained that grain was to be purchased in different parts of the world, especially in South America, for bills, cheaper than it sold for hard cash in London; and that, in Egypt, it might be had at a reduced price, provided it was paid for in specie, mercantile agents were employed, who purchased it at these reduced rates, for the army account, and, when his own magazine was filled, the surplus was sold to the inhabitants. The duke, in this particular, acted like a second Joseph; and, had not his sagacity been thus successfully employed, the contest in the Peninsula must have been abandoned. And yet he had to endure the cavils and the misrepresentations of those with whose exorbitant profits he was thus compelled to interfere, and who succeeded but too well, in imposing upon the British cabinet by their interested misrepresentations.

"Pressed," our author observes, "by such accumulated difficulties, and not supported in England as he deserved, the general, who had more than once intimated his resolution to withdraw from the Peninsula, now seriously thought of executing it. Yet, when he considered that the cause was one even of more interest to England than to the Peninsula—that the embarrassments of the French might be even greater than his own, and that Napoleon himself, gigantic as his exertions had been, and were likely to be, was scarcely aware of the difficulty of conquering the Peninsula while an English army held Portugal; when he considered also, that light was breaking in the north of Europe, that the chances of war are many, even in the worst of times, and, above all, when his mental eye caught the beams of his own coming glory, he quelled his rising indignation, and retempered his mighty energies to bear the buffet of the tempest."

His position was so peculiar, with Marmont on one side, and Soult on the other, each with a formidable force, sufficient by itself to give him as much as he could do, and either ready to cooperate with the other, if he made any decided demonstration, that it rendered it very difficult for him to know how to act. Against Marmont he could only advance by the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo; and for an operation of that kind he was very ill provided; nor even, if his circumstances enabled him to undertake it, could he calculate upon the inactivity of Soult, who might then have been enabled to retrieve his former losses, and to recover the reputation which he lost at the battle of Albuera. To act upon the defensive in Beira, and follow up the blow against Soult, was an operation, our author says, worthy of his fame, and suitable to the circumstances of the moment; but then, in order to accomplish this, he must renew the siege of Badajos, which, upon common military calculations, could not be expected to fall before Soult and Marmont might come to succour it. Something, however, must be done. "Wherefore," observes Colonel Napier, "Lord Wellington could only try to snatch away the fortress from between them; and he who, knowing his real situation, censures him for the attempt, is neither a general nor a statesman. The question was, whether the attempt should be made, or the contest in the Peninsula resigned? It failed, indeed, and the Peninsula was not lost, but no argument can be thence derived, because it was the attempt rather than the success that was necessary to keep the war alive." And it may be truly added, that his reputation covered his failure, and the remembrance of former defeats so daunted his adversaries that, notwithstanding the disadvantages in which he was placed, nothing formidable was undertaken against him.

It has been often said by those desirous to disparage the Duke, that he had nothing but smooth work in the Peninsula. Never was assertion more unfounded. He had, from the first, to contend with a series of difficulties, any one of which would have been sufficient to wear out the patience, and to overthrow the fortitude of an ordinary commander.

But the period immediately succeeding the raising of the second siege of Badajos was, undoubtedly, that in which his firmness was put to the severest proof. The infamous system of the Portuguese government had thrown upon him the entire subsistence of the native troops, at a time when, as we have seen, he was ill able to provide for the wants of his own army; and, from desertion, famine, and sickness, the former were so reduced, that a flourishing army, which had mustered more than forty thousand men, at the time of Massena's invasion, could now scarcely be said to amount to fourteen thousand men. The British troops, notwithstanding recent arrivals, had so many sick and wounded, that their effective strength could not be reckoned at more than eight and twenty thousand.

"All things," Colonel Napier says, "had seemed to tend to a great and decisive battle; and, although the crisis glided away without any event of importance, this was one of the most critical periods of the war—for Marmont had brought down, including a detachment of the army of the centre, thirty-one thousand infantry, four thousand five hundred cavalry, and thirty-six guns. To effect this Andalusia and Castile had been nearly stripped of troops. Bessieres had abandoned the Asturias. Bonnet, united with General Mayer, who had succeeded Serras in Leon, was scarcely able, as we have seen, to keep the Gallicians in check on the Orbijo—the chief armies of the Peninsulas were in presence—a great battle seemed to be the interest of the French, and it was in their option to fight or not. Their success at Badajos, and the surprise of the cavalry on the Caya, had made ample amends for their losses at Los Santos and Usagre; and now, when Badajos was succoured, and the allied army, in a manner, driven into Portugal, Albuera seemed to be a victory. The general result of the Estremadura campaign had been favourable to them, and the political state of their affairs seemed to require some dazzling action to impose on the peninsulars. Their army was powerful; and as they were especially strong in cavalry, and on favourable ground for that army, there could scarcely be a better opportunity for a plan, which would, if successful, have revenged Massena's disasters, and sent Lord Wellington

back to Lisbon, perhaps from the Peninsula altogether; if unsuccessful, not involving any serious consequences—because, from their strength of horse and artillery, and nearness to Badajos, a fatal defeat was not to be expected. But the allied army was thought to be stronger, by the whole amount of the Spanish troops, than it really was—the position, very difficult to be examined, was confidently held by Lord Wellington, and no battle took place. Napoleon's estimation of the weight of moral over physical force in war, was here finely exemplified. Both the French armies were conscious of recent defeats. Busaco, Sabugal, Fuentes, and the horrid field of Albuera, were fresh in their memory; the fierce blood there spilled still reeked in their nostrils; and if Cæsar, after a partial check at Dyrrachium, held it unsafe to fight a pitched battle with recently defeated soldiers, however experienced or brave, Soult may well be excused, seeing that he knew there were divisions on the Caya, as good in all points, and more experienced than those he had fought with on the banks of the Albuera. The stern nature of the British soldier had been often before proved by him, and he could now draw no hope from the unskilfulness of the general. Lord Wellington's resolution to accept battle on the banks of the Caya, was, nevertheless, one of as unmixed greatness, as the crisis was one of unmixed danger to the cause he supported."

We cannot afford space to detail the movements preparatory to the two great sieges which so brilliantly terminated this campaign. But we must not omit the account which is given of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

"All the troops reached their different posts without seeming to attract the attention of the enemy; but before the signal was given, and while Lord Wellington, who, in person, had been pointing out the lesser breach to Major Napier, was still at the convent of Francisco, the attack on the right commenced, and was instantly taken up along the whole line. Then the space between the army and the ditch was covered with soldiers, and ravaged with a tempest of grape from the ramparts. The storming parties of the third division jumped out of the parallel when the first shout arose; but so rapid had been the movement on their right, that before they could reach the ditch Ridge, Dunkin, and Campbell, with the fifth, seventy-seventh, and ninety-

fourth regiments, had already scoured the "*fausse braye*," and were pushing up the great breach, amidst the bursting of shells, the whistling of grape and muskets, and the shrill cries of the French, who were driven, fighting, behind the retrénochments. There, however, they rallied; and, aided by the musketry from the houses, made hard battle for their post. None would go back on either side, and yet the British could not get forward; and men and officers falling in heaps, choked up the passage, which from minute to minute was raked with grape from two guns flanking the top of the breach, at the distance of a few yards. Thus striving, and trampling alike the dead and the wounded, these brave men maintained the combat. Meanwhile, the stormers of the light division, who had three hundred yards of ground to clear, would not wait for the hay bags, but, with extraordinary swiftness, running to the head of the glacis, jumped down the scarp, a depth of eleven feet, and rushed up the "*fausse braye*" under a smashing discharge of grape and musketry. The bottom of the ditch was dark and intricate, and the forlorn hope took too much to their left; but the storming party went straight to the breach, which was so contracted that a gun placed lengthwise across the top nearly blocked up the opening. Here the forlorn hope regained the stormers, but when two thirds of the ascent were gained, the leading men, crushed together by the narrowness of the place, staggered under the weight of the enemies' fire; and such is the instinct of self-defence, that although no man had been allowed to load, every musket in the crowd was snapped. The commander, Major Napier, was, at this moment, stricken to the earth by a grapeshot which shattered his arm, but he called on his men to trust to their bayonets, and all the officers simultaneously sprang to the front, where the charge was renewed with a furious shout, and the entrance was gained. The supporting regiments, coming up in sections, abreast, then reached the rampart, the fifty-second wheeled to the left, the forty-third to the right, and the place was won. During this contest, which lasted only a few minutes, after the "*fausse braye*" was passed, the fighting had continued at the great breach with unabated violence; but when the forty-third, and the stormers of the light flank, came pouring down upon the right flank of the French, the latter bent before the storm;

at the same moment, the explosion of three wall magazines destroyed many persons, and the third division, with a mighty effort, broke through the intrenchments. The garrison, indeed, still fought for a moment in the streets, but finally fled to the castle, where Mr. Gurwood, who, though wounded, had been amongst the foremost at the lesser breach, received the governor's sword."

It is painful to be obliged to add that our soldiers committed frightful excesses in the town; and that even the unoffending inhabitants, who ought to have been regarded as allies, were subjected, in many instances, to all the effects of military license. We know it will be said, that these things, in all such cases, are inevitable; and yet we cannot but believe that the soldier might be so trained and the army so officered as that the evils attendant upon the storming of a town might be altogether prevented. It must, however, be acknowledged, that those evils constitute an important element in the calculations of those who defend the town, and who might be encouraged to make a desperate resistance if they could certainly calculate upon the clemency of the conquerors.

Upon the storming of Badajos our author puts forth all his strength, and certainly it would not be easy to match the powers of description which he displays with anything that we know in any language.

"At ten o'clock, the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to have been simultaneously assailed; and it was hoped that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle. But many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division, and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to where the men of the third division were drawn up, discovered their array, and obliged them to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Then every thing being suddenly disturbed, the double columns of the fourth and light divisions also moved silently and swiftly against the breaches; and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made. But a sudden

blaze of light, and the rattling of musketry, indicated the commencement of a most vehement combat at the castle. There General Kemp—(for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present)—there General Kemp, I say, led the third division; he had passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge, under a terrible musketry; and then reforming, and running up the rugged hill, had reached the fort of the castle, where he fell, severely wounded; and being carried back to the trenches, met Picton, who hastened forward to take the command. Meanwhile, his troops, spreading along the front, reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while, from the flanks, the enemy plied his musketry with a fearful rapidity, and, in front, with pikes, and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants, or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts, and the crashing of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights. Still swarming round the remaining ladders these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until all being overturned, the French shouted victory, and the British, baffled, but untamed, fell back a few paces and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat reformed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice on his men to follow him, and seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle, yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside of the first, by the grenadier officer Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart; the shouting troops pressed after them; the garrison, amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement sent from the French reserve, then came up; a sharp action followed; both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired—but Ridge fell; and no man died that night with more glory; yet many died, and there was much glory.

"During these events the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth

had been rent asunder, and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal, showed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay packs were then thrown, some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light divisions, about five hundred in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side; and on the other, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava: it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels. For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight; then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in, and descended with a like fury. There were, however, only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation: into this watery snare the head of the fourth division fell; and it is said that above a hundred of the fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men; yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed to-

wards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division were destined to storm. Great was the confusion; for now the ravelin was quite crowded with the men of both divisions; and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad; the two divisions got mixed; and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the men still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din. Now a multitude hurried up the great breach, as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together, and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity; for every man had several muskets; and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, innumerable and impassable, stopped their charge; and the hissing shells, and the thundering powder barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping; but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges, the men strove to push the foremost on the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies; but the others frustrated the attempt by

dropping down ; and the men fell so fast from the shot, that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued."

We have quoted so much of this vigorous description, because nothing less would afford the reader an adequate idea of the unconquerable energy of the British soldier, nor, indeed, do justice to the brilliant powers of the gifted writer, to whom, if we have been obliged to chastise him for his politics, we are only on that account the more anxious to make the fullest acknowledgments of his merits as a most impressive narrator of the chances of war. While our brave men were thus unflinchingly enduring the horrible carnage described above, the castle was taken by Picton's division, and the fort San Vincenti by the brigade under General Walker. These successes enabled our troops to take the enemy who were defending the breaches in front and rear, and soon decided the bloody contest. The extent of the havoc may be conceived when it is stated, that *our* losses amounted to five thousand !

The account of this siege concludes the present volume, and brings the history down to the April of 1812. We shall anxiously look for what is to follow, as the next was the most brilliant of all Lord Wellington's peninsular campaigns. In the mean time, we take our leave of the gallant writer with feelings of respect and admiration for the ability with which he has

executed his arduous task ; and only regret, that the political bias under which he unhappily labours, must, of necessity, interfere with his usefulness, and does, unquestionably, wherever it manifests itself, give a shallow, vicious, pamphleteering character to a work that should never be contemplated by its author but as a bequest to posterity. Colonel Napier wants the elevated moral feeling which would enable him to form a just estimate of the atrocity of Bonaparte in the invasion of Spain ; and accordingly the lesson which the events in the Peninsula is calculated to read to guilty power, cannot be found in his pages. There the noble enthusiasm with which the efforts of the tyrant were withstood, and which is so deserving of perpetual commendation, is almost, if not altogether, overlooked and undervalued, while his work overflows with praises of the disciplined but unprincipled valour which distinguished the reckless invaders. One thing, indeed, may be learned from Colonel Napier—namely, the awful sublimity of the military power of England, when it is exerted in a righteous cause, and has for its object the deliverance of prostrate and insulted nations. Distant be the time when we may be called on for similar efforts by the voice of duty or of honour ; but when it does arrive, we can have little doubt but that the call will be answered by the future men of England in a manner that may prove that they have not degenerated from the heroes by whom such a harvest of glory was reaped in Spain, by whose deeds the recollections of Cressy and Ajincourt were revived, and the national honour associated with all that is wise and generous in policy, and brilliant and magnanimous in military achievement.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—No. IV.

THE PRIZE.

THE little harbour of Saracem is suitable only for small crafts, owing chiefly to the difficulty of its entrance. There is a long, narrow island, stretching across its mouth, and leaving only a narrow stream, or gut, at each end. One of these is so shallow that it is only passable by the smallest boats, while the other admits merchantmen of about 200 tons. Such a harbour prevented Saracem becoming, under any circumstances, a place of importance. It was, however, a small and neat village, and the number of very elegant villas, on a small scale, that studded the surrounding country, showed that some persons, at least, had contrived to acquire independence by the trade of the place.

This place was more faithful to the Spanish cause than most others, perhaps those who had most influence in it were attached to the royalist party; but, at all events, it continued true to the mother country much longer than many other more important places; when, however, the independent cause was proving triumphant everywhere, and the patriot colors were flying in three-fourths of the province, those who were attached to the old *regime*, began to prepare for the worst, and several of them placed some public money, which happened to be there at the moment, on board a small merchant brig, with the intention of sending it to the Havannah for safety. They had taken care, long before, to send the bulk of their own property to the same place. As the patriot cause had some steady, though secret friends, in Saracem, this scheme of the royalists was made known to us, and, accordingly, the Dolphin kept cruising about the mouth of the harbour, so as to intercept and capture the brig. We used generally, during day-light, keep out at sea, so as to let the merchantmen come, without suspicion, out of the harbour; and then,

every evening, we used to run in close to the land, and lie quietly under cover of the long island that crossed the mouth of the harbour. We used often go ashore in our boats, and meet the few persons who used to make this island a place of *rendezvous*, to communicate to us such information as they could obtain in the villages; and some pleasant nights were spent rambling along the smooth beach, or wandering among the dense woods that covered the whole face of the island.

I remained on board, one night, when Calcraft and Seyton went, as usual, ashore, and, though I do not now recollect why I did not accompany them, yet I remember, as if it were but yesterday, that I spent the time of their absence looking at the lightning that played upon the distant mountains. The night was intensely hot, and there was a heaviness in the atmosphere that was very oppressive; the sky was not clouded to any remarkable extent, but, in the direction of the mountains, there was a very deep and boding appearance: the lightning was flaming in immense sheets, over the whole heavens, in that quarter, and the rapidity with which flash succeeded flash, lighting up every cloud, and then reflected in the smooth sea around us, was one of the most splendid and sublime sights I have ever witnessed. This species of lightning is not dangerous, it is exceedingly common in the mountain ranges of the tropics, and is often visible every night, for weeks together, it seems designed to get rid of, by discharging it, the superabundance of electric fluid, and it has the effect of making the heavy atmosphere more light and agreeable; indeed it seems necessary in the tropics, where the weight of the atmosphere is sometimes so oppressive that it is almost insupportable. It was when I was leaning over the bulwarks of the Dolphin, and looking at this beautiful sight, in a

thoughtful mood, not uncommon to me at that time, that I observed our boat pulling towards us, and in a few minutes Seyton and Calcraft were on board, and told me, in a state of high excitement, that the merchant brig had weighed anchor, and was making her way out of the harbour.

Seyton at once gave his orders, and, as in an instant, they were followed by the spirit-stirring scene usual on such occasions; every hand was engaged upon the deck, or aloft in the shrouds; away went the tackling, and the foresail and fore-topsail and mainsail were hauled round—the main-topsail and the top-gallant sails were flying aloft—up flew the jibs, and in a minute every sail was shaken out: aloft everything was arranged, and below the men were holding on the haul-yards, waiting for the word, so that before many minutes we had shaken out all sail, and stood out to sea. Unfortunately, the wind was scarcely perceptible; the sails were seldom filled except in little fitful gusts, and then they would soon hang again, flapping against the masts and tackling. We made, however, sufficient way to enable us to keep our course for some time, when we dropped into a stream of wind just as we doubled round a long point of land, about a mile from where we had been laying: we here altered our course, and went right before the wind. From this moment, every eye was strained, and every glass was in requisition, looking out for the brig, which we expected to see right ahead. The night, though partially clouded, was sufficiently clear and favourable for our purpose, and we expected that it would be still more so, as the moon was likely soon to show itself; it was just then behind a deep and heavy bank of clouds, but promised its clear and beautiful light before another hour could elapse. We still held on our course at a steady rate, with every inch of canvass in requisition, when suddenly the moon cleared the bank, and shone full on the white sails of the brig as she moved at a rattling rate out of the harbour, with the wind on her beams. Her course at this moment was right across ours; we first observed her on our larboard bow, and the moment Seyton perceived her, he went himself to the wheels, and, changing our course full two points, threw her on our starboard

bow: at the same moment we shortened sail, and kept close in for the land, stealing along for the mouth of the harbour. This we did wholly unperceived by the brig; for, as we lay between her and the moonlight, we presented to her only our dark side, or rather only our head, so that we could not readily be perceived. Seyton adopted this course in preference to running down on her directly, in order that we might get between her and the harbour, and so cut off her retreat; if he had not acted thus, she might have perceived us too soon, and then, by quickly tacking about, she might have got under the battery which protected the mouth of the harbour, and escaped us; but by this manœuvre she got not only clear of the harbour, but was actually dropping out of sight before Seyton would permit the course of the *Dolphin* to be changed. At last, when his object was perfectly secured, he gave the word: we put about our head, and again spreading all sail, steered directly for the course in which the brig lay, taking the breeze on our quarter. Away we sailed in high spirits, and as the breeze came freshening on every minute, we flew at a tremendous rate through the water, and were rewarded before long with the sight of our destined prey right ahead, and the certainty that we were fast making way on her.

As soon as she perceived us, she hung out her stun sails, and pressed all sail to get away from us before day-light, as if she hoped we might lose sight of her in the dark; and certainly, to give her her due, she sailed away beautifully; for, from the time she first perceived us, for two hours, we could not make the least way on her; and then the breeze began to slacken, and to veer about in such a way, that we found it no easy matter to keep our course steadily. In this uncertain and unsettled state, it continued till day-light, when we found that, though still in sight, we had gained on the whole but very little way upon her. On the wind, however, steadying again in the morning, we were enabled to pull up, and away we flew after her at a rate that it was impossible for her to compete with; so that about noon we were so close upon her, that we were confident of capturing her before evening: indeed, if the wind had continued steady, we would have been up with her

in a few hours ; but in this we were most provokingly disappointed. Immediately after noon, the wind fell, and as during the night, began to veer about ; presently our sails would fill with wind from opposite directions, and soon afterwards it died completely away, and left our sails flapping heavily from their yards. All appearances now betokened an approaching calm, and, long before evening, there was not a breath to fill a single sail ; so that we floated like a log upon the water, without as much wind as would enable us to keep our head towards the brig. There she lay before us ; she had made more way than we did during the veering of the wind ; so that she had got away to some distance, where she lay right ahead of us, becalmed like ourselves. This continued all the following night, and in the morning, on looking out, we found that we were in precisely the same relative position, without the slightest prospect of a breeze.

Of all the miseries of an ocean-life, a calm is the worst. There is no danger in the gale of winds—no fear from the fiercest hurricane—no annoyance from the storm of rain, or the shipping of a sea—that is half so intolerable as a calm within the tropics. There is an excitement in the storm, and a bustle in the gale, that absorbs the mind ; and then the magnificence and awful sublimity of the waves, rolling along like mountains, crested with foam like an avalanche, give an intense delight, and fascinate and spell-bind the attention, though fraught with the wildest danger ; at the same time, the velocity of the ship's movements, among these sweeping mountains, gives a lightness and elasticity to the personal feelings that is very agreeable ; but in a calm—a dead calm—in which the vessel rolls slowly from side to side on the faint swell, without making an inch of way ; and the idle sails hang heavily from their yards and tacklings, without even flapping against the masts ; and the smoke of the cabouse floats along the deck without a breath of wind to raise it ; and then the hot and burning sun, scorching us with its vertical rays, while every one feels heavy and oppressed—it is truly horrible ; and those who have experienced it will acknowledge it to have been the greatest misery to which even an ocean-life can be exposed.

There every one lounges about, with spirits depressed and head aching, and no one able or willing to break silence, while all eyes are turned to the horizon, waiting for the first symptoms of a breeze, and are yet, day after day, doomed to disappointment ; it is a resemblance of the halls of death, or of that fabled city where all the inhabitants were doomed to wander in dejection and unbroken silence. If anything was wanted to make such a calm less bearable than it otherwise might be, it was the peculiar circumstances in which we then were. We had a prize just within our grasp, one that had cost us some weeks' cruising and no small expense and annoyance, and now just as it seemed within our reach, and almost in our actual possession, this hateful calm draws on, and mars all our hopes. It was vexatious beyond conception ; there she lay right before us, as if to mock us. She was, of course, becalmed like ourselves, just in the horizon, so that we could only see her masts, for her hull was entirely concealed. We paced our deck in impatience and vexation, and kept continually eyeing her through our telescopes, as if afraid she might slip from us : every one who possessed a glass kept it on her, or moved it round along the horizon, to see whether there was any prospect of a breeze to put an end to this state of inaction ; and then, when night came on, all our night-glasses were in requisition for the same object ; so that, on the following morning, we observed her in precisely the same position, without the least prospect of a change in the weather ; so that we were necessitated to undergo the next day also under the same vexatious and tormenting circumstances ; for still the dull and heavy calm continued, and the sails hung, and the smoke floated about the deck, and the vessel scarcely stirred except to the slow swell of the gulf, while we had nothing to vary the stupid and deadening monotony of the scene but the numerous sharks that moved slowly and lazily about us, as if conscious of our desire to bathe, and determined to prevent us even that enjoyment.

In this state of inaction, which had now continued for two days, the restless mind of Seyton was so irritated, that he determined to put an end to it by lowering the boats and boarding the

brig. This truly was staking all on the hazard, for she was well able to make a stout resistance, and as she had shown some long guns during the chase, our boats would be exposed to the risk of being sunk under their fire; however, Seyton had given his orders, and our whole ship's crew were in their usual delight on such occasions, when they had any enterprise before them. At present, they had not only the prize before them, but the pleasure of a fight for it; and, in truth, there were among them some fellows of such a reckless spirit, that they would have thought but little of the former, if unaccompanied by the latter. Of course, we were all in activity, either preparing the arms or lowering the boats, each and all engaged at something in connection with the proposed adventure. It is surprising with what celerity, and, at the same time, with what silence and order such scenes are transacted on board a well-disciplined ship; every man being fully aware of his own particular post and the business connected with it, proceeds to it at once, on the order being given, and sets to work without a word. The activity of so many hands gives an air of bustle to the whole, while it is gone through with a silence and an order that has the appearance of magic to one unaccustomed to witness it. While all this was transacting, I was in conversation with Seyton, and endeavoured to dissuade him from the attempt. To me the danger appeared imminent, and that there was every likelihood of our being sunk, unless we could take them by surprise. I therefore pressed him to delay the attempt till night, when, though there was little hope, yet there was a possibility of a surprise. He had, however, given his directions, and the boats were already prepared while we were debating on the enterprise. He did not like countermanding his previous orders, as showing an appearance of indecision; yet he seemed to hesitate when he saw the odds that a smart brig, well prepared to receive us, had against a couple of small boats; she could sink us by one well-directed discharge from the long guns she had shown us already. He walked the deck anxiously: the boats were at this time alongside, and the men were in them, all prepared for this desperate enterprise, and full of

spirit at the prospect of a fight, confidently expecting it would be as successful as all their other adventures of the same kind; they were now only waiting for their officers to push off for the brig. Seyton, however, still walked the deck impatiently, and seemed to hesitate, but looking over the side of our sloop, and seeing every thing in readiness, and the brave fellows all looking him in the face, and only waiting for his word, he seemed to determine at once, and stepped into the boat. Calcraft was there already, and I, having the command of the other boat, stepped in, and we immediately pulled away for the brig. We had not pulled off above a couple of hundred yards, when we were hailed from the *Dolphin*, where all the men seemed in sudden commotion, some beckoning to us to return, and others running aloft in the rigging. We were astonished at the seeming confusion on her deck, and just rested on our oars for a moment, when Seyton directed me to return, and ascertain the facts. This was done in a few minutes, when, to our delight, we learned that the man who was looking out aloft had observed the approach of a breeze ahead, which had already reached the brig, and she was flying before it. I at once went on board to give the requisite orders, and sent back the boat after Seyton, so that in a very short time we were all again on board the *Dolphin*. Thus ended the proposed adventure!

The circumstances in which we were placed were simply these: the man who had been in the top looking out at the brig was induced to look below at the preparations that were going on upon deck for an enterprise, so that he forgot the brig and everything else while observing his brave companions getting the boats ready, and at last pushing off for the enemy. After we had pulled away, he naturally turned his glass upon the brig as before, and then discovered that a stiff breeze had sprung up, and that she was flying before it with all sails set. The approach of a breeze or squall is always observable in calm weather before it is felt: a thin dark streak is observable in the utmost verge of the horizon, which gradually extends itself; it is caused by the action of the wind upon the water, by which it becomes ruffled, and then wildly agitated. The appearance of this, at first, is always like

a thin black line, and, if examined in a glass, it is seen to be a body of confused and agitated waves : as the breeze or squall approaches, this appearance becomes more extended, and gradually spreads itself over the whole face of the ocean. A squall is usually accompanied with severe rain, and therefore its approach is always known by the darkness and cloudiness of that part of the heavens which is immediately over the dark streak of the water. When such squalls are observed approaching, all hands are in requisition on board ship, as they sometimes come with a tremendous fury, that would in an instant upset any vessel that had much of her canvass out ; so that all hands must be in readiness to take in sail in an instant, in case it might be required. Matters were under this new appearance when we returned to the Dolphin : the breeze, or rather squall, (for it promised to be such,) had not yet reached us, but was approaching fast ; so we got everything in order, to take all the advantage it might offer : we could observe the brig, for some minutes, flying away, not indeed directly from us, as in her former course, for the wind was against that, but still keeping her head well away from us, taking the wind upon her beam. Immediately as the squall neared us, she was completely concealed in the torrents of rain and dense clouds that enveloped her, and indeed the whole space between her and the Dolphin.

When the squall passed off, we found her considerably nearer to us than we had expected : we were, of course, in high spirits, and felt certain of securing her ere long : we cleared our deck for action, and calculated that before many hours we would be alongside. The sky now was beautifully clear, the day was far advanced, and evening was fast approaching, and gave promise of a bright and beautiful night. The breeze was stiff, and we pressed all sail in the chase, which was now become intensely interesting. Away we flew, with canvass bellied, and masts creaking, and cordage rattling ; the winds whistled through the shrouds, while the waves divided and slashed around us. Away we flew, with hearts as joyous as the waves that bore us, leaving the sea behind us a mass of raging and boiling foam. We cut through the water like a fish, dashing the waves about our bows, and

ploughing the waters in gallant style. We soon found we were making rapid way on her, and when evening came on, and afterwards settled into night, we could see her plainly with the naked eye. The moon shone beautifully on her white sails, while our nearness to her, and the extreme brilliancy of the night, enabled us to observe her as closely as we could desire ; so away the Dolphin flew through the waters, with a steady breeze on her quarter, and every soul on deck rejoicing in the certainty of our capture : indeed, we gained way on her so rapidly, that long before midnight we had neared her so much that we could have fired into her ; the sea, however, was so rough, that our firing would necessarily be uncertain, owing to the motion of our sloop ; but, shortly after midnight, the wind had died away, and the swell of the water became more regular, and though neither of us were making way as fast as before, yet we were evidently gaining on the brig. At last we went to work, and our two bow-chasers began to blaze away and thunder at her. This was the sort of music our gallant fellows longed for, and they cheered as our first shot went through her mainsheet ; for we could see in the clear moonlight the rent it made in its passage : a few other shots were not so successful, till one struck her right astern, and shattered some of her works. This proved a rouser to her crew, for they seemed to cast away all lethargy, and having by some means mounted a gun in her stern, she now returned the compliment in right earnest : the very first shot she fired proved an unfortunate one for us, for it struck the foresail yard-arm, and cut it right through, and then passing on, damaged the rigging in the main-tops : this annoyed us confoundedly, for it completely disabled the fore-sails, and in some degree checked our sailing for some minutes, during which she shot ahead, no doubt laughing and triumphing in her success. It was not long, however, when we were again getting close on her, and we felt disposed to make her pay dearly for her success ; so again we blazed at her with such effect, that we shot away a good portion of her rigging. This completely crippled her sailing : her crew, however, were gallant fellows, and, though few in number, and totally without the requi-

sites for an effective defence, seemed resolved not to strike till the last moment; indeed the gallant fellows had not much time for reflection, for in a few moments we were alongside, and Calcraft boarded her on the instant, at the head of twenty men. They seemed totally unprepared for so decided a step, not at all anticipating our plans, so that Calcraft and his gallant companions, cleared the deck in a space much shorter than it would take to describe it. The crew of the brig seemed quite paralyzed on finding us on board in as great force as themselves, and at once laid down their arms, which enabled Calcraft to make short work of the affair without bloodshed. She was thus, at last, our prize.

Both vessels now hove to as quickly as they could; and Calcraft, after first taking the requisite steps to secure his prize, proceeded to examine her. He found the mate and the crew to be bold and gallant fellows, who had resisted as long as they were able, and now showed no disposition to treachery when overcome. The captain, however, he did not like, for he seemed a dark, sullen, and ferocious villain, on whom he would not depend; and he, therefore, took care to secure him effectually. He then went below, and after getting possession of the ship's papers, and delaying about half an hour, he lowered her boat, and returned to the Dolphin. It soon appeared that we were quite as fortunate as we expected; and, though we were not likely to profit much, personally, by the affair, yet the papers which were on board were likely to be of much service to the independent cause. There was, also, quite prize money enough to keep our crew in good humour with the adventure. But the more we examined the papers, the more convinced we were of the necessity of their contents being known to the chiefs of the revolution; and, after some deliberation, we resolved to proceed to Necos, to communicate the affair to our friends there. It was off Necos we had been lying when we first received information of the movements at Saracem, and the intended sailing of the brig; and as some of our most active and influential chiefs were there at the time, we resolved

to return at once. This, however, was not, at first, so easy a matter; for Calcraft reported the brig to be in a very disabled condition, and that she could not be all right for some hours. So we sent additional hands on board, who worked hard till morning; and it was not till near noon that every thing that could be repaired by our small means, at a distance from land, was set to rights. In the mean time, both vessels were lying to; and, on board the Dolphin, Calcraft related to Seyton and myself all the particulars that struck his attention on board the brig. Among other matters it appeared that there was, as passenger in her, an elderly Spanish gentleman, with his son and two daughters; their mother had but lately died, and they were all returning to the Havannah, on their way to Spain, from the effects of the revolution. It was, unhappily, far from uncommon to meet with Spanish families who were the wretched victims of the revolution. The fearful misrule of the mother country, engendered a deep-rooted hostility in the minds of the great mass of the people against her; and when the independent standard was raised, and became, afterwards, triumphant, too many of the Spanish families, who were settled in those beautiful countries, proved but too faithful to her cause, and lost their whole possessions in the disastrous struggle to maintain her falling influence. Some of the proudest and most wealthy families were reduced to indigence; and often have I seen those who disdainfully and haughtily looked down, in former times, upon the natives, now lapsing into poverty and neglect, and sometimes treated with insolence and contempt by those whom they had themselves too wantonly despised. Calcraft stated a few particulars respecting this passenger and his son, but he had not seen his daughters, as it was night when he was on board, and he could not so insult them in their misfortunes, as to intrude upon their presence; but he gave a lively and feeling account of the extreme agitation of the elderly gentleman, who could not but feel intensely on finding himself and his daughters prisoners in the hands of his enemies. He soon found, however, that we warred not with the unfortu-

nate, and that we regretted his misfortunes, while we respected his sorrows.

When all was set to rights on board the prize, I went on board, at Seyton's desire, to take charge of her. Calcraft remained with him in the *Dolphin*. The sails of the *Dolphin* were already shaken out, and she was in motion; and, therefore, before attending to any thing else, I followed her example; so that in a few minutes we were sailing after her. After all this was done to my satisfaction, I approached the elderly passenger, who, with his son, was standing, in a dejected way, at some little distance from me. I was much pleased with his address. He saluted me respectfully; but I thought I saw great timidity and anxiety in his countenance. He was uncovered, and his fine pale forehead seemed shadowed with care and sorrow. I advanced at once, and proffered my hand, which he seized with evident pleasure; he, at the same time, looked me straight in the face, until I observed his eyes filling. I hastily turned from him—for I never yet could look, unmoved, upon man or woman in their tears—and looking at his son, who seemed to be about my own age, I placed my hand in his, and added, with all apparent frankness, that I hoped we should be friends. I felt distressed at the feeling displayed so strongly and naturally by them; and so, without further ceremony, I proceeded to give my orders as to the management of the vessel; and as the *Dolphin* was stretching fast away, I hung out all sails, and strained every thing to keep up with her. I had now sufficient time to look after the original crew, who were now our prisoners, and I gave orders for the captain to be brought before me. I then turned to the elderly gentleman, who seemed still in a state of deep anxiety, and, in as few words as possible, begged he would not feel uneasy, as I was aware of the circumstances in which he and his family were placed, that I respected his sufferings, and that if my ability was equal to my will, I would lighten the evils that seemed to hang around the peculiar situation of his daughters. I took care to say this in a sincere and frank, and, at the same time, most respectful manner, and he could only

look his thanks, as I immediately turned from him to the captain, who just then came before me. I did not like the look of this man; there was something exceedingly unpleasant in his countenance. His eye was small, and dark, and very restless, sunk deeply in the head, and shaded by heavy brows. His nose was long, and sharp as a razor; while his mouth, with the upper lip in continual motion, gave a restless expression to his dark and forbidding countenance. He was small, and slight in his person; but, taken altogether, he seemed to me a man capable of perpetrating any villainy; so, after a few words, I dismissed him, but took care that he should be guarded with especial watchfulness, for which I found my men perfectly ready, for they liked him as little as I did myself.

I delayed some time upon deck. After, however, arranging everything, so far as I was able, and having the vessel now well on her course, and close in the wake of the *Dolphin*, I again turned to the old gentleman, and said, in a lively way, that I had remained somewhat longer than necessary on deck, in order to give the ladies time to prepare themselves to receive me. They were, however, beforehand with me; and just then, like mermaids from the waves, they emerged from the companion, and appeared on deck. I uncovered, and respectfully saluted them; at the same moment several of my crew, who happened to be near, followed my example. The young ladies were evidently pleased, as well as surprised, and they returned the salute with some embarrassment, that brought a high colour over their previously pallid features. Though they were strikingly like each other, yet I could not fail to observe that there was as much of contrast as of likeness. The elder, without being tall, was a stately-looking person; there was extreme elegance in her form, and in all her movements. She had a pensive cast of countenance, that spoke all gentleness and sorrow, and there seemed much of melancholy in the faint smile of courtesy that returned my salute. The younger sister was not so tall, nor had she the elegance and stateliness of the other. She was, however,

a being made for fascination ; and though there was a paleness over her beautiful features, yet it was not so sorrowful as her sister's, and her countenance betrayed an elasticity of spirits. Indeed I fancied I could observe something like girlish coquetry in the midst of all their troubles, displaying itself in her manner of returning my salute. I never was an adept in describing the exterior fascinations of a lady, or I would now essay some account of the long and flowing curls of their dark and rich hair, as divided in the centre of their smooth foreheads, they hung down on each side of their faces. I would attempt more than that, too, for they were regular Spanish beauties ; but as I could never describe them as they deserved, I shall omit the work, and shall only add, that it was well for my heart that I was not likely to enjoy the society of these interesting creatures more than a couple of days, as we expected to reach Necos by that time ; but short as that time was, it was amply sufficient to awaken the most lively interest in everything that concerned them. Perhaps the misfortunes which they had undergone, and their present peculiar situation as my prisoners, and altogether the difficulties that seemed surrounding them and hanging over the future, assisted in increasing the interest I felt in them ; yet so it was, that in the very short, but very intimate intercourse I enjoyed with this family, I number some of the happiest hours of my life ; and it has ever been a source of happy reflection to my mind that I was so well able to prove their friend as I subsequently did.

The name of this family was Menza. My elderly prisoner narrated to me many particulars of their history, and entered into a very minute detail of much of their sufferings during the revolution. He had come originally from the south of Spain to the Colonies, in a high official situation, and had actually resided above twenty years in the Spanish provinces of South America. The progress that the revolution was making through the several states, induced him, some time after he had lost his official situation among the changes of the times, to seek a residence in a seaport, with the view to the superior means of

escape to his own country, or at least to Cuba, which such a place could afford. So strong were his convictions as to the result of the war of independence, that he had forwarded the bulk of his property to Spain, and at the same time had sent his younger children to the Havannah, with the intention of following them ere long. He would have also sent his two eldest daughters, only that they had been educating at a convent too distant for them to arrive in time for the vessel that sailed for the Havannah ; his son was then up the country with the army. The rest of this singular narrative shall be given, as nearly as I can, in his own way.

“ It was shortly before the fatal affair of San Juan, I had sent for my two daughters ; they arrived only two days before that terrible event. You are, of course, already aware of much of that day's dreadful work. It commenced about day-break ; the enemy, without the slightest suspicion on our part, had surrounded the town during the night ; and when we awoke in the morning, it was to see the square filled with the infantry of the revolutionists : indeed the whole town was filled with them ; and the moment any of our men appeared, in order to collect or make for the fort, or make any effort to save the place, they were shot at on the instant, and dropped thus, one by one, in the streets. I saw myself above a dozen of these poor fellows fall near my own house ; some of them had not even their weapons in their hands. It had so occurred, that all our men were living in various parts of the town, billeted on the inhabitants ; and so completely was all suspicion lulled up to the evening before the surprise, that there was no one thing prepared for opposing an enemy with effect. Our men, therefore, on running, at their first alarm, from the houses in which they were lodged, fell separately under the musketry of the assailants. When they had thus precluded all opposition, they took possession of the public offices and the principal houses, and placed a strong party before the fort, where a few of our men had contrived to secure themselves. When they had thus accomplished their work, the undisciplined Indians, who were habituated to plunder whenever they had the

opportunity, and who had joined the enemy more in the hope of plunder than any desire for liberty, conceived themselves entitled to indulge in their usual excesses. They had scarcely commenced, when the licentious desire to share in the spoil seized on many of those who were stationed before the fort; and having got possession of a part of that building, they applied the necessary means, and made short work of their duty by blowing it up. The whole fort, and all that were in it, were blown to atoms. Being thus freed from all duty in that quarter, all parties proceeded to plunder: they broke into every house that might in any sense be said to belong to a Spaniard; and they ransacked and plundered it, and ill-used its inmates in the most horrible way. Nothing could exceed the cruel barbarity of some of their excesses. That my house should suffer like the rest was only to be expected; but I thank God I was enabled to conceal my two daughters in an extensive garden that was attached to the house. I hid them for two days and a night among some bushes, so that they escaped the hands of the licentious soldiery; but these men rifled my house: they left neither articles of furniture nor articles of clothing behind them; and when they abandoned the town on the following day, I possessed no one article of value, except our clothes which were on us, and a very small sum of money which I was fortunate in having secured. I felt happy, however, that my family was safe, and that I had already forwarded my property to Spain; others had been ruined for ever, and reduced on that one day from affluence and happiness, to ruin and misery. The very aspect of the town presented nothing but melancholy and desolation; scarcely a soul stirred in the streets; every house was either closely shut up, or wide open and deserted by its owners, most of whom fled into the country to escape the horrors of the night in which the enemy were in the town; those, too, who remained were afraid to appear in the streets; and it was not for some days that the inhabitants in general had sufficient courage to resume their usual pursuits. It was then, and not till then, that the extent

of the excesses was generally known. I remained a very few days, and then carried away my family to a small villa which I possessed about thirty miles up the river, in a very retired and tranquil district, resolved to withdraw from the country altogether by the very first vessel from any of the neighbouring ports.

“Here for a few weeks we enjoyed perfect tranquillity; all around us was calm and happy in that retired and sequestered retreat: our only trouble was the delicate state of health in which my beloved wife was. Naturally delicate, she became alarmingly ill from the state of excitement into which the affair at San Juan had thrown her, and she occupied all our time and attention during our sojourn there. It was while in this retreat, where we fondly hoped the troubles of the times would never reach; and while watching over the state of my wife, that the events occurred that must now be related. One night, much after midnight, we were all awakened by the tramp of cavalry and the voices of men, who seemed to have surrounded our villa. Our alarm was extreme when we saw them in the clear and beautiful night draw up in our little lawn, and then other squadrons arrive at a rapid trot till they reached down to the river; then the quick word of command would reach our ears, and every moment single horsemen would gallop past us at a furious pace in different directions. While this strange, and to us unaccountable, scene was transacting, we were naturally in the greatest agitation; we were totally unstrung at the utter helplessness of our unprotected state; we could only look on under an excitement that was painfully distressing; yet it seemed to fascinate us; we could not turn our eyes from the fearful scene even for a moment, unless to look in each other's faces, and read there, mournfully and silently, the same alarm and terror that agitated every one of us. Still the movements of the cavalry continued at such a distance, that we could not, in the peculiar light, discover their uniform, and still some horsemen, separated from the rest, would dash by the house like lightning. All this continued for some time, when a small party of six, who had not before

appeared, galloped past at a furious pace, spurring on their reeking and smoking horses, towards the squadrons next the river. On the arrival of this party, as if it contained the officer in command, the whole of the squadrons, which had halted for a while, were again in motion, and, after a few minutes, vanished rapidly away along the banks of the river. We soon lost all trace of them, except the loud tramp of the horses, which was still plain in the silence of night.

“ We had now some breathing time. I endeavoured to collect my scattered thoughts, and make some suggestion as to the cause of all this movement. I could make no rational account of it; but my old servant was convinced that there were detachments from both of our political parties in our vicinity: he was an old soldier, and shook his head sadly, saying we should have some bloody work before morning. The effect of such a prospect on me may be imagined. There I was, with my wife in a state of alarming illness, with my two daughters and two female attendants, and one old servant. I knew not how to act. All the horrors of the affair at San Juan came over my mind. I began to anticipate a renewal of such scenes, and at last became as useless to myself as I was already helpless to others: however, as the troops had disappeared, I affected a show of confidence. I was anxious to quiet the agitation of the females, and so, though perhaps I was more fearful than any of them, I pretended to think the danger was past: I prevailed on them to return to their apartments, and then, with my old servant, prepared to conceal my daughters in case the enemy should be at hand. We had scarcely proceeded in our work when we heard some firing at a distance: presently whole volleys of musketry came floating on the night-wind. Again and again, at short intervals, it pealed on our ears; then before long it quickened, and seemed like one long-continued and well-sustained volley. After a short time, the firing again slackened, and the short intervals seemed as silent as death and the grave: we thought we could hear it more distinctly. It was now evident, that detachments at least from both forces were in our vicinity, and that they had met. The sound of the mus-

ketry was lower down the river than our house, and was in the very direction which the squadrons of cavalry had taken a couple of hours before; so that we now felt certain an engagement had taken place, and that our safety, in a great degree, depended upon its results.

It was now approaching day, and we had some faint hopes that the horrors and uncertainties of the night would be soon resumed. We all staid together in the one apartment, and kept our eyes stretching into the darkness. We thought the firing, after some time, was becoming nearer and nearer; it seemed to be approaching us along the river, so we looked and listened with intense anxiety, starting at the musketry as it broke the dead silence of the intervals. At last we heard the tramp of horses in the direction of a little acclivity, not a quarter of a mile from us. Presently, two dragoons dashed up to the house, and demanded admission: the next moment about twenty more arrived at full gallop, and joined in the demand. Several of them alighted from their horses, and proceeded to break in the door. We were thunderstruck at this; all the females fainted away: I was in a state of mind very little better myself; I was totally surprised, and unable to make the least effort. My old servant alone retained his presence of mind, and hastened to admit them quickly; but it was unnecessary—they had already dashed in the doors, and taken possession of the house. What then immediately followed I wholly forget. I was so agitated about my wife and daughters, that I neither saw nor heard anything else; and it was not for some time that I found my house and family in the possession of the royalists, my own countrymen and friends. Such a pleasing surprise would, under any other circumstances, have been a source of sincere delight to me; but when I learned that they had been driven back by the revolutionists, who were in full pursuit, and were likely soon to be up with them, and that there was but little prospect of our being able to make a successful rally in this spot, I was as distressed, indeed more distressed, than ever.

Before long, the tramp of the main body was heard in the same direction; and single horsemen, and parties of two and three and four, were continually

arriving, and, thus galloping back at a furious rate, their horses were covered with foam, and reeking with sweat. As they always came up to the house, and communicated with those who had first arrived, we had an opportunity of closely observing them. Many of them arrived without their caps, as if they had lost them in the skirmish, and their clothes all stained and disordered. Some presented faces and hands smeared with blood, and their swords dripping with their dreadful work. I recollect one fine young man, whose appearance and manner showed him to be an officer of rank. He dashed towards us with his spurs almost sticking in his charger's flanks; he was followed closely by an orderly. His cap had fallen back, and hung from his neck by a strap: one hand was applied to his head, holding a handkerchief to it as if to stanch a wound, while his face was covered with blood; his other hand held his horse's reins, and at the same time grasped the bloody and reeking blade of his sword a little above the hilt. In the act of alighting, he removed his hand from his head, and I never saw a more frightful spectacle. He had been wounded by a pistol-shot just above the forehead, and though the wound was but slight, yet it bled profusely, streaming down his high forehead and pallid face; and as he removed the trickling drops with his handkerchief, he only spread the mark of the blood, and the more disfigured his countenance; he seemed, however, in good spirits, and appeared to think but little about it. Just at the same time, a fiery horse, snorting and galloping at full speed, dashed in among the other horses, dragging his rider after him. The poor fellow had been shot, and, in falling from his horse, his foot caught in the stirrup, and the mettlesome animal galloped about with the unhappy fellow in this state; and when it followed the other horses in their flight, it trailed its former rider across the country in such a way, that there was scarcely a limb or a spot on his whole person that was not mangled in the most horrid way: it was the most revolting sight I had ever witnessed. It would be impossible to describe the distressing incidents of this kind that came under my observation during this short time; for not a few of them arrived in a desperately wounded state,

and had scarcely alighted from their horses, and entered the house, when they died.

“At last, the main body of the squadron entered the foreground, and galloped to a rising ground, a little to the right of our house, and formed there: two troops drew up on the hill, and the remainder formed just under it, or passed into a plantation that grew alongside of it, and were there concealed from our view. Colonel De Pinos, who commanded them, was active and energetic beyond anything I could have conceived possible: he was incessantly galloping from troop to troop, and setting everything in order. He was a remarkably fine and gallant fellow, who had been sent on this affair contrary to his own wishes, as he knew the total inadequacy of a few squadrons of cavalry to check the powerful force of the enemy. It was always thus with those who had the conduct of the Spanish interest; either from want of means, or want of the requisite information, or want of military skill, they were continually entering on measures when too late, or with means quite inadequate to effect the object in view. In the present instance the enemy were advancing along the river in great force, a large number of them in boats, for the purpose of securing the bridge and grand mountain defile, that was about two miles above my house, that being the chief line of communication between the two provinces. To meet this force, which consisted of about three thousand men, they only sent a few hundred cavalry under Colonel De Pinos. Now, though the infantry could not reach the bridge in sufficient time so as to be before hand with the enemy; yet it could scarcely be expected that this small party of cavalry would be able to check the enemy sufficiently to give the infantry time to arrive there. This, however, was the course adopted, and certainly if man could effect the object, it would have been done by this gallant, but ill-fated, officer. What added considerably to the difficulty of the undertaking was the thickly-wooded nature of the district, where cavalry could scarcely act with effect, and where they were liable to be driven in by the gradual advance of the enemy. Accordingly his men were easily driven back by the mus-

ketry of the enemy, who opened on them a brisk and most galling fire from the boats as well as from the larger masses of infantry, and the smaller detachments that were under cover of the woods; he was soon compelled to fall back. Being still pressed, he was obliged to retreat hastily upon our house which, from its peculiar position, its walls and enclosures, seemed calculated to afford some assistance. The river, too, in this spot, was broken by rapids which would effectually prevent the boats from being serviceable to the enemy. At all events, the colonel felt it his duty to make a last effort at this spot to check the movement so as to give sufficient time for the infantry to gain the bridge before the arrival of their force. He dismounted a portion of his men and posted them in the house with their carbines: others were posted, where they were altogether concealed, behind a wall, fronted by a hedge; by which arrangement the pass between the house and the river was completely commanded, while themselves could not be dislodged without considerable delay and loss to the assailants. The chief body of his men were formed at the hill which was at the other wing of the house, and which was flanked by a wood that was impenetrable to either infantry or cavalry, owing to the marshy nature of the ground. In this state, though perfectly conscious of our weakness, we waited the approach of the enemy in the faint hope of delaying their movement, feeling that if we could succeed in checking their advance for a few hours, we would have accomplished our object.

“Matters were in this state when daylight appeared and showed our gallant fellows, covered with mud and blood, with all their faces and uniforms disfigured, and marked with the effects of their midnight skirmish. Fortunately the enemy advanced but slowly. They feared that we were in greater force than we really were, and they advanced with much caution: they had also a considerable delay when they came to the rapids, as they had to land their men who were in the boats, for they did not think themselves sufficiently strong to move on without them. All this was so far an advantage to us, and it also gave suf-

ficient time to make every arrangement which our limited means admitted of for giving them a warm reception. At last the pickets that had been out to watch their movements came galloping in to say that they were advancing steadily, though slowly, and, soon after, they began to appear in small bodies at first, but afterwards in columns. We could see them winding along the rising grounds and among the opening of the woods in steady and regular order; it was a beautiful and picturesque sight to look upon, though it boded such misery, and desolation, and death. It was not long before they entered the open ground which was overlooked by my house, and they poured themselves rapidly on, deploying and forming at a very short distance from us; before, however, one half of their force appeared, they moved forward a strong detachment against the cavalry stationed on the hill: they advanced slowly, and as they passed along the fenced wall, which was lined by our dismounted men, they received a most galling and destructive volley, which, being wholly unexpected, and right well directed, threw them instantly into disorder. At the next moment the cavalry charged them down the descent, and committed dreadful havoc among them before they could form again. The detachment was literally annihilated. But after all, it was of little avail; for the enemy advanced in such force, that though our gallant fellows repeatedly charged them, and had more than once succeeded in breaking among them, and cutting very many of them down, yet they themselves suffered considerably, and were compelled to fall back; and the enemy, following up their advantage, poured on their masses, and, carrying the hill, completely beat in our troops, which fell back as steadily as they could.

“It is not easy to conceive the state of myself and my family, while all this was passing around us. The unceasing roar of the musketry, and the shouting of the men, was ringing in our ears, speaking the death of hundreds. There we were in a state of indescribable wretchedness, not only at all that was passing around us, but in the prospect of our own ruin. My two daughters had struggled better against their fears than I expected, but

they were young and strong. They packed up all their valuables in a few small parcels, and carefully concealed them; but there were no means of effectually concealing themselves, and flight was now utterly impossible. Their horror was extreme at the idea of the enemy getting possession of the house; and yet, there was no likelihood of our soldiers being able to hold out much longer. My wife, my poor wife, was every moment getting worse and worse; she had lapsed into a state of wild delirium, from the moment she heard the first sound of the musketry; she kept incessantly raving about San Juan, and the excesses that we had witnessed there; they were the chief cause originally of her illness, and the thought of them seemed now resolved to accomplish its work in her. It was to me a trying hour—my wife on the verge of the grave, and my two daughters unprotected, and in the power of our enemies! Every moment seemed pregnant with new misery. The enemy were driving our men before them in the utmost disorder, and those who were posted in our house could hold out no effectual resistance. The enemy, on completely carrying the hill, made the enclosures, and then the house, the next object of attack, and a desperate and bloody conflict was maintained for some time: it was, however, an unequal one, and they carried everything, one by one, till nothing remained but the house itself. Now the conflict was more furious still, for a time; but afterwards I know not how they proceeded—the firing of the musketry was so incessant that I could hear nothing else, and the smoke was so dense that I could discern nothing whatever, till, at last, our men could hold out no longer, and the enemy burst into the house. I know not what followed—I rushed, in a state of frenzy, into the apartment where my family were, and found that, to complete the sum of that day's misery, my beloved wife had that moment expired!"

When the unhappy old gentleman came to this part of his narrative, he was greatly affected, and, as I was unwilling to draw too much on his sensibilities, I took the opportunity of the pause, to beg of him not to continue the narration at that moment, as I

had to attend to some matters connected with my crew. I never permitted him to resume the account, but took care to learn the conclusion from his beautiful daughters, who seemed yet not to have recovered altogether from the shock of their mother's death, and the frightful sights which they had witnessed. From them I ascertained that, contrary to all their anticipations, they were treated with the greatest respect by the patriot force that had assailed and carried the house. The officer in command of that party, on ascertaining that the Spanish soldiers had all fled from the premises, or had freely surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, treated the afflicted family with all the respect due to their situation and their misfortunes, and remained himself upon the spot, until every soldier was withdrawn. He and his detachment then pressed forward after the main force, which reached the bridge, and took possession of the defile which was the object of the movement. Such was the history of this royalist family. A few days after these events they repaired to Saracem, where they were joined by the younger Menza, and embarked in the brig, with the hope of reaching the Havannah, and, there joining the younger branches of the family, and proceeding to Spain. How they were again prevented in this step, at the moment they imagined themselves in safety, by our capturing the brig, has been already stated. That I felt a very warm and lively interest in this family will be expected; indeed the utter helplessness of their condition, their being so entirely in my power, their very sufferings would have made me their friend, even if there was nothing of interest in themselves, personally; but, in truth, it was not easy for me to enjoy, as I did for the few days, the society of the young ladies, without any constraint; to look upon their sorrow-stricken faces, that were beautiful in their sorrows; and to hear them speak so gently and sweetly of their mother, and the miseries that seemed to be their doom, without feeling an interest, and an anxiety for their safety and their happiness, equal to that which themselves must have felt. I at once determined the course that I would adopt respecting them, and it was with sincere regret I

felt that I was to enjoy the happiness of their society for so short a period as was necessary for their interests. I communicated my intentions to the elder Menza, and I shall not readily forget the kind return which both himself and his son, and lovely daughters, made to me, on hearing my determination. I was resolved to put an end to the chain of afflictions which seemed to hang about them, for their fidelity to the interests of their country. I was the enemy of their country, and in arms against her interests ; but I was enabled to prove to them that we warred not against individuals, but were leagued against the oppression of the mother country, in her beautiful and delicious colonies. I was resolved to make it a point with Seyton, that some means should be taken to secure this family from farther molestation, and to enable them to reach the Havannah in safety ; and I knew that I would only have to express the wish, in order to his granting it ; for, while

he never yet refused me any request, which I could reasonably desire, he was, at the same time, just the man to make any sacrifice, consistent with his strict line of duty, to shield an interesting and injured family like that which the chance of war had made our prisoners.

Immediately on anchoring at Necos, I communicated to him all the particulars, and he came in the boat with me when returning to the brig. I introduced him to the whole party, and a suggestion, which I then made, was at once acceded to with joy by every individual. A merchant ship, belonging to New York, was then at Necos, and was to sail in a few days : we arranged with the captain that he should take our prisoners, as his passengers, and land them at the Havannah. We parted with many regrets, and, in a few weeks afterwards I was gratified by hearing of their safe arrival.

RENE.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND,
ON THE
MEASURES IN PROGRESS RESPECTING THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE principle of church robbery is, at length, openly avowed. The ministry have thrown off the mask ; or, rather, they have been, themselves, overmastered, and compelled to commence actual hostility against the very foundations of all property, by the principles of which they were either the guilty or the ignorant supporters. It is for you, Protestants of England, now to say whether you will or will not abet them in this awful conflict.

In themselves they are a few, powerless individuals, utterly unimportant, except as the representatives of the violent and godless men, to whom the reform bill has given so much power. These they have not altogether satisfied, inasmuch as they seem still to have some misgivings respecting the lengths to which they are called upon to go. The present representatives of Jack Cade will not take promissory notes, or accept of payment by instalments. Upon their support, therefore, the present government can no longer calculate, while a recent declaration is abundantly sufficient to satisfy every loyal heart, that they possess the royal confidence no longer. Upon what, then, do they rely ? Upon nothing under heaven but the weakness and the divisions of the dispirited Conservatives, whose hearts have been cast down by the turn which affairs have taken for the last three years, and who are, therefore, supposed to be unable to rouse themselves to an effort such as the crisis demands, and by which alone the Whig domination could be endangered. Disappoint them, Protestants of England. Their fate is in your hands. If you are true to yourselves they cannot, much longer, have an opportunity of being false to their king and their country. If you neglect the present opportunity that presents itself of ridding the empire of their yoke, you must share with them in the respon-

sibility of measures, big with calamities of which you may be permitted to see the beginning, but of which your children's children will not see the end. Have the annals of the bloody anarchists in France, been written in vain ? If not—if you are not desirous of proving that you live only for the present, and are alike regardless of the past, and heedless of the future,

“Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !”

The subject upon which they have at present thrown down the gauntlet, is the state of the revenues of the Irish Church. This, they would fain persuade you, is not mixed up with any question by which the foundation of the English Church could be affected. And, if they succeed in impressing this conviction upon you, their purpose is gained. But they *can* only succeed where you shut your eyes and your ears against the light and the voice of truth, and refuse to take counsel from the lips of wisdom and experience. Let a few words suffice to dissipate the sophistry by which you are sought to be deluded.

The principle put forth in the recent commission is this, that the revenues belonging to the Irish Established Church should be diverted, in part, to state purposes, if they should be found to be greater than present exigencies may require, upon an inquiry into the actual amount of the Protestant population. Now, can any one persuade you that *that* is a principle applicable to Ireland alone, and totally inadmissible when we come to consider the proportion between the members of the Church of England and the Dissenters ? What right have the Irish papists to complain of the church here as a grievance, and to have their representations attended to, even to the adoption of a project which must ensure its speedy

extinction, while the English dissenters are to hope for no relief from a precisely similar evil in their own country? None whatever. The same concession which has been made in the one case, must, sooner or later, be made in the other. The principle approved of and adopted, with respect to Ireland, must be extended to England. Nay, what in the one case is only justified by a pretended expediency, in the other will carry with it some show of justice. The Dissenter, who has assisted the Papist in acquiring the privilege of trampling upon one church, will consider himself very ill treated if he is not permitted to enjoy the indulgence of trampling upon another; and you thus bring to your own doors, armed with at least a double power of mischief, the evils and the dangers which enforced your reluctant consent to measures interfering with the rights and the privileges of your brethren at this side of the channel, at a moment, too, when their wrongs demanded redress, and their sufferings entitled them to commiseration.

The question, then, really at issue is, shall we, or shall we not have an Established Church? Shall religion be pauperised, and deprived of that self-subsistence which has hitherto enabled it, without pressing upon any class, to accommodate itself to the wants and the circumstances of all sorts and conditions of men; and this, not that the state might be enriched, but that the rancorous feelings of the haters of all religion might be gratified? That is the real question which is involved in the meditated spoliation of the Irish Church; and if, Protestants of England, you are induced by any sophistry to be consenting parties to this great iniquity, the time is not distant when you will lament your error with a bitter and unavailing repentance.

But there are some pretences supposed to afford some colour of justification to the commission that has just been issued, and upon which it may be expedient to say a few words.

It is said that the religion of the majority of the Irish is Roman Catholic, and that it is unjust and impolitic to compel them to support the Established Church.

To this it may be answered, that the state is bound to provide of the *reli-*

gious wants of the community, and that it is monstrous to suppose that *that* duty should be construed into an obligation to provide for the continuance and the diffusion of the ignorance or the superstitions of the community. An enlightened and scriptural established church is only the *more* necessary where the mass of the people are dark or deluded; and the state which regards genuine Christianity as an offence, merely because it does not pamper the prejudices of those amongst whom it is maintained, cannot, without stupid mockery, be called a Christian state; and if it be consistent, must hold itself in readiness, whenever political expediency may demand the sacrifice, to pervert or to reject the truth, as well as to withhold the blessings of the Gospel. Protestants of England, Christian fathers of families, are you prepared to go such a length as that? If not, beware how you countenance the daring measure of his majesty's ministers; for in so doing, you must be considered as practically approving of a principle which lays the axe to the root of an *established* church.

In the next place, it is to be held in mind, that Roman Catholics, as such, are not compelled to support a Protestant establishment. That establishment, in Ireland as well as in England, has been subsisted out of its own peculiar funds. The property of the church has been inherited from an early period, and is, in as strict a sense, appropriable to those uses, and no other, for which it was bequeathed, as any other corporate property in the empire. The Roman Catholics pay nothing now for the maintenance of the church that they would not have to pay to some other party, and for some secular purpose, if the church were tomorrow subverted. How, then, can they be *oppressed* by it? By no means. There never was so unfounded an allegation. They hate it because it exhibits the truth. Nay, according to a well-known law of human nature, they hate it in proportion as it exhibits the truth; in proportion as it is the adequate exponent and the perfect representative of pure and undefiled religion. It puts a vicious priesthood to shame; it lets in too much light upon a benighted people. It thus suggests some other and better alternative than that so

commonly in the mouths of the (so called) faithful in Popish countries, "either the religion of the pope or utter unbelief," and thus serves to insinuate a persuasion by which the influence of a Bible-burning hierarchy may be overthrown. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ." This it is which causes tithes to be represented as a grievance. They are connected with the maintenance of a system which must ever be hateful to those who "hate the light," and who are not ashamed to resort to any allegation, however unfounded, to any statement, however gross, nay, who have shown themselves ready to steep their souls in perjury, and to imbrue their hands in blood, if by so doing they could only ensure or facilitate its extinction. Will you abet them, Protestants of England, professors of the faith in Christ? If not, mark your dissent from this initiative of church robbery upon which ministers have adventured. Let meetings be held and resolutions adopted, expressive of your total disapprobation of the principle ecclesiastical plunder upon which they propose to build their power. Their intentions are now fairly disclosed. You cannot at any future period be said to be taken by surprise. And unless, in this first step, you strenuously resist the meditated aggression upon a prostrate and defenceless portion of the church, they may mock when your time cometh, and the weapons of violence, which you might now so easily wrest from their hands, will gleam with something like retributive justice when they are wielded for your own destruction.

But it is said, that the Irish Church has been very inefficient, that it has made very little way in the conversion of the people, after having been established for three hundred years; and that therefore——what? It should be put into a condition which may render it *more efficient* in the important work of evangelizing the country? No. Not that at all. Nothing is farther from the thoughts of the objectors. No. *But that it should be subverted!* Now, does not this show the motive with which the objection is urged, and may it not teach us to estimate its real value? Let it, however, be fairly met—let it be fully acknowledged, that the Irish Church

has not been as efficient as it might have been in promoting the extension of true religion, and that its friends are willing to cooperate in the furtherance of every project by the adoption of which it may, indeed, become "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel;" and will that satisfy the gainsayers? Quite the contrary. It will then be even *more* objectionable than it was before. So utterly futile is the pretext that it is the inefficiency of the Established Church, as a religious institute, which causes the hostility to which it is exposed.

Let any one who doubts this, only consider the clamour that has been raised against all attempts on the part of Protestants, to give the Irish people a religious education; let him consider the outcry that has been raised against all attempts at conversion, and if he be not convinced, that it is the *activity*, not the *inactivity* of Irish Protestantism which is the occasion of offence; the power with which it has made inroads in the empire of superstition that has caused it to be evil spoken of, rather than its indolent remissness, he must possess a very extraordinary aptitude for delusion. But the assertion is confidently made by some who do not believe it, under a persuasion that it will be passively credited by hundreds who care not whether it is true or no. The calumniators of the Irish Church are thus sure to derive all the benefit which they could desire from the admission of their calumnies, and they are far too wise in their generation to be scared by any fears of eventual detection, from any representations by which so desirable an object as the overthrow of a hated establishment might be effected. In them, all this is quite natural and consistent. They *may* represent the Irish Church as inefficient, if by so doing they can induce a Protestant legislature to adopt a course by which it must be destroyed. But let all sincere professors of the gospel beware how *they* suffer themselves to be hoodwinked by such representations. *Their* only desire should be to rectify what their adversaries must be anxious to pull down; and any degree in which inefficacy for the great purpose for which it was established, is proved against the Irish

Church, should only make them solicitous so to improve, and so to strengthen it, as that it might indeed accomplish the intentions of its founders.

One or two words may, however, be said to those who are most forward in disparaging the ministerial and missionary labours of the Irish clergy. About fifty years ago, when Ireland was much more pastoral than agricultural, by a vote of the Irish House of Commons, the Irish clergy were deprived of the tithes of agistment. A large proportion of their revenues were then suddenly transferred from their pockets to those of the Irish landlords; and this was said to be done for the good of the Irish Church! We mean not at present to inveigh against a measure of spoliation as iniquitous as ever disgraced an assembly calling itself constitutional and legislative: but, the immediate effect of it was, that the Irish bishops saw the absolute necessity for uniting small livings, in order that, in their aggregate, they might be made to afford to the plundered clergy something like an adequate subsistence. Thus the sphere of duty in which every individual clergyman was called upon to act, became extensively enlarged, while his moral and physical powers bore no corresponding proportion to his increased ministerial responsibilities. The consequences might have been easily foreseen. Where we exact more than any man *can* do, we, almost of necessity, ensure the performance of less than most men might do. When the pasture is extended, and the flock is multiplied beyond the limits within which, by any ordinarily vigilant shepherd, they might be adequately superintended, is it reasonable, is it just, to hold him responsible for those instances in which the sheep might err or stray away, or those cases in which the wolf might enter in and devour them? *But if the wolf himself was found to prefer such a charge, for the purpose of procuring the dismissal of the shepherd, and if those who ought to have a concern for the flock were found to lend a credulous ear to his insinuations,* that alone could fitly exemplify the present case, where popish advisers are permitted to prescribe the measures that are to be taken respecting the Irish Church in a Protestant parliament.

But, when all things are taken into

account, it will be much more a cause of astonishment that the Irish clergy have done so much, than a ground of censure that they have done so little. There never was a time when, spiritually considered, the Established Church was so efficient in Ireland. There never was a time when its pastors were so able or so devoted, and the attendants upon its ordinances so numerous or so sincere. Strangers and travellers have expressed their gratification and surprise at the practical proofs which they have witnessed of the zeal and the talents of the Irish clergy, and have exhibited not a little indignation at the manner in which they had been imposed upon by their traducers. In truth, never was there a period which promised greater prosperity, in a spiritual point of view, than the very one in which the hurricane of democratic violence, encouraged, if not excited, by a revolutionary government, blighted the hopes and marred the exertions of the Irish clergy, in many instances driving them from their pastoral charge, and causing a dispersion of their flocks, as sheep not having a shepherd! Are those who promoted or who countenanced these things, entitled to complain of the inefficiency of the Irish clergy? Are the inventors or the abettors of the passive resistance system, that system which the present Irish viceroy aptly denominated "a species of fraudulent treason," entitled to complain of the professional inefficiency of the men whom their own atrocious conduct starved or banished from the land? Having driven them by intimidation, by violence, by bloodshed, by murder, from one country, are they entitled to appear at the bar against them in another, and make the very calamities which they themselves have caused, a pretext for further violence and further injustice? And will Englishmen listen to this? Will Christian men be moved and seduced by the representations of the panegyrists of Irish outrages, to concur in a scheme of ecclesiastical spoliation, upon the almost avowed grounds that the promoters of it have taken especial care, that churchmen never shall be safe, or church property quietly collected in Ireland? Such, and no other, are the real motives in all the movements of the agitators. If they are

suffered to prevail to the extent at present contemplated, assuredly they cannot stop there. Fraud and violence are too congenial to the fallen nature of man, not to be adopted, when the adoption of them may be the means of securing any desirable object ; and by admitting them, in the present instance, as a justification of the meditated seizure upon the property of the Irish Church, a secure foundation has been laid for all kinds of fraud and pillage.

Who is the man at whose instigation all this is to be done? The same who had the unblushing effrontery, in the House of Commons, to scoff at national faith as a fable! The same who did not hesitate, even before success had crowned his present efforts, to point at the property of the fundholders as a fit object for confiscation! The same who never loses an opportunity of telling the great Irish landlords that their properties were acquired either by a sacrilegious invasion of the possessions of the church, or a fraudulent or violent dispossession of the ancient proprietary of Ireland! Nor can it be said at any future time that the demagogue did not give his present incredulous victims fair warning of what they must themselves expect when they have helped him to establish the principle which places them completely at his mercy. No. His designs are almost as avowed, as the tendency of his measures is obvious ; and those who have assisted him in accomplishing the ruin of an innocent and a persecuted class of men, merely because they are destitute and helpless, are, in so doing, only furnishing the grounds for a bill of indictment against themselves ; and are, therefore, the very last persons who can complain of a sweeping visitation of popular vengeance. They may delude themselves with the notion, that in being, as it were, the pioneers of his rapacious aggression against the poor afflicted clergy, they are establishing a solid claim to his future forbearance. But they deceive themselves. While but few of *them* will be found to possess the wisdom of Ulysses, they will yet find, to their cost, that he possesses the appetite of Polyphemus. And the servile tools, who have catered for that appetite, will speedily discover that the new wine, with which they have fevered

the monster's blood and brain, has only excited passions which render them more obnoxious to his vengeance.

Let, therefore, the fundholders, the landed proprietors, the possessors of property of every kind, look to themselves. Let them, with reference to their own future interests, look narrowly to the principle which they are about to establish at the expense of the Irish clergy. They are not without the opportunity of seeing how that principle worked in revolutionary France. There they have seen the church exposed to pillage, and the sacrilege almost immediately followed by the destruction of property of every kind. No rights were held sacred, except, if it may be so called, the general right of doing universal wrong ; and the peers and the gentry of France were suddenly plunged into the abyss of degradation and poverty, and scattered, as paupers, or pedagogues, or fiddlers, throughout Europe. We much fear that our English aristocracy, who are so blindly industrious in helping on the crisis, do not possess either the temper or the resources of their ingenious French neighbours, to meet the change of circumstances to which they must be exposed, as soon as their principles have been completely triumphant. When the flood-gates have been pulled up, and the torrent rushes in, they must sink where the others could swim ; or, if there be any who may, under such circumstances, be able to keep themselves above water, they must be few—

“ Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

The great majority must go down, like lead, and leave nothing but the remembrance of their follies and their crimes, as a warning to posterity.

But we must not forget to notice a precious sophism, employed by Lord John Russell, to justify the commission which has issued for inquiring into the property of the Irish Church. He is reported to have said :

“ It has been maintained that if the property be insufficient for the maintenance of the established clergy, the state is bound to make it sufficient, by furnishing additional funds ; and it is, therefore, quite clear that if it be more than sufficient, the state may appropriate the surplus.”

Now let us apply this precious reasoning to another case. Let us suppose that the government, at a former period, felt themselves called upon to reward the public services of the Duke of Bedford with large estates, which, in process of time, increased in value, until the amount became enormous. The noble lord will not, we presume, question the right of the state to make such an allocation of property, of which it might have become possessed by surrender, by conquest, or by confiscation. Well. It is his, and no one disputes his right to it. Now, suppose, at a subsequent period, (we put the case only hypothetically,) that a very inadequate provision had been made for an equally meritorious public servant, say the Duke of Marlborough, or the Duke of Wellington; would it be competent in the state to resume such portions of its former grant, as might, in process of time, have grown into excess, for the purpose of supplying, in the latter case, the complement, where the grant had proved deficient? No one can doubt that the state is called upon, *some how or other*, to supply the deficiency; but Lord John, with all his zeal for church reform, will scarcely maintain that such would be a legal, a constitutional, or a righteous mode of so doing. This, then, is clearly a case in which the duty of the state to make provision for its meritorious servants, does not give it any control over the property of one class of its subjects; and it remains for him to show that it *does* give it a control over the property of another. It remains for him to show, that the Duke of Bedford and his descendants should not be subjected to the operation of the principle which he would apply so unsparingly to the Irish church. *And all we would ask of him is, not to insist upon touching the foundations of property of one kind, until he has clearly established such a distinction as may be available for the protection of property of another.*

But, it will be said, the clergy are public servants, and to be paid like all other public servants. Aye. That is *the assertion* which Lord John Russell's argument was employed to prove. But does it prove it? Clearly not. It will not do, therefore, first to have recourse to the argument to support the asser-

tion, and then to fall back upon the assertion, for the purpose of sustaining the argument. The assertion is still no more than an assertion, notwithstanding the vehemence with which it has been reiterated, and cannot be made the foundation of a legislative proceeding without a degree of rashness that puts into perilous jeopardy all the property in the kingdom. The Duke of Bedford's great possessions will be in just as great danger, by acting, in matters of property, upon unproved assertion, as upon untenable argument. And the noble Lord must fortify his assumptions by something more logical, and something more equitable than he has yet condescended to produce, before he can safely enter upon his crusade against the property of the Irish clergy.

We freely forgive Lord John for his utter inability to appreciate the nature, the uses, or the claims of the Church of England. It is an institute intended to provide for the moral and religious well-being of man, and has a reference to the claims, intellectual and spiritual, of full-grown human nature. It neither fosters fanaticism, nor caters to superstition; but confines itself to the adequate provisioning of those who would be the children of God in their passage through this brief and troublous world, with that simple, wholesome, spiritual food, by feeding on which they may live for ever. Its ministers, in order to be truly useful, must be raised above popular caprice, and put out of a state of precarious dependence. While they, in obedience to their high calling, are administering God's word to those whom they are appointed to instruct, and, giving them their food in due season, they must not be made to feel that they are themselves dependent for their daily bread upon infidels and libertines, who cannot feel bound by *any principle* to provide for their support, and who may, at any moment, by only contracting the measure of their liberality, throw them upon the charity of the community. This is not a condition to which a national clergy can be reduced, without rendering them altogether inefficient for the great moral and national purposes which they are intended to answer. The experiment has been tried in France, with what success, let the immorality, the profaneness, the superstition, the atheism, which overspreads

that country like a leprosy, answer. Are we desirous that such results should be experienced amongst ourselves? If not, let us beware how we degrade the ministers of religion, by rendering them dependent on the bounty of those whose vices they may be called on to rebuke, and whose liberality can only be the result of the indifference or the contempt with which they are regarded.

“Let every flock provide for its own pastors.” Such is the language of the demagogue, who would have no pastor provided for a flock. This puts altogether out of view the moral responsibility of a government to provide for the religious wants of the people. Shall the British government, that which has hitherto held high the banner of faith amongst the nations, thus compromise its bounden duty, and proclaim its utter indifference respecting the spiritual interests of its subjects, and evince how lightly it regards the honour of the Most Highest? Shall it thus give practical proof of its disregard of the inspired maxim, “that righteousness exalteth a nation.” And shall the Protestant husbands and fathers of England, whose ancestors endured so many sacrifices for the purpose of establishing, and, as they intended, perpetuating a system, which, if duly administered, could not fail to draw down a divine blessing upon themselves and their children, endure that the inalienable possessions of the clergy, (by the due maintenance of which alone those who are appointed to officiate in holy ordinances could be enabled to occupy their proper position in society,) shall be surrendered into the hands of godless men, in order that such portion of them as may seem fitting to *their* anxious concern for the spread of Gospel righteousness, may be doled out in charity to the needy creatures who may come crouching to them, and say, “Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest’s offices, that I may eat a morsel of bread?” If Englishmen are thus induced to act, or if *they do not strenuously resist those who are resolved thus to act*, the glory of the church has departed, and days of trouble, of rebuke, and of blasphemy, are at hand by which not only will religion be put to shame, but the guilty dreams of worldly ambition will be confounded.

Lord John Russell cannot value the church. However right or proper it may be to do so, it is not natural that he should. He and his family have long lived and grown great upon its plunder. But there is one species of argument which he *can* understand, and that is the practical application of his own principle against himself. For, if the property of the church be not inalienable, it will scarcely be contended that the possessions of the Duke of Bedford have acquired any *additional* sacredness by being *secularized*; or that they should survive the stock from which they were engrafted. If Lord John strikes at the root of church property, and contends, that it never could, in any proper sense, be deemed property at all, he is attainting the title deeds of his ancestors, whose rights, in the strictest legal sense, are founded upon the *surrender* of the rights of the church. If the one were invalid, the other must be invalid also. So that, though he may be careless respecting the spread of religion, and regardless of the wants of the clergy, he should take care that his liberal and philosophic indifference does not lead him into a forgetfulness of what is due to his family and himself. For, no matter how religion and its ministers may fare, it would be rather too hard if the author of the reform bill, and his noble, public-spirited, and disinterested relatives, should be called upon to abate a single particle of the splendour, or forego a single one of the comforts and luxuries, to which they have been accustomed. No. Let the clergy suffer. They are only public servants. We can dispense with their ministrations. Besides, they have almost all been hostile to the reform bill. But let the noble house of Bedford revel to their hearts’ delight, “while luxury, in palaces, lies straining its low thought to form unreal wants,” in that ocean of royal bounty which the dissolution of the monasteries devolved upon them. To be sure, what is now proposed to be done may, to over scrupulous persons, seem to touch their title. No matter about that. That is easily settled. The same House of Commons that now is ready to assert that the clergy have *no* right of property, may assert that *they* have, and the legislative omnipotence which is thus sufficient to annihilate one right,

must be equally capable of creating another.

But, it is said, the funds, now belonging to the Protestant Church, were formerly in the possession of the popish clergy; and, if the one were dispossessed three hundred years ago, the other may be dispossessed at present. The cases are widely different. From error, from ignorance, from superstition, the ancient Church had lapsed into heresies which rendered it almost antipodal to true religion. A spirit of reformation arose, which, happily, *found favour* with the government. The Church was purified; and the legislature did nothing more, as far as it was concerned, than secure to the reformed Church, the rights, the privileges, the property, and the immunities, of which the unreformed Church had been righteously divested. Here, the intention of the legislature was to transfer ecclesiastical revenues from a *less* holy to a *more* holy purpose. Does that furnish any precedent for confiscating then anew, in order that they may be employed for purposes in which religion has no concern at all, or even for the purpose of maintaining an *idolatrous* religion?

So far, we think it must be admitted, a government acting on Christian principles, would be justified in going. The case, however, has not yet been fully stated, and, brief as are our limits, the subject is too important, at present, to omit any thing that may contribute to its elucidation. Not that any thing, which we, or any one else, could say, could stay the ravening appetite of the spoliators; but, we are desirous of putting on record such a substantial refutation of their pretexts for church plunder, as may leave its advocates without any excuse but such as may be derived from mental blindness or judicial infatuation.

Briefly then, in ancient as in modern times, the bishop was to be considered in two characters, viz.: in a civil character, as he owed allegiance to the king, and, in an ecclesiastical character, as he stood related to the church. Now, in order to the completion of his investiture with full episcopal powers and privileges, although not essential to his religious character, certain acts were necessary on the part of the king, which were, thus far, very

important, that they always put it in his power to secure himself against the appointment to the mitre of a disloyal subject. The pope might confer the office of a bishop upon any man; but no man could enter upon the possession of the temporalities, or assume the political functions of a bishop without the express consent of the king. Well, then, what was the upshot of what was done, in that respect, at the time of the reformation? It was found that the oath, which the popish bishop took to the pope, was an oath of feudal subjection, and the king peremptorily refused to concur in the nomination of individuals, who, if they were not actually disloyal subjects, could, at best, afford him but a divided allegiance. Thus popish ecclesiastics were deprived of, or prevented attaining temporal power and possessions, under a sovereign whom their oath of pontifical obedience virtually deposed; and who, if he were at enmity with their sovereign lord, the pope, they were bound to consider as their enemy. Now, does a proceeding like this furnish any precedent for a visitation of royal or legislative vengeance upon a pure and a loyal church, which repudiates all foreign interference, and has been found faithful in the worst of times to the cause of their king and country?

With respect to the Irish Church, it should be held in mind, that the property, at present in the hands of the established clergy in that country, was not wrested from the Roman Catholics for an error of judgment, but forfeited by them for actual treason—treason which might, in every instance, be traced up to that nest-egg of disloyalty, their oath of obedience to the pope. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Desmond's rebellion caused the forfeiture of all the ecclesiastical property in the south; in the reign of James I., the rebellion of O'Neil, of the ecclesiastical property of the north of Ireland. The numerous forfeitures which took place at the termination of the great rebellion of 1641, put the whole of the clerical revenues at the disposal of the government; and the act of settlement which was passed in the reign of Charles II., solemnly provides for, and ratifies their appropriation. In all the various acts of parliament which

subsequently had reference to church property, that appropriation is recognized; and, in the act of union, by which the legislatures of both countries became one, a clause was expressly introduced for the protection of the interests of the Irish established church, and by which the legislature is bound, as it values its integrity, to secure its property, maintain its privileges, and provide for its welfare. Such is the nature of the tenure by which church possessions are at present held; and, we ask, can they be interfered with, in the manner that is proposed, without an outrageous violation of the most solemn obligations?

One class of individuals incur the forfeiture of possessions intended for religious uses, but which they abused as the instruments of their treason. The traitors are defeated, their property is taken from them, and conferred upon another class of persons, who are willing to hold it upon the terms of fearing God, and honouring the king. From that principle they never have departed. They have ever proved themselves the steady friends of constitutional monarchy, and true religion. But this very fidelity it is which constitutes their offence in the eyes of modern pseudo liberality, whose bigoted hostility against the established clergy is so blind, that it would actually deem it reasonable to visit them for that loyalty, with the penalties which were incurred by their predecessors for their treason.

But, it will be replied, that is not all. Lay proprietors, such as his Grace the Duke of Bedford, became, at that period, possessors of church property; and this, it will be maintained, can scarcely be called the appropriation of it to a *religious* purpose. Just as little can it be called the appropriation of it to a *state* purpose. It was, strictly and undeniably, the use or the abuse of it as *private* property. Many there were, and there are, who conceived that it might have been better employed. But that is not the present question. The present question is, of *what nature* was that property which formerly belonged to ecclesiastical persons, and which now belongs to his Grace the Duke of Bedford? Manifestly, it was regarded, by those who laid violent hands upon it, as property

seized in fee by its ancient proprietors, and capable of being transmitted to their legal ecclesiastical successors in the same way that any other corporate property descends. But, the body in possession were found guilty of offences which rendered them obnoxious to civil penalties, and they themselves, as a kind of compromise, made a voluntary surrender of their revenues *to the crown*. Thus it was, that they came into the king's hands, when they were, by him, conferred upon the Duke of Bedford. It matters not whether the surrender, upon which the title of the king rested, and from which the title of his Grace must be derived, was, in reality, voluntary, or only one of those violent invasions of private right which frequently mark the conduct of a powerful and guilty tyrant. It is quite clear, that Henry the Eighth, arbitrary as he was, and omnipotent as he esteemed himself, did not conceive that he could have a valid title to Woburn abbey, except upon the surrender of the body to whom it belonged. We have *his* testimony at least, both in the manner of his receiving it, and in the mode of his disposing of it, as to *the nature* of that property. And, if the present possessor should dissent from the judgment which he then formed, his dissent should be signified by divesting himself, and making over to public purposes, that portion of his possessions which he owes to either the voluntary or the compulsory surrender of their ancient ecclesiastical owners. It will not do to say, "my title is bad, because founded upon a fraud or an error, but I will, nevertheless, continue to hold possession of the property which it conveys." If the title be bad, the possession is illegal. And the man who holds such language is convicted, out of his own mouth, of being an unprincipled usurper. What do we say then? Do we call his Grace the Duke of Bedford a usurper? No such thing. We are only putting him on his guard against the inconvenient inferences which may be drawn to his prejudice, from the modern theory of Church property; and humbly, but to the best of our abilities, endeavouring to defend him against his friends. If that theory be right, no human ingenuity can maintain him in the rightful possession of what he has. If it be wrong, we warn

him not to lend a credulous ear to those by whom it is so confidently asserted. By so doing, he may, no doubt, gratify strong whig prejudices ; but he must, proportionably, weaken the hands of the friends of social order, and indispose as well as disable a large and a respectable portion of the community from affording him, and those who are circumstanced like him, either assistance or sympathy when their proceedings and their admissions are made use of against themselves.

If, however, it be maintained, that the arbitrary confiscation of *one portion* of Church property vitiates the title of the rest, why should the same doctrine not be applicable to property of every other kind ? Is there any species of property that has not, at one period or another, been subjected to violence ? And, if we are entitled to infer, that, because Church property was, in several instances, seized upon without any regard to justice, and disposed of without any reference to religion, the Church, as a body, is incapable of holding any property properly so called, it will require more of ambi-dexterity in the use of words than Lord Russell or any of his associates have, as yet, condescended to show, that the same inference does not apply, precisely to the same extent, to all the other property in the kingdom.

While we write, the ministry has been dissolved ! A breathing time, at least, is afforded to the country. But, we confess, matters have progressed so far in the wrong direction, that our fears predominate over our hopes. It will require an uprousing of the spirit, and an awakening of the intelligence of the great body of the people of England, such as has not yet taken place, before the helm of affairs can be resumed, by any conservative statesmen, with any prospect of permanent advantage to the country. It would not do to go into office merely to prove that "the spirit of the age" is against them. That would assuredly only make bad worse. It would be construed into a hankering after power, which would compromise their integrity and independence. And we, therefore, feel confident that our friends will abstain, with a loftiness of purpose, by which, as compared with their adversaries, they have been ever characterized, from every act

from which any ambitious yearnings might be conjectured. No. The propertied class in the country have not as yet felt sufficiently what it is they are to expect from "the spirit of the age," to render them alive to the value of conservative men, and the necessity for conservative measures ; and, until that is the case, any attempt to protect them against the inroads of the democratic and the agrarian principles, to which fatal circumstances have given so great an ascendancy, would not only be indiscreet and fruitless, but might seriously retard that return of the national reason which could alone guarantee to them such a measure of support as might arrest the triumph of anarchy and revolution. Let them, therefore, maintain their present ground steadily and boldly. Let them stand unflinchingly to their guns. Even though the power and influence which have dropped from the hands of their political opponents lay at their feet, let them not stoop to pick them up. For we are well convinced that until both the king and the people are made sensible of the calamities that are upon their march, and until the voice of the country drowns the clamours of the anarchists, and calls aloud upon men of sense and virtue to save us from surrounding perils, any position in the government of the country which might be attained in the struggle of factions, would be short-lived and precarious, and must be relinquished speedily and with dishonour.

It is, however, worthy of remark, that the dissolution of the Grey, or, as it will be called by the future annalist, "the thimble-rig," administration, has not been caused by any peculiar pressure upon them by the Tories ; neither by any collision with the Lords, but by fatal differences amongst themselves—differences which did not manifest themselves until their intentions respecting the Irish Church were made public, and which disclosed to an astonished country the monstrous alliance that was in progress of formation with the worst enemies of social order—differences which, in fact, have turned against each other the same spirit of rancorous hostility which threatened the institutions of the country with so much danger. All this would seem something like a leading of Providence to another and a better state of things than could, until of late,

be hoped for. Our enemies are in a great strait. The desertion of Stanley filled them with dismay; the disclosures of Littleton covered them with confusion. All who are sound-hearted and right-minded in the country cannot view the occurrences which have recently transpired, without feeling as if another Guy Faux were detected in disposing the combustibles, and laying the train, by which an explosion must have been caused which would bury the constitution in ruins. This cannot but have caused an accession of strength to the Conservative party such as must render them much more formidable than they have as yet proved, and which, if they only husband it and improve it as they may, will make them finally irresistible. *But, we repeat it, all is in vain, if this first step of the destructives against the property of the Irish Church be not effectually resisted.*

What can mean the unhallowed measure for numbering the people? Has not Protestantism been already sufficiently proscribed? Is it necessary to encourage by a bribe the inhuman barbarians by whom its meek pastors have been murdered? Gracious God! what delusion has come upon our rulers? Whither has fled the ancient spirit of the people of England? Outrages against person and property, such as would have formerly provoked the most indignant animadversions of the law, are not merely endured, are countenanced by the government, and may be considered almost part of the ways and means of our modern statesmen! "Go, number the people! report how many belong to the established church, that an excuse may be afforded for seizing upon its revenues! Report also how many are in the open profession of the popish religion, that the liberality of the legislature may be evinced in extending to it a larger measure of parliamentary support!" Can the men who countenance such a proceeding be designated otherwise than as the enemies of all righteousness? Do they not literally proscribe the truth of God, and make, what should be a motive for promoting, an excuse for limiting the spread of true religion. Do they not say, as plainly as language can speak, to an infuriate and sanguinary peasantry, "It is your own faults if you do not now take effectual means to rid yourselves

of the heretics? You know how completely they are in your hands; and we have resolved to make their prosperity depend upon their numbers." We ask those who know the state of the country at the present moment, could any more effectual expedient be devised for making our peasantry say amongst themselves, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours!" And yet such is the precious expedient to which our rulers have recourse for promoting the peace and the prosperity of Ireland.

It remains to be seen whether they will or will not be countenanced by the people of this great empire. Time was when the avowal of such a project would have provoked an expression of indignant feeling from one end of the country to the other. The hardest or most unprincipled minister dared not venture upon it. Nor could the present ministers, we are persuaded, have, with safety to themselves, proposed it with reference to the *English branch* of the Established Church. But Ireland is a poor country, and it may be slighted; it is a distant country, and it may be neglected, it is a conquered country, and it may be contemned! The people are wretchedly ignorant and superstitious, and popery may be good enough for them! What can they want with a pure and enlightened church? Exchange is no robbery! We will give them, say our rulers aye, in abundance, that spiritual food which their souls long for, and take away from them that for which they have no relish, the bread of eternal life! If Popish mummeries will serve their turn, why keep up an expensive church, the rich revenues of which may thus be procured for public purposes, even as the most insignificant trifles which have some show of crafty workmanship, are found sufficient to purchase gold and silver from the American Indians!

All this may be very plausible; but, we tell our English brethren, the Irish demagogues, and those concerned with them in agrarian disturbances, know perfectly well both what they buy and what they sell. We tell our English brethren, with deep seriousness, that *they* are quite as much concerned as *we* are in the issue of the present contest. If the measure contemplated,

respecting the Irish Church, pass into a law, their doom is sealed, and nothing human can avert the subversion of their establishment, and the ruin of their order. Let them, therefore, bestir themselves in time. Their afflicted brethren cry aloud to them from Ireland. The crisis is at hand ; and now or never the battle must be fought, which may determine, for centuries to come, the ascendancy of the principle of good or the principle of evil. If they look quietly on while the Irish Church is victimized, they can excite but little concern when their own turn comes, and when infidels and radicals do for them what papists and demagogues are about to do for their unfortunate brethren in Ireland. For it cannot be too strongly impressed upon them that *the whole of the principle* involved in the question of a church establishment is now at stake. And if *that* be decided against us all is lost. The establishment no longer will subsist as of right. It will only stand by forbearance. And there are few so simple as to calculate to any great extent upon the tender mercies of its assailants.

Once more, then, we call upon them to shake off their indifference respecting our wrongs. The remedy is as yet in their own hands. If they only bestir themselves, and be but half as active in the support of what is right and good as their enemies are in the promotion of what is evil and destructive, we should soon have nothing to fear. The country would speedily, from one end to the other, be organized into a system of quiet, steady, constitutional

resistance to the measures in progress for its destruction, such as must ensure their defeat ; and a combination of good men, knit together in a holy cause, would present such a phalanx of devoted loyalty as could not be resisted. But, if a spirit of division prevail amongst our brethren in England, if depression overpower them if, because they are not themselves actually menaced, they suffer *a principle* to be established in the case of the Irish Church, the adoption of which must be fatal to any national church whatsoever, we tell them, with a deep and mournful seriousness, *all is lost*. And while the character of the Irish Church will survive its property, and its name will yet be remembered with respect even by those who are now furious for its destruction, our English brethren will find, that their cold-hearted indifference to our dangers and our sufferings will not be imputed to them for righteousness, and that the temporary respite which they may have procured by what must be considered a kind of passive acquiescence in the measures of our assailants, will be followed by such a tempest of hostility as must lay their establishment even with the ground. When once we are no more, nothing human can avert the ruin that will impend over them ; and they may rest perfectly assured that no miracle will be wrought for their safety, when they are not moved to take the ordinary means which are so abundantly in their power for the purpose of ensuring the safety and the well-being of their brethren in Ireland.

THE CRISIS.

WELL! matters have now come to a pretty pass! Lord Grey can no longer carry on the government of the country, and has retired in disgust from a cabinet in which his authority was no longer sufficient to prevent the adoption of measures the most portentous that ever loured on the fortunes of England. The cabinet has been reconstructed. Out of the old materials a new administration, has been formed still more averse to the moderate views of the late premier than that which he has abandoned; and it remains to be seen how far they will be countenanced by the representatives of the people. We have too frequently expressed the opinion which we entertained of the reformed parliament, to render it necessary at present to say, that we fear much nothing can be proposed having for its object the continuance of power in the hands of our present rulers which will not meet with their hearty concurrence. And, in any collision with the Lords, it is easy to foresee who must go to the wall. In fact, the present posture of affairs is an awful verification of all our predictions. The reform bill has done its deadly work. The influence of rank and property has been overthrown; and the populace have become predominant over the people!

Our cotemporaries of the honest portion of the press exult in the recent changes, as presenting to the people of England a ministerial aspect so monstrous as to be calculated to excite nothing but disgust and indignation. They prophesy that it cannot last; that the good sense of the nation must rise up against it, and that, if it survives the present session, that is the very utmost that may be apprehended. We cannot agree with them. The people by whom the constitution was overthrown, and who returned the reformed parliament, are not, we fear, as yet sufficiently alive to the dangers which beset them to take the proper steps necessary for arresting them at the present crisis. All that is worthless and vile in the country, the infidels,

the profligates, the ruffians of every grade and colour, the "ambubaiarum collegiæ, pharmoparolæ" know well the importance of keeping those men in office who may serve as a skreen to their designs. Every one witnessed the consternation that prevailed amongst them when Lord Grey's cabinet was rent asunder by the intemperance of the Irish leader. Dan's passions blinded his judgment when he suffered his indignation against Littleton so far to prevail with him, as to compel disclosures such as in a sound state of the public feeling no cabinet could survive. But he will be more wary for the future. Mr. Littleton is now, in his estimation, a frank and honourable man; and Dan will take especial care that the precious piece of patchwork, at present denominated the English government, shall not fall to pieces, until they have got every valuable institution of the country, which is not exactly to his mind, *upon an inclined plane*, when it will be easy for any one to reduce them to a level that will no longer offend his democratic predilections.

But what! we will be told, will not the property of the country take alarm? Will not the gentry, and all who have anything to lose, arouse themselves, and combine in active exertions against the abettors of a system by the adoption of which everything valuable to them as men and as Christians must be destroyed? Alas! we see no symptom of it! Before revolution has made considerable may, nothing is so powerful, after it has done so, nothing is so helpless as property. By the reform bill our gentry have been converted into so many stranded whales! Many of them were actively engaged in forwarding the fatal measures which bound them to the chariot wheels of the demagogue. Many of them are still bent upon following up that measure by a confiscation of church property. Between these and professed radicals the utmost cordiality is known

to prevail. They have been excited and stimulated by success; and can always largely avail themselves of the credulity of their dupes, and the wickedness of their retainers. Only let them carry on the government of the country by means of the men at present in power, who must be their humble slaves, for six months longer, and such an initiative will have been given to measures for securing and extending the triumph of the democratic principle, that nothing can prevail against it, until a political chaos has been produced, in which

———"every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
Doth make, perforce, an universal prey,
And last eats up itself."

Such, and such alone, can be the consummation of radicalism, if no combination be, at present, formed against it. That such a combination might be formed we feel well assured. Our admirable countryman, the Rev. John Martin, has lately, in the pages of the *Evening Mail*, called the attention of the country to a plan, by the adoption of which, every desirable end might be answered. We know well that a strong prejudice prevails against a clergyman's taking an active part in politics. There are even those who say that no circumstances can render such conduct justifiable. We speak not now of the spoliators, whose delicate sense of religion is amazingly shocked when their clerical victims cry out and struggle in the act of being robbed or murdered. "Oh, fie," they say, "a clergyman make such a noise. Was ever anything so indecent?" We speak not of the plundering hypocrites. But amongst the clergy themselves an opinion prevails that it is unbecoming in them to take any step by which they might be enabled to defeat the malice and wickedness of their enemies. And this, we are persuaded, has caused a degree of remissness amongst the Conservative part of the community, by which their adversaries have hitherto largely profited, and by which, if it should be persevered in, they must themselves be eventually destroyed. As we deeply respect this estimable class of men, we will bestow

a few words upon what we must be permitted to denominate this great delusion.

We fully agree with them in believing that religion should not be made subservient to politics; but, we trust, they will not dissent from us in considering *that politics may be made subservient to religion*. Those who believe that a state establishment is necessary for the due preservation, and the adequate diffusion, and the efficient ministration of divine truth, cannot be indifferent to the safety of that establishment, or neglect any of the legal and constitutional means by which its welfare may be provided for, without a fatal neglect of the most solemn obligations. And any such neglect, or any acquiescence in measures, having for their object, or involving in their immediate results, the destruction, or the injury of that establishment, upon the ground that the Christian must not strive or cry, or lift up his voice in the streets, or that, when smitten on one cheek, he should turn the other; or, that, to those who have taken away his cloak, he should give his coat also, is a miserable perversion of holy writ, or a paltry compromise with conscience. These texts were intended to regulate the conduct of the individual, where he alone was personally concerned; and never were, or never could be considered as applying to him in his civil or his political capacity, where his duty calls upon him, and his station or his circumstances enable him to perform important service to his church or his country. It is very easy for any of us to bear the calamities our friends. There is no great difficulty in evincing resignation, by merely retiring from a post of perilous exertion, when by so doing we may procure from the enemies of God's holy word profitable commendation. These are the occasions alone, upon which *they* can estimate the Christian virtues. And the simple or the cunning gentlemen who thus exhibit themselves righteous overmuch, are much more effectually playing the part of political partizans, and that too, for the most selfish purposes, than others, who have taken juster views of their civil and their religious duties, and who have much natural diffidence to overcome before they can enter into

the wordy conflict. It has, we confess, moved our indignation to hear sleek and soft-spoken gentlemen express their deep sorrow at the present prostrate state of the church, and their keen regret that its prospects were so bad, and yet, when it was proposed to them to originate some measure by which the ravages of the spoliators might yet be stayed, appear horror-struck at the thought of becoming political partizans, and seem much more reconciled to receive favour and countenance from the enemies, than to take up their cross and suffer reproach with the friends of true religion. With such individuals we would have nothing to do. They are not of the stamp that we require. They would never suit the present crisis. If they can make anything for themselves by a sycophantic adulation of the destructives, by taking care always to deserve their good report, why let them do so. But we are very jealous that they should not monopolize the credit of being the only persons who have been able, in these days of trouble, to reconcile their civil with their Christian duties. That claim belongs to those who have taken another measure of their political and religious obligations; and until, in conformity with their views, (which have been so ably put forward by Mr. Martin,) the Conservative party is organized and disciplined, there can be no security for any thing valuable or venerable that yet remains of the institutions of the country.

The Jacobins were always a minority in France—in point of numbers, a contemptible minority. But they were restless, energetic, unscrupulous, and persevering; and they therefore found it no difficult matter to overmaster the scattered and dispirited partizans of loyalty and virtue. Their measures were all prompt, startling, and decisive; and the battle was fought and won before their adversaries were prepared to enter into the conflict. So it will be with us, if, by a timely and an extensive organization, the Conservative party do not take care to excite throughout the country a spirit of vigorous and determined resistance to that attack by sap which is at present carrying on against our national institutions. It will not do merely to cry, "Oh! oh!" as the enemy is dealing his deadly blows.

Vol. IV.

That would only excite the derision of our formidable foe. No. We must enter upon our defence with an energy somewhat proportioned to that by which we are assailed, if we would be saved. Nothing short of a regulated, extensive, systematic opposition, varied according to the various modes of hostility adopted by our assailant, can afford us any chance of escape from our present dangers. We are engaged with an enemy schooled and disciplined in the science of destruction, and who, at present, occupies a position which enables him to act against us with great advantage; an enemy who hates religion much more than we love it, and under whose banner we must expect to see congregated bad men of every description, together with no small number of sincere but erring individuals, whose narrow minds or whose scanty information render them obnoxious to delusion; who really imagine that they are furthering great ends for the benefit, when they are, unhappily, instrumental in doing almost irreparable mischief to the cause of order and of good. We have to work with different materials. None but men imbued with a sacred regard for what is valuable in our social system will enter into *our* ranks; and, according to their various degrees of light and intelligence, they will make various estimates of the precise degree in which the measures in progress are mischievous or fatal. In the support of some of them, they may be disposed to go a certain length. And their very honesty and intelligence may lead to difference of opinion that must render steady and well-concerted resistance difficult, if not hopeless. Now, all these things are against us. And, we repeat it, if means be not taken to provide against the inconveniency and distraction which they must occasion, we may as well at once quietly succumb to those who are "wiser in their generation," and whose measures are not more wickedly conceived than they are skilfully conducted.

We must, therefore, if we would succeed, imitate our adversaries in the system and the energy of their combinations. We must provide the means of diffusing far and wide, a knowledge of the value of those institutions which they would destroy, and a sense

of the blessings of which they would bereave us. The Conservative Club should become the cradle of constitutional associations, which should extend over the length and the breadth of the land. Facilities should be afforded to every individual to disabuse himself of the pestilent errors respecting both religion and government with which the democratic press at present teems, and by means of which the revolutionary party have been enabled to do so much mischief. Rank weeds thrive without culture; wholesome plants require labour and care. Hence it is that our supineness amounts to a species of passive cooperation with our adversaries, whose cause is sure to prosper when we only neglect our own. They, alas! may calculate to a frightful extent upon the corruption and depravity of human nature. They may calculate also upon that natural antipathy to good government that belongs to all untutored minds; and upon an indisposition to acquiesce in that regulated subordination of the different classes of society upon which its progression depends, and which constitutes its beauty, ensures its stability, and provides for its improvement. It should be the business of a body which might be truly called conservative, to furnish all those who are liable to be led astray, with an anti-septic to the prevailing delusion. Our numerous constituencies, in whom the reform bill has vested so much power, should have perpetually spread before them the reasonings and the facts which are best calculated to enlighten their understandings respecting their political duties. The dangers of democratic license should be exhibited to them in the example of revolutionary France; and no opportunity should be omitted of holding up to their admiration, and commending to their love, the unrivalled advantages of our happily balanced constitution.

If this be done energetically, if this be done systematically, if this be done perseveringly, all will yet be well. There is a substratum of sound sense in the people of these countries, which only requires to be properly wrought

upon to produce the most beneficial results. The misfortune is, that it has been hitherto too much neglected. Let us, however, only now set ourselves earnestly to excite and to inform it, and our cause will soon become too powerful to be resisted. The demagogues at present avail themselves of the physical strength of the people, even as the Philistines availed themselves of the strength of Samson, when they put him blinded to grind in a mill. But if we only take care that the intelligence of our population bears a due proportion to their power, we, in so doing, take them out of the hands of those who, for their own vile purposes, are employing them in the work of disorder and ruin; and the time cannot be distant when we may hope to see them ranged on the side of the constitution.

Our present prospects are appalling. But in the worst of times, a good citizen will not despair. Still less does it become a Christian politician to despair. There is one above us who may, at any moment that may seem fitting to his divine wisdom, and in a manner the least expected, extricate us from all our perils. But, to avail ourselves fully of his gracious providence, we must be true to his holy cause, and evince, neither actively nor passively, an approval of the designs of his enemies. Every prudent precaution which human sagacity could suggest, ought to be adopted for the purpose of rendering the conservative wisdom and virtue of the country available against those who are leagued against it. And when we have done as much for the cause of truth as our adversaries have done for the cause of falsehood, we may confidently expect that our labour will not be in vain; but that union, and firmness, and perseverance in the support of what is right and good, will ultimately produce results such as our fondest wishes dared not venture to anticipate. It is only while we distrust ourselves that we have reason to despond. Let us be confident—let us be united, and we must eventually be triumphant.

TWENTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

“Humbug.”

I. AS A SUBSTANTIVE.

1. The March of Intellect, Diffusion of Knowledge, Free Trade, Sovereignty of the People, Whiggery, universally, particularly and individually, and the new Cross-Puddle College, are all—humbug.

2. Congratulating Lord Althorp on ability, complimenting Lord Brougham on dignity, and accusing Lord Grey of not taking care of his relatives, are all—humbug.

3. The majority of reputed speeches, editor's gratification, grief and every other emotion, arrivals and departures, special correspondents and expresses, are all—humbug.

4. Prefaces, fiftieth editions, this day published, selling at half-price, or less than first-cost, to make room for new stock, dissolution of partnerships which heretofore existed, immense sacrifices, great bargains, cheap tea, wine, whiskey and law, and the first ship for Quebec, are all—humbug.

5. Dinner in a country inn, where you get “anything you please to order,” most of the plate on most tables, hoping “all friends are well,” regretting that you “cannot have the pleasure,” every case of “I am shocked,” the greater number of faints, screams, and inextinguishable fits of laughter, and giving champagne for economy's sake, are all—humbug.

6. “Yours truly, yours very truly, yours most truly, yours sincerely, yours very sincerely, yours most sincerely, yours faithfully, yours very faithfully, yours most faithfully, your obedient servant, your obliged and obedient servant,” are all—humbug.

7. “Esquire,” in nine cases out of ten, “my dear Sir,” almost always, “the satisfaction which a gentleman has a right to expect,” an interesting swindler, and a romantic bathing-box, are all—humbug.

8. “Sweet little dear, the image of its father or mother,” infant prodigies in general, “excessively sultry, but yet agreeably cool in the shade,” “most positively the last night,” “a piece of painful interest,” and “the modern Roscius,” are all—humbug.

9. “The multiplicity of professional engagements,” “not having time to shave or eat dinner,” leaving society to visit a patient *in extremis*, “distressing symptoms,” “free exhibition,” “bile,” “idiosyncrasy,” “change of air,” “the result of injudicious treatment,” carriages, britzkas, gigs, cabs, cars and horses, are all—humbug.

10. Blue-bags full of papers, perpetual vexation of being constantly called out by those troublesome attorneys, “a strong, a very strong case in point,” all respectful suggestions and bowings to decisions, “my learned brother or friend,” “gentlemen” of the jury, staking professional reputation, and “will you take a chop with me,” are all—humbug.

11. “This judicious or ingenious commentator,” “this eminent or highly distinguished scholar,” “see my treatise on,” “judicet lector eruditus,” “hoc nostrum est,” “Horæ subsecivæ,” and “the editor's having attained his object,” are all—humbug.

II. AS A VERB.

1. To talk of patriotism, oppression, liberty, chains, or faggots, to quote “rich, glorious and free,” or “hereditary bondsmen,” to give pledges, to dwell upon pecuniary sacrifice, and brew porter, is—to humbug.

2. To Repeal the Union, to separate Church and State without injury to either, to propose reciprocity in commercial intercourse, to prove absenteeism a benefit, and to vouch for the honesty of your intentions is—to humbug.

3. To write long letters, to make all

the necessary arrangements, to be greatly incensed, or much interested, to hope things will find their level, and to have a great taste for music, is—to humbug.

4. To borrow an umbrella, or cloak, to pay a visit after five o'clock, to drop in to see if friends got no cold, to admire drawings on rice-paper, to read an album, and to wonder at your dulness in not perceiving, is—to humbug.

5. To be always happy to see, to be agreeably surprised or disappointed, to be forcibly reminded, to regret that you are so absent, and to be near-sighted, is—to humbug.

6. To wish friends joy on being married, to have always read the last novel, to think Rebecca the finest

character of Scott's, to be intimately acquainted with Schiller and Göethe, and to give Cape wine at dinner, is—to humbug.

7. Not to be able to endure the dulness of Dublin, to write sonnets or advertisements, to pay compliments in French or Italian, to admire the pathos of Herz, and praise the sublimity of Moore, is—to humbug.

8. To say that Blackwood or Frazer is superior to the Dublin University Magazine, is—to humbug.

9. To declare that this is a very clever article, is—to humbug.

10. To write on humbug, is—to humbug.

11. To wish the reader "good bye" is—to humbug.

THE GOLDSMITH.

AN INDIAN STORY.

There liv'd (I should say reign'd) in fam'd Benares,

A Rajah in the plenitude of glory ;

If dead, or if he still be living there, is

A matter of no moment to our story.

He was a man religious in his way—

That is to say,

At morning dawn, and ere to rest he'd settle,

He worshipp'd gods of wood, and stone, and metal—

And deem'd the greater their variety,

The greater was his show of zeal and piety ;

And so he had them of each size and shape—

Bull-headed—Eagle-beak'd—some tail'd, like Dan ;

Others with phiz of Elephant or Ape,

Grimacing from the shoulders of a man.

His palace a Pantheon, where each closet he

Had stor'd with forms of deified monstrosity.

At length grown tir'd of stone and wooden blocks, he,

Like Babylon's fam'd potentate of old,

Resolv'd, in mood of super orthodoxy,

To have an image of the purest gold.

The least drop of alloy, he had a notion,

Would somehow interfere with his devotion.

But how to get it made—that was the thing,
 The goldsmith tribe were rogues of such audacity :
 'Twas a mere trifle deem'd to cheat a king—
 Not e'en the gods were safe from their rapacity.
 Their neighbours' gold, if in their hands it linger'd,
 Was ne'er the heavier found for being finger'd.

The Rajah to their tricks was up—right well he knew
 In fraud they were adepts beyond comparison—
 That all within their net was fish—they *did* the Jew,
 Chinese, Hindoo, the Christian, and the Saracen.
 He call'd a meeting of “the trade,”
 Explain'd the work he would have executed ;
 Some strict conditions, too, before them laid,
 Which cunningly he thought his purpose suited.
 The whole “Trades' Union” stared, hung back, demurred,
 Their craft in danger deem'd, the Rajah far gone,
 Till one was found who took him at his word,
 Higgled as usual, and then clos'd the bargain.

And this it was, within the Rajah's palace,
 In a lone chamber, under lock and key,
 The work was to be done : no leave for sallies
 To breakfast or to dine throughout the day.
 In cuerpo, too, he must go in and out,
 As a proviso against tricks and roguery.
 Nor of his raiment wear a single clout,
 But wholly be divested of his toggery—
 Light trouble in a country where we learn
 That clothing is a thing of small concern :
 Heat makes each man, of coolness such a votary,
 The fashion of the day is “sans culotterie.”

All day he laboured, faithful to his paction,
 Beneath his skilful hand the image grows ;
 At eve he sought his home, not for inaction,
 Or merely for his supper and repose.
 All night he laboured too—another figure
 He there prepares, the ditto ; nose for nose,
 Not smaller, by a single line, or bigger
 Than *that* the Rajah for his Godship chose.
 In short, complete alike in every limb he lay,
 Of t'other image an exact fac-simile ;
 Save that the artist, in his molting kettle,
 Hath mingled “*quantum suff.*” of baser metal.

Finished the job ; from out the Rajah's eye
 A beam of pleasure flashes, as it ranges
 O'er all the work, no fault can he espy,
 And names the day to dip it in the Ganges.
 A plunge beneath those venerated waters,
 Forming the consecration in such matters.
 All other fee the artist now disdains,
 (He hopes it will not move his Highness' wrath,)
 Save just to have the honour, for his pains,
 To give the God the consecrating bath :
 Beneath the Rajah's eye, and all his train,
 He would take, dip, and hand it back again.

'Twas granted—plunge! beneath the wave he goes,
Image and all, but in a short half minute he
From out the sacred stream again arose,
And the glad Rajah clasps his new Divinity.
Solemnly homeward, with his train, he hies him,
And seems each day still more and more to prize him.

Yet was the Rajah bit—the man of trade
The night before had secretly conveyed
His Image to the Ganges, where it lay
Snug at the bottom, till the following day,
And in the dip he changed them; then at leisure
Bore to his crucible the Rajah's treasure.

And are there none to stretch the Christian hand,
And lift the veil of darkness from that land?
To bid the Rajah turn from wood and stone,
And raise the pious thought to Christ alone—
To bid the subject cease from foul chicane,
And rise to feel that "godliness is gain?"
Oh yes there are—wake muse and give to fame
The glories of illustrious Heber's name;
Yet waking weep, and hallow with a tear,
The lightning briefness of his bright career;
And many an humble brother, though obscure,
Yet not less ardent, or of soul less pure.
Spirits who, turning from the joys of home,
Fearless 'mid India's burning wastes to roam,
Left country, kindred, all—nor deemed it loss,
To win the child of Bramah to the cross:
Where glows, in sterile drought, the thirsty soil,
Where the fell serpent flings his deadly coil:
To brave the tiger in his forest lair,
And herd with men found scarce less savage there,
'Mid wilds where ne'er before the Christian trod,
To plant the standard of the living God.
Oh yes there are—may every blessing crown
Their toil of love—be their's respect—renown.
Not such renown as earthly battles bring,
But such as Hosts Angelic love to sing,
When loud through Heaven's expanse is heard to roll
The peal of joy, which hails one rescued soul.

FITZ STEWART.

Bann Side, June, 1834.

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

WE have divided our note-book into two departments, and henceforward we shall give to our readers the result of our memoranda under two distinct heads, "Our political" and "Our critical tablets." In the one we shall note down all the events of the day that are worthy of being preserved, and in the other we shall give our opinion of all the new works which we think fit to honour with our notice. We mention this to prepare our readers for our arrangements for next month. For this month we will make no extracts from our political tablets, although much indeed is there noted down. We had recorded the Rumpus in the Rump administration—we had entered it—

"That a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

We had set it down how Littleton, like a fool, went and placed confidence in O'Connell, and O'Connell, like a ——— like himself, went and betrayed his confidence to the House of Commons—and how Lord Grey cried, and Lord Brougham blustered, in the House of Lords—and how all the Greys were turned out—and how the King got Lord Melbourne to patch up the cabinet a little longer—and how honest Lord Althorp resigned office, and yet, without a reappointment, is a minister of the crown—and we had set down, too, that Littleton and O'Connell are now the best friends!—and the great Daniel the supporter of the coercion bill!!—and that Lord Melbourne has dispensed with the clauses suppressing agitation, and so left Irishmen, of all parties, a fair opportunity for fun and frolic, and the agitators a full license to disturb the public peace. All this we had set down and a good deal more beside. But the whole political manœuvres of the month present such a disgusting spectacle of political baseness and political fraud; unrelieved by anything that is generous or honourable—that we are sick of them—and in a passion we have thrown our political tablets in the fire—and gentle reader, with your kind permission, we will turn from this weary and barren desert of guilt and iniquity to the green and sunny fields of literature, and so we will give you the memoranda of

OUR CRITICAL TABLETS.

Our critical list must needs be very short—it has but three items:—

No. I. *The Naturalist's Library—Ornithology*, vol. 3, *Gallinaceous Birds*, by Sir William Jardine, Bart.—No. II. *Physiognomy founded on Physiology*, and applied to various countries, professions, and individuals, by Alexander Walker.—No. III. *Thucydides*, with critical and historical notes, by William B. Drury, A. B. Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.

This is our text—now for the comments.

No. I. is really a delightful volume. Our readers, most of whom are roaming freely through the beautiful and romantic country, catching the summer breeze by the side of the mountain and the sea, while we are shut up in the lonely and hot city, writing for their amusement and their instruction, cannot conceive the pleasure with which

we peruse a volume like this—a volume that reminds us of nature far from the busy haunts of men—of nature with the wild cock in the woods, or the wild turkey in the desert—and here is a book of nature—delightful and refreshing; with beautiful engravings, that bring before our eyes the forms of the feathered fowls, just as if we saw them wild and joyous in their native plains—and with still more beautiful descriptions whose vividness almost makes the engravings a work of supererogation.

Surely, our readers are familiar with Sir William Jardine as a naturalist; if they are not, let them make up their acquaintance without loss of time, and they can do it at the cheap rate of six

shillings for this exquisite volume, where they will have a memoir of all gallinaaceous birds, and of Aristotle at the head of them! who, we suppose, is classed with them as an "*animal bipes implume*." But seriously, it is very fitting that a life of the first naturalist should precede a dissertation on his brother and sister bipeds; and, though our fair readers may smile at the juxta position of Aristotle and the turkeys, they will find, in the well-written memoir, which is the introduction to this volume, a great deal of correct and readable information as to one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived. Our readers will perceive that we are inclined to be pleased with the book—we would be very ungrateful if we were not. It is just such a volume as we love to read of a sultry summer's day, when the heat induces a languor that makes us long for something refreshing. And it was just on such a day we did read it, and gazed upon its elegant engravings; first, upon the sombre and stern bust of Aristotle—then, by way of contrast, upon the gay and somewhat foppish Gallus Bankiva, or Java Cock, who looks most unphilosophical, just upon the opposite page. By the way, Aristotle was a fop. Mr. Crichton labours hard to prove that he was not, but he is wrong—he shall not rob ourselves and Lord Palmerston of the consolatory consciousness that we have authority for dandyism. And so that point is settled beyond dispute. There are twenty-nine plates in the volume, exclusive of the engraving from the bust of Aristotle—all in perfect keeping with the entire character of the series—rich, beautiful, and elegant.

No. II. is a work of a very different description. It is evidently written by a gentleman who does know something, and thinks he knows a great deal; and accordingly, it unites, with much that is interesting and amusing, a very fair quantity of what is stupid and absurd. The author is, evidently, a man of some talent and more information; but he is led away by his attachment to a theory, and, like all theorists, he sacrifices to his theory consistency both with probability and himself. There are a great many learned terms, and there is, also, a good deal of useful information, and some light and *piquant* sketches of

national and professional character illustrated by very striking and apposite engravings. But the Irishman is not done justice to, either by the pen or the pencil; in the description, he is represented as a sanguinary and a heartless ruffian—in the portrait he is drawn a stupid and lubberly dolt. There is no setting forth of that warmth of feeling, that enthusiasm of soul that casts its colouring over all his actions; and tinges even his crimes with the hues of virtue. The poor Welchman appears the special object of the physiologist's dislike. But, it is in his description of the clergyman, that he has exhibited a spirit of rancour against every thing that is good that merits the severest castigation that the language of criticism will admit. It is unworthy of literature—it is unworthy of any man—it is ungenerous and cowardly—to make a book, professing very different objects, the vehicle of sneers against the ministers of religion, the medium of circulating the venomous falsehoods of those who exhibit at once their meanness and their malice by slandering a profession, the members of which are precluded from retaliation. But the attack that is made by Mr. Walker upon those whose calling makes them sacred is both stupid and vulgar; the caricature is only fit for the walls of an ale-house; and the remarks that are annexed, were it not for their stupidity, might be very well mistaken for its slang. We trust, we shall not again have occasion to animadvert upon such conduct. We are very sure, that passages such as we have noticed, are not the best recommendation of any work to the favour of a moral and religious people.

No. III. is a work "*sui generis*." Intended to answer the ends of preparation for a college examination, it is admirably adapted for the purpose. The notes display an extent of classical information and a correctness of classical taste, that does credit to the author's industry and talent; and the student who wishes to understand the original will not, we imagine, have much occasion to seek for information beyond that which is furnished in the well selected and judiciously arranged annotations of Mr. Drury.

DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXI. SEPTEMBER, 1834. Vol. IV.

CONTENTS.

	Page
REVIEW—KNOX AND JEBB'S CORRESPONDENCE	241
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.—Chaps. VI. and VII.	261
THE EMIGRANTS' SONGS AT PARTING	273
ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS. By Robert Gilfillan	275
THE KING OF MERRY ENGLAND. By Robert Gilfillan	276
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ENGLISH—THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW	277
EARL GREY	291
REVIEW—IRISH STORYISTS—LOVER AND CARLETON	298
ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION IN IRELAND	312
FANCY, THE SCENE-SHIFTER	325
THE OATH OF BLOOD	327
LIFE AND OPINIONS OF GREGORY GREEDY, GENT.	328
THE GREAT PROTESTANT MEETING	333
A FANCY; AND A RECOLLECTION	346
ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE BOOK	350
<hr/>	
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE	352

DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

VOL. IV.

KNOX AND JEBB'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

WE feel much satisfaction at the publication of these letters; and that, not merely because of the moral wisdom which they contain, nor yet because of the personal interest which we felt in the respected writers; but, because they afford us some tangible means of bringing before the minds of our readers a tolerably faithful representation of one of the most gifted and extraordinary individuals that ever appeared in Ireland. It was our privilege and felicity to have known the late Alexander Knox well; and never have we enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with one whose ordinary colloquy bore so much of the character of inspiration. We cannot better describe our impression of his general powers, than, by saying, that he was in moral, what Newton was in physical science, together with this great additional advantage, that his power of eloquence was such, as enabled him, without effort, to reveal, to very ordinary minds, the splendid systems of magnificent truths that were habitually the objects of his contemplation. And yet, with such powers, he was known but very little beyond the circle which he vivified by his immediate presence. To be sure, that circle might be said to contain the élite of the worth and the intellect of Ireland. And the

highest minds of his acquaintance were always the readiest and the most ardent in their acknowledgments of his transcendent eloquence and sublime philosophy. But, it was still a matter of astonishment, that, with such powers, he was contented to limit his sphere of usefulness to that didactic instruction which he so freely imparted to all who were privileged to attend at his intellectual levy, and did not embody, in some great and enduring work, those opinions, and those principles which he was known to entertain, and which, whatever might be pronounced respecting their absolute coincidence with perfect orthodoxy, (upon that we offer no judgment,) would, undoubtedly, be cherished by posterity, as, possibly, the finest specimen on record, of a rich and platonic theoretical theology.

But, extraordinary as this fact is, there are some considerations, partly moral, partly physical, which render it not surprising. Mr. Knox was a man who, from early youth, never enjoyed good health. Indeed, so feeble was his infancy, that his parents never ventured to send him to school, and his education might be said to have been altogether self-derived and self-directed. This will appear not a little curious to those who remember his perfect knowledge of the Greek

* 'Thirty Years' Correspondence between John Jebb, D.D., F.R.S., Bishop of Ardfert and Aghadoe, and Alexander Knox, Esq., M.R.I.A. Edited by the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., perpetual curate of Ash next Sandwich, formerly chaplain to Bishop Jebb. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.

and Latin languages, and his intimate acquaintance with the choicest wisdom and the highest beauties which they contain. The maxims of the venerable ancients were with him as familiar as "household words," and, such was the tenacity of his memory, that he not only retained a strong general impression of whatever once struck him as valuable, but he could ever after refer to the very page and line in which it was contained, whenever the exigencies of his argument required an allusion to it, with a readiness that was the astonishment and the admiration of his hearers. Such, however, was his feeble state of body, that he could not calculate, to a certainty, upon any such continuance of good health as might afford a reasonable degree of encouragement to undertake any weighty literary or professional labours. When to this it is added, that, from a very early period of his life, he was a devotedly religious man, that the seeds of ambition had been radically extirpated from his heart, and that he was, literally, dead to earthly objects, our surprise will be much diminished that he did not devote himself, with zeal and assiduity, to some work, which would have required an intensity of labour, such as his health could not bear, in the absence of all the usual motives which ordinarily cheer and stimulate literary undertakings.

It will, we know, be said, that those very religious impressions which rendered him indifferent to mere worldly reputation, should not have been without their due effect in causing him, from higher motives, and in strict obedience to divine injunctions, to suffer his light, both moral and intellectual, so to shine before men, that they might glorify his Father who is in heaven. This is true; and we can only say, that we believe Alexander Knox endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to promote the cause of true religion. *He* did not entertain the same opinion of his own powers of usefulness, that were entertained by most of his acquaintance; and he thought that the utmost which he was called upon to do, was, to give right notions, upon important subjects, to all those whom the reputation of his worth and wisdom drew around him. This was a labour of which he never tired. There was a

certain pleasing excitement in the exercise of his conversational abilities, which enabled him, for hours, to expatiate upon the important subjects that were ever nearest to his heart, and sustained him under continuous efforts of thought, by which, in the solitude of the study, he would have been exhausted. Besides, there was this peculiarity, that his conversation was immeasurably beyond his composition. Nothing surprised his friends more than the felicity of his language, the happy arrangement of his thoughts, the exquisite richness and force of the imagery by which they were illustrated and adorned, except the fact, that, when he came to put the same matter into a written form, the production had all the appearance of a tame translation of himself. If the reader will picture to himself John Kemble, making his exit in Roman or Grecian costume, and his next entrance in the plain garb of a primitive quaker, he will be able to form some idea of the difference between Mr. Knox when he spoke and when he wrote. In the former case, his noble imagination had free play, and, as it was always strictly under the influence of an exquisitely cultivated moral sense, it never transgressed its proper province, but acted, simply, as the *internunciatus* between his noble intellect and the less gifted minds of his friends, simplifying and facilitating the apprehension of his profound and lofty philosophic communications. In the latter case, either the absence of the same degree of excitement, or the presence of a severer and more rigid judgment, or, probably both, prevented that fond and glowing expatiation upon moral generalities, in which he loved to indulge, and which, indeed, constituted the chief charm of his conversation. So that, those who can only know him as a writer, know him not half. They may, and no doubt they will, experience much pleasure, and derive much instruction from the important truths that have been stated with so much clearness, and the fine comprehensive views which have been sketched by such a master-hand. Many an eye will be gladdened, and many a thirsty lip will be moistened, by the stream that wells out of the rock, into which, whenever he composed, his intellectual powers, by an over

sensitive spirit of criticism, were, as it were, crystallized. But it was only when he threw open the splendid saloon of his thoughts, in his hours of conversational enjoyment, that the treasures of his genius could be truly seen, where solidity and usefulness were combined with richness and beauty, and the whole so illuminated, by lights so appropriate, that vision itself seemed assisted and purified, while every thing was exhibited to the most advantage.

Our readers will exclaim, "what an extraordinary man." Aye, reader, extraordinary, indeed! We never have seen, and we never expect to see anything like him. If it is thought that we overstate the fact, we can appeal to many living witnesses by whom all that we have said will be abundantly confirmed. Our present revered primate, whose coolness of judgment will render his testimony unexceptionable, knew him well, and we appeal to him whether, in our attempt to describe the rich and rare conversational powers of this gifted man, we have been guilty of the least exaggeration. We may also refer our Irish readers to Archdeacon Stopford, to the Bishop of Cork, to the Rev. James Dunn, to Dr. Nash, to Major Woodward, to John Schoales, Esq., and to almost all the members of the extensive and respectable family of La Touche, as individuals by whom our statement will be fully verified, and whose only dissatisfaction with it can be, that it does not do perfect justice to its subject. But, for that purpose, we should possess powers somewhat similar to his own. Nothing short of the matchless charm of his own living words could convey an adequate idea of his "effluent inspiration;" of the magic by which high thoughts started into life at his command, and were presented, in their natural succession and dependency, to the minds of his hearers; of "the faculty divine" which enabled him to press the highest spirit of poetry into the service of the most sublime philosophy, and which caused it so to delight in its work, that the service seemed to be perfect freedom; of the sustained, mellifluous, and elevated character of his language, which, while it conferred a kind of architectural symmetry and splendour upon his dis-

course, was the most perfect exemplification of Swift's happy definition of a good style, "proper words in proper places," the spontaneous produce of a soil most highly cultivated, and yet whose teeming richness seemed to preclude the necessity of cultivation. There is no living man with whom we are acquainted, nor has there been within our memory, to whom we could compare Alexander Knox. Curran was a wit and a humorist of a very superior order, and could exert very great powers of eloquence and pathos, in any cause which interested his feelings, either as a politician or an advocate. But he had no philosophy, and his reason was much more under the dominion of his fancy, than his fancy under the control of his reason. Plunkett is a severe, perspicuous reasoner, who can at any time contrive to involve his adversary in, and to find his own way out of, the most labyrinthine entanglements of argument. He could, in his better days, also exert a very commanding influence over the understandings and passions of his hearers. But, it appeared to us, that his powers were always employed upon objects that were unworthy of them, and that, in all his public exhibitions, he has ever been less regardful of truth than solicitous for victory. Alexander Knox possessed not his logical powers, nor his keen metaphysical discrimination, but he *did* possess an intuition by which these *instruments* of thought were, to a great degree, rendered unnecessary; and his noble intellect, which was predominantly possessed with the love of rectitude and goodness, disdained the deceptive intricacies of mere gladiatorial ratiocination. Coleridge came nearer to him than any one of whom we have heard; and, judging of that extraordinary man from his writings, we should readily admit that he possessed (alas, that we should be constrained to use the past tense!) a kind of intellectual second-sight, to which Mr. Knox had no pretensions. But then, there is a cloudiness and an obscurity about his views, which sometimes render them very difficult to be apprehended. His thoughts are revelations which require themselves to be revealed. His transcendentalism takes him so completely out of the region of matter-of-fact, that much of what he has

written can never be brought home to men's business or their bosoms. But the philosophy of Alexander Knox was that which all might understand and appreciate. It embraced the whole extent of humanity, and never failed to interest and engage, by its congruity to the requirements, its meetness for the exigencies, and its congeniality with the most ennobling pursuits and the highest endowments of moral and cultivated man. Never have we felt so vividly as in his society,

"How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical, as is Appollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit cloy."

It was our privilege, a short time before his death, to introduce to him Mrs. Hemans. He was, at the time, labouring under severe indisposition ; but, the liturgy of the church of England having been alluded to, a chord was struck which excited all his fervour and enthusiasm, and he *did* speak like one inspired. The poetess

was evidently astonished and delighted ; and said, at coming away, "Dear me, what a divine old man ! When he thus discourses, he ought to be sitting under a palm-tree."*

Biographical notice of him we have none, and we do think some little sketch might have been appropriately prefixed to his correspondence. He was born in Londonderry, of respectable and worthy parents, who were early and deeply solicitous to train him up "in the way he should go." His family were Methodists, and he enjoyed the advantage of a cordial and intimate acquaintance with the celebrated John Wesley. But, while, for his moral and religious culture, he earnestly availed himself of all that was good, his superior intellect led him to reject whatever was erroneous and eccentric in the system of that singular individual ; and for many of his followers he retained the truest regard, and kept up with them the closest acquaintance, long after he himself had found "a peaceable habitation and a quiet resting-place" in the articles, the discipline,

* Bishop Jebb thus writes of him :—"It has been the writer's fortune to be often in his company, with some of the most remarkable persons of the past and the passing age. It was on such occasions that his genius pre-eminently shone forth. It is little to say, that he never failed to acquit himself with ability ; he actually astonished, and sometimes overpowered, the ablest minds, by the force of his eloquence ; while it was uniformly subservient to the highest purposes, and amenable to a jurisdiction at once more authoritative and more gentle than the received rules of ordinary discussion, . . . to the undeceptive logic of a holy and a pure heart."

The following description of his personal appearance is from the pen of Mr. Parker, a highly intellectual character, who met him once, and only once, at the house of the late Mr. Butterworth. It will, we have no doubt, interest our readers :—

"Sep. 5, 1809.—This afternoon, at Mr. Butterworth's, I had the happiness to dine in company with Alexander Knox, Esq., of Dublin. His person is that of a man of genius ; he is rather below the middle size ; his head not large ; his face rather long, rather narrow, and more rectangular than oval ; his features interesting rather than pleasing ; his forehead high, but not wide ; his eye quick ; his eyebrow elevated ; his nose aquiline ; his under lip protruded ; his muscles very full of motion ; his complexion pale, apparently from ill health, but susceptible of a fine glow when the conversation became animating : his expression of face not unlike Cowper's ; he is small-limbed and thin ; he wears spectacles, which very much become him ; when highly interested, his countenance is full of action, his eye piercing, his cheek suffused, his gestures profuse and energetic, his whole form in motion, and ready to start from his seat ; his manner of expression is natural and easy ; fluent, in general, but not very fast ; he hesitates occasionally for a word, and encumbers his diction with long explanatory parentheses, from which, however, he returns duly to his proper topic ; his language is uncommonly appropriate, and invariably pure, sometimes exquisitely elegant ; his imagery is copious, original, very suitable, and mostly well made out, occasionally it is quite sublime ; his voice is clear and pleasant, with a very little of the Irish tone."

and the liturgy of the church of England.

The late Marquis of Londonderry, at that time a rising politician, was struck by his extraordinary powers, and induced him to fix himself in Dublin, as his private secretary, when he was himself appointed to the important office of Secretary of State for Ireland. This was a most critical period. Very soon the rebellion began to rage, and the government stood in need of all the vigour and all the ability of the sagest and most intrepid advisers. Of Mr. Knox's services during this time, we have no means of speaking from accurate knowledge; but, the strongest impression of their value was made upon the mind of the noble individual by whom he was employed, and who, when the legislative union was accomplished, endeavoured to prevail upon him to accept of a seat in the imperial parliament. The representation of his native town of Derry was offered to his choice, but he steadily and respectfully declined it. Neither his health nor his habits fitted him to take an active part upon the theatre of public life; and, besides, he had chosen, as he believed, the better part, and resolved to devote himself, assiduously and undividedly, for the remainder of his life, to a study of the doctrines, and a cultivation of the morality of the Gospel. Nor did he ever repent of this sublime determination. To him, the world and its vanities, from which he so instinctively turned away, presented not for a moment any availing counter-attraction to the pure delight which he felt in the practice and the privileges of true religion, which, indeed, he knew, by experience, to be "more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars, and which, being compared to the light, was found before it."

It was, we believe, in Derry, that he first became acquainted with Bishop Jebb, then a little boy at the diocesan school of that town. We can very easily believe that Mr. Jebb, in his youth, exhibited a very perceptible germ of those qualities which distinguished him in more mature life, and rendered him an ornament to the church and a credit to the country. This Mr. Knox perceived, and he spared no pains to cultivate and improve it. At

that time piety was at a very low ebb indeed; and Mr. Knox's great anxiety was, to rescue pure and undefiled religion from the fanaticism of one party, by whom it had been stolen and disfigured, as the gypsies steal children, and disfigure them when they wish to pass them as their own; and the coldness of the reputed orthodox, by whose neglect alone it could have been stolen, and amongst whom, if it was suffered to remain, its vital spirit must have been extinguished. He thought he saw, in Mr. Jebb, a fit instrument for the accomplishment of such a work; and the whole treasure of his learning and genius was employed in preparing him for the task. Nor was his labour unrequited. He had the satisfaction of perceiving, in his pupil, an apt recipient of his peculiar views, and one who not only derived comfort and instruction from them himself, but was able, efficaciously, to impart them for the edification of others. It is time, however, to suffer Mr. Knox to speak for himself. Mr. Jebb mentioned to him that he hoped to derive benefit from keeping up a correspondence with Dr. Stopford, the late revered rector of Letterkenny, and concludes by asking his opinion, as to the happy mean between cold morality and wild enthusiasm. To this his Mentor thus replies—

"What you say of Stopford, is just, in every respect: he is an uncommonly good man, and you cannot do better than keep up a correspondence with him. The grand deficiencies in right temper and conduct, arise, much more, from want of right feelings, than from want of knowledge; and right feelings cannot so certainly be either obtained or improved, as by communication and close intercourse with those who possess them. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.' Solomon said some true things, and this is not the least important of them. You say that it is nearly impossible that many of those who attend Stopford's divinity lectures should not imbibe some of his spirit, and be warmed by a portion of his zeal. It is, indeed, impossible. True religion is, happily, contagious; and I am sure it owed its rapid progress, in the early ages of the church, infinitely more to the divine infection (if I may use such an expression) that attended the spirit of the apostles, than to the demonstrative evidence of

their miracles. I believe there never yet was a really good man—I mean a zealous, decided Christian—whose lively expression of his own feelings, did not, more or less, reach the hearts of those who heard him. And this, in some degree, answers your question, what Christian preaching should be? at least it points out an indispensable prerequisite—Christian preaching can arise only from a Christian mind and heart. This is the great want in the preaching of today; there is no spirit in it. It is the result of a kind of intellectual pumping; there is no gushing from the spring. Our Saviour, speaking to the woman of Samaria of the happiness his religion would bring into the bosoms of those who cordially embraced it, elegantly and expressively represents it as a well of water ‘springing up into everlasting life.’ Where this is in a minister, it will spring out as well as spring up; and it will be felt to be living water, from the pleasure and refreshment which it conveys, almost even to minds hitherto unaccustomed to such communications. What Horace says is quite in point—

“Non satis est PULCHRA esse poemata, DULCIA sunt, &c.”

The PULCHRA, is all that a man who does not himself feel, can attain to: the DULCIA is the offspring of an impressed and interested heart. But if such effects were to be produced by the mere feeling exhibition of human distress, what may not be looked for from divine truths, interesting to the hearer, no less than to the speaker, and interesting, beyond all that can be conceived, to every natural sentiment of man, when done justice to in the same way that Horace here demands for the drama.

“But you also ask, ‘what do I conceive to be the mean between cold morality, and wild enthusiasm?’ To this I answer, that the mean between all extremes is, Christianity, as given in the New Testament. An attention to the exhibition of Christ’s religion, as taught by himself—as exemplified in the Acts of the Apostles, and as expanded and ramified in the Epistles, particularly those of Paul, is the best and only preservative against coldness, against fanaticism, and against superstition. But, let me tell you, that this simple, direct view of Christianity, has very seldom been taken. Most men, in all ages, have sat down to the Gospel with a set of prejudices, which, like so many inquisitors, have

laid the Christian religion on a bed like that of Procrustes, and, as it suited them, either mutilated it by violence, or extended it by force.

“I agree, however, with Mrs. Chapone, in her ingenious essay on the subject, that coldness is a far more dangerous extreme than over much heat. The one may consist with real goodness—nay, may be the consequence of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment; but coldness can be resolved only into an absolute want of feeling. Enthusiasm is excess, but coldness is want of vitality. The enthusiast, in a moral view, is insane; which implies the possibility of recovery, and, perhaps, a partial or occasional recurrence of reason. The cold person is like the idiot, where reason never shows itself, and where convalescence is desperate.

“But, let it ever be remembered, that he who has really found the mean between the two extremes, will, and must, be reckoned enthusiastic by those who are in the extreme of coldness. You can easily conceive, that, when any one stands on a middle point, between two others, who are, with respect to him, strictly equi-distant, he must, from the inevitable laws of perspective, appear, to both, not to be in the middle, but, comparatively, near the opposite party. He, therefore,

“Auream quævis mediocritatem Diligit,”

must make up his mind to be censured on both sides—by the enthusiast as cold—by those who are really cold, as an enthusiast.

“This, however, is a digression. I return to the New Testament view of Christianity.

“Now this, I repeat, for the reasons above given, is most surely to be sought in the New Testament itself. And the representation given of Christianity there, differs, in my mind, from that given in most pulpits, in very many and very important matters. I shall notice two instances particularly.

“First—Christianity is represented, in most pulpits, rather as a scheme of external conduct, than as an inward principle of moral happiness, and moral rectitude.

“In modern sermons, you get a great many admonitions and directions as to *right conduct*; but what David asked for so earnestly, is seldom touched upon—‘Create in me a CLEAN HEART, O God! and renew a RIGHT SPIRIT within me.’ Now, the New Testament dwells on this, as its main object. ‘Make the tree good,’ says Christ, ‘and its fruit will also be

good.' 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, you can, in nowise, enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"These expressions evidently imply, that, in order to be Christians, persons must undergo a moral change; that Christianity is designed to make them something, which they are not by nature; and that the alteration produced in the mind, the affections, and the conduct, by a right and full acquiescence in the Gospel, is so radical, so striking, and so efficacious, as to warrant the strongest imagery, in order to do it justice, that language can furnish."

Having then quoted the various strong passages in the New Testament, that justify this view, he proceeds:—

"Now what, I ask, do these expressions imply? After every fair allowance for figure and metaphor, do they not convey a far deeper and more mysterious view of Christianity, than is commonly adverted to? Some divines, I know, endeavour to explain these, and similar passages, as if they referred rather to a relative and extrinsic, than to a real and internal change; as if they meant, merely, proselytism from Heathenism to Christianity, and initiation into outward church privileges. But this miserable mode of interpretation is flatly inconsistent with the whole tenor of the New Testament. It is not **HEATHENISM**, but **MORAL EVIL**, which is here pointed out as the grand cause of human misery; and the aptitude of the Gospel to overcome and extirpate this moral evil, is what is dwelt upon as its great and leading excellence. These, therefore, and all similar passages, must be understood in a moral sense; and when so understood, how deep is their import! To suppose that there is not a strict apposition in these figurative expressions, would be to accuse the Apostles, and Christ himself, of bombastic amplification; but if they have been thus applied, because no other ones were adequate to do justice to the subject, I say again, what a view do they give of Christianity!

"It may be said that enthusiasts have abused these expressions. True. But what then? What gift of God has not been abused?—and the richest gifts most grossly. Meanwhile, the Scriptures remain unadulterated; and, abused as they have been, by perverse misrepresentation, on the one side or the other, we have no right to go to any other standard.

"With these passages of Scripture,

then, and many similar ones—nay, with the whole tenor of the New Testament in my view—I hesitate not to say that Christian preaching consists, first, in representing man to be by nature (I mean in his present fallen state) a weak, ignorant, sinful, and, of course, miserable being; as such, to be liable to God's displeasure, and to be absolutely incapable of enjoying any real happiness, either here or hereafter."

Texts are cited which establish this truth; as, for instance, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins," &c. &c. He then goes on:

"Now, are we to suppose that these texts speak only of the grossly wicked? St. Paul repeatedly explains such statements to belong to all mankind, until they are brought to repentance, and are, inwardly as well as outwardly, changed by divine grace. And, in fact, our own experience confirms the truth of this. For if we look around us, whom do we see, either truly good or truly happy? Some there are, unquestionably; though, too generally, in a very low and imperfect degree. But how rarely do we discover what St. Paul calls 'THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' Yet, surely, the possession of these tempers is just as essential to Christianity now, as it was in the days of St. Paul. Now, as well as then, it is an immutable truth, that 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.'"

"To show, then, strongly and feelingly, the misery, not only of sinful actions, but of that carnal, worldly, indevout, unfeeling state of mind in which most men are content to live, and to point out the absolute necessity of a change from that state, into an humble, watchful, spiritual, devout, filial, frame of mind, is, in my opinion, the very foundation of all Christian preaching; as it is, in truth, the key-stone of Christianity.

"The very word repentance, points out the reality and depth of this change: *μετανοια*, a transformation of mind. And our Lord's words to St. Paul clearly explain wherein that change, that *μετανοια*, consists. 'To open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' That is, to enlighten them with a divine and saving knowledge of what is true and good; to fill their hearts with the love of it, and to furnish them with the power to

perform it. The blessings consequent upon this change, immediately follow: 'That they may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified, through faith, that is in me.'

"Christianity, then, in this view, is really what St. Paul calls it—'THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION.' When thus pursued, I mean, when a deep sense of inward depravity and weakness, excites a man to seek divine knowledge and divine grace, in order to the enlightening of his mind and the renewing of his heart; when this view produces conscientious watchfulness; excites to fervent habitual devotion; and presents to the mind, in a new light, God's inestimable love, in the redemption of the world by HIS SON; then, by degrees, sometimes more rapidly, sometimes more slowly, the true Christian character begins to form itself in the mind. Then the great things spoken of Christianity, in the New Testament, begin to be understood, because they begin to be felt. The vanity of earthly things becomes more and more apparent; that divine truth, which gives victory over the world, begins to operate; religious duties, once burdensome, become delightful; self-government becomes natural and easy; reverential love to God, and gratitude to the Redeemer, producing humility, meekness, active, unbounded, benevolence, grow into habitual principle; private prayer is cultivated, not merely as a duty, but as the most delightful exercise of the mind; cheerfulness reigns within, and diffuses its sweet influence over the whole conversation and conduct; all the innocent, natural enjoyments of life, (scarcely, perhaps, tasted before, from the natural relish of the mind being blunted by artificial pleasures,) become inexhaustible sources of comfort; and the close of life is contemplated as the end of all pain, and the commencement of perfect, everlasting felicity.

"This, then, I conceive is a faint sketch of that state of mind, to which a Christian preacher should labour to bring himself and his hearers. This I take to be 'true religion;' our Saviour's 'well of water, springing up into everlasting life;' St. Paul's 'new creature,' and 'spiritual mind;' and St. John's 'fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, Jesus Christ.'

"These points, therefore, I take to be the great features of Christian preaching:—

"First—The danger of an unrenewed, unregenerate state; whether it be of the more gross, or the more decent kind.

"Second—The absolute necessity of an inward change; a moral transformation of mind and spirit.

"Third—The important and happy effects which take place when this change is really produced.

"But, how little justice have I done to the subject; what a meagre outline have I given you. But, if it sets you on thinking for yourself, and leads you, like the Bereans, to search the Scriptures 'whether these things be so,' it is the utmost I can look for."

We shall here only passingly observe, that the omission of all allusion to the doctrine of the atonement as a means of awakening men to the enormity of sin, appears to us to be a capital defect in this scheme of Christian preaching; but it is we would fain believe, more accidental than designed; and it may, indeed, be said to be included under the first head; as, the danger of an unrenewed and unregenerate state can only be adequately impressed, by a reference to that awful expiation. Having disposed of the first error, that of making Christianity consist rather in outward performances, than in an inward change, he proceeds to the second, namely,

"That preachers exhort men *to do*, without impressing on them a sense of their natural inability, *to do any thing that is right*; and their consequent need of divine grace; first, to create them anew unto good works; and then, to strengthen them, by daily and hourly assistance.

"Our blessed Saviour begins his sermon on the Mount, by pronouncing, not certain actions, but certain dispositions, happy; to show that right dispositions are the only source whence right actions can proceed. And, in order to the attainment of these right tempers, he directs to earnest prayer, for God's Holy Spirit; with this encouragement, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father, who is in heaven, give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him.'

"But the second error is, in fact, the natural consequence of the first. For, where an inward spiritual principle is not insisted on, as primarily and essentially requisite in religion, there the whole system must be vague, extrinsic, and superficial."

He then proceeds to specify to his young friend a few of the works, which, he conceived, might, at that period of his studies, be most profitably perused.

"To some," he says, "I doubt not, this whole scheme would appear enthusiastic, and be set down as rank methodism. If so, I can only say, it is such methodism as was taught by the great divines of our church, from the reformation, until the latter part of the seventeenth century. Then, some of the most popular divines, took up a mode of moral preaching, which they seem to have learned from Episcopius, and the Dutch remonstrants; and to which, Tillotson's over disgust at his own puritanic education, very much contributed. This became more and more general; until, at length, no other was to be met with.

"And yet, were I to point out authors, whose works, as most nearly agreeing with the views given above, I am most disposed to recommend to you, as part of your first studies, I should name some of that very period, the latter end of the seventeenth century. Two laymen of that time may be set down as, in their lives, among the brightest examples of Christianity, that ever the church afforded: I mean, Judge Hale, and Robert Boyle. The life of the former, by Bishop Burnet, ought to be in every one's hands. But his 'contemplations on moral and religious subjects,' is the work I particularly refer to: wonderfully plain and simple; but exquisitely Christian. There is a work also, of that time, which contains, perhaps, the finest view of practical religion, the most removed from coldness, on the one hand, and overheat on the other, that is to be found in the Christian world,—'Scougal's Life of God in the Soul of Man.' The author was a Scotch episcopal clergyman; and died at a very early age. 'This every clergyman ought to have as a sort of manual.

"Another composition of that day, I would earnestly recommend to your perusal; Bishop Burnet's conclusion of his own life and times. It also contains, in a small compass, as fine a view of practical Christianity, as almost ever was composed.

"Burnet, both in his pastoral care and his own life and times, speaks much about and bestows the highest encomiums upon Archbishop Leighton. He was

a pattern of Christian perfection. His writings bear a close resemblance to early English divinity: but in sublime piety, and often in genuine strokes of natural but most exalted eloquence, they are not excelled but by the sacred writers.

"Lucas's Inquiry after Happiness, especially his second volume, is peculiarly of that kind which avoids both coldness and enthusiasm. And to these, I would add, Dr. Worthington's book on Self Resignation.

"Burnet's life of Bedel; his account of Lord Rochester; and his funeral sermon for Mr. Boyle, deserve also to be placed in the highest rank. I wish much that all Burnet's lives, including the sermon, were to be republished in Ireland, except his large one of Bishop Bedel, which is easily come at, and peculiarly worth having. Burnet's most interesting anecdotes of Archbishop Leighton, given in his own life and times, should also be extracted and introduced into such a volume.

"Archbishop Leighton, however, on second thoughts, I do not recommend to you, as just for your purpose *now*; because I wish to mention those, only, who completely occupy that middle place you speak of; and on whom, of course, you may safely rely. But Leighton had a leaning to Calvinism, which places him in a different class. Hereafter, when your theological knowledge is somewhat more advanced, and you are able to exercise the *eclectic* faculty, he ought to make a part of your library, for a more apostolic man never lived; and his genius was not only vivid, but sublime. In the far greater part of his works, he really deserves to stand very near the inspired writers.

"But there are two authors whom I would certainly wish to occupy a place in your earliest course. One, more ancient, whom, I fear, it may not be easy to come at, in Ireland. The other modern.

"The ancient one lies, at this moment, before me; it is entitled, 'Select Discourses by John Smyth, late fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge;' a quarto, of the smaller size, printed at Cambridge, in the year 1660. His editor was Dr. Worthington, already mentioned. Of this volume, all is learned, liberal, ingenious, and eminently pious, but the latter part is the most interesting, 'a discourse of legal and evangelical righteousness, &c.' and all those that follow to the end. The first short treatise in the volume, however, on the true method of attaining

divine knowledge, ought, by no means, to be passed over.

"The other, the wise and excellent Doddridge, was a man, who, though a dissenter from our church, would have done any church the highest honour. Pure conscience kept him from conforming—his early views having been formed on another plan—though there can be little doubt, that, in our establishment, his transcendent merits would have raised him to the highest dignities. He is not exactly of the description of writers I have been mentioning, but he is, indeed, and in truth, a combination of all excellencies. Scougal, Burnet, Lucas, and John Smyth, excelled in their views of the religion of the heart, as embracing habitual devotion, internal purity, and active charity. In these respects they are, perhaps, the first writers in the world. But, the excesses of some of the puritanical men of that age, led them to be much on the reserve, as to some of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity. On what concerns the Christian *μυστήρια*, and its most precious fruits, they are unrivalled; respecting the Christian *εὐαγγέλιον*, its nature, and its exercise, they are perhaps somewhat deficient. Who is perfect?"

"Our Saviour says—'ye believe in God; believe, also, in me.' The former duty they well understood, and nobly inculcated, from well-experienced hearts; the latter they themselves professed and practised; but not with equal clearness. Here, the Calvinistic puritans have been somewhat wild; and their wildness, perhaps, occasioned over caution in those excellent men. But Doddridge is as perfect here as in every other respect. Instead of shunning puritanism, to which extreme some of his connections might rather have given him an over inclination, he extracts all its excellencies, and leaves behind him all its feculence. Never was there a better informed divine, a more judicious casuist, or a more evangelical Christian. His theological lectures, though in some measure deformed by the strange adoption of the mathematical form in demonstrating his propositions, are a complete body, and a most candid treasury, both of theoretic and practical instruction; both of questionable opinions, and of unquestioned truth. His family expositor is, in most parts, a perfectly sound, fair, pious and rational interpreter of the New Testament. And his sermons on regeneration, are, of all practical works, that which

perhaps comes nearest to what you mention—the fulness of evangelical truth, without the alloy of enthusiasm. His 'Rise and Progress of Religion' has been universally read and approved. It is a capital work, but, I think, it involves this defect, that its plan, almost necessarily, leads to an insisting on one mode of passing from a thoughtless to a religious life; and, therefore, seems to lay stress on a certain method, where both reason and religion would seem to point out an infinite variety. From this, which, however, he meant as much as possible to guard against, his sermons on regeneration (which also he intended as a kind of elementary work on practical religion,) are remarkably free."

We will not apologize for the length of these extracts, as, we are persuaded, few of our readers will deem an apology necessary. Our object was to present, in the first instance, as full a portraiture of Mr. Knox as we could; and this, we think, has been, in some degree, attained. The reader may now form some idea of the clear, the luminous, the comprehensive and the elevated character of his mind; even as a good critique may give him some notion of the power of Siddons or Garrick; but, to appreciate him thoroughly, he should have known the living man, and have heard him, in his moments of fervid enthusiasm, give utterance to his noble conceptions, as they arose, and of which any transcript that he afterwards made, seldom furnished more than a meagre outline.

To some letter of his young friend soliciting advice respecting the study of the scriptures, and proposing a plan of collating the Old Testament with the New, he thus replies:—

"I see no objection to your occupying any time that should seem to require filling up, in the manner you mention in yours of the 16th ult. I should only wish that it may be taken up, not as a chief, but rather as a supplementary object. The primary object, I conceive, ought to be the New Testament. I mean, in this very way, and, therefore, I think every divine should have an interleaved one. I have, for some time, purposed to desire Dugdale to prepare for me, in the manner you speak of, Mr. Wesley's quarto Testament, so as to make two volumes. I prefer it, not on

account of his notes, but on account of his following the paragraphic division of Bengelius. Also, the interleaved pages will contain more comparative space. I mention this, to exemplify my idea, as, in these matters, circumstantialia are of some moment; and, therefore, I deem it valuable to have sufficient room, on the page opposite to the text, without multiplying the blank leaves. Now, I will tell you plainly, why I thus recommend your plan, only in a secondary way. It is, that no theory, or systematic pursuit, however innocent or proper, or even collaterally beneficial in itself, may divert you from tracing, as a devoted student, all the deep, but not inextricable windings of the New Testament philosophy. 'Why, is not this substantially involved in the plan I propose?' I answer, the first view of this divine philosophy is, its operation on the individual heart; this is fundamental to all the rest. In applying the mind to this, all and every idea that could, even by possibility, extrovert the thought, or detach any portion of attention, ought, I conceive, to be kept out of view. I would wish you, therefore, to have no other object here (except the unavoidable one growing out of ministerial duties) than to possess yourself of the very meaning and absolute scope of what our Lord and his apostles taught, to see it clearly with your mind's eye, and to feel it vitally in your own heart.

"Now, do not suppose that I suspect you of any thing which could imply neglect of this. By no means: but I thus distinctly press it upon your thoughts, because I think you are peculiarly well fitted for it. I cannot but fancy to myself, that if, with your studious habits, &c., which I must not spread out before yourself, you had just that view of scripture which, somehow or other, God's good Spirit has led me to, but which countless infirmities prevent me from improving in myself, or rendering even competently useful to others, what a solid, substantial work on the New Testament you might one day produce!

"But to return to the common-place. I have thus postponed it, because, though containing much practical matter, it would, in the way of research, lead you rather to trace the dispensations of God in the world, and to consider the external light of truth, as variously and progressively afforded, than the internal operation and illumination of the heart. Now, my thought is, that this last is, in the order

of right understanding, so strictly prior, and is so necessary as the pre-occupant of the mind, that I should deem your success, in the course of study you mention, to depend on it coming in as the satellite of the other. On this I think I have said enough to make myself intelligible to a duller man than yourself, and yet I am loth to quit the subject.

"The truth is, that, in what I am now saying, I feel myself within the precincts of 'sapientum templa serena,' and to be hopefully attempting to lead you in also. Well might Lucretius say of this sublime height, 'Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere, &c. &c. ;' and the advantage which he dwells upon, of being above worldly attractions and perturbations, was never surely more impressive than in these times. Truly when I read these first thirteen lines of the second book of that Atheistic poem, I cannot but think there must have been some sort of temporary afflatus in the case. It is all so literally just of Christianity, and of nothing else! It is one of the many wonderful aspirations after 'the peace that passeth all understanding,' by which the congruity of the gospel, with the deepest feelings of hope and pleasure, as well as of want and pain, in the human bosom, was demonstrated almost by anticipation. And such feelings after God (*ὡς ἀγαγὲ ψυχὰς λαφύσειαν αὐτὸν, καὶ ὑμῶν*) are surely the complete comment on that title of the Messiah, in Haggai—'the desire of all nations!'

"Yesterday, as I was walking in the street, I asked myself, 'what is Christianity?' It is, answered my mind, a divine system of spiritual attractions, by which, whoever gives himself honestly to them, is effectually drawn out of the otherwise invincible entanglements and inextricable perplexities of this dark, miserable, polluting, heart-lacerating world, and led forth into what David has described as '*green pastures beside the still waters*;' or what St. Paul has emphatically called '*life and peace*.' The truth is, to a person of any sensibility, this world is a wretched place. There is not a step in life where we can be sure of not meeting with some latent, lurking thorn; and when we fall in with those various adventures described by Lucretius, above . . . if they are in pursuit they rudely shove us by; . . . if they be in possession of the prize, they despise us in their hearts, and tell us by their looks and manners that they do so. A hard, selfish, thorough-paced mind goes on and cares

not; but the sensible, delicate, feeling spirit, is ever pushed to the wall. To such a spirit, then, what a gentle, blessed relief is afforded by a heart knowledge of Christianity! There is no abatement of feeling; the vivid perception is as great as ever. But the heart and mind are so occupied, so filled, so richly compensated, so deeply tranquillized, by the pursuit, the contemplation, the confident, affectionate, filial apprehension of God, the scripturally revealed God, Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; the incarnate God, touched with a feeling of our infirmities; and all this, infinitely harmonising, or rather identifying with the philosophic view of the *first good, first perfect, and first fair*, while it is practically and experimentally evidenced by undeniable, invaluable, never-failing influences and effects within: all this together forms such a set-off against, and such a refuge from, the common pains and penalties of mortality, as often makes the naturally vulnerable mind rejoice in its quickness of feeling, because this serves to enhance the preciousness of the blessing.

"Perhaps this view may appear to you too highly coloured. It would be so, were it to be taken as the hourly state of the Christian's mind; but all this, to its extent, is the cloudless, meridian state. Many partial obscurations occur to diminish this clearness. But they only diminish it; the substance still remains. A kind of mental rain and storm may also be often experienced, and the weather-beaten pilgrim may tremble to find himself driven, as he thinks, to the very edge of some dangerous precipice, but he does not fall over. He recovers his footing and his confidence, and in a little time the sky is cleared, and the air becomes calm and genial. Amid all this, however, there is sensible progress; and this variety has its great use. In order that the mind may attain its victory over sin, it must be kept on the alert by temptation; in order that it may continually look to heaven for strength, it must be made to feel its own entire imbecility; and it is, on the whole, necessary, that nothing here should be perfect, in order to the eternal sabbatism being rightly pursued and habitually anticipated."

Reader, were we wrong in pronouncing the writer of the above extracts one of the sublimest moral and religious philosophers of his age or nation?

The following observations were drawn from him by some passages in a

sermon of his young friend, reflecting, as he thought, too severely on two classes of dissenters:—

"I cordially agree with you, that there is no worse evil, than lowering the standard of Christian rectitude; but I do not trace this to St. Augustin's school, on the one hand, nor do I echo your censure of certain enthusiastic zealots, on the other. I disapprove with you of the lowering views of Calvinism, and I object seriously, to many things said by the Wesleyans, on the opposite side; but, it is my strong persuasion, that, at this time, neither ought to be personally pointed at in the pulpit. Between them, I fear they contain the far greater part of the operative religion of these countries; nor can I imagine where religion would, at this time, be, had their activities not been called forth. I would wish for something much better than the gross of either; but, until that comes, I will be cautious in censuring, lest I should go counter to our Saviour's intimation: 'Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is with us.'

"It is my belief that no good is ever done by direct attack of any body of people. If any of that body hear it, it revolts them, and increases their prejudices. Others, who hear it, misunderstand it, and apply it as their fancies lead them. Rumours are spread that the minister has preached against the Methodists, or Evangelics, or whomsoever they be; and, by this, a wrong spirit, unfavourable to the usefulness of the preacher, perhaps to the church to which he belongs, is propagated. My opinion is, that the safest way of combating error is to lay down the opposite truth, with due cautionary observations, in the most dispassionate manner. Then no offence can be taken; no passion justly excited; but the Apostle's rule being adhered to, '*speaking the truth in love*,' the best effects may be hoped for."

From the sage adviser, he then rises into the philosophic region, and observes:—

"Besides, to say nothing of my friends, the Wesleyans, I own, with all their error and perplexity, I have a deep respect for Calvinists, or rather Augustinians. Their system, faulty as it is, has, in my judgment, served noble purposes in the world. Nor can I well conceive how experimental religion could have been maintained in those dark ages

without it. I cannot but think that as, in my mind, the Roman Catholic ceremonies were permitted, in order to keep up professional or visible Christianity, in the dark ages of society; so Augustin's subtleties were no less wisely ordered, for the purpose of sustaining practical and invisible Christianity. As the ceremonies contained in them a substance of Christian worship, so those subtleties still more necessarily contain within them the reality of experimental religion. No man can be a Romanist, who does not hold, in theory at least, all the essentials of the Christian religion. And no man can be an Augustinian, who does not hold the essentials of experimental religion. I do, humbly I hope, admire, then, the fathomless wisdom of heaven, which permitted Christianity to embody itself in sensible rites, when, without such rites, the savage multitude might, probably, not be impressed at all. And I equally view, with wonder and pleasure, the metaphysical mind of St. Augustin, unconsciously enclosing vital Christianity in a system of its own fabrication; which system, by its appositeness to the first workings of intellect, in its progress from barbarism to high improvement, should, by attracting and engaging a strong mental appetite, ensure the perpetuation and extended reception of the blessed nucleus within. This I soberly take to be the final cause of Augustinian and Calvinistic subtlety; and I do believe, when its function is completed, it will fall off of itself. It certainly has, on experimental religion, much the same effect which popish worship has had on Christianity; but while it has lessened its amiableness, it has, under God's blessing, ensured its being attentively examined and cultivated. In fact, it has given a body to it, which, I must say, strikes me as having been highly indispensable, and infinitely beneficial.

"Even at this day, I fear the corporeal integuments of Calvinism could scarcely be spared. As the Romish worship bribes the imagination of the vulgar, so Calvinism bribes the reasoning faculty of sciolists. The former gives attractiveness and palpability to outward, and the latter, (as I conceive,) to inward religion. The one furnishes objects to be gazed at, the other affords subjects to be talked of; and, by everything I can discover, this last is just as necessary for half thinkers, as pomp and show are for those who do not reason at all. On the whole, as the ceremonial of Romish worship was

the means of keeping up, through the dark ages, a visible church, within which real Christianity deeply and extensively diffused itself; so, Augustinian orthodoxy has formed, as it were, the interior membrane, and temporary vascular apparatus of the invisible church; and, perhaps, must, in fact, so remain, until that mystic second birth of Christianity take place, when the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in, and all Israel shall be saved.

"Before you reject all this, as fanciful theory, examine well, what Augustinian orthodoxy necessarily contains in it. In maintaining the irresistible efficacy of divine grace, Augustin, and his followers, raised both this heavenly principle, and its fruits, to a height, beyond the reach of mere human nature. Pelagius, whom he opposed, represented it within human reach; and, in fact, I presume, as a human business throughout—implying no radical change of nature—but mere melioration and improvement. Augustin, in opposing him, went, doubtless, to an extreme; but, then, it was the safe side for spiritual religion; since, in exalting the efficient principle, he necessarily exalted its natural and necessary results. Where God himself works, it will be expected, or rather relied on, that the work will be like himself. Augustin, therefore, in making so very much of grace, could never make little of the work of grace. And, accordingly, we see, that in no instance is the transit from a state of moral bondage, to that of spiritual liberty, more strongly described, than in St. Augustin's own account of himself. For illustration of all this, see his *Confessions*, lib. 9th, cap. 1st."

Having remarked that different individuals are fitted for different purposes, in the Christian dispensation, he considers the department of St. Augustin to have been, that of laying a deep foundation of practical holiness; that of St. Chrysostom, and the latter Platonists, the raising a high superstructure.

"Nothing," he says, "can be more exalted than Chrysostom's views of devotion: yet certainly he was obscure, as to many important first principles. To discover these required, in the nature of things, a subtle and penetrating mind; and such, doubtless, was Augustin's. He overwent the boundary of right reason, I grant, (at least, I think so with you and with many others,) but he did not the

less reclaim the important ground within ; and on which he first, after the apostles, appears to me to have bestowed successful labour. In fact, I do think the school he formed was, from his time onward, the chief nursery of piety in the Roman Catholic Church. Out of it, as I conceive, came Bernard and Anselm ; though seven centuries after. And from these came the school divines, who, I suspect, have done more service to Christianity (by showing its connection with philosophic truth, and evincing that it would bear the closest reasoning) than most moderns are aware of. I have been surprised by quotations from Aquinas : they contained so much strictness and consecutiveness. Mr. Kirwan* accounts him one of the most powerful minded writers perhaps in the world. But, one remarkable growth from Augustin's plantation, even in latter times, was jansenism. To him the pious originator of that sect turned, as to an authority which the Romish Church particularly venerated, and a standard which he knew would support that scheme of inward and divine religion, which he wished to revive. The book he first published, you know, he called "Augustinus;" as actually containing a summary of that father's doctrine. Probably even then, a doctrine more consonant to what you and I conceive truth, might have had little effect ; as not, perhaps, having a current strong enough to work its way through the stagnant lake of Popery. As it was, I am sure much good was done, and good will ever be doing, while the world stands, by these Port-royal writers."

When Mr. Knox hit upon a happy distinction, he was apt to wiredraw it into refinements, that many of his hearers could not follow. But that is not the case in the present instance, where the difference of offices strikingly corresponds with that of the characters and the qualifications of the individuals. And while we do not think that the apostle's exhortation "to go on to perfection," had any reference to the twofold purpose to which Mr. Knox alludes, we are fully prepared to admit the wisdom of what follows :—

"But where men are accustomed to a particular work, they magnify its impor-

tance, and are naturally loth to allow the necessity of any other. Therefore is it that the above exhortation was so strongly given, and has been so rarely taken. They are urged "to leave first principles and not to lay again, &c." But how seldom have they done this? On the contrary, they love the dark hollow in which they work ; and would insist that the fabric should never rise above their favourite caisson. 'To go on to perfection,' is the scripture rule ; but they have become impatient of the very name. They protest against it, as dishonourable to the foundation. Hence, then, the necessity of generally appointing a distinct set of workmen ; who, so far from having that undue attachment to first principles, might, in that respect, be deemed even deficient, if their peculiar distinction was not kept in view."

Thus it was that he fathomed the heights and the depths of God's providential dispensations, and could see, even in the most eccentric and heterolite movements of dissent, a something which, as it were, "prepared the way" for a more complete reception of the Gospel.

The Calvinists never liked him. His views of God's dealings with his creatures were very different from theirs ; and, with the exception of those who might be numbered amongst his personal friends, they never spoke of him, but as one grossly ignorant of "the truth," and by whose exertions it was grievously impeded. He, on the contrary, had always some good word to say of them, and ever made the most charitable allowance for the very strong prejudices which they cherished against him. But, the most determined of them could not entertain a more rooted antipathy to the ungodly tenets of Socinianism, than he did. The following is most just and striking :—

"I own I have as much aversion as is consistent with good nature and Christian charity, to the whole Socinian tribe. The system has grown out of certain concurrent characters of mind ; led, by contingency, into theological disquisition. When a calm, cold, steady, subtle, self-confident temper ; benevolent without passion, moral without coercion, happens to be revolted by the excesses of Calvin-

* The great chemist.

ism, it, almost by a necessity of nature, runs back into Socinianism. To such a disposition there is no intermediate barrier, and there are some strong attractive influences: Socinianism, flattering human reason so peculiarly, by bringing all Christianity, as is pretended, within its comprehension. Of this system, man's power to keep God's commandments, either by his own proper strength, or with some derived aids, which are so described as, in my mind, to make little difference, is a fundamental principle; and, therefore, they who hold it take the opposite side to St. Augustin, in explaining Rom. vii. Doing this, however, under the propulsion of their general scheme, and not from unbiassed, discriminative study of revealed truth; and for human truth, I certainly give them no great credit. I seem, to be sure, to see them on the same piece of ground with myself; but I cannot help asking how they came there, as, I perceive no key in their hands. I suspect them, therefore, of having got to the spot which they occupy, by breaking hedge. And, besides, when I look more narrowly, I doubt if they are, after all, on the same ground with me. If I mistake not, a deep river, not apparent at first view, runs between us, which can neither be forded, nor stepped over.

"To drop allegory, I freely avow my suspicion, that their doctrine of moral perfection rests, not only on high views of human power, but on low views of moral sentiment. I never read any of the *Fratres Poloni*, but I have looked at the view of this subject given by the great Arminian theologian, Limborch; and it struck me that *his* perfection was rather of a moral, than a spiritual kind—such as might be attained by a good temperament, without much *felt* obligation to divine influence. I allow that the description appears to rise much higher; but I could not help suspecting that it was *only* appearance, from the slight view that seemed to be taken of human depravity. A deep sense of this seems to me as necessary to true Christian perfection, as a sufficiently deep foundation is necessary for a lofty building. But I hardly think *he* can have this, who denies that that 'infection of nature which doth remain in them that are regenerated,' (Art. IX. Church of England,) hath in it the nature of sin. That, when duly resisted, so as not to grow into volition, it brings no condemnation to the con-

science, is agreed on all hands. But I am ready to think, that a feeling of its being sin *in esse*, though not *in actu*, is essential to that very resistance. We are curious machines, whose weights and springs depend on laws that we cannot alter. If the weight be deficient, the wheels will not move as they ought; nor can the error be removed but by removing the cause, *i. e.* by correcting the deficiency. We will not, therefore, I conceive, flee from every appearance of evil, except we cordially hate and dread it, root as well as branch. Accordingly, if we deem the first movements of concupiscence to have nothing *sinful* in them—nothing offensive to the nature of the all-perfect God, we shall not so *abhor* them, as to escape wholly their contaminating influence.

"In fact, I think, at least I hold it as a strong probability, that the peculiar graces of Christianity have all a reference to the previous vices of our nature; so that each particular grace contains in it the conquest of an opposite evil, the keeping of which latter tight in its chain, is the first and most indispensable exercise of the former. The evangelical Christian feels that *he* did not even put on the chain. These monsters were once his favourites—the domesticated menials of his house. But, at length, he began to see a design in them, which he was not, till then, aware of; and, as he ceased to caress them, they appeared to change their nature, and to be ready to devour him. He called to heaven for help, and, after much fear, and, perhaps, horror, he began to perceive that they were chained, as if by some invisible power, and that the chains were given into his hands, with an assurance of fresh aid if any of the monsters should seem to be becoming unmanageable. None of them, therefore, is wholly dead; it only sleeps, and may be awaked; therefore, the vigilance must never be relinquished—the chain never dropped. It is a horrible monster, be it never so quiet; and in knowing and feeling *that*, consists the best security. This knowledge and this feeling the literal Armenians appear to me deficient in; and, therefore, I fear a fallacy in their perfection. For, as I conceive, the state of regeneration depends on the effectual restraint of the aforesaid monsters in general; so, I believe, perfection consists in an equally effectual restraint of the *parent monster* in particular. I think, to make out my metaphor, (I am strangely metaphorical, by-the-by, this

morning,) I must suppose those monsters to be of the polypus kind, so that the due restraint of the parent shall be the summary restraint of the whole. But this will not be done, if the malignity of the parent be not felt as strongly as that of her multifarious offspring.

"I will not ask whether I have made myself intelligible, because I trust to your power of finding me out. But I wish you to consider how essential an ingredient such a thorough, radical sense of depravity, as I have mentioned, is, to every stage of true Christianity. Indeed if I were to state what I take to be the truest mark of difference between a genuine Christian and a mere moralist, pharisaical or philosophical, I would say that the latter found his ease in being insensible of his 'secret faults,' while the former is then easiest when he is most tenderly sensible of them. The moralist naturally wishes to discover no more than he has the means of conquering. The Christian, on the contrary, is solicitous to detect every, the minutest as well as the deepest evils; because he knows that the omnipotent Saviour is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him; and that what he said to Saint Paul, he said to all his faithful followers, 'my grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' The Christian, therefore, says, unfeignedly, with the same apostle, 'when I am weak, then I am strong,' knowing well that nothing can prevent the success of the process, but his own insensibility to the need of it."

This, assuredly, is fine Christian philosophy; and of him from whose mind and heart it thus flowed, we may, surely, be permitted to say, "that he was not far from the kingdom of God."

That he was no mystic, the following remarks upon the *pictism* of Fénelon will abundantly prove:—

"My object is, to detect the faults in Fénelon's system of devotion, by showing the oppositeness of its leading features, to that nature which God has formed us with; that word which he has provided to be our guide; and that providence by which he 'ordereth all things, both in heaven and in earth.' Mysticism or quietism (in a word) would have the mere mind itself, without any of its instrumental powers, not exercised upon, (for how could that be, without memory, reflection, conception, &c.?) but absorbed in God; and to make this absorption

simple as well as effectual, the instrumental powers are not merely *left* out, but they are *shut* out. They may still serve purposes in this life, but they have no place in perfect religion. This consists in one simple act or habit, which becomes the more genuine and pure, the less we think about it. In fact, to think about it is to adulterate it; for we cannot think about it without employing, more or less, the instrumental powers of our minds, which are discarded by the leading principles of the system.

"Christianity, on the contrary, takes mankind as it is, and, in its purview, leaves out nothing; affording an antidote for every moral poison—a medicine for every mental disease; and providing, at the same time, unfailing aid, attraction, and occupation, for every faculty, and every taste of the soul. 'The occasion,' says William Law, 'of persons of great piety and devotion having fallen into great delusion, was, that they made a saint of the natural man; my meaning,' he adds, 'is, that they considered their *whole nature* as the subject of religion, and divine graces.' But how signally does St. Paul do this very thing, in that luminous prayer for the Thessalonians, v. 23. 'This single verse overthrows mysticism; I mean in that transcendental notion of it, which Fénelon, and Law, and all the German mystics, have inculcated.'"

The doctrine of transubstantiation, as defined in the council of Lateran, 1215, he considers, perhaps erroneously, as the most revolting dogma of the Romish church. The following remarks upon the inconsistency between that dogma, and the explanations of it given by Romish divines, appears to us both just and ingenious:—

"That the Roman Catholic doctors, whatever they may imagine, are hampered with this strange dogma, and that they are forced to relieve themselves, by virtually denying in one sense, what they maintain in words, seems obvious from all their attempts at explanation. For example, when immediately after the foregoing proposition, it is added—'But Christ is not present in this sacrament, according to his natural way of existence, that is, with extension of parts, &c. &c. but in a supernatural manner, one and the same in so many places; his presence, therefore, is real

and substantial, but sacramental; not exposed to the external senses, or obnoxious to corporeal contingencies.' On the ground of this explanation, I would merely ask, what is that substance of the bread, which goes away (no matter how) in such a change? And what necessity can there be, in the nature of things, for any thing material being removed in order to the accomplishment of an alteration so defined? No particle of glass need be displaced, or decomposed, in order to the passing of light. Why? Because the subtle nature of light, finds no obstacle, in the mere circumstance of density, nor evidently in any other property which pure glass possesses; consequently, not in any thing we can call its substance. How insupportable then is the position, that a natural substance must pass away, in order to an acknowledged supernatural effect being produced on it, or through it; or that that which is local must go off, to make way for that which has no relation to place; having no extension of parts, which constitutes all we can conceive of such relation?"

Mr. Knox has, we know, been accused of a leaning to Popery, although no one understood the gross errors of Romanism better than he. He was, however, like many others, favourable to the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, and had, we believe, much to do in inducing Mr. Wilberforce to change his first impression on that subject, and to become the advocate of emancipation. In this he agreed with many good, although wofully mistaken men. He would, we are sure, have changed his opinion, had he lived until the present day. But one thing must be evident to every reflecting mind, that concession, at the time he recommended its adoption, would by no means have had the appearance of being a sacrifice to intimidation. Unfortunately, our rulers did not begin to concede, until turbulence became embodied into a system, and rose to a height that was quite outrageous. Of the consequences we need not speak; they have been disastrous in the extreme. To the fatal measure of twenty-nine must be traced, we fear, the downfall of the constitution.

But we will not, in the present paper, be drawn into any political strictures. It is as a moralist and a philosopher Mr. Knox should be

chiefly regarded, and as such he seldom fails to command respect and admiration. Nothing can be more just, or more profound, than the following observations on the essay of Worthington on Self-Resignation. He had been urged to undertake a new edition of it, but, for the following reason, declines the task:—

"It is," he says, "eminently pious throughout; and there are passages of it which are invaluable. For example, the sixth chapter of the first section. But take it as a book of instruction, especially for beginners in practical piety, and I cannot but deem it materially deficient. The very title has, to my mind, a great infelicity in it. It suggests a confused idea, between piety itself, and one of its maturest fruits; and so far as I can judge, this confusion becomes 'worse confounded,' as the treatise proceeds onward. One ruling notion being adopted, it was necessary, at all events, to keep it in view; therefore, from first to last, self-resignation is everything, and everything is self-resignation. In my mind, *some* Christian attainments may be better enforced mediately, than directly. For instance, those which are the result of other Christian graces, will be best inculcated by drawing the attention to the parent graces. Now, resignation to God, whether in the way of obedience or of suffering, can be substantial only so far as it grows out of knowledge and love. We must so know God, as to love him, and so love him as to confide in him with filial affiance, before we can resign ourselves to him. In any other order than this, resignation has nothing in it rational or real; and in this order it comes of itself, and crowns our moral happiness in this lower world.

"To invite persons, therefore, to religion, under the name of resignation, is leading them to a perpendicular steep, instead of an easy ascent. It is calling upon them to do violence to themselves, before it is possible for them to feel that which is to compensate them. Assuredly, the first step towards true religion, is, to represent it as a matter of infinite interest; and the transfer of our affections and solitudes to it, as such, is the true commencement of the wisdom from above. This may, at every step, involve resignation; but it is a resignation growing out of attraction; a resignation of something less valuable, for something more valuable; or of something hurtful,

for something beneficial. In another sense also, there is resignation; because we resign ourselves to that, be it what it may, which engages our whole heart. Thus, in the general thanksgiving, we are to show forth God's praises, by giving ourselves up to his service. Again, resignation to suffering, may, nay must, more or less, be also necessary. But, in the Christian sense of this term, this is a privilege or a benefit, much more than a duty. To be able to resign ourselves to God's wisdom and goodness, is the best of anodynes in any trouble. But, as I said, it is one of true religion's maturest fruits.

"A great fault, then, which I find with the work in question, is, that it intermingles these three heads of resignation; and, by that means, diffuses through the whole work a cloudy indistinctness.

"In addition to this, I should be ready to question the justness of several particular statements: such as the recommendation of a vow, in the 4th chap. of the 2nd section. What follows with respect to fasting, ought either to have been more expanded, or omitted. I do not, myself, understand the subject of fasting; but, it strikes me, that the truest essence of fasting is contained in habitual abstinence; that is, such restraint, at all times, in quantity and quality of food, as may tend to keep the body in best readiness for the service of the mind, and may never subject the spirit to counteraction in its movements towards its central rest.

"In a word, Worthington was a first-rate Christian, but, I think, he was not a first-rate divine. He wanted system. He had much learning, both ethereal and ecclesiastical; but his elementary views were not such as to afford an apt centre round which his knowledge might have happily arranged itself. He was a most cordial Church-of-England-man, but even here his views wanted enlargement and philosophical order. This was scarcely to be expected in his day; but the want makes him less fit for ours."

In this criticism Bishop Jebb cordially agrees, and extends it to John Smith, Cudworth, and others of that school; of whom he says, that he cannot but think it most wisely ordered that such works should have been so written as to preclude popularity. A sufficiency of copies are afloat for the use of divines and of those private

Christians who could relish such food; but viewing them, simply, as raw materials, he does not think their more extended diffusion desirable. All such attempts at forestalling a right system, would, he imagined, mar the effect of a more perfect enunciation.

"Meanwhile, that such imperfect efforts and such indigested elements should exist in the world, and should be within reach of the few, seems essential to the progress of the great scheme. How fitly, then, has it been ordered that from an unpolished style—from a revolting prevalence of learned quotation—from uncouth Hebrew characters, and not less uncouth English compositions, these raw materials should be kept out of view. That they have discharged, and are discharging, and will continue to discharge a most important function, I have no manner of doubt: but, in no instance, perhaps, has that function primarily been the mere instruction or edification of private Christians. It has rather been, as I conceive, to act upon those who were the teachers of others—in some instances, on the teachers of teachers."

One of Mr. Knox's most finished and beautiful essays, is a preface prefixed to a Dublin Edition of Burnet's Lives, printed by the Association for Discountenancing Vice. It was written for the purpose of justifying the introduction of Richard Baxter's memoir of Sir Matthew Hale, which was strongly objected to by a particular party, (of whom the late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Magee, was, at that time, at the head,) and contains the profoundest justification that ever yet appeared of the wisdom of our *Conservative* divines, in preserving the substance of our ecclesiastical system unimpaired, and the justest and the most glowing eulogium upon the Church of England. It is too long to be extracted here, but the following little incident, which occurred as he was bringing the proof sheet to the printer, must, in justice to all parties, be given in their own words:—

"Last week, as I was going to Watson's with the proof of that same second sheet in my pocket, whom should I meet but the Dean of Cork (Dr. Magee). While we talked, I could not help saying: 'I am going on an errand in which you have had some concern. Do you remember your attack on me about a

memoir of Sir Matthew Hale, by Richard Baxter, inserted in Burnet's Lives?"

'Nothing of it, whatever,' said he.

'Ah!' said I, 'that shows how phosphoric your flame is, when it leaves no vestige on yourself. But, however, you did attack me.' And then I went on to explain to him the nature of my preface, and what had induced me to write it. The conversation ended with my putting it into his hands to read over, before I should proceed farther. In about an hour I received the following note, (with proposed corrections, of every one of which I, more or less, availed myself):—

'MY DEAR SIR—I rejoice exceedingly that the phosphoric coruscation, drawn forth by Richard Baxter, has served to spread so sweet and soft a light over the venerable fabric of our establishment. I am, indeed, greatly pleased with what I have just read—and read, though hastily, yet not without close attention. I find much to admire, and nothing to condemn.

'With much satisfaction at even having had the *demerit* of being instrumental to this purpose, I remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely and faithfully your's,

'WM. MAGEE.'

As we have, on a former occasion, recommended Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, as a university book, we are glad to avail ourselves of the following powerful testimony from Mr. Knox to the same purpose:—

"Having gone so far through it, I deliberately say, that every thinking inhabitant of this United Kingdom ought to read Clarendon. It is the most interesting and the most instructive human history I ever knew, and I am certain there is none like it. It has made me a more intelligent Church-of-England-man than I ever was before. It could not make me a more cordial one; but I see, more clearly than I had ever yet seen, that the perfect entablature of Christian faith and practice, without daubing and defilement on the one hand, and without defect or mutilation on the other, is to be found only in the Church of England.

"The hand of Providence seems, in this history, as really manifested as that of miraculous power was manifested in the handwriting on the wall, at Belshazzar's banquet. Our reformed episcopacy had been severely taught the difference between itself and the unreformed church, by the cruelties under Queen Mary. It would seem that it was as necessary to

impress the distinction between our episcopal church and unepiscopal Protestantism. And never was end more completely provided for, than in that train of events which Clarendon has recorded.

"Every advancing stage of that unexampled progress more and more demonstrates the irreconcilable contrariety of the whole anti-hierarchical genus, with the Church of England; and that the innate instinct of the former is, to bear down and extinguish the latter. And most impressively are we taught, what kind of religious and moral institute, such reformers would substitute in its room. The religious principles of a Brooke, a Hampden, or a Pym, might, doubtless, have kept them inwardly upright, and outwardly blameless, in common times; but we see that, in a season of uncommon temptation, instead of preserving them, they disposed these men, and others of like mind, not only to engage in a reckless party war, but to become its chief promoters and leaders. Perhaps, because there was still some good in those heresiarchs, they were taken off from the scene, before the evolving of its full-grown horrors. These, however, we see acted by men, not less ardent, formerly in puritanic zeal, and still retaining, in show and exercise, the self same character. There is no atrocious act of blood, to which they do not coolly and deliberately proceed; and with which they do not associate and blend the semblance of severe and energetic devotion. Cromwell embodies, in himself, all the qualities of his fellow actors in that revolting tragedy; and going on with him, from that letter of his in the sketch of his history in the Quarterly Review, until the colloquy at the last, between him and Dr. Goodwin, we have altogether such an exemplification of fallacious religion, as I suppose never was equally afforded in this world's history.

"How lamentable, then, would it be, if there was no security for passing through the voyage of a religious life without exposure to those 'winds of doctrine,' and 'sleights of men.' But do not those very men help us to discover, and to estimate, that very security, in the ecclesiastical institutions which they were anxious to annihilate? Antipathies are seldom wholly fanciful. They were against the Church of England, because the Church of England was opposite, in its very nature, to all those propensities which they wished to indulge. It laid an axe to the root of those passions and habits,

which *their* system gained over and took into its service. Or, by a juster figure, it was the medium of transfusing such a dew of heaven, into the depths of the mental soil, as to make it fruitful in every gentle and lovely virtue, and uncongenial to everything ferocious or austere. A true Church-of-England-man, therefore, *could* not have been the ally of those factious demagogues. It was an impossibility in nature. And, accordingly, when, after Cromwell's settlement in the protectorship, all other forms were tolerated, the Episcopal Church received no indulgence.

"In all this, therefore, I conceive, we of the Church of England have a fund of valuable and momentous instruction. We are taught what is, or ought to be, our distinctive character as individuals; and we are warned not to admit any neutralizing principles, however fashionable or popular they may once more become.

"The exact parallel of those unhappy times, can hardly again occur: but principles, too near a kin to those, out of which those commotions originated, are undoubtedly once more in operation; and from their wide diffusion, and obvious influence on public counsels, may, in the issue, lead to consequences very different from what such men as Lord Liverpool and Mr. Goulburn would wish to facilitate. There was, in the commencement and progress of those former troubles, a concurrence of sectarians and infidels, in making war upon the church. I wish there were nothing of the same kind, at this day. The Roman Catholics of Ireland had their great share, in embroiling the fray then: the part they are now permitted, and, by their parliamentary abettors, encouraged to act, allowing for circumstantial differences, is, in spirit, strangely similar. In listening to Clarendon, I wondered at the sameness of disposition and temper; while there can be no doubt that their present power of doing mischief, bears no shadow of comparison with that of their predecessors; and I think would at this day be nothing, if Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh had not been thwarted in their plan of political amalgamation. Providence ordered things otherwise; for what ulterior purposes time will show. As things are, they would of themselves be able to do little other mischief, than what we have experienced already within the last years; but that, in their present factious form and spirit, they should have access to parliament, and be permitted to vent

their malice and obloquy, through the medium of a petition, and, above all, have, in that assembly, advocates of their extravagant claims, implies such a portentous state of things, as to add sensibly to my satisfaction, in being now in my sixty-seventh year, and in having no peculiar objects of anxiety to leave behind me in this world."

The reader may now judge for himself of the abilities of this extraordinary person. In reach of thought he far surpassed most of his contemporaries; and, in a strict devotion of his learning and abilities to the highest and the noblest of purposes, he was, by none of them, exceeded. That he had his infirmities and his imperfections, we are well aware; but that is only to say that he was human. We have always thought that one grand deficiency in his system of theology, was, that he did not make sufficient account of the great doctrine of atonement. We do not mean to say that he rejected that doctrine. We know well that he did not. But his notion of it was, to our apprehension, confused, if not inaccurate; and, at all events, it did not occupy a sufficiently prominent part in his scheme of revealed religion.

To our minds, there is no effectual mode of impressing mankind, generally, with a true notion of sin, and its heinousness in the sight of God, but by pointing to the tremendous expiation which is necessitated. And any system which has the effect of leading to a forgetfulness of that, can never accomplish the great end for which Christ came into the world, the sanctification and the redemption of his lost and sinful creatures. No one could be more convinced than Mr. Knox was, of man's natural frailness and insufficiency, without divine aid, to arrive at any adequate proficiency in the knowledge or the practice of true religion. Therefore no one ever more decidedly maintained the absolute necessity both of the preventing and assisting grace of God. But, the fanatical abuse of the doctrine of the atonement, by certain religionists, indisposed him, if not to the reception, at least to the inculcation of it, in the manner in which, to our belief, it is set forth in holy scripture, and by which alone we could be impressively admonished of the enormity of transgression, and taught, prac-

tically, how it is that God could be just; and yet the justifier of those who believe in Jesus.

Such was, in our humble judgment, the leading defect in his system; which, accordingly, never could become influential or popular; inasmuch as those who derive their religious notions from a study of the Bible, must naturally suspect that the foundation is insecure, when "the stone," which should be "the head of the corner," is thus deliberately misplaced or neglected.

So much we have felt it right to say, lest we should be thought, by any, to be implicit and indiscriminating recipients of Mr. Knox's peculiar views. But it is far from our intention to enter into any discussion respecting the merits or the demerits of his opinions as a theologian. Whatever may be pronounced in that respect, it will scarcely be denied that his claims, as a man of genius, and as a moral philosopher, are very high, if not,

indeed, of the very highest order. To these it has been our endeavour to do justice; and, by our precaution in suffering him, on every occasion, to speak for himself, we have taken care to do no more than justice. Had it been our bent to look for matter of censure, it could, no doubt, be found, in a correspondence of thirty years, never intended for the public eye, and much of it written under circumstances of bodily ailment, and mental depression and perplexity, that were truly painful. But our readers will, we are sure, forgive us if we leave that, and all that concerns "the cant of criticism," to those to whom such a pursuit is more congenial, and conclude with expressing our thanks to the editor for the pleasure and the instruction which these volumes have afforded us. We seemed to converse again with the lamented individuals whose sentiments they record, and than whom we have never known more deeply serious or devoted Christians.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

"The light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world!"

Merchant of Venice.

"Mais enfin que voulez-vous? C'est une mode de rétribution propre à ce pays-là!"
La Vie de Napoleon.

CHAPTER VI.

RETRIBUTION.

My head ached so severely, in consequence of the rough usage I had received at the hands of Stubbs, that I was fain to retire below for quiet. On reflecting over the affair of the preceding night, though I felt, on the whole, satisfied with myself for the part I had taken, I was, at the same time, conscious that, however good my intentions, and however justifiable, on the score of humanity, I had certainly, to say the least of it, been guilty of a very great impropriety, and that, if detected, I would be justly liable to severe punishment. It is true, that

from my knowledge of Captain Morley's character, I thought it probable that he himself was not altogether dissatisfied at the unfortunate man's escape; yet still the circumstances were such as demanded investigation, and I knew that if the culprit were discovered, justice would be sternly administered. I did not wish that what I had done were undone; on the contrary, I felt that under similar circumstances I would have done it again; but still I could not divest myself of the anxiety that ever attends conscious guilt, or help wishing that the affair were safely over.

I was roused from my reverie by the sound of the boatswain's pipe calling all hands on deck. I jumped hastily from my seat, and with a beating heart obeyed the summons.

Captain Morley was standing on the quarter-deck, surrounded by his officers; the rest of the crew occupied a place a little forward. I took my station among the former.

"I have called you up, my men," said the captain, stepping a little in advance, and assuming a very serious expression of countenance; "and you also, gentlemen, (turning to the officers,) in consequence of the very unaccountable escape of the deserter, whose atrocious conduct, in adding to the crime of desertion the heinous offence of lifting his hand to an officer, would most probably have drawn down upon him a courtmartial's sentence of death. You are all aware that the prisoner was securely ironed yesterday, and that he disappeared during the night, his irons being filed. Now, from the situation in which he was placed, it is impossible that he could have procured the file, which is marked with the King's mark, without assistance; and it is my determination to sift the matter to the bottom, and endeavour to discover the individual who could lend himself in such a manner to defeat the ends of justice. Sorry I am to think that any man serving under me should have been guilty of so great a crime; and I think it right to say, that such is my confidence in you all, that I do not at this moment attach suspicion to any individual. Justice and the credit of the service, however, demand that I should not pass over the affair unnoticed; and, depend upon it, if I succeed in discovering the criminal, the very heaviest penalty shall be awarded."

I must have changed colour at least a dozen times during the delivery of this address, every word of which went like a dagger to my heart, and I slunk behind my companions to avoid observation. The armourer was first called for examination, and he declared that he had deposited all his tools in the bench before retiring to his hammock, and that the file must have been taken from thence, though he was ignorant by whom. He farther declared that he himself had never left

his hammock from the time he went to it till after day-light in the morning, in which statement he was borne out by the evidence of his messmates. A formal examination of the officers and men connected with the several night-watches was then entered upon; but not the slightest evidence was elicited; no one had seen the prisoner, and all declared that they had neither themselves been near the armourer's bench, nor knew of any one who had. One of the men only, who had been upon the watch immediately preceding mine, threw some light on the affair, by declaring that the prisoner was safe at the time of his being relieved. "As I went below, Sir," said he, "he called to me, and asked me to fetch him a little water."

"And did you take the water to him, Sir?" inquired the captain.

"I did, Sir," replied the man, "and I hope no harm. The poor fellow said he was dying for thirst."

"No harm at all, Sir," said Morley, "you did right to take the water. But did nothing besides this pass between the prisoner and you?"

"After he had taken the water, Sir, he thanked me, and said that it was a hard thing for so young a man as he was, to lose the number of his mess in that dog-fashion."

"And did you make any reply to this, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir. I said to him, 'Thomas,' says I, 'you know you've deserved it;' and he gave a sort of groan, Sir, and I came off and left him."

My watch was the next, and when my own turn for examination came, I stood forward with a palpitating heart. In consequence of the bruises of the preceding day, my forehead was bound round with a napkin, and one of my cheeks was much swollen and discoloured. In answer to the question, what information I could give on the subject, I stated that at the time of my being relieved, the prisoner was still on board.

"How did you ascertain that, Sir?" said Morley.

"As I went down below, Sir," I replied, "I passed near the place where he lay, and heard his irons rattle."

"Did it occur to you to look more narrowly at him when you passed so near?"

"The light was very uncertain, Sir, but I could see him moving slightly beneath the coverlet of his pallet."

"Did he seem to be asleep?"

"He groaned heavily, Sir."

"Ay!" said Morley, "as men do when their slumber is disturbed. Poor wretch! well might his be a restless pillow. Mr. Lascelles, you may retire. Edward Graham stand forward."

Graham belonged to the watch that succeeded mine.

"Did anything unusual occur during your watch, Sir," said the Captain, addressing him.

"Nothing, Sir, till after five bells."

"What happened then, Sir?"

"I was forward on the fore-castle at the time, Sir, and I heard a heavy plunge in the water."

"Ha!" said Captain Morley, "and what did you do?"

"I looked over the side of the ship, Sir, and though the night was dark, there was sufficient light to show the surface of the water distinctly. But though I continued to look for a considerable time, Sir, I could discover nothing."

"Did it not occur to you to report what you had heard to the officer of the watch?"

"No, Sir. The sound was exactly such as I have often heard the fish make when they are playing round the bows of the ship, and I thought no more about it."

The rest of the men and officers were all severally questioned, but nothing farther was elicited that seemed to bear at all upon the subject. When the investigation was concluded Captain Morley addressed us nearly as follows:

"Having now made every inquiry in my power into this affair, I am bound to state that throughout the whole investigation nothing has transpired that can tend to attach the slightest suspicion to any individual here. If there be any one among you who is conscious of guilt, I regret extremely that the ends of justice should have been defeated. But I am more inclined to adopt another explanation of the affair, and to suppose that the prisoner, foreseeing the probable result of his crime, had the file concealed about his person at the time he was taken. Be this, however, as it may,

you may rest assured that I do not harbour the slightest suspicion of any individual among you. You have all answered the questions I put with the unembarrassed candour of honest men. Pipe down, Mr. Parsons!"

This address was received with a loud cheer, and the crew dispersed. I returned to the midshipman's berth not a little relieved that the affair had taken so favourable a turn.

It was rather more than a week before I recovered the effects of my bruises, and was allowed to have the bandages removed from my head. During all this time the Doctor confined me on board, and heartily did I envy my shipmates who were every day making excursions on shore. At length I was pronounced convalescent; and eagerly did I avail myself of an invitation which the captain gave to the "young gentlemen" to accompany him on a visit to the company's gardens and menagerie. It was a delightful day for such an excursion; and as we pulled ashore we conversed of all the wonders we should see, especially of the wild beasts, which have been the subject of so many marvellous descriptions—though Pidcock's certainly is the most marvellous of all.

We had scarcely quitted our boat, when we descried a great concourse of people crowding up Justice-street and surrounding the door of the prison.

"Pray," said Captain Morley, addressing a respectable looking man who was hurrying forward after the rest, "do you hold holiday here this morning, my friend, that the streets are so unusually crowded?"

"O no, Sir," replied the man, "it is only some prisoners going out to execution."

"Only some prisoners going out to execution!" rejoined the Captain; "is this then so common a matter in Cape Town?"

"Why, as to that, Sir, common enough; and there would not have been such a stir made about it, had it not been that the people have taken a sort of interest in one of the prisoners, and they are anxious to see him suffer."

"Very kind and considerate in the people indeed," replied the captain. "Pray for what was this interesting culprit condemned?"

"For theft, Sir!—But see, they are opening the prison gates, and the procession will be out immediately." The gates were opened accordingly, and the unfortunate culprits issued forth, surrounded by a guard of soldiers. "These five men, Sir," continued our informant, "walking in the centre, are felons, and are to be hanged for various crimes—two of them for murder.

The other men and women walking behind have not been guilty of anything deserving death, and are only to be flogged beneath the gallows. And look, Sir; do you see that tall handsome young man with the large black whiskers, walking near the haggard-looking old woman there? That is the man that the people take such an interest in, Sir."

Both Captain Morley and myself looked towards the individual whom our informant pointed out, but what was our surprise when we recognized in him the same intrepid seaman who had behaved so gallantly at the wreck of the English merchantman.

"Is it possible!" said Captain Morley; "can this man be guilty of theft? Why he is the same who behaved so well the other day at the wreck!"

"He is, Sir; and that is the reason why the people are so interested about him, and have come out to see him punished."

"Strange!" said Morley. "Are you sure, my friend, there may be no mistake about all this?"

"None, Sir. He swam out to the wreck at high water the evening after the vessel struck, and carried off a few little trinkets—some necklaces and earrings, I believe, belonging to the passengers. And I dare say there would never have been a word heard about it, Sir—for after all, the things are of no great value—if he had not gone and pawned them at Karl Krause's for drink. There was a search in Karl's house for some other stolen articles, when these were found, and so the affair came out."

"And did he confess having stolen them?"

"He was brought before the magistrate, Sir, and confessed at once that he had taken them from the ship. He said he had no money, had lost much of what he might have saved had he attended merely to his own concerns

at the wreck, and thought there was little harm in taking the things, especially when the owners themselves had given them up for lost, the wreck being at the time abandoned. And indeed, Sir, I think there was a great deal of reason in all this."

"And still the magistrate sentenced him to punishment?"

"Why, Sir, the magistrate was rather inclined to acquit him; but the persons to whom the trinkets belonged declared that he must have stolen more than he confessed to, and insisted on his being punished; and so the magistrate could not be off having him flogged, Sir."

"Good God!" cried Morley, "the very persons who owed their lives and properties to his address and activity!"

"Aye indeed, Sir; and the more shame to them for not recollecting his services. An odd sort of way this, Sir, of retributing a man for his good deeds!"

The procession had by this time moved forward to Somerset Road, to the sound of a Cape-dutch dead march—not the most harmonious music in the world.

"Mr. Lascelles," said Captain Morley to me, "I find I shall have business with the governor this morning, so we must postpone our visit to the gardens till another day. You and the other young gentlemen may amuse yourselves in the mean time as you think fit, but see you are in the way when I return on board."

I bowed, and Captain Morley went off and left us. The plans of my messmates and myself were speedily settled; we agreed to go forward with the crowd and witness the execution. The procession soon emerged from the town and held its way along Green Point, at the further extremity of which the unfortunate malefactors were to suffer. I had never before been present at a spectacle of the kind, and my heart sickened at the sight of the insignia of death. On an elevated grassy mound near the extremity of Green Point, stood the gallows, which consisted of two upright posts about ten feet in height, joined near the top by a strong cross-beam, at which dangled the fatal ropes. Removed a few paces from this stood a strong stake at which the prisoners sentenced

to be flogged were to suffer. A huge fire, over which stood the tall brawny black who had charge of the branding-irons, was blazing between. The soldiers formed a ring round the whole, in the centre of which the prisoners were placed. Altogether it was a scene made up of a group of hideous objects in the midst of a lovely amphitheatre. The stupendous height of *Lion's Rump* reared itself up in the back ground; in front lay the silvery bay, its tranquil waters playing round the ruins of the stately ship at whose wreck the unfortunate sailor had a few days before acted so nobly.

Soon after our arrival the mournful music ceased, all except a muffled drum, which continued to beat with a harsh monotonous sound. The five felons mounted a small table placed under the gallows—a dirty slovenly looking clergyman mumbled over a form of prayer—the executioner pushed away the table from beneath their feet, and there the poor wretches hung in middle air, struggling a while in their brief agony.

“Why, what’s the meaning of this, Mr. Greenpig,” cried the sergeant in command, observing that the poor men continued to struggle unusually long; “you’ve surely made a bungled job of it! Are we to be kept here all day looking at these fellows cutting their capers!”

The executioner, who was a tall muscular fellow, respectably habited in a suit of black, hearing himself thus addressed, replaced the table, jumped up on it with great agility, and casting his arms round the neck of each of his victims successively, threw the weight of his person upon them, and hung there till they ceased to move.

“They’ll cut no more capers now, I warrant them!” he cried, jumping down, and grinning a sort of smile.

“Sambo, you black thief, are the irons ready?”

“Hey ya massa; hot an’ hot berry!” replied Sambo, flourishing a branding iron, glowing red, in the air.

“Well, turn to my fine fellows, and see you pitch it well into the ladies and gentlemen here!”

Some half dozen gaunt negroes, each furnished with what appeared to be a bunch of reeds or canes, stood forward as he spoke, and took their station at the foot of the gallows. The

first of the culprits was then brought out and stripped; a rope was fastened round his wrists, and rove through a hole at the top of the stake. By this rope the unfortunate wretch was hauled up till he touched the ground only with the tips of his toes, and that not in such a manner as to afford him any support. His whole weight depended from his wrists. The negroes then commenced the flagellation, each giving him a scourge, and passing on in a circle round the gallows. At first they went leisurely; but before the operation was concluded they were running at full speed, their blows keeping time to a sort of savage song, which they yelled forth in a most discordant manner. The blood streamed from the poor fellow’s back, and the cries he gave were appalling. At length his voice became so weak as scarcely to be audible, and he was then taken down and removed. The disgusting punishment was inflicted on the rest in the same manner; but there was one whose appearance I shall never forget. She was a woman who, it seems, was an old transgressor, and had before been frequently punished; she was now to be flogged, branded, and banished to Robber’s Island. She was apparently about the middle age; tall, robust, with a masculine, almost ferocious, expression of countenance. Her back being bared to receive the stripes, she was tied up by the wrists like the rest. The negroes commenced their savage yell, and ran round and round, inflicting such blows as made the blood spring at every application. The unfortunate culprit endured it all without a groan, her head hanging over her shoulder, which she appeared to gnaw with her teeth, as if to prevent her from giving utterance to her agony. At last the red-hot brand was brought. A slight hissing sound was heard, and a thin column of blue smoke curled up into the air as it was applied. The unfeeling executioner pressed it hard into the very quick; it was more than human fortitude could endure; a shriek of agony, the first she had uttered, burst from the wretched woman’s lips, and, when the rope was slackened, she sunk upon the ground, a mass of inanimate disfigured flesh.

By the civility of the sergeant, who had charge of the soldiers, my comrades and myself had been admitted within

the ring, to obtain a closer view of this appalling spectacle. There now remained only three of the prisoners unpunished ; and as the rest, one after another, had been led away, I found myself standing close beside the unhappy sailor. The poor fellow was dressed in the identical coat which Strangway had given him, divested, however, of its uniform buttons, which he had probably sold. I observed that he looked hard several times at me, as if he wished to speak, but was restrained either by fear or shame. At length he inclined his head slightly, and whispered in my ear :

"You are a sailor, would you win a sailor's gratitude?"

"What do you mean?" I replied, in the same under tone.

"Lend me your dirk!"

"For what purpose?" said I; "you could never cut your way through so many armed men."

"I would not be foolish enough to attempt it," he rejoined; "but though I cannot escape from the soldiers, if you will lend me your dirk, I shall, at least, escape from punishment!"

"In what way?" said I.

"By death!" he replied, grasping my arm. "One plunge of that weapon in my bosom, and the mark of ignominy will never be attached to my name! Quick! quick! for the love of God! the executioner comes!"

The executioner was at our side as he spoke.

"Come along, my friend," said he, as he began to adjust the rope round the poor fellow's wrists, "it's your turn now, and you may think yourself lucky in being so late in the list. My bony blacks are beginning to get a little blown by the business!"

The sailor cast a look of reproach at me, and, without any reply, suffered himself to be bound.

"Now use your limbs a bit, my lad," said the executioner; "you're too heavy for me to drag;" and he gave the rope a sharp tug, as if to urge him forward. The firm constancy expressed in the poor fellow's countenance, did not for a moment forsake him; he listened to the executioner, but did not move a step.

"Come, my friend," said the sergeant, respectfully, "you must advance to the stake. I am sorry for you, but we must do our duty."

"If you are really sorry for me," said the prisoner, "you have an opportunity of showing it."

"If I could do anything to alleviate your punishment," said the sergeant, whom the peculiar circumstances of the sailor's case seemed a little to have softened.

"You can!" cried the prisoner, eagerly.

"How?"

"The muskets of your soldiers are loaded, let one of them be discharged through my heart!"

At this moment there was a slight movement among the crowd, the ranks opened, and Captain Morley stepped into the circle.

"Before you proceed to punish this man," said he, addressing the civil officer who superintended the execution, "be kind enough to look at this paper."

The officer bowed, took the paper, and read it.

"Unbind the man, Mr. Greenpig," said he, addressing the executioner; "here is the governor's full pardon!"

A loud cheer burst from the soldiers, and was echoed back by the surrounding multitude when this was proclaimed. The executioner removed the cords from the prisoner's wrists and told him he was free. No change of countenance in the liberated man followed this unexpected announcement. He turned round to Captain Morley; and from his steady unaltered look, no one could divine what feelings were at work within his breast.

"Sir," said he, "I thank you for this kindness. I am sorry that I have nothing more than thanks to give; but should I ever have an opportunity of offering a more substantial requital, depend upon it you shall not find Richard Wolfe ungrateful!"

"I perceive, my friend," said Morley, "you are not a man of many words, neither am I. Have you been long at sea?"

"Since I was strong enough to handle a marlinspike, Sir."

"Will you sail with me?"

"Ay, Sir, to the world's end."

"Then come on board the *Hesperus* tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Enough said, Sir. I shall attend."

At the conclusion of this brief dialogue, we left the appalling scene of punishment and death, and the blessings of the multitude were showered upon us as we passed.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world!"

CHAP. VII.

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

“Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half-an-hour of my frail life!”

Henry IV.

OUR business in Cape Town being concluded, we weighed, and proceeded to Simons' Bay. After encountering a severe gale, in which we sprung our bowsprit and foremast both badly, we entered the outer, or False Bay, as it is termed, among whose deceitful waters so many confiding ships have been lured to their destruction. The scenery of this beautiful estuary is unique, and peculiarly-striking to one who views it, as I did, for the first time. We coasted up the left side of the bay, so close in shore, that the lofty hills which rise abruptly from the water's edge, seemed almost to overhang us. On our right the prospect was closed by the beautifully outlined hills of Hottentot Holland, invested in that lovely tint of transparent blue which is only to be seen in the “region of burning suns and balmy breezes.” Straight in front the coast was comparatively low and undulated, and bound round at the water's edge by a bright ring of glittering sand, which was here and there hid from the view as it followed the mazy labyrinth of the deeply indented bays and creeks adjoining Muisenberg. The placid waters of the bay, hemmed in on all sides by the land, lay around us like some sequestered inland lake. Altogether the prospect wore an aspect at once solitary and imposing, and the soft murmuring of the wakened waters as they glided from the bows of the ship, and the screeching of the sea-fowl that hovered round the masts, almost inclined us to imagine that we were the first human beings that had ever intruded on the lonely spot.

A scene of solitary grandeur,
Where sights were rough and sounds were wild,
And every thing unreconciled;
A dim, complaining, lone retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet.

But when we rounded the black rock of Noah's Ark, and Simons' Bay, with its ships, and boats, and busy beech, and white-walled town, burst upon the view, the charm was broken, and we were reminded that we “lingered still among the haunts of men.”

Our time in Simons' Bay was chiefly occupied in repairing the damage we had sustained during the gale: and scarcely was our refit complete, when a brig arrived with dispatches for Captain Morley, ordering him to proceed to Algoa Bay, to superintend the landing of some emigrants, and from thence to the Mauritius, to relieve a vessel on that station whose time for foreign service was expired. Shortly before we started on this cruize, the vessels containing the emigrants entrusted to our care, arrived in Simons' Bay, and I was sent to board one of them, and bring the captain a list of the number and names of her passengers.

I was received with great politeness by the agent of transport, who invited me to take a glass of wine in the cabin while the required information was preparing. We had scarcely broached a bottle of very tolerable claret, when we were interrupted by the entrance of one of the emigrants—a venerable looking old man, whose ribbed worsted stockings, cord breeches, and ponderous high-low shoes indicated a respectable English farmer of the lower class. He wore a loose frock coat of coarse blue camlet, and his thin silvery hair streamed out in unshorn length from beneath a broad blue bonnet with a red cherry top-knot. There was something unobtrusively respectful, but at the same time independent in his demeanour; and the extremely benignant expression of his fine countenance and

mild blue eye, prepossessed me at first sight in his favour.

"I ax pardon," said he, lifting his bonnet from his bald shining forehead as he entered; "but I've told as how this young gemman belongs to a ship called the *Haesperus*?"

"He does," replied the master; "he is one of Captain Morley's midshipmen."

"Ay, Moarley," said the man, "that be's the very name of the captain that my Edward sails with. And how is't with Edward, young man?"

"I don't exactly know, Sir," said I, "to whom you allude."

"Why, to Edward Settler, sure! But very true, very true; there may be more Edwards nor one on board."

"If it be our first lieutenant you mean," I replied, "I am happy to inform you that he is in perfect health."

"Thank God for that!" said the old man; "I've glad on't—from my heart I've glad on't; for though Edward hasn't been a very good boy to me, yet he's always my son, Sir. Yes, I'll never forget that he's my son!" and the old man brushed a rising tear from his eyelid.

"I am sure, Sir," I replied, "when Mr. Settler knows you are here, he will be delighted to see you; and I shall be glad to have the pleasure of conveying you on board the *Hesperus*."

"Thank you, Sir—thank you," said the old man; "I'll e'en take advantage of your offer, and I'll just step in and tell his old mother about it. The poor old woman is ill a-bed, Sir; indeed she has been ailing almost ever since we left England; for it's a hard thing, Sir, for the likes of her and me to be obliged to leave our snug farm and our friends, and go down to the sea in ships at the fag end o' our days."

"So you've brought your family with you?" I inquired.

"Why yes, Sir; what could I do? Ye know we were all turned out o' house and hold by our landlord; and as I couldn't see my own flesh and blood starve, I e'en took the king's bounty and brought them out here; for though England be's a main good place to live in, Sir, as long as a man has summut in his fob, it fares but badly there when the yellow Georges are lacking."

"How many are you?" said I.

"Why, Sir, there's the old woman, and the three girls, and Edward's wife."

"Edward's wife!" said I; "I did not know that Mr. Settler was married!"

"Ay, troth is he, Sir. He married before he sailed last time, and sent his wife down to live with me in Yorkshire while he was away: and tho' she's not a woman much after my mind, Sir, the more especially as she has an ill trick of swearing, which it is not seemly for the girls to hearken to, and is, moreover, mayhap, a thought too fond of her can; yet I could not bring my heart to leave her, as she had no money, poor girl, and England, you know, Sir's, a sad place."

When I gazed on the rustic, though venerable figure before me, and thought of all that our first lieutenant used to tell us about his father's stud of racers and pack of fox-hounds, and of the good cheer and distinguished company to be met with at "the hall," there was something so truly ridiculous in the contrast, that nothing but a feeling of compassion for the misfortunes of the old man enabled me to maintain my gravity. At the same time, I anticipated not a little amusement from the process of dismounting Mr. Settler from his high horse—a ceremony which I knew would be performed by my shipmates with little regard to anything but the excellence of the joke. And then his wife! How often had I heard him maintain that no man but an arrant fool would marry; that women were, at all times, plagues; but that as to wives, they were the very devil. "If, indeed," he would exclaim, when this topic chanced to be under discussion—"if, indeed, a man could get quit of his wife as soon as he got tired of her, there might be some sense in it; but, blow me, if I'd be tied to any woman for life; no matrimony for me, unless the good old days of king Solomon come back, when a man might have as many wives as he chose, and then, d—n me, I'll have one in every port!" To be able to refute this amiable philosophy by the production of a living evidence, promised to afford no small entertainment.

As soon as I was furnished with the required documents, and the old man had taken leave of his wife, we left the

ship, and in a few minutes stood on the deck of the *Hesperus*.

"Is Mr. Settler on board at present?" I said to one of the midshipmen who stood at the gangway.

"No," he replied, "he went ashore into the town some half hour since."

"Is Captain Morley in his cabin?"

"He is."

"Pray, take care of this gentleman," I said, laying considerable emphasis on the latter epithet, which the appearance of my companion seemed somewhat to contradict, "take care of this gentleman till I go down and report myself. I shall return immediately."

When I entered the captain's cabin, I found him engaged in reading, as was his usual custom of a morning while in harbour. "I am come on board, Sir," I said.

"Well, and have you brought the lists I wanted?"

"I have them here, Sir," I replied, laying the documents on the table. Captain Morley took them up and glanced them over.

"All's right, I see, Sir; you may retire."

"Do you observe the name of a Mr. Settler, Sir, among those of the other emigrants?" I said before quitting the cabin.

"I do—what of him?"

"The gentleman is the first lieutenant's father, Sir."

"The first lieutenant's father! then why did you not bring him on board, Sir?"

"He is at present on deck, Sir!" I replied.

"Then bring him down instantly—you did wrong not to bring him to the cabin at once!"

I again went on deck, and soon returned accompanied by my venerable companion.

"As the father of my first lieutenant, Sir," said Captain Morley, rising and shaking him cordially by the hand, though evidently a good deal surprised at his appearance, "you are welcome on board the *Hesperus*."

"Thank your honour—thank you kindly," returned the old man. "I've coomed aboard, Sir, to see my son, but they tell me he be's gone ashore e'en now."

"He'll return presently," said Captain Morley, "and I trust it will not

be inconvenient for you to remain. Mr. Lascelles, desire my steward to bring some refreshments. You are old, my friend," he continued addressing the emigrant, "you are old to have left your home for so distant a land as this."

"Why, as to age, Sir, I've not much ayond threescore. But I've been a hard-working man, Captain Moarley, and hard work you know whitens the hair and furrows the cheek summut, be-times."

"Very true, my friend; but he who has worked hard in his strength, deserves to reap the fruit when he's infirm."

"Ay, Sir, so I thought once; and I had saved up an honest penny in my own small way, which would still have stood between me and want. But then came the bad times after the war, Sir. My bit o' land was over high rented, and the squire refused to let it down on me, and so I lost everything, and at the long and the last, fell into arrears. Every thing I had was sold to pay my landlord, and my family and myself were turned adrift. I wouldn't ha' minded so much for myself, Sir; for it matters little where my gray head is laid; but it vexed me sore to think of the old woman and the girls."

"It was cruel of your landlord to use you so harshly," said the captain.

"Oh! bless your heart, Sir, it wasn't his fault; it was all the land steward, for the squire lives mostly in Lunnun. He's a hard man, the steward, Sir; and he took a grudge at me like, ever after I refused him one o' my girls. No, no, Sir. God forbid that I should blame my landlord—he's an honest man, Squire Hartree."

"Squire Hartree!" said Captain Morley.

"Ay, Sir; belike you know the squire?"

"He's my near relation," replied the captain, "I could not have believed this of him?"

"Believe it on him! no, no, Sir, he would ha' scorned to do the likes on't; he's as honest a gentleman and as kind as any in the Riding. I tell you, Sir, it was all Mr. Rakeall the steward."

"And did you not think then of applying to the squire personally?"

"Well, Sir, I wrote him a bit o' a line, and gave it to Mr. Rakeall to

take to him ; but belike it never reached him, for I never got any answer."

"I ought to have known of all this sooner," said Captain Morley. "Your son never told me a word of it."

"Edward, Sir! Lord bless your honour, how should he? he didn't know on't himself. Belike he has enough to do with his own matters, Sir. I haven't seen him those six years, and all that time he has only written me once, and that was when he sent down his wife to live with me, before coming out on this voyage, Sir."

"His wife!" said Captain Morley, apparently as much struck by this announcement as I had been.

"Ay, Sir; belike you didn't know he was married, Sir?"

"I certainly did not," replied the captain. "But you've been ill-used, my friend, and I would fain see you righted. I shall send a letter to my friend Hartree by the very first ship that goes home."

"I fear, Sir," said the old man, "there will be but little use in that; I have left my home, and I will never see it again."

A tear stood trembling in the eye of the emigrant, and I thought that one started unbidden into Morley's, too, as he looked melancholy at the old man, and thought of the hopelessness of his exile. There was something very touching in the sight; a man, far on towards the verge of life, most likely the victim of oppression and revenge, banished from his native country, and within a few years of the time when, in nature, he might expect to be gathered to his fathers, travelling thousands of miles to lay his bones in a strange land. Young and thoughtless as I was, I was moved by the scene. I was gazing earnestly on the old man's silver locks, and placid, though mournful, aspect.

"Go, Mr. Lascelles," said the captain, "and see what is the noise upon deck."

I did as I was desired. On turning into the waist I found a strange woman talking very loud to the sailors, and pompously announcing herself as Mrs. Settler. The rotundity of her bloated person, and the rubicundity of her visage appeared to denote that she nourished herself with the brandy

bottle; and the volubility and loudness of her discourse, together with a slight stagger of her gait, showed that no very long period had elapsed since last she had solaced herself with its nutritions.

"Who is this woman?" asked I of one of the sailors who stood round, some of whom appeared to recognise her as an old acquaintance.

"She says, Sir," he answered, "that she is Mrs. Settler, but blow me if I don't think that she is Moll Heggety, she who kept the Blue Boar at Chatham."

I now thought I had an indistinct recollection of her features. I remembered that an Irishwoman of that name had been mistress of a public-house in Chatham, one of the most disorderly places in Chatham, and the common resort of all the thieves and bad characters of the town. In this house one of the men belonging to the *Hesperus* had nearly lost his life in a riot, and Morley had issued strict orders to the men upon no account to visit the Blue Boar. It was this that gave me a recollection of her features, for I remembered having seen her abuse Morley in the streets, for having, as she said, taken away her custom, and prevented her from turning an honest penny. Settler had been a frequenter of the Blue Boar, but this we had all attributed to the excellence of her brandy. A short time before we left Chatham she had disappeared, and we, of course, heard no more about her.

"No Moll Heggety me, if you please, you unmannerly spalpeen," cried she to my informant, "I am Mistress Settler," giving him a blow in the face, "yes, Mistress Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship *Hesperus*, and as good a gentlewoman as any of yez."

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Morley, at this moment stepping upon deck. He started as his glance fell upon the woman, and seemed excessively displeased.

"Your sarvant, Sir," said she, with a low curtsy, nearly losing her equilibrium, and almost tumbling head foremost in the attempt.

"Get below, men," he cried, in an angry voice, addressing the sailors; "down every one of you!" Then turning to the virago before him,

whose real title was wavering between the epithets of "Mistress Settler" and "Moll Heggety."

"Woman!" said he, in a calm but severe tone, "leave the ship instantly."

"Not 'till I have a word with Ned," she answered, in a tone in which her natural impudence seemed strangely softened by the awe which the presence of the captain inspired.

"Leave the ship, I say," cried he, in a voice of thunder.

"Bless your honour," said she, "let me stay to have one word with Mr. Settler."

"Go instantly," said the captain, "or I must have recourse to harsher means. Down below there!—pass the word for the master-at-arms!"

The old emigrant, whom the captain had left in the cabin, attracted, probably, by the noise of the altercation, at this moment made his appearance upon deck. She staggered towards him, and said, "Speak a word to the captain, will ye now, to let me bide a blink, to get a word with Ned."

"Do you know this person, Sir?" said Captain Morley, somewhat sternly, to the old man.

"Know her, your honour! Lord bless you, why shouldn't I know her! Why she's Edward's wife!"

"Impossible!" said Captain Morley; "I know her to be a woman of the most abandoned character!"

The old man's cheek grew pale as ashes, and his mild eye flashed with indignation.

"Captain Moarley," he said—and there was a native dignity in his air and expression—"you are master here, and I am old and feeble; but there was a time when you would not have *dared* to say this—ay, not even on the boards of your own ship! Come, Mary," he continued, laying hold of Moll's brawny arm, "let us go, this is no place for us."

"Where are the side boys?" cried a voice from a boat that, at this juncture, pulled up to the side of the ship, and the next moment the first lieutenant jumped on to the deck. I shall never forget the look of bewilderment with which he contemplated the group before him. His face first became deadly pale and then burning red; but not a syllable escaped his lips—his

utterance seemed choked by astonishment. His sudden appearance, indeed, equally surprised us all, and some seconds elapsed before his aged father, dropping the woman's arm, advanced and extended his hand towards him.

"Have years changed me so much, Edward," he said, as his eyes filled with tears; "have years changed me so much that you have forgotten your old father?"

The voice of the venerable man seemed to recall his son to consciousness. His embarrassed look disappeared, and gave place to his usual harsh expression, unsoftened by a single touch of joy at thus, unexpectedly, meeting his parent.

"Forgotten you, old man!" he said, in a tone which he wished to appear careless; "no! not forgotten you; but I certainly am mightily puzzled to think what contrary breeze has drifted you to this quarter!"

"You are not, then, glad to see me!" said the old man, in a voice in which sorrow and disappointment were blended.

"Why, as to that, glad enough. But what the devil is it that has brought you just here, of all places in the world?"

"Misfortune, my son, has brought me here," said the old man, with a sigh. "God grant that you may never have occasion to obey so stern a task-mistress!"

"What! spent all your money! lost your land! Well, you know I always told you, you lived too extravagantly!"

The tears which filled the old man's eyes, streamed down his cheeks at these unfeeling words, and he trembled violently, as he said, "Edward, have I deserved this at your hands?"

"Well, well," said the lieutenant, "to be sure every man has a right to do with his own as he thinks proper; but if you look to me for assistance, I am sorry that it is not, at present, in my power to ——"

"I look for assistance from no man!" replied the father, stretching himself up to his full height, while a glance of independence and conscious uprightness gleamed across his features, "and depend upon it, I shall never seek it from *you*!"

"Mr. Settler," said Captain Morley,

advancing and addressing his lieutenant, "perhaps another and more private opportunity will be better fitted for talking with your father over his affairs. In the meantime, a slight misunderstanding has arisen between us with regard to this woman, which perhaps you will be kind enough to explain?"

"Ay," said the old man; "let us see if you will receive your wife more cordially than you have received your father!"

"My wife!" cried Settler, forcing a horse laugh, which he wished to pass as the expression of merriment; "is it Moll Heggety you call my wife?—ridiculous!"

"I call this woman your wife, Sir," replied the old man with energy; "as such you sent her to me, and as such has she been these six months an inmate of my family, and the companion of your mother and sisters!"

"Do you know the character of this woman, Sir?" said Captain Morley to his lieutenant, while he struggled in vain to conceal the ineffable scorn which he felt.

"Yes, Sir, I do," replied Settler, with a look of forced composure.

"Is she your wife?"

"No indeed; thank Heaven I never had a wife, and with a blessing I never will," said the imperturbable lieutenant, while he commenced to whistle a tune.

"I have it under his hand," cried she, "in a letter to his father."

"Then, Sir, were you base enough to impose her on your confiding father as your wife, and send her to become an inmate of his family?"

"You really take the matter too seriously, Sir," said Settler, endeavouring to deprecate the wrath of his superior; "I assure you it was only meant as a joke. The truth, if it must be told, was, that I owed an account at the Blue Boar, and I had nothing to pay it; and so, as she was breaking up her establishment, I offered her a year's lodging to clear all scores; and so I gave her a letter to my father; but I meant it as a joke; I never thought he would have been fool enough to believe her."

"Did you introduce her to your father's family as your wife, Sir?—answer me immediately."

"Why then, if you're so very pe-

remptory," said Settler, endeavouring to appear calm,—“suppose I answer that I did!”

The old man had listened to the latter part of this dialogue with the most engrossing attention. He hung upon his son's replies with an eager earnestness which showed the interest he felt; and as the true nature of the woman's character began to dawn on him, his face grew ghastly pale, and his whole frame shook with emotion. Still he uttered not a word, but kept his gaze rivetted on his son's countenance. But when the last fearful admission was made he could no longer restrain himself. Claspings his hands before his breast in an attitude of supplication, while the tears flowed down his furrowed cheeks, and his long white hair hung loosely over his shoulders, he exclaimed in a voice of agony so truly heart-rending as well-nigh to move the bystanders to tears:

"Edward! thou lyest! I trust in God thou lyest!"

A broad brutal laugh, at which every one present shuddered, was all the reply he received. But it was enough. His hands fell upon his bosom, his eyes became fixed, he tottered, reeled, and fell upon the deck in a state of insensibility. Captain Morley was at his side in an instant, and raised him in his arms. With one knee resting on the deck, and his right hand supporting the head of the fainting old man, he bent over him, gazing with a look of unfeigned commiseration on his ashy features.

"Out of my sight, Sir!" he cried at last in a voice of thunder, stretching out his left hand with an impatient gesture towards the lieutenant; "out of my sight! I dare not trust myself to look on you just now!" Then turning round to the master-at-arms, he continued, "Dismiss that woman instantly from the ship; do you hear—instantly! Mr. Lascelles send for the doctor—bid him make haste. God of heaven, what a sight is this!"

The conscience-stricken lieutenant shrunk before the fiery eye of his indignant commander, and withdrew below. The old man was removed and laid in a hammock, where, by the assistance of the doctor, he was soon restored to his senses. Captain Mor-

ley hung over his sick-bed with the anxiety of a son, and saw the remedies applied under his own inspection. I was sent on deck to see if the woman was gone, and just arrived in time to catch a glimpse of the boat that contained her as it pulled off from the side of the ship.

THE EMIGRANTS' SONGS AT PARTING.

No. I.

'Tis o'er—the dreadful word is o'er—
 There's time to weep ;
 The broad sail from my native shore
 Bends o'er the deep.
 The hand yet glows that strongly grasped
 A brother's hand ;
 The breast yet throbs, to which I clasped
 The home-loved band !

A moment still—afar they glance
 Upon the eye,
 And then ! the lone and wild expanse
 Of sea and sky.
 Then yonder surging sable wave
 That sweeps the sea,
 Hath swallowed all, this side the grave,
 But memory.

And as the dead who pass away
 No more are found
 Amid the haunts of cheerful day,
 Or social round ;
 Henceforth unknown, unloved I go,
 Wild shades to roam,
 To be a stranger and to know
 No earthly home.

No cordial hand, no kindred heart,
 No smile well known,
 Shall e're a moment's joy impart
 Thro' years so lone.
 Henceforth the ling'ring years shall roll
 O'er life's blank scene,
 Till time can wither from my soul
 All I have been.

And if in foreign shores at night,
 Sleeps wizard wand,
 In dreams restore ye to my sight,
 Friends, native land !

How dread 'twill be, from dreams so blest
 Again to wake—
 Again to feel this bursting breast—
 These heartstrings break.

And must it then be so?—dear land.
 While on the sea,
 As now my joyless arms expand
 In vain to thee,
 Methinks the breezes from thy shore
 That freshly blow,
 They murmur these wild words, “no more,”
 It must be so.

J. U. U

No. II.

Away with sighs and sorrow,
 The land we leave may weep—
 A sunnier home tomorrow
 Shall greet us on the deep :
 A hope more gay, a happier home,
 The merry breezes bring ;
 When fortune flies, away we roam,
 As summer birds take wing.

The May of life—we've seen its bloom,
 And with its joys been blest—
 We cannot call them from their tomb,
 And so—they are at rest :
 For laggard sighs till fortune wait,
 Till grief the past recall ;
 'Tis madness, boys, and tempting fate,
 To stand while passeth all.

Then away, boys—away, boys ;
 The breezes freshly blow—
 Wherever this wide world has joys,
 We, jolly lads, may go.
 While hand and heart remain, 'tis stuff
 A cheerless home to keep ;
 This earth has gay green room enough,
 O'er the merry deep.

With hearts prepared the event to brave,
 Where fate or fortune steers ;
 Through every change of wind and wave,
 Our gallant bark careers.
 No dastard fear our hope alloys,
 Or check our progress free ;
 Then away, boys—away, boys,
 Ever merrily.

J. U. U.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

The bard of song rose in the west,
And gladdened Coila's land ;
The badge of fame was on his brow,
Her sceptre in his hand.

The minstrel muse beheld her son,
While glory round him shone,
Walk forth to kindle with his glance
Whate'er he looked upon !

She saw the green earth where he strayed,
Acquire a greener hue ;
And sunny skies, high o'er his head,
Assume a brighter blue.

She saw him strike his rustic harp,
In cadence wild and strong :
His song was of bold freedom's land—
Of Scotland was his song !

He soared not 'mong ærial clouds,
Beyond the mortal ken :
His song was of the moorland wild,
The happy homes of men !

Or of our battle chiefs, who rose
To his enraptured view—
He knelt before the Bruce's crown,
And sword that Wallace drew !

Their deeds inspired his martial strains,
He marked the patriot band,
Who stood 'mid dark and stormy days
The guardians of our land !

“ All hail ! my son, the muse, she cried,
Thy star shall ne'er decline—
A deathless name, and lasting fame
Shall ever more be thine !”

Fain had she said, “ and length of days”—
But thus she boding sung—
“ Away, away, nor longer stay,
Thy parting knell hath rung !”

The minstrel sighed, and from his harp
A few sad tones there fell ;
They told of honours—all too late—
And of his last farewell !

They told of fame, when he no more
Would need a cold world's fame—
Of proud memorials to his name,
When he was but a name !

Of pride, and contumely, and scorn,
 The proud man's passing by!
 The minstrel left to die on earth
 Yet lauded to the sky!

'Tis past!—and yet there lives a voice,
 That thrills the chords among:
 'Tis Scotland's song shall be of Burns,
 Who gave to Scotland song!"

THE KING OF MERRY ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—" *Le Petit Tambour.*"

O! the King of merry England,
 What king so loved as he?
 A gallant band he may command,
 In all his kingdoms three;
 And there the smile of beauty
 Still falls upon the free.
 O! the King of merry England,
 What king so loved as he?
 O! the King of merry England, &c.

O! the King of merry England—
 The rose upon its stem,
 Shall twine with Erin's shamrock
 Around his diadem;
 While the thistle of Scotland
 Shall ne'er forgotten be,
 O! the King of merry England,
 What king so loved as he?
 O! the King of merry England, &c.

O! the King of merry England,
 When sounds the battle drum,
 With hearts of fire, and swords of flame,
 A thousand warriors come;
 To drive from land his foemen,
 Or sweep them from the sea,
 O! the King of merry England,
 What king so loved as he?
 O! the King of merry England, &c.

O! the King of merry England
 When wine-cups sparkle brim,
 The first the foremost pledge is given
 In bumper health to him!
 Hurrah! hurrah! the toast is,
 The Father of the Free!
 O! the King of merry England,
 What king so loved as he?
 O! the King of merry England, &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ENGLISH.

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

AMONG the many letters and papers which Mr. Morton, of the great East India House of Morton and Scraggs, found upon the table of his counting house, when he reached it one morning, about a twelvemonth ago, was a packet, sealed with black, which had come by a ship that arrived in the river the evening before from Madras. The packet, on being opened, proved to be the announcement of the sudden death, from cholera, of Colonel Gathergold, whose will was in Mr. Morton's possession: sundry papers and accounts were also enclosed to him, as the executor of the deceased gentleman. In the multiplicity of Mr. Morton's business, he had quite forgotten that some three years before, he had assented to the request of Colonel Gathergold, who was then in England, to be nominated his executor, and to take charge of his will. He knew very little of the colonel, except that he was excessively rich, and had had some large transactions with his firm, which made Mr. Morton unwilling to decline an office that he would rather have been spared.

The more immediate business of the morning having been despatched, and various letters handed over to various clerks, to be dealt with according to the exact and methodical rules established fifty-five years before by Sir Hammond Scraggs, alderman, and founder of the firm, which had been ever since most religiously adhered to, even to the very shape in which the said letters were folded up, and the manner they were ticketed, Mr. Morton caused his dark iron safe to be explored for the papers of Colonel Gathergold. The chief clerk, after due time spent in deliberate search—for he was a man who piqued himself upon never being in a hurry—found the small tin box, duly labelled with the colonel's name, and some hieroglyphics thereto attached, which pointed out the drawer and compartment where the key was

to be found. The box contained the will and a schedule of the property of the deceased colonel. The former paper divided all his property, save what he might otherwise dispose of by codicils, equally between his two nephews, Philip and Edward Harrington—the latter indicated that the property so divided amounted to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds. To the will there were two codicils; one bequeathing a thousand pounds to his executor, whom the colonel must have known to be very wealthy, and to whom he had never spoken ten words in his life, except on affairs of business; the other, having all the form of a bequest, to a natural daughter, described as being at a boarding school near Bath, but with a fatal blank left for the sum. The papers sent home from Madras contained nothing to supply this omission. Whether Colonel Gathergold had forgotten it, or had been carried off too quickly to allow of his making arrangements, which he would have made if longer warning had been permitted him, could not now be told—it was only certain that an enormously wealthy father had, by neglect or by design, left his child absolutely destitute.

Mr. Morton was every inch a gentleman, and had a warm heart and a liberal hand. "This will be a troublesome, and a painful business too," he said to himself; "but, at all events, the poor girl shall have the executor's share. I shall touch none of it, when one that has so much a more natural claim is left penniless. But who are these nephews, Mr. Softalk," he continued aloud, speaking to his chief clerk, "can you tell me anything about two nephews of Colonel Gathergold, whose names are both Harrington—brothers, I suppose?"

"Not brothers, Sir," replied Mr. Softalk, whose delight was to know all about the private affairs of every one he had ever come in contact with,

and the whole history of their connexions. Perhaps it is worth while to sketch this same gentleman as a sample of a numerous race who seem born to be chief clerks. There are at least a thousand such in that capacity in the city of London. Mr. Softalk was of a certain age, which, with these smoothing people, becomes neither more nor less, in outward appearance at least, for twenty years. At the first look you would as much take him for a member of the House of Lords as a merchant's clerk; but the delusion was dissipated on a little examination. He was so far bald as to give an appearance of a large space of forehead, which was smooth and well polished. The hair on the back and sides of his head was always nicely powdered; his face was of a city paleness, but plump; his clothes always very good, and his linen very clean. He had a soft voice and a ready bow, and prided himself upon his affability and courteous attention to customers of the house, particularly if they were very rich. He read the *Times* diligently every morning, and was able to hold what he had read in his mind until bed-time, but no longer; so that he felt no inconvenience whatever, in taking from the newspaper of this morning facts and opinions nearly contradictory of those he had imbibed yesterday. He had a fund of conversation for every one that called; he went from the weather to the *Times*, and from the *Times* back again to the weather, uttering the same small common-place observations, with the utmost self-complacency, every day for years upon years. Withal he was generally considered to be a very polite and prudent person, and though the man, as far as mind went, was no better than a goose, he was regarded as a highly respectable and useful servant to the house of Morton and Scraggs.

"Not brothers, Sir," replied this personage to Mr. Morton's inquiry. "Colonel Gathergold, who called in the outer office frequently when he was last in England, several times mentioned his nephews in the course of conversation; and some drafts of his have been paid to their order since he went abroad. The colonel, as I understood from him, had two sisters, who married brothers of the name of Har-

rington. The elder had a small estate, and the younger was a clergyman. The parents of both are dead. The son of the elder brother was to go to Cambridge, the colonel said, and I suppose he has been there, as the drafts paid in his favour have come through Mertlocks; the other, I understand, has been brought up, and still lives in the house of his father's successor, who was the curate of the parish while his father lived."

"Well," said Mr. Morton, "since you know so much about them, Mr. Softalk, perhaps you could make out their present address."

"Certainly, Sir," answered the careful clerk; "we can refer to the porter's post-office letter-box; for Colonel Gathergold used to write to them sometimes from our office, and we sent the letters for him to the post-office."

"Good," said Mr. Morton; "let it be done."

The directions having been found, Mr. Morton desired letters to be written to the young men, acquainting them with the death of their uncle, and requesting their presence in town, for the settlement of the matters mentioned in his will, in which they were most importantly and advantageously concerned. Mr. Softalk wrote and dispatched these letters, in which he took care to show at once his caution and his newspaper erudition, by hinting no more of the nature of the will than that "they would hear of something to their advantage," by applying at the office of Morton and Scraggs, between ten and four o'clock.

These young men, to whom fortune and their uncle's will had proved so favourable, were not only of different, but opposite characters. Philip, the elder of the two, had been a smart and over-educated child. His father and mother delighted in making him exhibit his talents; and as he caught up a smattering of anything with facility, and was never allowed, even if he had been so disposed, (which he was not,) to hide his candle under a bushel, he soon became that most nauseous of God's creatures—an affected boy, with but one strong feeling in his soul, and that was of self-conceit. At thirteen years of age he read the *Edinburgh Review*, and set his parents in raptures with his flippant chatter about poetry

and politics: it were difficult to say whether the *Morning Post* or Wordsworth's poetry was most frequently the subject of his smart derision. Masters were provided for him at a greater expense than his father's estate could well afford; for nothing was to be spared on so bright a genius. His mother, poor woman, felt sure that he was destined to be one day prime minister; his father, who looked more at details, was content to think that he might become a modern improvement upon Mr. Scarlett at the bar, and Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons. These were happy visions of future greatness, of which they did not live to feel the disappointment. When his precocious son was about fifteen, Mr. Harrington was seized with consumption of the lungs, which quickly proved fatal, and his wife, having caught this unconquerable malady from her husband, soon followed him to the grave. The youthful Philip was too much engaged with the state of literature and of the nation, to be much affected by the death of his parents, his regard for whom had always been mingled with a certain degree of contemptuous pity, as he contemplated their limited degree of intellectual attainment. His opinion of himself was sufficient to make him believe that the respect and attention which had always been paid to him, belonged, of right, to his superior ability, and he had not the least doubt that, wherever it was equally known, it would be equally acknowledged.

He did not fully discover his mistake in this matter until four years afterwards, when he found himself at Cambridge. He was well aware that his knowledge of literature, and the affairs of life, extended to a thousand things of which most of his fellow students knew nothing; and he was also aware that they knew nothing which he was not, in some degree, acquainted with; he, therefore, indulged in vague, but not the less extravagant anticipations of brilliant success. It never occurred to him that all he knew upon all subjects was but a smattering; he had experienced that it was enough for conversation, and served to make the unlearned stare, and he hoped that it would carry him through the university with eclat. He soon found that it

would not. The lore which he had picked up from his studies of the *Edinburgh Review*, and with which he had hitherto overwhelmed every adversary, with whom dinner and tea parties had brought him in contact, was of not the slightest use in the schools; it was more a hindrance than a help, and, to his excessive indignation, he found that those who knew not what iodine or chlorine was, who had never heard of Francis Jeffrey, in the whole course of their lives, and who were totally unconscious that Birmingham was not represented in parliament, were able to acquire university honors, while he, with difficulty, escaped the disgrace of being "plucked."

It need hardly be said that he immediately set down this to the fault—the most grievous fault of the establishment. He was ready to prove that nothing could be more grossly defective than the university system of education; he could show that it gave rewards to comparative ignorance, while real information was neglected; in short, he denounced the two universities as political evils, and perniciously wealthy establishments for the seclusion of useless knowledge. Still, as it was the custom for gentlemen who desired to make a figure in the political world, to take a degree, he made up his mind on that account to remain; confidently declaring, however, that the enlightened spirit of the age would, before long, compel an alteration of the university system; and, in the mean time, preparing himself, by constant practice at a debating society, to give his public aid to the march of intellect, and the progress of enlightenment, at the first convenient opportunity.

Edward Harrington had been, from his childhood, of an opposite character to that of his cousin. As a boy he was dull, or at least slow in mental exercises, but his disposition was affectionate and generous. His mother had never enjoyed good health from the time of his birth, and his father's time, between study at home, and attention to his parishioners out of doors, was so much engaged, that, except at the stated periods when the strength of one parent and the leisure of the other permitted, little Edward was left to the care of an old nurse,

who did not mind permitting him to wander about alone, as soon as it was safe for him to do so. Until the period that it was thought necessary to confine him to his studies, he spent half his time in the fields about his father's house; but the constitution which he inherited from his mother, forbade his emulation of the daring pranks that boys, who have so much liberty as he had, are generally prone to. He loved to be by himself—to wander by the hedges and sheltered slopes—to make acquaintance with the little birds, and to be the guardian, not the spoiler, of the nests which he discovered. Careful was he not to frighten the watchful mother sitting on her eggs, as he placed near at hand, the crumbs, or little worms, that he knew she loved to eat. He found out the earliest primrose; and the first tuft of blossom that brightened forth, and breathed out its pleasant smell in the hawthorn hedges, was his prize. He knew the grass-tuft that the lark inhabited, and, as he watched it singing in the clouds, could tell the spot where it was to fall, shooting down with closed wings, like a stone dropped from the sky. He would point out where the field mouse had its hole, and the ants their hillock, and he made friends even with the cautious crow, who would plunge his bill into the earth, and wipe it clean in the grass, while little Edward stood quietly by, within a few feet, admiring the operation, and the cautious glances of his black friend. Heaven knows what quiet dreams were passing in the boy's mind, during his early wanderings and his musings in the fields, but he seemed to be happy, and doubtless he was so—more happy than he ever would be again, even though he should win in the race of the world's toil, for the best that it affords profiteth little, and the more valuable it is, the more precarious.

When Edward was eleven years old he lost his mother, and his father survived her only two years. He left no more fortune behind him than was sufficient for a moderate maintenance for his son, whom, on his death-bed, he confided to the care of the clergyman who assisted him in the parish, and who was fortunate enough to obtain the living after Mr. Harrington's death.

This gentleman discharged his trust faithfully and affectionately, and Edward never knew what it was to want the kindness of a home, nor the advantages of an all but parental solicitude for his welfare. His education was well attended to, and though he made no brilliant progress, he learned thoroughly all that was attempted to be taught him, storing his mind, in quietness and seclusion, with whatever was excellent or beautiful, in the ancient or modern works which were submitted to his study. His means were not sufficient to maintain him at college, and he had long looked forward to obtaining, through the interest of his uncle, an appointment in the East India Company's service, either in England or abroad; but his uncle had always some point to carry, more important in his view, than the situation for his nephew, and was too cautious to exhaust his interest upon a minor matter, when one of more consequence might be obtained. Edward was consequently left unemployed up to the period of his uncle's death, at which time he was a well-read unsophisticated young man of one and twenty, with good looks, and a generous disposition, to recommend him to favor in such society as he had an opportunity of frequenting.

Such were the two fortunate youths who had been summoned up to town to hear of the death of a relative, for whom while he lived neither of them cared, or had reason to care, a farthing, and by whose decease they became rich beyond the most extravagant expectations of fortune that either of them had ever formed.

Philip Harrington was well acquainted with London, to which place he generally resorted for philosophical entertainment during the Cambridge vacations; Edward had never been in London but once, and that but for a short time. His notion of the satisfaction of being in London, was, that of seeing Saint Paul's Church, and Westminster Abbey, every day, for both of which his "wondering boyhood" had been filled with such awful admiration, that his memory continually reverted to them, while other things had been forgotten. It happened that the cousins arrived both about the same time, at the spacious counting

house of Morton and Scraggs. Mr. Morton was out, but they were received by Mr. Softalk with that profusion of polite attention, which the merit of having been left upwards of a hundred thousand pounds is sure to command from most people who know it, but especially from such persons as Mr. Softalk. He condoled with them on their uncle's death—congratulated them on the fortune they would acquire, the amount of which he would not venture to estimate until Mr. Morton had spoken with them, but, doubtless, it was considerable. His conversation then diverged into a discourse on the eligibility of various descriptions of investment of capital, and thence he was easily led, upon the suggestion of Philip, the philosopher, to a discussion of the advantages of a free trade in corn and timber, while Edward was wrapt in a study of the quaint old copper-plates of ships coming into port, and packages making up on the quay, wherewith the labelling tickets of lists in mercantile offices are wont to be adorned. At length Mr. Morton came in, with whom they were immediately closeted in the most private room, with all the pomp and circumstance of importance whereof counting-house business can be made susceptible.

Here was unrolled, before the amazed and admiring young men, the catalogue of the wealth they had acquired. Consols and Long Annuities, Bank Stock and India Bonds, a huge sum in a Calcutta Agency House, and a bond of the Earl of Sellwood's for thirty thousand pounds, secured upon his lands in Hampshire. The money in India, which exceeded a hundred thousand pounds, was in course of being remitted, Mr. Morton said, through his house, and it might take some months before the affairs of that part of the property were wound up, and, consequently, before a final division could be made under the will. In the mean time they were at liberty to draw upon him for any sums they might have occasion for; and, as a beginning, he recommended each of them to take a couple of hundreds to put in their pocket, for which he made them sign receipts. "As to Lord Sellwood's bond," said Mr. Morton, "you may either demand the amount of it, or allow it to go on bearing its present interest—the latter

mode would, doubtless, be the most agreeable to him, and, I should think, the most advantageous for you. At all events, you would do well to call upon him, as his rank and connexions may make him, in some respects, a desirable acquaintance. He talked of bringing your uncle into parliament for the borough of Sellwood, if he had remained in England; but that part of his influence is gone by."

"It is one of the disfranchised boroughs, is it not?" said Philip.

"Yes," replied Mr. Morton; "and it shows the force of party association that his lordship should have himself voted for the bill that disfranchised it; though, to my knowledge, he thought it neither more nor less than a robbery of so much from him and his heirs."

"O, but the popular feeling, and the increased intelligence of the age," said Philip, "demanded that that system should cease. I wish, however," he continued with a sort of sigh—"I wish that, under the circumstances, they had left his borough in schedule B."

"You look to getting into parliament, then, I suppose," said Mr. Morton, "and would have no objection to his lordship's assistance in that way?"

"Ah—I don't mean to say exactly—that—a—I had anything of that kind in view in what I said," answered Philip, rather confusedly; "but as I have paid a good deal of attention to political subjects, I would perhaps, not have objected to be indebted to his lordship for an introduction to the constituency. Under the reformed system, you know, there is no such thing as patronage, or nomination, in such a case."

"I am not so perfectly sure of that," said Mr. Morton, with a smile; "but you may ask Lord Sellwood, who knows more of these matters than I do. Have *you* a taste for a political life also," added he, addressing Edward, who had hitherto spoken very little.

"I have never dreamed of any such thing," was the reply; "and even if I had a desire for it, I am wholly wanting in the necessary knowledge. For the present I must confess to so much surprise and agitation at finding myself in so different a situation, with respect to fortune, from anything I ever contemplated, that I hardly know what to

wish for, except good advice ; and as you were my uncle's friend, and have so much of that experience which I want, I shall be obliged to you if you will allow me to consult with you, after I have had a little time for reflection."

Mr. Morton assured him that he should be most happy to see him, and give him his best advice at any time. Philip Harrington looked at his cousin with an air of pity.

"Let me ask," said Edward, "is it possible that all this wealth is given to us alone? If so, my uncle must have intended that we should provide for servants, or whoever he has left behind him, that had claims upon his remembrance of them. You can, probably, give us some light upon this subject."

"It is the very topic which I desired to bring under your consideration," said Mr. Morton. "Of your uncle's servants we may probably hear hereafter ; but it appears there is one who has a much stronger claim even than they have, and for whom the will, as it stands, provides nothing." He then described the blank codicil, already mentioned, which had left the natural daughter of Colonel Gathergold unprovided for.

"It was, evidently, an oversight," said Edward, warmly—"an omission which we should supply. I will leave it to you to fix the sum, and, whatever it may be, I will pay my share."

"It is a generous determination," said Mr. Morton, "and does you much credit ; but what do you say to it?" he added, addressing Philip.

"I cannot come to resolutions upon important matters so quickly as my cousin," said Philip, in a tone of polite displeasure. "I think the circumstances of the case should be inquired into. It is to be presumed my uncle had reasons for not leaving anything by his will to the person whom he describes, since he has not done it. People are often misled into doing positive harm, when they incautiously yield to their feelings in such a case as this. I am not disposed, at present, to make any pledge upon the subject."

"You are cautious, Sir, for your age," observed Mr. Morton, "but it is superfluous caution to decline making a pledge when none is asked or proposed. Of course you will act in the

matter which, upon the very becoming suggestion of Mr. Edward Harrington, I have submitted to your consideration, just as you think fit."

"You may take it all out of my share, if my cousin feels any difficulty about it," said Edward.

"We shall speak of that when we meet again, which I hope will be very soon," said Mr. Morton, shaking him by the hand ; at present I have some other business which demands my attention." He bowed to Philip, and wishing him a cool "good morning," the cousins took their leave.

I should imagine there are few pleasanter kinds of intoxication than that which a young man feels when he suddenly finds out that he has come into a fine fortune. If he goes forth, he would act wisely to go in a coach. If he rides on horseback, ten to one he gets into a gallop without thinking of it, and, not looking where he goes, rides over a child or an old woman, or runs against a pig or a post, and thus gets thrown, and breaks his neck, a very unpleasant accident under any circumstances, but most particularly so at the moment that a man has got a large fortune. If he walks, he seems to walk on air ; he takes no heed to his steps, and probably gets into the hands of the Philistines, under the name of pickpockets, or street police, as the case may be. Sudden fortune, like wine, unveils the heart—"operta recludit"—the man follows his own will, straight a-head, rejoicing that he may do so, without caring what others may think about it.

Our heroes came forth together into the street ; one with expanded heart and overflowing benevolence, seeking something to be kind to ; the other, with expanded desires and designs, eager to put his new force in action for his further personal advancement. Philip, who was in politics a great stickler for the rights of the people, felt inclined, on this occasion, to walk over every man he met, or to turn him aside with a wafture of his arm. Edward, on the contrary, was disposed to bear all manner of crossing and jostling with unusual equanimity ; he was so well pleased himself, that he wished every body else to be well pleased, and easily forgave even those that seemed ill-natured. "Had they

got a fortune, like me," he said to himself, "doubtless they would be in a good humour."

They passed a shop where cloaks of coarse woollen cloth were hung up at the door for sale. "Will you wait with me a few minutes?" said Edward; "these are just the things I was thinking of."

"Thinking of these old women's cloaks!" said Philip; "what could put such an old woman's thought into your head?"

"The thought of twelve old women," replied Edward, "who attend our church in the country every Sunday, and generally get some bodily comfort there, as well as spiritual. The poor old souls will be made as happy as queens by a new cloak each, and they really stand in need of such things to keep out the cold."

"Still it is short-sighted benevolence to give cloaks to old women who have not earned them," rejoined Philip.

"You will find twenty-four women next year, instead of twelve, who will be looking for a similar gift."

"Suppose I should," returned Edward, "it will then be time enough to consider about the said two dozen; but, in the mean time, if I can make twelve old women more happy, and more substantially comfortable than they are, by doing a virtuous action, what forbids that I should do so?"

"What do you mean by a virtuous action?" said his companion: "why do you assume that what you purpose to do is virtuous?"

"I am amazed that you can ask such a question," replied Edward; "we can be in no doubt about the matter; because it is expressly revealed to us, that to clothe the naked, is to do what is pleasing in the sight of God: besides this, reason and our nature teaches us, that we should substitute comfort for wretchedness when we can, and to exercise feelings of benevolence on the one hand, and to excite sentiments of gratitude on the other, does good to both parties; it turns the better parts of their nature to use, and makes them happier."

"Enlightened political views teach us to doubt all this," said Philip. "As a child, I thought as you do; but since I have been led by my studies of political economy to reason upon the sub-

ject, I have learned to regret that there is any such thing among us as what is called charity. If every one knew that they must provide for themselves, or perish, there would be less destitution than there is now, notwithstanding all our charity."

"Now, God forbid that you should, except for mere argument's sake, ever advance such a doctrine," said Edward. "Were it possible to exclude destitution by the exclusion of benevolence, and by the disobedience of God's express command, which I never can believe possible, still the remedy would be worse than the disease; the strength of stony-heartedness is not so good a thing as even the weakness of benevolence."

"Well," rejoined Philip, "buy your cloaks if you will; but why buy them at this small shop, where, you may depend upon it, a larger profit will be exacted than at a larger warehouse, where a greater capital is employed?"

"But, if you please, I had rather encourage the small capitalist, even at my own loss," said Edward; "the difference can be but a trifle, and I can afford it; the small capitalist must live as well as the large."

"But, my benevolent cousin," replied Philip, in a triumphant tone, "you might get thirteen cloaks to give away instead of twelve; think of that, and you can no longer hesitate."

"No," said Edward, "I do not hesitate. If a share of what I propose to lay out in cloaks goes to benefit a small shopkeeper, so much the better. If I wanted thirteen cloaks, and had only as much money as would buy twelve at this shop, the case would be different; but as it is, if I want thirteen, or three-and-twenty, I can afford to get them from this good man here, without stinting him of his profit."

"Well, then, as you are incorrigible," replied Philip, "I shall bid you good bye; you have much to learn. I shall meet you in the morning at your hotel, that we may go together to Lord Sellwood's: in the mean time, do lay out a few of your shillings on some elementary book of political economy. Believe me the day of sentiment has passed by. It is necessary to be rational;" and so saying he turned on his heel.

It may appear absurd to some that such a colloquy as the foregoing should have

been held in the porch of a small woollendrapers' shop; but a man just from the country, or a political economist, will talk without regard to propriety of place. The man of woollen was too civil to interrupt them, and he was rewarded by a larger order than he was accustomed to, and at his own price.

The cousins met in the morning, as agreed upon, to visit Lord Sellwood. The peer was a Whig, and had been a man of pleasure; but he was now fifty-seven, and considerably tamed. Still he was able to play whist for large stakes, and he did so. Few were more regular at Brookes' in the afternoon, and still fewer were so constant at Crockford's in the night. The man was not deficient in common sense, but he was weak in purpose, and he knew it without being in the least ashamed. He could only move with the herd; in politics he was the mere creature of party; and in the other affairs of life, of habit. Even whist could hardly be said to excite him; but he took some interest in it when the stakes were high, and it served to make the time pass, in company with his own set. His lordship had been apprised by a note from Mr. Morton, that the nephews and heirs of Colonel Gathergold would call upon him, and they were readily admitted to his presence. It was one o'clock, and the peer had just come down to breakfast.

"I am glad you have called on me," said he; "your uncle was a worthy, respectable person, and very rich, eh? Lucky fellows you are, to have had so rich an uncle." The young gentlemen bowed.

"He lent me some money, and I never knew a man take more pains to have good security. That was all for *your* sake, you see—he, he! A most excellent thing to have a provident uncle!"

The young gentlemen bowed again.

"But what do you mean to do about it? You'll be content to let it remain as it is, will you? The interest is paid regularly, I believe, by my people. I know they stop so much from me, at Drummond's, regularly enough."

His lordship was assured that they would be happy to let the loan remain as it was.

"You'll get the principal, you know," continued his lordship, "when I die; and though you may depend upon it I shall make that as distant a day as possible—he, he! yet in the course of nature I must die long before you." Here his lordship heaved a deep and a sincere sigh, which was followed by some polite expressions of hope on the part of his youthful creditors, that he had many years of life and health yet to enjoy.

"I am much obliged to you," he replied, "and shall be very well pleased to pay you your interest these twenty years, I assure you; but I would willingly owe you five times as much, though that would be a good round sum, to be as young as either of you. But what do you mean to do with yourselves? Will you live in town? Do you belong to the clubs?"

Both young men stated their intention to reside, for some time at least, in town. Philip said he belonged to the Athenæum. Edward that he belonged to no club.

"These things will come in time," said his lordship; "affairs are so changed now, one hardly knows what to recommend to young men of fortune—one used to think of a seat in parliament, as a proper sort of appendage in such a case, and in former times I might have been of use to you in that way, but they've done away with my parliamentary interest, and, upon my honor, though I was induced to consent to it, I don't see what they or the public have gained by the sacrifice."

"But I thought," said Philip, "that when Sellwood was put in schedule A, the franchise was given to the neighbouring town of Shuttledrive, where your lordship's property and influence were considerable."

"Ah," replied his lordship, "so they flattered me, and themselves too, I believe—they calculated that, because I belonged to the party who brought in, and carried the bill, the popularity I would acquire in Shuttledrive, added to the influence of my property in the town, would enable me to have every thing my own way at the elections, but they have found their mistake, and so have I."

"Your lordship has, however, the

satisfaction of having given away so much of your own individual power, as a boon to the people," said Edward.

"No such thing, my young friend," replied Lord Sellwood, "one would not tell it to all the world, but the people have gained nothing by the change. About a fourth part of the voters, comprising all the respectable inhabitants of the town, are my tenants, and would vote for any one introduced by my agents, but the other three fourths must do exactly what they are desired by a vulgar violent fellow of the name of Twist, the great cotton-spinner of the town, and he again is commanded by a fellow, half merchant, half money dealer, and, I believe, whole Jew, who has lent this Twist money to carry on his business. This money-jobber is, in fact, as much the proprietor of the parliamentary influence of Shuttledrive, as ever I was of that of Sellwood."

"And how does he dispose of it?" asked Philip.

"For the support of ultra-radicalism;" answered Lord Sellwood, "the purse-proud brute is equally ignorant and uncivil, and desires to overturn everything at once, though such a mode of proceeding must necessarily endanger his own interests."

"But this ought to be represented to him," said Edward.

"So it has been—some of the ministers even, talked to him upon the subject; but he laughed at them, and said he was not the man to stop short just at the point that suited their convenience; he thanked them sneeringly for having got the ball out of the hole, as he phrases it, and set it a rolling, but assured them it would be a great pity to stop it, it was such excellent sport!"

After some further conversation, and a promise to dine with him the next day, the Harringtons left Lord Sellwood's. Edward said he was going into the city to see Mr. Morton, and he was requested by Philip to inquire for the name and residence of the moneyed gentleman, whose influence in the borough of Shuttledrive had been described by Lord Sellwood. He wished to know it, he said, as a point of political information; but had been unwilling to trouble his lordship for such particulars. He further requested Edward to get him another two hun-

dred pounds from Mr. Morton, for which he gave him a draft.

"What!" said Edward, "have you got rid of your yesterday's two hundred already? I could not have suspected you of such extravagance after your lecture to me about the old women's cloaks."

"You will think, perhaps, that I have got rid of my money foolishly," said Philip, "but I think not, for my calculation was a cool and reasonable one, though I lost by it."

"And, pray, what was it?"

"I was going to tell you—I went into a house last night where they were playing whist. The play was high for whist, and as there were better players there than I, I did not join the game, but looked on. A red card had been turned up for trump four times successively, when a young fellow came into the room, and, without any inquiry, offered me an even bet of a hundred, that the next trump turned up would be red. I could not refuse without throwing away what was obviously an advantage as the chances stood. I accepted the bet, and lost. He offered the same bet again; I took it again, and again I lost. It was out of all calculation that a red card should be turned up six times consecutively."

"I had rather have heard you had jerked your money into the Thames than lost it in such a way," said Edward. "I don't mean to hold myself up as an example; but surely my cloak-purchasing, which you so much censured, can be, even in your opinion, nothing to this."

"They are quite different things," said Philip. "Your cloak-bestowing I hold to be an error—an instance of an erroneous system which is adopted in the impulse of the feelings, but which reason demonstrates to be wrong. My case is a mere transfer of so much wealth, and its political tendency is just nothing, one way or the other."

"We shall never agree upon these points, I see," replied Edward, "so, good bye."

He found Mr. Morton in the city, who was very glad to see him. He had news to tell him of Colonel Gathergold's natural daughter. Her school-mistress had written a very good account of her, and stated that the colonel had left in her hands drafts

on his bankers which would discharge the young lady's expenses for two years more. At present she was on a visit with a companion of her's, whose birth was under the same unfortunate circumstances, but whose father, old Sir Ephraim Million, was recently settled near London, and had his daughter and her young friend home to his house to pass the holidays.

"But what is to be done about settling some of my uncle's property upon this poor girl?" said Edward.

"I intend to give her the thousand pounds that have been left to me as executor," said Mr. Morton.

"And I will make it up five thousand out of my share," said Edward.

Mr. Morton shook him by the hand. "I shall write," he said, "to Sir Ephraim, who, I believe, knew your uncle well, and tell him of this, and ask him to be a trustee for the young girl till she is of age. For yourself, if you have no better engagement in town, will you come down with me and spend a few days with my family at my country house. I dare say we shall be able to find amusement for you, and it would give me great pleasure."

Edward mentioned his engagement at Lord Sellwood's the next day.

Well, then, come down the day after; my carriage shall call for you at your hotel."

Edward gladly consented, and parted from his new friend with many cordial expressions on both sides, having first obtained for Philip the money and the information which he had desired. Mr. Morton had no difficulty in naming the moneyed lord of the new-made "independent" borough of Shuttledrive; but he did not mention Mr. Joseph Grasper without expressions of disgust, even stronger than those used by Lord Sellwood.

The dinner at his lordship's the next day was fine and formal. Lord Sellwood piqued himself on the abilities of his cook, and his daughter piqued herself on her own abilities. They who loved well-harmonised sauses, or could be amused by clever but unfeminine talk from a pretty woman, were entertained at his lordship's dinners; but persons of true fashion, who like best what is plain, or of sufficient feeling to esteem good sense, good nature and gentleness in mere womankind, *more than a ready command of words*

and a copious use of them upon every subject, were generally fatigued. The lady Sophia was emulous of being a leader in something loftier than household affairs. She had heard of ladies influencing the decisions of statesmen, and effecting more by their oratory outside the walls of parliament, than some even of those who had a name were able to accomplish by their speeches within. It was her ambition to shine as one of these, and she worked hard for it, and had achieved her reward in being able to talk sensible and natural people out of all patience. She had, however, annihilated several raw youngsters by her wit, and had puzzled some middle-aged members of parliament with declamation borrowed from Miss Martineau. This was something; and as she was decidedly pretty, and still young, she found a sufficient number ready to put her in mind of her triumphs. Philip Harrington found in her every thing to admire; Edward much to dislike, but still more to surprise. He was astonished at her self-possession, the readiness with which she introduced various topics of conversation, and the references to facts and opinions with which she illustrated what she had advanced; he did not know that the hard labour of three days had been given up to preparation for that evening's display, and that what seemed the result of accident, was in reality the exercise of art. Upon the whole, he was glad when the evening was over, and resolved in his own mind that neither the grandeur nor the cleverness he had witnessed, were accompanied with the nnanxious freedom and unconsciousness of effort which he had been taught to believe were the characteristics of good society. The fact is, that the straining after display, whether of the fine things of the table or of the mind, is equally vulgar in Grosvenor-square as in Cheapside; and Lord Sellwood's entertainments, although they could not be called coarse, were wanting in the ease and simplicity of genuine refinement.

There was more real refinement at Mr. Morton's, to whose house Edward went the next day. His establishment had all the splendour which belongs to the enviable state of opulent British merchants. A magnificent house, and well-planted grounds—

gardens tastefully laid out, and conservatories breathing of the aristocracy of vegetation—a spacious library, stored with the best books, and a music room, with a good and tolerably large organ. But what are these things compared with the charm of a family uniting good sense with frankness, and gracefulness with simplicity. It was Edward's good fortune to arrive in the afternoon with Mr. Morton, and he was prepossessed, at once, in favour of the family, by the kind welcome with which they were received. In a more pompous house they, probably, would have seen no one but servants until they assembled in the drawing-room for dinner; but here kindness of nature took place of ceremonious arrangement, and, at his very door, the happy father was greeted by his two affectionate, gentle, and beautiful daughters; and as for his boys, who were younger than the girls, they had been beforehand, and at the carriage by the time the steps were let down. His wife, with more of gravity, and not less grace, than her daughters, awaited the party in the reception room.

With such friends Edward soon felt himself at home, and began to taste a happiness in life he had never felt or known before. There was no convenience or elegance that wealth could provide which was not there, but it was without the coldness of ceremony or the restraints of fastidious grandeur. Each one seemed, from habit, and not from effort, to consult the happiness of the rest; a general cheerfulness reigned over all; and while the most perfect freedom of discussion prevailed up to a certain point, there were also rules of authority, having reference to human duties and Christian feelings, of which it was understood there was to be, and could be no question. Without something of this sort, no society, great or small, can rest on a certain basis of peace and good will.

Several months passed away, Edward living sometimes in town, but more frequently at Mr. Morton's, and occasionally going to see Colonel Gathergold's daughter, at Sir Ephraim Million's, a testy, hot old East Indian, but very good natured, and having a high opinion of Edward, from his conduct respecting the neglected girl. Philip had become a great visitor at Lord

Sellwood's, and it was more than suspected that his merits, among which the East Indian fortune, even in the eyes of the intellectual Lady Sophia, did not seem the least, had made an impression upon that lady, which it would require the ceremony of matrimony to efface. These were the rumours of Grosvenor-square; but in Bishopgate-street the watchful eyes of city matrons assigned the hand of the same desirable gentleman to the ugly daughter of Mr. Grasper, at whose house Mr. Harrington had not only managed to be introduced, but had become very intimate. Fortunately for the separate existence of these conflicting prognostications of matrimonial arrangements, the rumours of Grosvenor-square and of Bishopgate-street were as little likely to clash with one another, as the airs of Patagonia with those of Pall Mall, so the two flirtations went steadily on, *pari passu*, but *longo intervallo*. The fact was, that Philip's cunning was almost too much for himself; and between his desire to secure Mr. Grasper's parliamentary interest on the one hand, and to obtain the Sellwood connexion, with such a brilliant prize as Lady Sophia, on the other, he scarcely knew what to do. Lady Sophia had beauty, but no fortune—Miss Grasper had an immense fortune, but no beauty. The Sellwood connexion was an accession of personal rank, but it brought with it no substantial power. The Grasper alliance was, in point of rank, rather a degradation, but it brought with it a probable seat for Shuttledrive, and a certain accession of considerable monies. Philip was cool enough to weigh all these matters carefully, one against the other, but they were so nicely balanced, that I know not how long the prudent young man might have remained in suspense, had not circumstances occurred to precipitate a decision.

Delays had taken place in the remittance of Colonel Gathergold's large Indian property; excuses were made, setting forth the difficulty of winding up certain long arrears, and getting in money, so that notwithstanding Mr. Morton's anxiety to settle his executorship account, he found it impossible to do so, and almost all the money remained still in his hands, and those of the Calcutta House. Meantime India houses began to fail, and the pressure

upon those connected with them in England was very great. Morton and Scraggs were sufferers, though not to any very considerable amount, by the failures; but the delay in remittances of very large sums, owing to the state of affairs in India, and the unusual demand upon the firm for money, by those whose caution led them to withdraw their capital from the mischances of India connexion, threw their house into a state of difficulty that it had never before experienced. Mr. Morton struggled for some time to prevent these circumstances from disturbing his general cheerfulness of manner, but he could not continue to do so. He staid late at his counting-house, and came home abstracted, agitated, and unable to eat or sleep. Bursts of impatience and ill-humour escaped him, such as himself, and all around him, had previously deemed him incapable of. But, in the fair-weather of life, man knows not what he is, and "the worst effect of misery, is the moral evil which it produces." Edward Harrington, though a less ready observer of behaviour than his cousin, saw that something was the matter; and though, at first, unwilling to take any notice of it, was at last led, from the evident change in the happiness of the family, in which he took so much interest, to express his anxiety lest the cares of business were too much for Mr. Morton's health.

"Indeed they are, at present," replied he, somewhat abruptly. Edward looked at him with surprise.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Morton, "you must pardon me my hasty manner; your remark, I am sure, was made in kindness; but all the suggestions I hear on the same subject are not so kindly meant. Perhaps, considering the interest which you and your cousin have in the solvency of our house—aye, you may look surprised, but I will not mince matters, and I know—s'death that it should come to this!—I know that our solvency has been talked about. Considering what you have at stake, it is right I should tell you that we have suffered unwonted pressure, and great disappointments, which have tortured me with anxiety and suspense."

"I am sincerely sorry to hear it," said Edward, "and I trust you will believe me, my dear sir, that it is no merely selfish cause which makes me

say so; but I hope there is nothing very serious."

"Yes, there is; not that we have lost anything serious, but, as it ever happens, disappointments are aggravated by demands that are made in consequence of these disappointments. Confidence and credit are the breath and life of commerce; and no house can stand against general distrust; but there is plenty of property to meet all demands, if they are not madly hurried in, all at once, and out of their regular course. I have told you this frankly; now go and tell your cousin how our affairs stand, and decide between you, as it is fit you should, whether you will press for your money in our hands or not."

The intelligence of the risk in which his fortune was placed, took Philip Harrington very much by surprise; for, occupied as he had been with intrigues, political and matrimonial, he had heard nothing to alarm him respecting East India affairs. He had, however, no difficulty in agreeing with Edward, that it was for their interest not to add to the pressure upon Morton and Scraggs, but to support the firm rather, as far as they could. He suggested that if the existence of assets could be shown, his friend, Mr. Grasper, was a likely man to make any advance that might be wanting, on a suitable premium being offered. "You had better go to Mr. Morton," he said to Edward, "and suggest this. Mr. Grasper is out of town, but I can go to him, or communicate by letter. I will, myself, go into the city, and learn what is said of the house there, from some persons with whom I have become acquainted."

That morning there had been fresh arrivals from Calcutta, which made matters worse. Another failure had taken place, and new difficulties, in the way of remittances, were announced. Edward was admitted to Mr. Morton, and found him pacing about, more agitated than he had ever seen him before. "Well, Sir, what do you say?" exclaimed the merchant; "ruin is coming thick and fast; will you help it on or not? which will you do?"

"Trust you," replied Edward, "and assist, you if I can."

"I shall not thank you *now* for this," said Mr. Morton; "a time may come. Does your cousin consent?"

"Yes; and he suggests that if secu-

rity can be given, and a premium paid, an advance might be had from Mr. Grasper."

"Hah! this is the worst of all—assistance from *him*! I would rather die than ask it. Of all the men with whom I have ever been in habits of familiar intercourse, there is none that I have learned to hate and despise but him. There was one memorable occasion on which he intruded his dirty views about money and goods, when decency of feeling should have confined his attention to matters of a very different nature. From that time I knew him but to loathe him; and were we two alone in the world, with mortal bodies as endurable as the pyramids, still would I continue utterly to detest, and determinedly to avoid him. You will think this is irreligious and shocking. I say no. If it were in my power to injure the man; if I could with a word make his body as shrivelled and despicable as his soul, I would not do it; if I could do him a service—that is, give him more money than he has—for he could understand no other service—perhaps I would not refuse to do it. But there's an end—our natures are opposite, and I cannot ask *him* to save me, though destruction were the alternative."

"Suffer me to entreat you, Sir, not to be thus agitated," said Edward; "I will not speak of this again; nor would I have done so now had I known of the antipathy you express."

"Well, you are right," said Mr. Morton; "but a merchant finds it hard to bear with patience such times as these. A day or two will decide our fate. I cannot bear to go home while in this suspense, and I will ask of you the favour to go and pay my family a visit, and say I shall be detained in town tonight. For their sakes, and, I will add, for yours, I will keep steadily at the helm here; and if it be possible, steer through this tempest."

Edward mounted his horse and galloped off. On his way he met Sir Ephraim Million with his little daughter, and Colonel Gathergold's daughter, driving in their pony phaeton, and was immediately hailed by the three voices. Sir Ephraim offered him luncheon; one of the little girls a bouquet from her own garden, and the other a song to

be sung by her own self, if he would ride home with them.

Edward declined, pleading business and haste in excuse.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Sir Ephraim; "you seem all awry this morning. Has Morton's fair daughter been looking cross at you, eh? Never mind, man, she'll smile again to-morrow."

Edward said he had more serious matters to think of; but the blush that suffused his face showed that the knight's raillery was, if out of time, not out of place.

"Serious matters! what serious matters can *you* have to trouble you?"

Edward thought it might not be amiss to tell Sir Ephraim, as a rich man and acquainted with India affairs, the commercial news of the city; and he therefore mentioned the general panic concerning East India houses which prevailed.

"And what of Morton's house?" said Sir Ephraim.

"It is severely pressed, rich, as I believe you know it to be, in property."

"Ah! indeed I am sorry for it," returned Sir Ephraim; "but I may be of use, and I would gladly be so to Mr. Morton: tell him I will drive into the city and call upon him in the morning."

Edward warmly thanked him, and rode on to Mr. Morton's house.

In the mean time, Philip Harrington had learned in the city what led him to believe that the house of Morton and Scraggs must inevitably fail. He deliberated for half an hour, and then took his resolution. A post-chaise was ordered, and as fast as the horses could carry him he proceeded to the house of Mr. Grasper, twenty miles off in Essex. He found him and his daughter at home—the latter, he thought, never looked uglier in her life; but he resolved to go through with his enterprise, which was, to secure his marriage to *her fortune* before her father should hear of the danger which threatened *his*.

He lost very little time in addressing them both in a neat speech, in which he set forth the agitated state of his mind and heart for some time back; and that, at last, having seen the evil of remaining in a state of suspense, he

had made up his mind to dash down at once, and learn his fate, by distinctly proposing for the hand of Miss Grasper. In the course of this address, he contrived dexterously to let fall something about a late visit to Lord Sellwood's, accompanied with certain apparently unguarded but emphatic reflections about aristocratic airs and caprice. By this means he succeeded in conveying the impression to both father and daughter that he really had met with some slight from the Lady Sophia, and had come down in a huff to revenge himself, by proposing for her city rival. They were aware of the temporary nature of such whiffs of resentment, and determined to take the advantage while it offered. Mr. Harrington was, therefore, accepted, and Mr. Grasper made no objection to the immediate drawing out of a memorandum of agreement as to settlements. Philip was very liberal. He offered to settle one half of what was to be paid to him by the executor of the will of his late uncle, Colonel Gathergold, and the sum agreed to by Mr. Grasper, was proportionably large. Having had the agreement signed and in his pocket, on the plea that some engagements in London demanded his immediate return for a day or two, he ventured to state what the pressing nature of his principal engagement was, and told his expectant father-in-law, very coolly, the news of the city, relative to Morton and Scraggs, and the necessity for his presence to look after a business in which he was so importantly concerned.

Grasper muttered curses within his teeth, as he listened to him; and when he had done, broke forth aloud—"Tricked, by Heaven! and by a youngster! Well, Sir," he continued, "you have brought me into a pretty position. I must go up to town to support this house, in order to save your fortune—to support the credit of a man that I would give a thousand pounds to be able to call a bankrupt. I would have had the Gazette, in which his name appeared, framed and glazed, and hung up as a trophy in my office, that I might look at it every day, and assure myself over and over again that Morton was a bankrupt; and now I must support him! But you did the trick well, and, in your

place, I would have done the same myself."

Mr. Grasper did as he proposed. Mr. Morton refused to have anything to do with him personally; but through Philip Harrington, an advance was offered of fifty thousand pounds. This would not have been sufficient, but Sir Ephraim Million, upon ascertaining the true condition of the property of the house, of his own accord, and through regard for the character and generous spirit of Mr. Morton, and of Edward Harrington, exhibited in their treatment of Colonel Gathergold's daughter, advanced another fifty thousand, which was amply sufficient, and the house was saved. Philip Harrington is married to the ugliest and least agreeable wife that can well be imagined, and is pretty sure of being returned to parliament, for Shuttledrive, at the next election. He is a mean unhappy person, but he will be very rich, and when in parliament will certainly show his *liberality* by voting for every measure that favors the unrestricted employment of capital, for the benefit of its owner, without reference to the benefit of the country where it has been accumulated, or the employment of the people out of whose former toil it has been wrung.

Edward Harrington has bought an estate, and is employing himself in seeing how he may most beneficially employ others upon it. He is a happy man, and will, no doubt, be much happier after he marries Miss Morton next November.

Lord Sellwood oscillates between Brookes's and Crockford's, as usual, but he declares he is not satisfied with the way the Whigs have managed affairs, and he did not give his proxies to the minister for the last session. His daughter, the Lady Sophia, shines in the company of men, as usual; but, in the retirement of her chamber, she frequently indulges in reflection upon the strangeness of the fact, that while her female acquaintances, who have nothing to recommend them but gentleness of manners, and some few accomplishments, get well and happily married, she, with a superiority of information, acuteness, and wit, which no one disputes, remains single, and unasked to be otherwise.

EARL GREY.

“What cared he for the freedom of the crowd,
He raised the humble but to bend the proud?”—*Byron*.

IN the sketch which I am about to attempt of this eminent personage, I propose to myself nothing more than to make those who shall take the trouble of reading it, more familiarly acquainted with the Ex-Premier than they are likely to be from merely newspaper knowledge of him as a public man. A complete examination of the career of Earl Grey, or even an historical and political sketch of his life, would involve a consideration, or at least a retrospect of the political transactions of Great Britain for the last fifty years. Upon any thing so elaborate I do not mean to enter:—not that the “life and times” of the noble lord are less worthy of being written and read, than the life and times of other orators and statesmen, which have been composed with care, and studied with profit, but simply because I have something else to do, more within my grasp at the present moment, and more fitted for the entertaining, as well as instructive pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Earl Grey is, I believe, the last survivor of those, whose fame as political orators formed one of the obscure wonders of our boyhood—the last of that distinguished band who made the British senate conspicuous throughout the world for thirty years, between 1785 and 1815, and to whom it would seem there are to be no successors in this age of “reform,” and “universal knowledge.” Earl Grey was a partner in the political strife, in which Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, Wyndham, Sheridan, and Grattan, Percival, Romilly, and Erskine, Plunkett, Whitbread, and Ponsonby, Canning, and Castlereagh, and Wilberforce, and Tierney, bore a part, and now these are all gone but one, and in that one, the fires of eloquence are burned out, and nothing but bitter ashes remain. It may be that an age of eloquence is not on that account an age of wisdom, far less of happiness; but still it is impossible for any man unburdened by the vulgarizing spirit of utilitarianism, to contemplate

a House of Commons with such men in it as those I have enumerated, and to contrast with it the present herd of legislators, without being moved to regret—peradventure (as Lord Brougham would say) to indignation. But this is a digression—Lord Grey is, I believe first heard of in House of Commons debates, in the year 1787—he was then Mr. Grey, and three and twenty, fluent, fiery, and wrong. Mr. Pitt was then the minister, and finding it necessary to dismiss one of two postmasters, who had quarrelled, and could no longer row in the same boat, he sent adrift Lord Tankerville, who was connected with the Greys in some way or another, that those who study that interesting work called “the Peerage” may tell—I cannot. Mr. Grey attacked the minister in such a way as to call forth a rebuke in Pitt’s peculiar manner of dignified severity. He said the language which had been used could only be attributed to the honourable member’s youth, and the short time he had had a seat in the House. Upon this Fox got up, and congratulated the House upon possessing such a *Nestor* as the Right Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer, to check the intemperate sallies of youth. Pitt, though nearly four years Prime Minister, was himself scarcely seven and twenty at the time, so the joke must have been exquisite when accompanied with the rich mellow humour of Fox’s jocular manner. The talents of Mr. Grey must have immediately become conspicuous, even in the House of Commons of that day, for in the early part of the following year (1788) we find him one of the impeachers of Warren Hastings, and winding up the “Benares charge,” which had been opened by no less a personage than Fox himself.

From thenceforward, and throughout the dreadful times which followed, convulsing the whole civilized world with the throes of democratic fury, we find Mr. Grey foremost among the mad political speculators of the time. A man

of *sensibility* (for without it no one can be an accomplished rhetorician as Mr. Grey, then *Citizen Grey*, certainly was), he was destitute of real feeling, and appears to have deemed even the most horrible acts of the French revolution as the sublime accomplishments of freedom and justice. As Burke said of Fox, the French revolution seemed to have so much shaken him as to have shaken *his heart into the wrong place*. We trace him thenceforward, the continual champion of France, and even after she had thrown aside the mockery of liberty with which her career of blood and blasphemy began, and had voluntarily adopted a military tyranny conformable with the vain-glorious unmanly spirit of the nation, still was Mr. Grey un-English enough to oppose himself to the France-detesting feeling which then animated Britain, and his political efforts were divided between urging peace with the French, and parliamentary reform upon the English people. It would be difficult to say in which of these projects he was more unsuccessful. The nation hated France; and laughed at parliamentary reform as extravagant nonsense. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*. In the year 1800, when the union with Ireland was debated in the British House of Commons he was among the most strenuous of its opponents—how little did he think to live to see the day when he should compose speeches for his sovereign, in which all his knowledge of language would be tasked, for expressions strong enough in which to declare his unalterable determination that that union should be maintained with all the power and means of the monarchy!

Upon the death of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Grey, at that time become Lord Howick, joined the administration formed by Lord Grenville, as First Lord of the Admiralty. In this situation he remained from February to September, when Mr. Fox died, and Lord Howick succeeded him as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This ministry yielded to the indignation of the sovereign, and the contempt of the public in the following March, and from that time, until the famous "Reform" era of November, 1830, Earl Grey was in *opposition*. Overtures were indeed

made to him in conjunction with Lord Grenville, in the year 1809, upon the break up of the Duke of Portland's administration, and twice in the year 1812, first upon the expiration of the regency restrictions, and afterwards upon the death of Mr. Percival, but on all these occasions Lord Grenville and Lord Grey declined accepting office upon terms which would compromise the political principles they had professed. It must not, however, be supposed that Earl Grey (he came to the title by the death of his father in 1807) still retained the wild democratic views of the days of "citizenship," and the French Revolution. He had attained a distinguished position as a leader in a party, which however opposed to the policy of Tories, was still desirous of maintaining, upon what were called more *liberal* principles, the monarchy and aristocracy of the country. He had held high office under the King, and his ambition was no longer that of being the most ardent democrat among democrats, but of leading upon Whig principles the policy of the King's government. No longer an advocate for the direct overthrow of our institutions, in which he felt he had a strong personal interest, he desired to distinguish himself as one who would improve and modernize it while he preserved the old fabric. He had subsided from the red heat of a French democrat, to the tepid medium of a Whig aristocrat. Time flowed on—the close of the war, so triumphant for England, and so humiliating for France, utterly destroyed the credit of all Whig prophecies, and Lord Grey grew old, the respectable leader of a feeble opposition in the House of Lords; gradually, it would seem, becoming more and more hopeless of any triumph of Whig principles in the politics of England, and submitting, with a sort of pensive contentment, to a state of things which experience told him "worked well" for the country, though so much opposed to the dreams of his youth, and so different from that which since his maturer years he had maintained to be best.

I never saw Lord Grey 'till he was in his sixty-third year—he is now seventy, and the seven years have obviously done their work upon him. Had he been a man of deep thought,

the last three, would have killed him. Lord Grey without having noble features, looks like a noble man. He is tall and thin, with a slight stoop in his shoulders. His face is somewhat flat, and his nose not prominent, but a very expansive brow, and a pale cast of thought, with something like an expression of pain or sorrowfulness, which seems to be the habitual cast of his countenance, gives him much the air of a man of intellect. There is, however, occasionally about his eyes, that which gives an expression of *humour*, and this *occasional* expression, he has in common with *every* man of acknowledged ability, whom it has been my fortune to see. I should, perhaps, except Carl Maria Von Weber, the great musical composer, whose expression was undeviatingly of the profoundest melancholy, but when I saw him the hand of death was well nigh upon him: perhaps in happier days the light of mirthfulness was not a stranger to his eyes. There is a particular expression about Lord Grey's mouth, which should be more akin to humour than to dignity, and seems to result from some irregularity or projection of the teeth: this with his occasional sternness, and his grand Roman air, which he is so ready to assume, led to the epithet of *Curius Dentatus*, bestowed upon him by the most eminent literary humorist of our days. The more prominent characteristics of Lord Grey as a speaker, are dignity and distinctness—perhaps I should rather say, *were*, for in the latter quality he has fallen off. He is in oratory, as in appearance and manners, rather of the old school. When he addresses the House in a set speech, one wishes that he had on the *toga*, in order that our Ciceronian associations might be complete. He has not the rugged and subduing energy of Brougham, nor the managed passion and captivating brilliancy which Canning possessed, but in precision, in completeness, and a certain stern gracefulness which commands, if it does not win attention, he is superior to both. He seems made for asserting the dignity of his "order," and yet it is plain that his attachment to that order, is a sentiment, and not a principle. It is indeed but too palpable that throughout Lord Grey's career, his judgment has been made

subordinate to feeling and to *vain* imagination. When very young, he had a passion for popular liberty, and his judgment, instead of being employed in sifting and examining the real value, or probable practical result of the working out of this popular sentiment, was devoted to the practical means of extending that sentiment, and thwarting and annoying those who refused to acknowledge its all-sufficing excellence. In middle life a sense of dignity, of station and personal ability, with a correlative sentiment of *condescension* to the common people, which he, like other Whigs, called political liberality, appear to have been the motives according to which his judgment worked and performed its *subordinate* task with no small skill. But *commanding judgment*, Lord Grey has not. A *sentiment* in favor of reform, he certainly had, and upon that "principle," as he called it, he undertook the administration, but his judgment was not devoted to the framing of the measure which was destined to change essentially the governing spirit of the country—others proposed to him what should be done, and because it accorded with the sentiment that possessed his imagination, he adopted what was proposed. Had he been compelled (for nothing but compulsion would have driven him to such matter-of-fact work) to frame a Reform Bill, and thus to bring his sentiment to the test of judgment, and consideration of practical effects, I am morally certain, from observation of his character, that he would have submitted a plan of reform, much more honest, and much less revolutionary than that which such bilious apes as Lord Durham and Lord John Russell impudently framed.

From the beginning to the end of Lord Grey's career (for I suppose it may now be said to have politically ended) he has been led by some vague sounding political sentiment what has caught hold of his imagination. While the French revolution was raging in its worst fury, he appealed to the House of Commons in favor of "the rights of man." He guarded himself specially from being considered a disciple of Tom Paine, (for what reason, except that his pride revolted from being the follower of a stay-maker, though an abler and wickedder man than

himself, it is hard to say,) but still he would maintain that "the rights of man should be the foundation of every government, and that those who stood out against those rights were the enemies of the people." Now, this is obviously nothing better than sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The "rights of man" for which the orator pleaded, and would perhaps have died, had no reference to any practical line of policy by which a nation could be governed—but there was something grand in the expression, and the unanimous cry of maddened millions, though it be nonsense, is still not without a certain captivating sublimity. Forty years passed away, and we find the same orator pleading before the House of Lords in favour of a political sentiment equally vague, and if possible, in the mouth of a practical politician, more foolish—the leading star of his politics is now "the spirit of the age." It is the perfection of political wisdom—it seems to yield to the "spirit of the age." And why?—what is the meaning of this? what distinct political act or series of acts does this declaration point to? No one can tell, but it is a fine sentiment—it is said to have been uttered by Buonaparte, when meditating in his island prison, upon the causes of his fall from the mightiest empire that a modern ever swayed—an empire achieved by the force of his own genius and good fortune. At last his genius was baffled, and his good fortune deserted him, and after the melo-dramatic manner of his speech (he *acted* very differently), he settles the reason of his downfall in an epigram—he had not consulted the "spirit of the age!" Lord Grey is just the man to have his fancy struck by such a sweeping abstract method of accounting for what is easily traceable to a series of practical blunders—he is impressed with the grandeur of a mighty monarch hurled from his seat of power, and philosophising upon the rock of punishment and despair. He hears him declare that not to have consulted the spirit of the age—not to have yielded to the popular will, was the fatal error that led to his overthrow, and Lord Grey's imagination, smitten with the sentiment, receives it as though it were the declaration of unerring wisdom. Yet

if he would but consult his experience it would at once confirm him that Napoleon achieved his greatness, by leading and not by following the spirit of the age, and that it was only because he ceased to be prudent and vigilant—because he ceased to *govern* the spirit of his age and nation, with that restless energy and sleepless caution which led to his elevation, that he fell from it to such punishment as may Heaven, in its justice, visit upon all blood-stained tearless tyrants!

Thus has Lord Grey, from first to last, been deficient in sound judgment, and devoted to some fascinating abstraction, but his peculiarity in this respect is this—that, whereas, fanciful persons generally make their imagination subservient to their judgment, when they have any, *he* makes his judgment subservient to his imagination, or his feelings, and will frequently deliver orations, logical and piercing, and quite unimaginative in their character, which have neither their origin, nor their object founded in anything that sound judgment would not dismiss as nonsensical.

But to return to the glance at Lord Grey's political career, which I abandoned a little while ago, in order to make such of my readers as were not so before, *personally* acquainted with his lordship. I trust they will now keep him in their mind's eye as a thoughtful, pensive, aristocratic-looking old gentleman, but with the capability of being severe, or condescendingly kind, as the occasion demands.

I said that Lord Grey grew old, the leader of a feeble opposition; but a change took place in 1827, when Mr. Canning succeeded Lord Liverpool as prime minister, and which, as it led to one of the most remarkable oratorical displays of Lord Grey's whole life, it will be proper to notice. From the time that Lord Grenville ceased to be able to take any part in politics, Lord Grey had every reason to consider himself as the head of the Whig party—the man whom the Whigs, as a party, were to follow as their chief. We may judge then, of the extent to which the pride of *such* a man, was offended, when he found his party deserting him, to enlist under the banners of another chief, who had all his

life been associated with the Tories. Yet this the Whigs did, when they crossed to the government side of both houses of Parliament, to support Mr. Canning's "no reform" administration; and actually took office under him, as many as could get it. Earl Grey was left alone—a chief deserted by his followers, who left him, too, to enlist under the banners of one who was his rival in oratory, and his opponent in politics. He could not long "keep his proud soul under;" the administration was settled in April, and on the 11th of May, 1827, at the close of a debate about the corn laws, he poured forth his bitter philippic, and his piercing complaint. It would take pages to do justice to that brief, yet memorable harangue, in which he rent to shreds and tatters the political reputation of Canning, and pointed at him with bitter scorn. The polished sarcasm involved in his compliments to his noble and honorable friends who, "doubtless on grounds the most satisfactory to their own consciences," had joined the new minister, was the most *terrible* politeness that ever was listened to. This speech arising, as it did, from anger, and indignation, and hatred, had no passion in it. It was a consummate piece of art, and ended with an appeal to the feelings of his auditory at once so vigorous, and so touching, as to completely subdue the house to the power of the orator. The following is the very remarkable peroration to which I allude—remarkable when it was uttered, from the freedom and fervency of its personal statements, but much more remarkable now, when we compare these statements with the events which have since taken place:—

"The sentiments I now utter are my own; I speak only for myself; for I regret to say that I am now *almost without political connexions of any kind*. I own that I feel some distrust of my own judgment in finding myself opposed to some of my noble and honourable friends with whom I have hitherto concurred during the whole of my life; but if it be a consolation to me, to know that there are some whom I highly value, who still

continue to think as I do; it does not diminish my regret at being compelled to dissent from so many with whom I formerly acted, and whom I still continue so highly to respect; *I now feel myself almost a solitary individual*. Nothing can be further from my intention than a union with the party in opposition* to government, for, from that party I differ on most questions, as widely as the poles are asunder. Neither can I join those who support the administration,† in the construction of which, as an administration, I have no confidence. The only course left to me is to adhere to those principles which I have professed throughout life, and when I find that the measures of government accord with those principles, they shall have my support. When they introduce measures repugnant, in my opinion, to those principles, I will oppose them; but I deprecate the idea of joining the standard of a party, as a party, opposed to government. Those who have done me the honor to attach any importance to my opinions are aware, that, for some years, I have been *withdrawing myself more and more* from a direct interference in the politics of the country. As long, however, as I do remain, I am anxious to keep in that situation in which I can do what I consider the most good. *To take a more active part in public business is quite out of my intention*—non eadem est aetas non mens. With the noble Marquis (Lansdowne) I concur in most questions, and to him I will, on every occasion, give my support where I conscientiously can, but at the same time, I must declare that I will never shrink from opposing any, and every measure which I cannot conscientiously approve. *I shall not, however, again embark upon the troubled sea of politics, upon which, all my life, until now, I have navigated—God knows with how little success*; but, at the same time, with the consolation of knowing that I have done so with an honest and approving conscience."

No one attempted to answer this speech; the house instantly dispersed, and the impression of it was carried away, unmingled, unbroken. But it broke Canning's heart—at least so I have heard from those who knew him. In the three months which he lived

* He means the Tories who seceded from the administration when Mr. Canning was made Prime Minister.

† The Whigs and Canning party.

after that speech was spoken, he never forgot it, nor forgave those who might have risen in his defence, but who did not. Against Lord Goderich, now Earl of Ripon, his complaint was the bitterest ; for, said Canning,

“ I have made him what he is, yet he never answered a word to this attack which was made upon me ! ”

Lord Grey’s “ pride was up ” at the time, and his *popular* associates having left him “ almost a solitary individual,” even his extreme deference for the popular will, which, after all, was never a conviction of his judgment, nor a habit of his life, seemed marvellously to ooze away ; and in a month after the above speech was delivered, we find him giving utterance to as energetic Toryism as ever was spoken in the House of Lords. On the 13th June, 1827, when again speaking on the subject of the corn laws, and combating the suggestions of those who urged the consequences of popular displeasure, if that against which he contended were not done, Lord Grey said, with that peculiar air of patrician significance, which no one possesses so much as himself—

“ I stand here one of a body who will always be ready firmly and honestly to resist such efforts—which always considers maturely and feelingly the interests of the people, even when it must oppose the people themselves, and which will never consent, under the influence of fear, to give way to clamour.”

In the same speech was the haughty earl’s famous declaration in favour of his order—

“ If,” said he—“ if there should come a contest between this house and a great portion of the people, my post is taken, *and with that order to which I belong, I will stand or fall !* ”

Alas ! how little solid foundation there was for any of the declarations I have quoted, we have all seen. He who was “ withdrawing himself more and more from politics,” has since been prime minister for more than three years and a half ; and the political path in which he marched is strewn with the ruins of our monarchical institutions. He who said that he would try, by certain fixed principles, every measure proposed, and vote accordingly

for or against such measures, has since avowed, that, not his own principles, but “ the spirit of the age,” is the standard by which he determines upon (I will not say, judges of,) political measures. Finally, he who so proudly declared, that were a great contest to come between a great portion of the people and the order to which he belongs, he would stand or fall with that order, has broken his word. That contest did come ; the order to which he belongs—the House of Lords—declared against him and his measures, and he was the man to avail himself of the very clamour which, in a paroxysm of pique and affectation, he so loftily deprecated. He was momentarily driven from power by the House of Lords, (I speak of May, 1832,) and he was borne back to power upon the shoulders of the mob, who made “ the order ” to which he belongs, “ under the influence of fear, give way to clamour.” Such is the agreement of Lord Grey’s acts with his speeches—such the consistency of a man whose guide is not a fixed and well-defined principle of duty, but the personal feeling of the day and hour.

I need not go over the events of the “ Reform ” era, for they are fresh in the mind of every one ; and for the same reason it is needless to trace the decline of Earl Grey’s *popularity* since the reform bill was passed. Let us hasten to the close. On the tenth of July, 1834, he came down to the house to say that he was no longer a minister. He wished to stop short in the middle of the steep down which he had driven the chariot of the government, but he found he *could not* ; and then, deceived and thwarted, as he certainly was by his colleagues, and disgusted, as he well might be, he threw up the reins. He said, “ I no longer address you as a minister of the crown,” and then tears choked his utterance. He sat down and wept. I am not one of those who think no man can shed tears without betraying culpable weakness, though I think that if it be possible they should not be shed in public ; and I should have readily pardoned, perhaps approved, this emotion of Earl Grey, were it not for the artful, unfair speech which he afterwards made, and which drew forth so sharp a reply from the Duke of Wellington. The noble duke

has been much blamed for the indignant severity of that reply, under the peculiar circumstances of Lord Grey's leave-taking; and I own that I think he would have done better and more gracefully, had he merely protested against the eulogy Lord Grey thought proper to pronounce upon the acts of his own administration, and concluded with some courteous expressions regarding the noble earl personally. But I can well understand how the warmth of the Duke may have been roused, without attributing to him that gross want of feeling, and even of decorum, with which he has been charged. He waxed wroth (as well he might) at the scarce-credible mixture of sneakiness and arrogance, and at the total want of candour towards opponents, as well as of personal manliness, which the whimpering *Destroyer* manifested in making audacious and mendacious boast of the work of his own hands, at the very moment he was running away from it. In very truth, the pity which we feel for that old man, is not a *reasonable* pity, but it is extorted by the palpable treachery, towards him, of his colleagues and the underlings of his administration.

We are now at the close of Lord Grey's political career; and if ever politician lived and died, on whose tomb it may be truly recorded that he pursued one undeviating career of practical disloyalty and error; and subscribed his absolute maximum to the ruin of his country, from his entrance into public life to its close, that man is Lord Grey—I mean among men who are deserving to be called *statesmen*, which undoubtedly Lord Grey is. This distinction will provide against the mention of other names high in the present administration, to whom it would be

ridiculous to apply that title! The unhappy Earl Grey has *done the deed* of destruction, but, personally, *he* has the mind of a statesman, and the carriage of a nobleman. I have now done with him as a public man. *Requiescat in pace!*

As a private man, Lord Grey is respectable and amiable. His constitutional *hauteur* has no harshness in it, but rather develops itself in the condescension, and graceful courtesy of his manners. In his family he appears to be much beloved, and the cares of public life have not been by him suffered to interfere with that familiar and kindly intercourse with his relatives, and with society, which is not less a social duty, than a pleasure. Lord Grey's habitual temperament is not that of cheerfulness; but still he is often to be met at evening parties, and often riding about the parks, (generally with his daughters,) with a far more happy and undisturbed air, than others, where thought is more profound, and sensibility less acute. The first time I ever saw Lord Grey, (out of the House of Lords,) was when he took the chair at the distribution of annual prizes by the London University, in the year 1828 or 9, I cannot now recollect which; but I well remember how much I was charmed by the easy dignity of his address, the correctness of his elocution, and the graceful cordiality with which he congratulated the youthful students, as he placed in their hands the rewards they had earned.* I have often seen him since, in situations with which his *politics* had nothing to do, and I will say of him, that apart from politics, it would be difficult to find a more accomplished, graceful, agreeable, and amiable gentleman, than Earl Grey.

* There were other prizes bestowed that day, besides these, to the youths who had made proficiency in elementary science. One who is now among the most rising of the junior members of the Irish Bar, and who will ever be distinguished where sound knowledge, commanding eloquence, and warm feeling are valued as they deserve to be, received from the hands of Earl Grey, on that occasion, the prize which had been awarded to him by the Professor of Law. Should the ardent *student* of that day happen, in a leisure moment from *Brief* cares, to cast his eye upon these lines, he will remember the friends, now far away, who rejoiced in his success then, and still rejoice when they hear of that professional success, of which his devoted industry then laid the honorable and just foundation.

IRISH STORYISTS—LOVER AND CARLETON.

THE gridiron which graces the Register of William Cobbett is unquestionably a famous frying-pan. Worthy of equal celebrity is that also "the loan of a loan" of which is Englished by "*Parlez vous Francais !*" in the "Gridiron" of Samuel Lover. Mr. Lover's is indeed a pan *per se*, or, so to speak, the *το Παν* of gridirons—a griddle, truly, of no common capacity, on which our literary Tauridor can grill a whole bull at a time, and that so handsomely, and with such an off-hand air, that you would suppose him engaged in work no heavier than frying a rasher with his friend Judy of Roundwood, or tossing a pancake with the Misses Heatley in the same classic village, on a Shrove Tuesday morning.

But while we admire the devilling of the bull, we are far from admitting that the poor animal was butchered either before or since he came into Mr. Lover's hands: for a bull once butchered is to the end of time defunct, and all the art of Galvanism can produce no further resuscitation of his carcass than a paralytic stagger, like the gait of a new-dropped calf, accompanied by a partial palsy of the mane and tail, and a tremulous retroversion of the whites of the eyes, symptoms which so clearly distinguish the butchered bull in a state of semi-reanimation, that our reader will require no farther instructions for detecting the presence of Galvanic agency in all cases of Tauriform pretension. But the genuine bull, the true tenant of the Gridiron, is not only an impersonation of Jove's genius—for it is clear to us that the Irish bull is no other than that divine beast which once before, in prophetic allegory, captivated ravished Europe—but an emanation also, of his pseudo immortality, and can never die; *a fortiori*, can never be the subject of *post mortem* experiment, and, there-

fore, the charge of tampering with the dead carcass of the bull defunct of a former owner of the gridiron, which has been alleged against Mr. Lover by certain Bullcalves, falls to the ground like Staggering Bob himself, when he first essays to advance his nose to the yielding teat of aged Drimindhu.

Mr. Lover then, is neither Butcher, nor Resurrectionist, but we here, by our diploma, constitute him Laureate and Doctor of bulls; a degree unappropriated since the death of Mr. Edgeworth, whose work on Irish bulls we intend shortly republishing, with notes and annotations, by his meritorious successor.

Meantime, as a whet to take the wire edge off our appetite, lest, like the bride of Ballyporeen, we crack our eye-strings tugging at the tough jump and sirloin of the essay, here is a handsome octavo,* all green and gold outside, and all within a forest of shillelah, with the Irish bison ramping up and down, and roaring for a reader on whom to exercise their hoofs and horns.—Ah, youth of humorous susceptibilities, beware how you venture into the park of the sticking cattle; neither hay nor horn-board here, to save you from a violent death; but, gored through the midriff, you shall surely perish in cacchinatory convulsions, or, stuck in the diaphragm, give up your melancholy ghost in a single singultus. Beware, in particular, we would beseech you, of this fierce quadruped the COMMODORE, so called from that aquatic excursion which has no less delighted than bewildered admiring Europe; for not to the Dictæan caves of Crete as once before, did he bear the astonished daughter of Agenor, but by the Three-Spike headland, and the Long Round, half way to the great Indian Ocean, then head-

* *Legends and Stories of Ireland.* By Samuel Lover, Esq. R.H.A. Second series. London: Baldwin and Craddock, Paternoster Row; and sold by W. F. Wakeman, Dublin. 1834.

ing homeward on his "North-East Coorse," went snorting through the foam of Lusitanian and Biscayan billows, nor stayed his pawing hoofs till their recalcitrations rang on the dry pavement of the high street of Cove—A fierce

fellow, yet not altogether untameable, and answers to the name of Bernardo ; or as his keeper usually calls him BARNEY O'RIERDON, THE NAVIGATOR, but better known at all great cattle shows as the PRINCE OF BULLS.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand sharp and near ;
From out his broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear ;
His neck is massive as the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows, curl'd you see ;
His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night—
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in the fierceness of his might.

This, ladies and gentlemen, and the Kerry Stirk, Little Fairly, are the only animals of the lot that have been before exhibited : all the rest are, as you may perceive for the first time in any boards—Kishogue, the Weaver, Darby Kelleher, the Leprechaun, and the Spanish Boar, which has been permitted the *entrée*, in consideration of his being a Sow ; but the White Horse of the Peppers not proving a Grey Mare, as might have been expected, (and certainly among the bulls the grey mare had been the better horse,) has been denied admittance, and is being walked outside the wicket, while we proceed to adjudge the prize among the black cattle within.

Barney O'Rierdon and Little Fairly have both already received their due meed of public praises, having originally appeared in the pages of our own Magazine, so that they are no longer competitors ; although, were the Commodore a candidate, we think he would push the best of the newcomers for the gold medal. But here is Kishogue, and here is Darby Kelleher, preparing to dispute the palm with the Weaver and the Leprechaun respectively ; while the Boar, that was a Sow, finding itself unmatched in the mellee, takes to its double nature, and disputing in its own person the preeminence of the two genders, stands, as to the general issue, neuter.

Well, then, looking with an impartial eye on the rivals in the field, we must give the preference to Kishogue, as being decidedly the best told story of the sort we have ever met with.

"The curse of Kishogue" we would take as the type of Mr. Lover's *forte*, for in this species of composition none has been so happy—as witness Barney

O'Rierdon, Paddy, the Piper, and, to crown all Pan of Pans, το Παν, THE GRIDIRON—while out of this felicitous province few men of ordinary literary acquirement need fear to enter the lists with him on equal terms : the Leprechaun and the Genius, and the White Horse of the Peppers, by much the least successful efforts in the volume before us, mournfully attest the truth of our assertion.

Still, that province of which Mr. Lover is really the potentate, affords a sway sufficiently eminent and undisputed to satisfy the ambition of one who makes literature a pastime rather than a profession ; and we should suppose that, coupling this distinction of, if you will, a minor potentate in literature with that on all hands accorded to a high proficient in art, Mr. Lover is entitled to possess as much well-merited self-satisfaction as should prevent the unfavourable view we take of his efforts in poetry or legitimate romance from being a cause to him, either prospectively or retrospectively, of disappointment or chagrin. The realm of Cloudland is, indeed, an island of Baratania to Mr. Lover, but in Patland he is *de facto et de jure* potentate of his province, Minotaur of that labyrinth inextricable of fun, whim, subtlety, simplicity, mad mirth, and savage melancholy, called Irish humour. Humour is a word which classically would signify the whole disposition of character : we do not here make use of it in that acceptation. We employ the term in its more usual meaning, as indicating that peculiar kind of grotesque wit for which the lower orders of the Irish have been so long remarkable ; and we draw the distinction, because, in the one sense, humour is

but a part and a minor part of that characteristic genius of which it is the representative in the other. It is of Irish humour in this limited application of the term, that we consider Mr. Lover the master; and we would here almost except the last ingredient of that quality of Irish humour. Melancholy is a sentiment for which Mr. Lover's sympathies possess their least susceptible affinity: had he this sort of sympathy more healthy in its functions, he would not only acquire a racier perception of Irish humour, but rise to a comprehension of Irish genius itself.

As it is, however, nothing of the kind has surpassed, nay, we will say, equalled, some of Mr. Lover's humorous prose pieces; and among the best of these we would be inclined to place the *Curse of Kishogue*. Kishogue, the pride of the seven parishes, is to be hanged for horse-stealing, and being in the cart which is to convey him to the place of execution, stops at the Widow Houlaghan's door, as was the custom, that he might get a drink, to enable him to say something edifying to the people. Instead of calling for the drink, however, "the minit the cart stopped rowlin' he called out, as stout as a ram, 'sind me out Tim Riley here,' says he, 'that he may rise my heart wid the Rakes o' Mallow;' for he was a Mallow man by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse, the tune was not to be had, bekase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch, comin' home from confission." Now, here is the humour of it, and truly humorous it is—"When poor Kishogue heard that he could not have his favourite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he'd hear of no comfort in life; an' he bid them dhrive him an, an' put him out o' pain at wanst." There is an essential difference between the humorous and the ludicrous. We do not laugh here, as we would at a man in a predicament: we feel that Kishogue is in trouble, nay in the depth of despondency, in a state of mind altogether disconsolate and very wretched. Still there is a certain magnanimous and disdainful resignation in his deportment, which scorns the abject impotence of utter despair as much as the temporizing meanness

of mere make-shift expediency. *Auf Caesar out Nullas*, he has said, and since he cannot get the Rakes of Mallow, he will have none of your mulled wine: still, even in his nonentity, he would act as may become one who had once a chance of being Caesar: he will go, like Coriolanus, into exile, with dignity at least, if not with music; so none of your possets for Kishogue. "On take the dhrink any how, aroon," says the Widdy Houlaghan * * * "take the dhrink, Kishogue, my jewel," says she, handin' him up a brave big mug o' mulled wine fit for a lord—but he wouldn't touch it—"Take it out o' my sight," says he, "for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaiaved me, whin I expected to die game, like one o' the Rakes o' Mallow." Kishogue was like a bold gambler who, staking his all on a single throw, loses; and hurrying to drown himself, declines the use of an umbrella offered by the doorkeeper as he leaves the club-house, on a rainy morning. Marcus Curtius, when on the brink of the gulf, would as soon have dismounted to get his horse's off-fore-foot shoe fastened; or Empedocles, on the lip of the crater, stooped to have tied the latchet of his brazen slipper. No; Kishogue had set his heart on dying game; it had been the staple of his courage, the thread of his discourse, the warp and weft of his dreams and meditations; and out of that one idea he had woven himself a tissue of serene strength against all invasions of despondency. But that last glass, which paralysed the quick elbow of Tim Riley, and laid his tuneful head low in the green grip, among the grasshoppers, has, like the morning spindle of Penelope, undone the long vesper labours of his fancy's distaff, and the whole ill-compacted fabric, ravelled and rent from seam to selvage, falls from about his naked helplessness like the drapery of a ghost blown out of its lineaments by a blast of gusty Gaelic on Morvern or Moilena. Alas, our poor Kishogue! the Ossianic controversy gives him little trouble; nor of Macpherson has he heard more than his rant:—

See rantingly, see wantonly,
See dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round
Aneath the gallows tree.

Yet, in his poor judgment, this is heroic measure, and a worthy epitaph ; and the translator of Ossian has, for his name's sake, a friend already in the Rake of Mallow. Alas, our poor Kishogue ! no boy in trouble shall ever fortify his last moments by emulous remembrance of him. John Highlandman hangs high above the pride of the seven parishes. Like Phalerus, too, the Sicilian smith, Kishogue is doomed to expire in a bull—for his death must be abortive, like the births of those who come into the world before their time. *Caret vato sacro*. Tim Riley lies drunk in the ditch, and Kishogue must die without The Rakes of Mallow. Oh for one bar of the prelude—for but one rousing screech of the catgut—one cheering cheep of the rosin on the bow ! There would be the cure, beyond the skill of doctors—the charm that would shoot up his chest like a hill side, and set his leg out on the cart floor before him, so tight that his full stocking would need never a garter : but, alas, the only music Tim Riley will make this day must be with a less artificial instrument ; and even were he up and sober, we fear his fiddle is too much the worse of that last fall to second his harmonious endeavours with any effect—the bridge, indeed, is much dilapidated, and we are inclined to apprehend, from the position of Tim's elbow, that something serious has happened also to the belly. What could

have induced Tim to take her with him to confession ? Had he left her at home, some other hand might have been found to waken her slumbering chords and give Kishogue a chance. But no, it is doomed for Kishogue that he will not die game today ; so “Take it out of my sight,” says he, putting the mug of mulled wine away wid his hand, “and put me out o' pain at wanst,” says he, “for my heart is low, bekase Tim Riley desaved me, when I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow !” Kishogue is hanged accordingly ; but so low are his spirits, on account of Tim Riley's deceiving him, that he has hardly the heart to kick. So much for the humour, now for the moral of our tale. A respite arrives—they cut our poor friend down ; “but it was all over wid Kishogue ; he was as dead as small beer, and as stiff as a crutch. ‘Oh millia murther, millia murther !’ cried out the Widdy Houlaghan, in the crowd ; ‘Oh Kishogue, my darlint, why did you refuse my mull'd wine ? Oh, if you'd stopped wid me to take your dhrup o' dhrink, you'd be alive and merry now !’ So that is the may-nin o' the Curse o' Kishogue ; for you see Kishogue was hanged *for lavin his liquor behind him*.” And the Curse of Kishogue upon the man who will refuse, at parting with Mr. Lover, to drink his health in *Deogh an dorish*.

THE JUG OF PUNCH.

As I was sitting in my room,
One pleasant evening in the month of June,
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And the tune he sung, was a jug o' punch,
Too ra loo ! too ra loo ! too ra loo ! too ra loo !
A jug o' punch ! a jug o' punch !!
The tune he sung, was a jug o' punch.

What more divarshin might a man desire,
Than to be sated by a nate turf fire,
And by his side a purty wench,
And on the table a jug o' punch ?
Toor a loo, &c.

The Muses twelve and Apollio famed,
In *Castilian* pride dhrinks *pernicious** sthrames ;
But I would not grudge them tin times as much,
As long as I had a jug o' punch.
Toor a loo, &c.

* How beautifully are Castaly and Parnassus treated here.

Then the mortal gods dhrinks their necthar wine,
 And they tell me claret is very fine ;
 But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,
 For one jolly pull at a jug o' punch.
 Toor a loo, &c.

The docthor fails with all his art,
 To cure an imprission an the heart ;
 But if life was gone—within an inch—
 What would bring it back like a jug o' punch ?
 Toor a loo, &c.

But when I *am* dead and in my grave,
 No costly tombstone will I crave ;
 But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,
 With a jug o' punch at my head and feet.
 Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, fol lol dhe roll ;
 A jug o' punch ! a jug o' punch !!
 Oh ! more power to your elbow, my jug o' punch !!!

But away with the grinning heartlessness of mere brogue and blunder—away with the sordid pruriency of mere ludicrous associations—let us open our sensibilities to some healthier impulse, some more humane and pious sympathy. Here is a book* of another

stamp. We open it at "The Dream of a Broken Heart." Rich with pathetic sentiment is every page, pregnant with piety, and steeped in the purplest light of love. We again breathe the atmosphere of Tubber Derg—again, in the beautiful language of Beranger,

"Our eyes again have founts of tears to ope,
 Again our heart hath songs of love to sing ;
 Sing then and dance, for Beauty teaches Hope
 To change the conquered winter into spring !
 Spring laughs already in the redder rose,
 The starrier heaven, and the purer day,
 Round our free wings a fresher breeze there blows
 All the sweet loves have not yet flown away !"

But not alone do Spring, and Hope and Love smile on every feature of this charming story ; Piety illumines it with her holiest irradiation, and all the household charities have hallowed it as their own. Yet tenderly and purely beautiful as it is—almost too pure, too tender for the diseased taste of many novel readers—The Dream of a Broken Heart is essentially, intensely Irish. Broad humour is not the characteristic of our people. The Irish character is not that grotesque *ludibrium* which men, incapable of comprehending its true sentiment, would set up, like the far-famed scarecrow of a Roman garden, to frighten from the

desecrated precincts all others but themselves. What though the blight of national calamity has, in some districts, left the Irish peasant, in physical culture, little better than the beast of the field, degenerate in stature, in aspect semi-brutalized—and, even as we write, we see the wanderers of Connaught, ragged, diminutive, and of abortive feature, the mis-creations of hardship and neglect, crowding to the quays, upon their weary way to the English harvest—What though in food and raiment these poor Irishmen be the raggedest remnant of humanity that ever fluttered its fantastic wretchedness in the chill air of contempt,

* Tales of Ireland. By the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Dublin : William Curry, Jun. and Company ; Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1834.

yet there is scarce one among them all in whose breast, naked and sunburnt though it be, his nation's genius has not placed a perennial fountain of affections, deep, pure, and inexhaustible; but, to the superficial anecdotist, secret as the subterranean flow of springs beneath the desert.

Openheartedness is, to a certain extent, nationally characteristic; still they are but the inferior qualities of his nature that the Irishman among strangers has in *propatulo*; his perceptions of the ludicrous, the whimsical and the absurd; his susceptibilities, to some extent, of the gentler and his impulses, in all their fierce sincerity, of the stronger passion, are traits exhibited at large before the world, but a profound depth of feeling, too sacred for the profanation of public sympathy, lies behind these, unseen and unappreciated, except by those whose very appreciation of it in another generally forms portion of a similar reserve of sentiment in themselves.

From none then, save one of themselves—one naturalised, at least, among them by the familiar obligations of rural society—can we expect a genuine portraiture of Irish genius. Come, WILLIAM CARLETON, you have been the playmate of the Irish peasant—playfellow and schoolfellow—comrade in his boyish sports, competitor in his more manly games, antagonist or ally in his serious battles. Yet your hand, it is but honest to state, however well acquainted with the instruments of such occupations, has never plied the implements of labour otherwise than for exercise or amusement. You have known the Irish peasant in all conditions of circumstance, in all developments of sentiment, and whether you would represent him in sport or in anger, stretching himself to the long leap on the green, or striking out, exulting, through the mad strife of contending factions—

whether you would exhibit him in joy or in sorrow, surrounded by bright faces at a happy hearth, or wandering forth, hunger-pinched and heart-broken, to beg his famishing children's bread on the highway—whether you would show him in love or in hate, in sickness or in health, in the fierce ecstasy of sin, or in the hour of death and the dread agonies of late repentance, you have but to recollect your own experiences of his character, and, painting from nature, paint him to the life.

Lively, indeed, and bright in the glowing originality of nature, are all those charming pictures of Irish peasant life which Mr. Carleton has portrayed as well in the collection before us, as in his First and Second Series of Traits and Stories,* five truly delightful volumes, two of which we are glad to see already in a third edition. To Mr. Carleton, the Irish peasant—and when we say the Irish peasant, we include the great mass of the Irish people—is indebted for the only creditable vindication of the national character, as well from the bad eminence of undue pretension, to which it has been sought to be raised by enthusiasts and mountebanks, as from the prostration of that kennel of prurient humours, through which it has been mopped by the chambermaids and scullions of our Irish literature. Mr. Carleton has gone as far, in his single story of 'Tubber Derg, to set the Irish character right with the world, as has been accomplished by any shelf full of books on the same subject before, not excepting the tales of Maria Edgeworth herself. We are enraged when we turn from the perusal of such a story as this, or the Poor Scholar—keys to our nation's character, which might be studied by admiring statesmen—to the nauseous rubbish of that politician, Miss Martineau. What stupid melancholy is this she has contracted, that she must inflict her vapid impertinencies on the poor Irish? Had she not currency and corn laws, bankers

* Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, with Six Etchings and Engravings on Wood. By W. H. Brooke, Esq., A.R.H.A. Third Edition, corrected. Dublin: William Frederick Wakeman, 9, D'Olier-street; Simpkin and Marshall, and Richard Groombridge, London. 1834.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Second Series. In three volumes. Second Edition. Dublin: William Frederick Wakeman; Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1834.

and bakers to economize upon to her vanity's content at home, that she must thus thrust herself into a subject to which she is so ludicrously inadequate here. Are her votive tablets to Mercury in Mark-lane, in the Bank, and in the India House, not sufficient for the unnatural cravings of her unfeminine ambition, that she must thus march in procession at the head of the economists, to suspend her "dank and dripping weeds" in the Irish gallery, beside the apparel of such a man as Mr. Carleton? "Ireland. A Tale by Harriet Martineau." Ireland and the Irish for eighteen pence!—who'll buy? who'll buy? What joint lessee will purchase an exposition of the evils of a tri-partite tenement? What economic latitudinarian will expend his one and sixpence on an illustration of indifferent Popery and Protestantism? What diffident absentee will sport the agio of a small remittance upon a logical justification of his residence in France? What does, what can Miss Martineau know about Ireland? Have we not enough of petticoat politics, and petticoat government, a little nearer home? And yet, this wretched tissue of sophisticated puerilities is one of a series of works which have made Miss Martineau the idol of Whig adoration? Is it for such mawkish trumpery as this that the Whigs of England are proud to have been born in the same age with Harriet Martineau—proud of their country—proud of themselves—proud of their species—proud to think that they may stand in the relation of fathers, or brothers, or husbands, to any individuals of a sex so exalted as that to which Miss Martineau is generally stated to belong? Then, again, all the pleasure they experience in even thus remotely identifying themselves with that admirable young woman is, they confess, dashed with a fond regret, when they consider that, in elucidating all that has hitherto been obscure in principle, in facilitating all that has hitherto been difficult in practice, and, in a word, in accomplishing all that has hitherto been wanting towards the completion of a perfect system of right conduct in every possible state and relation of human society, Miss Martineau has done all that can be needed by the public, and, therefore, has left nothing to be done by them, and others,

whose occupation it had hitherto been to search in vain for those truths which she has, at length, discovered, exhibited, and placed within reach of every member of an enlightened and grateful community. Their occupation is gone; for the illustrations are complete; the Moral of Many Fables is before the world, and whether for particular instruction, or for general principles, the social philosopher can ask no more. The illustrations have indeed been so entitled by an amiable misnomer, a pleasing deprecation of importance, equally characteristic of the modesty of the female, and of the conscious strength of the philosopher. The series should have been called the *Novum Organon Sociale*, or more comprehensively, the *Cyclopoliteia*; for it embraces the whole circle of mundane polity, and that not less generally than specifically, affording, in one precious cabinet, a library of all that is valuable; in fact, correct in principle, and in deduction infallible—happy Ireland! to be the sole subject of one entire *demi-octodecimo*!

But again, away, we say, with the odiousness of comparisons, and let us return to Mr. Carleton's volume, and the Dream of a Broken Heart. This volume is a collection of re-publications; and in the Dream of a Broken Heart, we have an enlarged second edition of the same story, as it first appeared in the pages of a Dublin periodical. But it is indeed a tale that should not be permitted to be forgotten, or consigned unnoticed and unknown, to the shelves or the warehouse of the booksellers. It is in the development of such a tale of the affections as this is, that Mr. Carleton puts forth his highest powers, and it is chiefly for those tales in which such sacred influences predominate, that the Irish character has incurred its moral, we had almost said its national, debt to Mr. Carleton. We will take the Dream of a Broken Heart, then, as the type of Mr. Carleton's *forte*—not that he is not equally superior to others in the lower walks of Irish life and sentiment, but that in the delineation of those higher attributes of our national genius he rises in pious aspiration superior to himself.

Fergus O'Reilly and Eveleen Mac Mahon—and the propriety of nomen-

clature at once fixed the scene upon the southern borders of Ulster, somewhere perhaps about the hills between Monaghan and Cavan, for on the Armagh side, Fergus would have been M'Kenna or O'Neill.—Fergus O'Reilly and Eveleen MacMahon had been constant and affectionate companions from childhood, and their friends, while both were yet children, had already looked upon their marriage as made in heaven. There can be no more delightful writing than the description of the mild, affectionate children's love for one another.

"Like two mild spirits, that can hardly be said to belong to a world so tumultuous and wicked as this, they walked on, hand in hand together. To them life was pure and delightful, as it always is to the virtuous and pure of heart. They saw no storms around them, for their souls were at peace with the world, with themselves, and with each other. Their existence was a radiant calm, like the opening of a bright morning, when all nature is clothed with a sparkling and dewy light, the sky cloudless, the earth green, and the groves vocal with living music."

What doubly enhances the charm of this sweet passage (and in this respect it is a prototype of the whole story) is the consciousness, which forces itself on us with the strength of conviction, that it was never written for effect; for although, throughout, the sentiment is carried home to the heart of the reader with a vivid power of nature so strong as not unfrequently to produce a perfect illusion, yet the verbal vehicle is evidently pressed into the service of the idea from the first words and images that come to hand; a practice which, although it may produce occasional inequalities of style, yet argues a redundant copiousness of such resources, and sends the unimpeded conception straight to its destination, "*dum animus adhuc calet recenti afflatu.*" This is, in truth, the great charm of Mr. Carleton's writings; the sentiments are true to nature, and their expression, while frequently felicitous, and never vulgar, is always simple and efficient. But to return to our young lovers and their innocent affections:—

"There is nothing within the whole compass of existence, within the whole

circle of human enjoyments, equal to the intense charm of love that awakens the heart to its own susceptibilities, before the fulness of manhood darkens, by its stronger passions, the purity of simple affection. There is in first love an ideality which engages the higher faculties of the imagination, and keeps the object of our affection far above the reach of our lower thoughts. Subsequent attachments may be stronger, but it is our first love only that the soul can look back with complacency and delight. It alone is pure; none of the baser motives are connected with it. The heart catches the sentiment from the unstained image of early fancy, and the picture it receives, having been adorned with graces which reality cannot boast, is retained by the imagination which created it, long after the powers of the heart have ceased to retain the sense of feeling."

Ample room we might have here for verbal criticism, but, by whatever means, the idea has been conveyed, and although Moore has clothed a much more perfect metaphor in language elaborately finer—

"Oh, the fairy form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
In memory's waste!"

Yet we feel the pure presence of a new and independent sentiment fresh and fragrant in the heart.

But now comes the dawn of warmer feelings, and Eveleen and Fergus blush in "the bloom of young desire."

"Their relation to each other was immediately changed. They looked back upon their innocent familiarity with wonder. They became timid, bashful, and constrained in their deportment; and although they felt perfectly conscious that each understood the situation of the other's affections, yet neither ventured to touch on what they felt."

Delightful days, and not till now truly delightful! Now has Eveleen's voice a tone which wakens a strange thrill of joyful apprehension in all the calmest recesses of Fergus's breast—

"Its music stirs through him, like wind
through a tree!"

Now has Eveleen's eye mysterious might, and one slow look—slow, yet dwelling but an instant—fills his whole soul with tenderness and delight and diffident wonder; for all the glancing, and flashing, and

importunate gazing of the golden-haired girl's clear open blue eye, had never excited such unaccustomed tumults and alarms before."

"And yet they had not breathed a syllable of love! This, however, mattered little to them. When Fergus touched her hand he thrilled; and when they joined in the dance, they wanted no interpreter to tell them that their hearts burned with a passion which could not be expressed."

But his father takes a distant farm, and Fergus must leave Derrygola, and both their innocent hearts will be broken, unless they can make each other understand their mutual affection before he goes. The scene in the house of the Mac Mahons, where Fergus, after waiting till all the others had made their farewell, still finds himself unable to say a word without betraying what he feels before her family, we reluctantly omit, and hurry on with Eveleen and her sister Nancy, whom their mother has considerably sent to accompany Fergus as far as the ford. Nancy finds an excuse to delay on the road, and

"Fergus and Eveleen advanced a few perches before her, till they found themselves at the ford of the river, across which had been placed a series of stone steps, for the accommodation of foot passengers.

"They then stood, and, as the season was summer, and the moon bright, each could plainly perceive the confusion and embarrassment of the other.

"At length Fergus caught her trembling hand, and found it was not withdrawn. Slight as this little incident was, it deepened his agitation exceedingly.

"'Eveleen,' said he, and as he spoke the trepidation of his voice betrayed the strength of his feeling, 'are you sorry that we are leavin' Derrygola?'

"There was a meaning in his tone and manner that could not be misunderstood.

"Eveleen trembled more and more; her hand was still in his, and he felt her tremors.

"He waited a moment for her reply; but on finding that she gave none, he looked into her face, and perceived that she was in tears.

'Eveleen,' said he, 'you are sorry!'

'I would rather,' said she, 'that you had still staid in Derrygola. You know we wor always together, Fergus, and now——'

"A deep blush overspread her face, but she added nothing more.

'Eveleen,' said Fergus, 'why do you tremble so much?'

'I don't know,' she artlessly replied; 'I found sorrow upon me for this week past.'

'So did I,' returned Fergus, 'and I would almost as soon go into my grave as leave Derrygola. Let me go where I will, Eveleen, my heart is here,' and he placed his hand upon her's as he spoke. 'Blessed saints! Eveleen, how yours is beating!'

"Eveleen, however, was silent.

'Eveleen,' he added, 'I must—ask you—one question before I go—and, if you answer it favourably, I'll be happy. Happy! oh, Eveleen, that's but a poor word for what I'll feel, if you answer it as I wish. Eveleen, do you love me? Speak the truth.'

'I thought—I thought—Fergus, you knew I loved you. I do.'

"She uttered these words in a low whisper, blushing deeply, and still trembling excessively as she spoke.

"Fergus had heard enough; he clasped her in his arms, and, for the first time in his life, he rapturously kissed her lips.

'Fergus, dear,' she murmured, as with a gentle effort she withdrew herself, 'let me home. You know enough now. We'll both be happy, whether we're with one another or not. Good night. Don't forget Eveleen, as I, before God, won't forget you.'"

But what are the fond words of two bashful young creatures telling their old tale of true love, as all true lovers have told it from the beginning of time, what are those general expressions of the universal passion to our particular subject, which is exclusively Irish? Hardly so much in point, we confess, as the courtship of Phelim O'Toole,* who has individualized the amatory principle by a process of hibernicization as truly unique, as comically characteristic; still we can afford to give our cursory tribute of regard to a scene, which, although not particularly

* An inimitable story in the Second Series of the Traits and Stories.

illustrative of Irish character, is still, in whatever language it may be spoken, one of the most touching passages in the great drama of humanity.

The attached and gentle couple are then married with all auspicious promise; and eight years of health and happiness uninterrupted have gladdened their peaceful hearth with three bright-faced little ones, and Eveleen is soon to see a fourth, perhaps dearer than any in the eyes of the expectant mother, when we again join her and Fergus, but with prophetic hearts and ominous forebodings—for, alas, poor Eveleen has not been able, for two months and more, to shake off the sad presentiment of approaching calamity.

The virtuous wife and tender mother must die, and the loving husband and just father must be left alone among his little orphans. Their bereavement is doomed, and Eveleen's clear spirit is already darkened by the shadow of coming death. She sits weeping among her children, for she feels that she is to be but a little longer with them; and the thought of their being left with no maternal eye to anticipate their wants, no tender female hand to execute the kind purposes of a mother's love—the thought, too, of her Fergus's desolate affliction, and the reluctant agonies of a heart torn from the objects of its young and fresh affections, all wring her bosom with inexpressible anguish, and tears, bitter as unaccustomed, fall on the nestling hands of her unconscious babes.

But this burst of passionate sorrow has been elicited by an unhappy effort of Fergus himself, who, hitherto unconscious of the true cause of his wife's late melancholy, has sought to raise her drooping spirits by some harmless banter with a young woman, their friend and neighbour, Peggy Dogherty. "Don't be so hard upon me, Peggy," said he, in answer to some successful sally of her rustic wit.

"Don't be so hard upon me, Peggy: you know you are to be my second wife. *Eveleen here says she's going to leave me a jolly widower.*"

Alas, poor Fergus! little did he think of what was even then passing through the distracted mind of her for whose life he would gladly have laid down his own. Strange, and indeed

almost incomprehensible, was the turn which Eveleen's thoughts had taken; for looking on the decent and comely maiden before her, listening not undelighted to her husband's kindly words, she thought—and at the thought her tears broke out uncontrollably—that when she was away her little orphans could have no kinder heart and no more tender hand to care for their infant helplessness than those of the very girl she had so long known and regarded.

Eveleen made it her dying request that Fergus would marry Peggy Dogherty; and when the pure spirit of the gentle being at length departed, Fergus, after a decent interval, obeyed the solemn injunction.

Few readers will leave Eveleen MacMahon—for by her maiden name has she been most endeared to us—unwept upon her humble bier; but now comes the true and agonizing call for all our pity, grief, and indignation. Peggy O'Reilly turns out a bad wife, a cruel stepmother, a perverse, and tyrannical, and wicked woman.

Now comes the timid misery of the oppressed orphan, and the bitter woe of the distressed father: now also comes the triumph of the **STORYIST OF THE IRISH HEART.**

"It was now that their father's love for the memory of their mother revived in all its power. Many a time has he brought them out with him of a Sunday evening in summer, and seated on a green knoll, with his little melancholy group about him, recounted to them the virtues of their mother. Touching and mournful was their communion; their hearts yearned to the dim image which they remembered of her, and they all, whilst listening to the history of her goodness, wept bitterly together. Fergus would then point out to them the scenes of their youthful life, for the spot where they sat commanded a full view of them all; and he would tell them of their early loves; on such a green they played together; in such a copse they had pulled nuts together, and in such a meadow had he crowned her with flowers. In this way did the poor man attempt to beguile the sorrows of himself and of his children."

* * * *

"One evening, in the beginning of the fourth year, he returned home and found his children grievously disfigured

by marks of severe punishment. He attempted to reason with his wife, but he only drew down upon himself a torrent of insolent abuse, to which he had neither spirits nor inclination to reply. When bed-time arrived, he himself undressed his orphans, and after kissing them, put them to bed, and blessed them earnestly. He was shocked at the cruelty they had on that occasion experienced, and he resolved to put away his wife in the course of the following day. He did not himself go to bed that night until later than usual, and when he did he found his wicked wife asleep. With a shudder of disgust he took his place beside her, and as he was wont, began to think of her whom he had lost. Occasionally too he thought of his younger brother, whose marriage was soon to take place: but, as we have said, his beloved Eveleen was principally the subject of his reflections. Sleep, however, came not to him as usual. He thought too that he felt feverish and indisposed. Restless and pining under his sorrows, he lay awake until nearly half the night was spent, as he knew by the rising of the moon that shone in, coldly and clearly, through the windows. At this moment a singular impression became exceedingly strong upon him; he imagined that Eveleen's spirit was about to present itself to his waking sight. The thought, however, was accompanied by no fear: on the contrary, a sense of gladness, a thousand times more vivid than that which is produced by the appearance of an absent friend in life, pervaded his whole being. Actuated by the belief, he kept his eyes fixed upon the room door, and saw, whether real or imaginary matters not, the figure of his late wife enter the apartment. She proceeded across the room to the bed in which her orphans slept, stooped, and with her former tenderness of manner, adjusted the bed-clothes about them, for they had fallen off, sighed deeply after covering them, and exclaimed, in Irish, with her eyes turned towards him:

‘Ghó wori dhe orth ma pasthiagh vogh?’

‘May God have compassion on you, my dear orphans!’

“Having uttered these words, she stooped again, and kissed them.

‘Eveleen, life of my heart,’ exclaimed Fergus, ‘wont you speak to him that is heart-broken, because you are not with him.’

“She looked upon him with a smile of melancholy affection, approached his bed, and said, in a calm, solemn voice:—

‘Fergus dear. I am not angry with you. You are heart-broken; but you will soon be with me.’

—She then bent over him, kissed him, and walked towards the door. When about to pass out, she turned, and, after again kissing her sleeping orphans, exclaimed—

‘Fergus dear, they have troubled me much; for death itself cannot take out of a mother's heart the love of her children.’

—Having uttered these words, with a meek and sorrowful countenance, she disappeared.

—This occurrence decided Fergus on no longer permitting his wife to act the tyrant over them. The next morning he rose at day-break, and proceeded first to Derrygoia, and afterwards to his father's house. To both families he related what he considered to be the supernatural appearance of Eveleen, disclosing at the same time, the resolution he had made. The story soon spread, and was believed by all who heard it, as well as by Fergus himself, to be a real apparition—alas! it was *only the dream of a broken heart.*”

Let the bad wife die: but permit not her bitter ashes to poison the rest of Eveleen:—yet open, nevertheless, the grave of Eveleen, and lay Fergus once more by her side; for the hot breath of the pestilence has breathed alike on the wicked and the virtuous, and step-dame and father, are both taken from the wretched orphans.

It would be painful to dwell on the desolation of the fatherless and motherless family—

“Young, destitute, and almost broken-hearted, to whom are they to turn, in a world so selfish and unfeeling as this is?—Come forward, thou noble young man! stand out proudly on our canvass, Bartley O'Reilly, who didst sacrifice thy heart's dearest hope to the memory of thy beloved brother and his wife, to the care and comfort of their orphans.”

Bartley O'Reilly is engaged to Ellen Butler; the day is fixed that is to make him the husband of his heart's choice; but the death of Fergus and his wife anticipates the bridal vows, and weds him, to the barren bed of more heroic duty.

“He remembered his brother whose head lay low—his Eveleen, meek and affectionate, both taken away by the mysterious hand of God, from the children

whom they loved. But their orphans! the little helpless brood, left without one single individual on whom they could depend, and in such a world as this!—he pictured them conversing about the hearth in sorrow and in tears: the eldest, herself a child, attempting to act the mother to the rest—he fancied he saw them as the shades of evening fell, getting pale with dread—he saw them asleep in the depth of night, with none to tend to their wants or their sicknesses.”

All the father rushes into his heart, and feeling that the lonely beings are already his children, he will not inflict upon them, a second time, the presence of a step-mother—even though that step-mother should be Ellen Butler herself—or perhaps it was that the generous young man felt his unaided labour—and the labour of his own hands was all he had to bring to the support of either wife or children—inadequate to the maintenance of a double charge; and so he took his resolution on the very day after Fergus’s interment, and calling his family about him, thus apprised them of his pious purpose:

“Fergus and Eveleen’s orphans will never be scattered upon the world while I have health and strength to work for them. From this day out I give up the world for their sakes. It will, I know, be a hard task to me to forget Ellen Butler; but whatever I may suffer myself, I promise in the sight of God, Fergus dear, to become a father to them you have left behind you fatherless—* * * In the name of God, I bid you all farewell; don’t be sorry after me; you know I’ll be always near you. Every Sunday, please God, I an’ the lonely creatures will come to see you. God for ever bless you. Farewell, father—kiss me, mother; but, mother dear, there’s a parting before me that’ll be worse, far worse, than parting even with you—ay, one that will go near to break my heart. However, I know Ellen, an’ if I’m not desaved in her, she’ll be steadfast to the thing that is right, whatever she may suffer by it. I’m goin’ to see her and her friends—from that I’ll go an’ be a father to——” here his voice faltered—nay, he sobbed aloud—“I’ll go an’ be a father to the fatherless creatures that haven’t a hand on this earth but mine to protect and support them.”

Who but the man who on one spon-

taneous impulse could conceive and execute this beautifully affecting passage, can picture the heart-breaking renunciation at Shawn Butler’s? We will not accompany Bartley O’Reilly through that tenderly but afflictively pathetic scene. Alas, poor Ellen! it will be long before she shall again be heard singing sweet *Staghan Varraha!* but she has said to her lost love: “I do not blame you: you have done what is right.” She has been clasped in his last embrace; she has received his last kiss, but the heavy tear which fell upon her cheek at parting is not the last that both will yet shed in many a lonely hour’s mournful remembrance of that scene in Shawn Butler’s garden. “Noble youth!” exclaims Mr. Carleton, borne away by the vivid impulse of his fancy, and addressing this undying creation of his own mind, as he would apostrophise a mortally existent being—“noble youth!—for he was but a youth—how many of the great and wealthy rot under the lying inscriptions of their marble monuments, whilst thy only record of virtue, before which, however, grandeur may shrink, is from the feeble pen of one who is humbler than thyself.”

Here, reverently deprecating all impious application, is the intellectual creator subdued before the creature. What though the same fact occurred in real life—and this we mention merely that the incidents may not be deemed unnatural—Bartley O’Reilly is as legitimately the son of Mr. Carleton’s fancy, as Hamlet is of that of Shakspeare. But our intellectual children are a family over which, from the hour of their birth, we have less control than over the wildest of our human progeny. They start from the brain, if they be legitimately born at all, complete in panoply of unalterable characteristics, independent and indestructible. True, while memory endures, they will come at our call; and we may surround ourselves with sons and daughters of the imagination, from the remotest shelves of forgotten first editions; but the wayward brood are welcomed more as old acquaintances with whom we stand on terms of a respectful friendship, than as beings bound to ourselves by any particular parental or filial obligation. Kean, in King Richard, was more the hunch-

back at heart than Shakspeare at any time after giving birth to his involuntary conception of the royal miscreant. The monster of Frankenstein never started into life bound to more unchangeable endowments, than do the creatures of a healthy imagination; and the hideous components of that dread being, did not grow under the plastic hand of the new Prometheus into a form more startlingly unlike their fleshy limner's, than do the crude images of the fancy assume in their untamed mental configurations. Thus it is that Mr. Carleton could weigh himself in the moral balance even with the child of his own brain, and in the proud humility of true independence confess Bartley O'Reilly the better man.

It is not our purpose to draw a personal sketch of Mr. Carleton; yet this we may, without intrusion on the sacred precincts of private history, state with regard to his own sacrifices and their inducement. It was for a purpose much nobler than that of Bartley O'Reilly, that Mr. Carleton ever left his native valleys, ever bade adieu to the familiar faces of his early friends, or ever gave up those prospects which once promised him a life of quiet ease and dignity, very enviable by some, when compared with the long laborious days and restless nights of a

friendless man of letters struggling to elevate the character of an ungrateful country, by waging war as well against the stupid prejudices of her national contemners, as against the ignorance, and bigotry, and vicious superstition of her sons. It is a noble object, but the sacrifice of ties, strong as the betrothment of lovers, which, if unbroken, would have withheld the indignant vindicator of his people's character from this generous effort for their moral liberation, has been no easy abjurement, no soon forgotten form of a dead ceremony. The Hills of Truagh are still blue in the dim distance of his waking visions; the Glens of Clogher still embosom his fancy's image of the happy homestead; the voice of his mother still murmurs through each scene of peaceful reality; her kind looks still beam from every soft picture of domestic attachment; and many a bitter tear has hallowed the unsubstantial recollections of scenes and feelings, thus touchingly embodied in the following genuine Song of Sorrow, written during one of these hours of neglect and disappointment which have been inflicted on him, like the remembrance of Ellen Butler on Bartley O'Reilly, as the penalty he must pay for that reluctant disenthralment.

A SONG OF SORROW.

By the Author of "*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*"

Why will ye crowd upon me thus, ye visions of the past?
Or, why is this lone heart of mine so mournfully o'ercast?
Why by your mocking beauty is my bruised spirit crossed?
Your fleeting light of happiness but shows me what I've lost!

Ye sunny hills, and mountains dark, and precipices wild—
Ye rivers, on whose margin green I've sported when a child—
Why do my slumbers teem with you, in all your varied forms,
As I have known you long ago in sunshine and in storms?

How light, how full of youth and life was I, your playmate, then!
My heart was fresh, my soul was pure, I had not mix'd with men;
My eye was then unclouded, my brow serene and fair—
I knew no guile, I felt no pain, I feared no future care.

What am I now? Ye parted friends, from me so long estranged,
How is your early idol and his youthful glory changed!
The joy of bright and buoyant years has left his laughing brow,
And grief, and pain, and gloomy thoughts, sit brooding on it now.

The boy you loved, whose favoured haunts you yet with tears survey,
The morning star of all your hopes—of hopes long passed away,—
Is glad to fly from sorrows which he struggles with in vain,
And tries to live his early life and peaceful days again.

Why in my native glens did I pursue these flashing gleams
Of rapid thought and visions high that lit my early dreams?
Why did the bow of youthful hope, so radiant and so free,
Pass like a thought, and leave behind, the cloud and storm to me?

Oh, that these glowing impulses that touched me when I stood,
Wrapped in the charm of twilight gloom or mountain solitude,
Had not been poured upon my heart, nor raised my kindling eye
In rapture to the cloudless blue or tempests of the sky!

Had I, all free and sorrowless among my native hills,
Pour'd strains as rude and artless as the gushing of their rills,
I might have tasted peace at least, nor been the world's poor slave,
For that short fame whose cheerless ray but lights me to my grave.

No—Mr. Carleton's fame is neither short nor cheerless, nor to be interred with the perishable tenement of its creating mind. Long after the strong frame, that is not without its own meed also of athletic renown, shall have turned into the clay of the churchyard, the memory of the Author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* will be cherished by instructed and grateful generations of his countrymen, and this delightful record of our age's peasant life will be read by men who

When they tread the ruined isle,
When rest at length the lord and slave,
Will wondering ask how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave!

Thus far have we written in unaffected admiration of those beautiful tales, in which Mr. Carleton deals with the higher qualities of the Irish heart; we have now to express our regret on account of the many blemishes that deform his coarser sketches. It will not be a sufficient excuse to plead in their vindication, that such passages are true to nature. The pictured beggar affects us with no livelier idea, in consequence of the vermin among his rags. Mr. Carleton's representations of our low peasant life do not operate more effectually on our sympathies by means of too minute touches of squalid verisimilitude. They may be in good keeping, but certainly are in bad taste.

ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION IN IRELAND.

WE are far from thinking with those who deem the state of Ireland to be irretrievably hopeless. We think we can discern a spirit of reaction ascending from the dark abyss into which she has fallen, and we look upon its motions as we do upon the bow of hope in the clouds, as giving promise of brighter scenes and happier hours. There can now be no question of the fact, that men, competent to the task, are beginning to look the true evils of the country in the face, and to denounce, in bold and fearless language, the real sources of all the crime, and misery, and blood, and treason of this unhappy island, so that we now daily find sentiments broached and openly avowed which long lay concealed as it were under the misty veil of ignorance, or indifference, or timidity. The truth is spoken out, the authors of the evil are denounced, the streams of crime are traced to their fountains, and all things promise that ere long the true state of Ireland, with its evils and their remedies, will stand revealed and confessed before the world.

Our object in this paper is to assist this spirit of reaction which is abroad, and which is feeding upon the extended knowledge of the day, and which, though now like the little cloud of the prophet, small as a man's hand, will soon spread widely its borders and shake its shadowy and refreshing wings over the nations. Our desire is to open the inward parts, to raise the veil which hides the *intima penetralia* of the politico-religious state of the country, and to lay them naked and open to the eyes of the world. WE DENOUNCE THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD AS THE COLOSSAL CURSE OF IRELAND. They are the promoters, either immediately or remotely, of all the crimes, and the misery, and the heartburnings, and animosities, and bloodshed, and treasons that darken the face of the land; and as they have made her weep tears of blood till she seems an awful spectre, to fright her sister island from her propriety, we hold it to be the undoubted policy

of England, the British government and the British public, to crush the power and influence of that priesthood, by using every honest effort which God and nature supplies for the total subversion of Popery in Ireland.

In proving that this country *ought* to be proselytised, [that it *can* be proselytised with a facility far greater than is generally imagined, we do know of a surety,] we feel ourselves bound to prove the policy and expediency, in a national point of view, of such proselytism. We are not viewing this subject in its religious bearings at all—we leave that to our theologians—but we desire to handle it as a question of national policy, just as we would discuss Catholic Emancipation, Constitutional Reform, Abolition of Slavery, or any other question in which the principles and general polity of the nation are involved. We would treat this subject in the same way, and we undertake to show that no great good can ever be achieved for this country, unless accompanied with the subversion of Popery, and that owing to the peculiar nature and operation of that system in Ireland, it should be the grand and paramount object of the British government and the British public to effectuate its extermination by every honest and Christian means. We advocate a system of PROSELYTISM on a large and extended scale, supported by the public and patronised by the government; and we do so in order to save these sister islands from separation, and the empire from desolation—to save Ireland from the awful horrors of civil war, in which, as an able statesman has said, the best blood of both countries would be shed—to rescue our population from the degraded and degrading slavery of an Hierocracy—to preserve to the proprietary their present estates by the maintenance of the act of settlement—to save the Protestant population from an exterminating persecution and universal expatriation—to redeem and snatch the Popish population from the burning vulcano, to the very verge

of which their priests have already conducted them : it is for these goodly and most national purposes that we advocate a system of proselytism from Popery on an extended and general scale, well knowing that agrarian disturbances and midnight legislation—general agitation and local insurrection—factionous politics and seditious sermons, can never be effectually suppressed till the whole system of Irish Popery and priestcraft be exterminated from the minds of the people of this island.

We shall point out those peculiarities of Irish Popery which render it the source of the evils of Ireland, and consequently a system opposed to the general prosperity and peace of the empire.

I.—The first peculiarity of Irish Popery is its NATIONALITY. It is identified on the minds of the people, *falsely* but *effectually*, with visions of ancient glory, as an independent nation, and is associated with national hate and vengeance against the invaders of their country, who grasped her possessions and despoiled her independence. This peculiarity, as might be expected, is a most prolific fountain for disaffection towards any connection with England.

There never was a nation on which intestine strife and external conquest rioted more fiercely, or left more deepened traces of their power ; they seem to have walked hand in hand through the island, and to have scattered wrath and ruin in their pathway of blood ;—there was public and private spoliation—there was public and private bloodshed ;—between the wild ferocity of native despots, and the necessary severity of foreign invaders, there was every crime that the gauntleted hand could perpetrate upon a wretched and doomed people. The native chieftains exercised a tyranny that was boundless, and the invaders exercised a power that could not be controlled. All these, however, were the crimes of the *age*, and not of the *country* ; and it is the *age*, and not the *country*, that has to answer for them ; for every conquest, in every region throughout those dark ages, was marked with the same features, and followed by the same train of sorrows and of crimes ; they were truly the crimes of the age, and should be buried in the deepest profound of the waters of oblivion, with

the age that produced them. But, unhappily, the remembrance of these things are still brought to mind by the craftiness of the priesthood, who will not permit them to fade away from the memory of the people ; so that the fall of their ancient chieftains—the vanishing away of ancient imagined glories—the passing away of their *gavel* tenures, which would have supplied every man with that great object of an Irish peasant's ambition, *a bit of land*—the ruin of their ancient temples, and the shorn splendor of their church, are all carefully instilled into their minds, even through the means of their religious catechisms, while their young blood is yet warm in their youthful and generous veins ; and they are thus led, from their earliest childhood, to ascribe all to the power of England, and of Protestantism. That which could remove the sting from the memory of these things is carefully concealed by the subtlety of the priesthood, namely, that these crimes, whatever they were, were perpetrated by *Papists*, and not by *Protestants*. There were then no Protestants in either country ; it was previous, by some centuries, to the Reformation, and it is therefore worse than unfair to lead the people to ascribe to Protestantism the crimes of Popery ; yet this, aye ! *this* is the subtle device of the priesthood imposing on the chaos of ignorance and passion in the minds of the peasantry, and instilling into them, even from the cradle, the most virulent hatred against us : they impute the crimes of that dark age to the spirit of PROTESTANTISM, and the genius of ENGLAND !

The fact should never be allowed to escape our recollection, that *England was a Roman Catholic country at the time of her conquest of Ireland*, and that she held this island within her sway for some centuries before the æra of the Reformation : thus both England and Ireland—both the invader and the invaded—the spoiler and the spoiled, professed one and the same religion of Rome, and that all the heart-burnings, and bitter animosities, and fearful burstings of party spirit—that all the strife, and commotion, and bloodshed—that all the awful massacres and fiendish atrocities that marked the various struggles and insurrections of this country during those centuries, must have sprung

from something different from *religious* partisanship. The fact is, that they sprung from *national* hostility. In those centuries alluded to, the spirit of party and of hate was burning between *England* and *Ireland*; it was between *Englishmen* and *Irishmen*—it was between *the English interest* and *the Irish interest*—it was thus a *national*, and not a *religious* animosity: religion had nothing to do with it, for both parties professed the same communion, and knelt at the same altar: it was altogether a natural animosity on the part of the invaded against the invader—on the part of the *native* against the *Sasenach*.

The talismanic wand of the priesthood, however, soon effected a change in this particular. The land of the invaders abandoned the superstitions of Rome for a purer faith and a holier practice, and *then* this priesthood, subtle and lynx-eyed, perceiving that the fires of national animosity could not burn for ever, and were actually fading away already before the march of improvement, and being anxious to re-kindle those fires, so as still to maintain a national separation from the land of the *Sasenach*, availed themselves of the torches of religious discord, thus adding religious hate to national animosity. *The separation of the Irish from the English has ever been, and still is, the grand object of the priesthood*, though lurking under the various concealments of diverse names and softened appellatives; they feel that the restoration of their church and power to their ancient splendors can be effected only by a positive separation from England, whose power restrains them and whose religion scares them; they therefore labour with a virulence all their own, to alienate the affections and attachments of our population from England, and all connection with her power, her laws, her manners, and her religion; and they lose no opportunity of grafting on the minds of the people, that to English power and the English religion are to be ascribed all the want, and the misery, and the sorrows of our wretched peasantry. They have thus laid hold on the demon of religious discord, and yoked it to their chariot-wheels as with a chain of adamant, and it is thus they traverse and riot through this ill-fated island. It is, unhappily, the very nature of uneducated and uncivilized

humanity that no personal or national wrong—no deep atrocity—no fiendlike crime—no streams of blood—that, in short, nothing whatever will create so marked a line of separation, or light up a torch of discord so bright and lurid, and wasting in its effects, as that which is kindled at the burning shrines and desecrated altars of religious hate. The priests availed themselves of this to accomplish their own ends; they longed to separate, without remedy, the two people, and, like so many fiends, they flung religious discord as an ingredient that would add a power and a sting to all the other dreadful ills that distracted the country, and separated the Irish from the English in this island; they have substituted the name of *Protestant* for that of *English*, and the name of *Catholic* for that of *Irish*; or, rather, have so identified each, by using them as synonymous, that they have effectually succeeded in adding all the bitter ingredients of religious animosity to the national hate that had previously existed. Thus when, like Prospero, they should strive to still the troubled spirits that walk to and fro through the land, they have only called into existence the demon of religious strife, and are hallooing it onwards in its infernal work of separation.

The immediate and natural effect of all this was the identifying, in the minds of the people, *national* and *religious* feelings. This is so fully impregnated into the minds of the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, and is so fully mingled with all their notions, that they think a man cannot be purely *Irish* who is not also *Popish*. The two ideas of nation and religion are inseparably connected in their minds. On the other hand, those of *England* and *Protestantism* are also identified, indeed so closely, that they express the idea of an *Englishman*, and a *Protestant*, and a *stranger*, by the one and the same term—the *SASENACH*.

The result of this supposed nationality of Irish Popery is of a very dangerous character. It is this: it calls forth all the motives of religion—motives of resistless power over an excitable, an imaginative, and a superstitious people; and it summons them to the aid of national pride and national hate, and consequently adds the most powerful motives which impel the mass

of mankind, to awake their energies, to stimulate their exertions, and to excite their desires for a complete separation of Ireland from England—a separation which will give, as they vainly imagine, independence to their country, and splendour to their religion; but which will in truth, accomplish the utter and irretrievable destruction of the British empire. It is this peculiarity of Irish Popery, promising such awful results to our political state, that impels us to demand that every exertion may be made for its extermination from this island. It already threatens all our institutions; and under such softened names as repeal of the union, the right of governing themselves, it has been working its way in high places; and unless some great effort, some great national effort be made by the British government, and the British public, to remove from among us the whole system of Irish Popery, we may expect, and we do expect, that before long it will be amply enabled to accomplish that great object of the priesthood—the *separation of Ireland from the power and influence of England*.

II. Our *second* objection to the Popery of Ireland is **THE POWER which it confers upon the priesthood**—a power, which, lodged in the hands of any irresponsible person, is inconsistent with the well-being of the state, and especially when those persons, like the priests of Ireland, give no pledges to society, and are estranged from England, and whose order alone is their country.

The extraordinary power which these priests have compassed for themselves—for their order—for their own peculiar designs,—a power, extraordinary, not only in its extent, but also in its character, is one of the most colossal evils of this country, and as it gives promise of yet wielding the fierce and untamed spirit of the whole populace at its will, and has a capacity of establishing a pure **HIEROCRACY** among us, it has become the duty of all good government to fling an iron chain over the monster, and either tame or destroy it. The priests have already established *de facto* in every district—in every parish—on every property, an *imperium in imperio*, so that at this moment every thing in the country is becoming pros-

trate at their feet. By their admirable system of union among themselves, and of organization among their followers, they are enabled to set the government—the magistracy—the landlords at defiance, and are beginning to assert their power with an insolence of bearing, and an audacity of purpose that is conceivable only by those who witness it.

The means by which they have obtained this unnatural and dangerous power are easily traced, and it is because we have an intimate knowledge of the working of the system, that we demand with uplifted hands, the prompt interference of the legislature, and the British public, to make some mighty effort for the subversion of Popery in Ireland. The grand master-piece of policy, which these priests have accomplished, is, the flinging an air of religious feeling over every thing. Whether it be a measure of the highest national policy, as repeal of the union, or a mere question of local insignificance, as a turnpike road, it becomes forthwith invested with a religious character—it assumes all the importance and is arrayed in all accompaniments of a great religious question, in which all the religious feelings and prejudices of the populace are to be engaged—no matter how important, or how insignificant the measure itself may be—no matter how remote it may seem to be from partaking of a religious question, still every measure and petty local event receives, from the hands of these priests, the color of religious interest, and becomes the subject of religious discord. It is truly extraordinary, the extent to which this system is carried, so much so, that it not unfrequently occurs, that a landlord cannot distrain a tenant, or a magistrate arrest a felon—a proprietor cannot assert his legal rights, or a public officer vindicate the laws without being prepared for the whole storm of religious feeling and prejudice being excited among the populace against him. We have frequently known the verdict of jurors, and the sentence of the judges of assize, treated by the priests in this way; so that by this subtle artifice, the priesthood is enabled always to command the passions and the powers of the whole populace, and to wield them for their own ends; and unhappily that populace is so steeped in igno-

rance, and prejudice, and superstition, as to be easily led on to regard the most trivial local affair, even though it be the arrest of a whiteboy, or the seizure of an illicit still, as if it were the *bonâ fide* establishment or subversion of the Church of Rome.

We shall illustrate the *modus operandi* of this system by examples—In the question of *repeal of the union*, the nature of which is as unintelligible to the mass of the people, as the revolution of the planets, they are reminded of the ancient power and splendor of their religion, when no Saxon, heretic, or stranger, defiled the sacred “Island of Saints,” by their unholy presence; till England invaded the hallowed soil, and trampled upon the overthrown altars of the ancient faith—that since that period, the Protestant invaders have seized all the property and power of the country, and have caused all the want and misery, and sorrows of the people—that it is their duty to their holy religion, to seek her restoration to her former state, and to separate themselves from the invaders, by compassing the repeal of the union with England, by which they would then be left to themselves, and would have every thing their own way—then all their national antipathies and religious animosities are played upon, and all their passions and prejudices called into action by these harangues of the priests, who have literally preached almost all their sermons on this subject for some time past.—If again, it be a mere local and insignificant affair, as a *landlord distraining, or removing a tenant* for non-payment of rent, the peasantry are carefully reminded by the priests, that there *was* a time when there were other, even Catholic landlords, and that the present possessors were only usurpers, who held by the stronger arm, the property of others; and that if the laws were just, and that if the people would stand by their clergy to make them so, things might be brought round again; and no *Protestant* landlord could have it in his power to remove a poor *Catholic* from his estate, for that all the land belonged of right, to the Catholics originally, and that it might soon be so again!—All this has its effect upon the mass of the people, who have living among them the ruined descendants of the

ancient proprietors, and who anticipate some undefined restoration, by which they will enter on some millennial state, in which neither tithes, nor rent, nor taxes, will be so much as named among them; and such visions have a very powerful influence on their wretched condition, and excitable minds; especially in districts where *almost all the landlords are Protestants and almost all the tenants are Papists*.—It is by means of this kind, this giving the color of religious prejudice to every affair, that the priests have so effectually succeeded in their objects of estranging the people from British connection, and alienating them from the influence of the landlords.

By this talisman of religious discord, the priests have succeeded in yoking to their car, the great mass of ignorance and superstition, and have been enabled thereby to assume, and actually to possess, a factious importance in every district; so that the aristocracy—the magistracy—the landlords, do not possess the same degree of actual *political* power, as is possessed by the priests, who at the same time exert all their influence, to oppose the designs of the government—to cripple the powers of the law, and to baffle the rights of the landlord. All things are thus tending to the utter prostration of everything we prize and love in our common country, at the foot of priestcraft.

Let us just view this subject in reference to the interests of property, and then in reference to the interests of England.

In the *first* place, the hostility of the priests to the present possessors of the property of the country, is almost universal. Whether from a bigoted hate to the religion or descent of the proprietary, or from a jealousy of their natural influence over their tenantry, it is of small value here to determine; but the fact is certain, that the priests omit no possible opportunity of shaking the rights of the landlords in all matters connected with the tenantry, as if it were their desire—and we have no doubt that it is their darling desire—to drive the landed proprietors into absenteeism, *in order that, in the absence of those natural rulers, the priests themselves may reign unrestrained and unrivalled*. Certain it is, they have effected this end to a prodigious extent, and are every day in-

creasing the tide of absenteeism by driving them from a country in which they are liable to be bearded and insulted by every factious priest. Those priests lose no opportunity of litigating every thing with the landlords—delivering furious harangues from the altar against them—applying to them the grossest and most offensive epithets in the language—lowering them in the esteem of the people, and exposing them to the hate and vengeance of the evil-minded—every petty event on the property, and every political event in the country, is alike laid hold on as an opportunity for again striking at the right of property, and they do so with a virulence and perseverance that at least looks like a desire to shake the very titles and security of property. Then the system of agitation by which the whole vicinity is kept in a state of excitement, while speeches and harangues are daily delivered, and little committees are sitting in debate upon all the affairs of the landlord—his servants maltreated—his cattle injured—his property destroyed—perhaps some atrocious slander circulated from the very altar against the honour or character of his family. It is small wonder that, under such circumstances, sick at heart at the ingratitude of his tenantry and the insults of the priests, he leaves this doomed and degraded country, and seeks in the calm and tranquil fields of England, that peace and comfort which is denied him on his own estate, where all his goodly designs are marred by the interference of these consecrated factionists.

Nor is the prospect of this priestly power in reference to British connexion, of a less dangerous character. It is now as plain as the sunshine, that the great body of the Irish priesthood is opposed to British connexion, and is exerting all this enormous power, of which we write, to promote the repeal of the union, and to effectuate a complete separation from English power and English law. There is a combination of national hate and religious hostility among the priests against England.

That they are the very life-blood of all agitation and repeal is plainly revealed to all men; they organize the committees in their various parishes—they deliver the most seditious harangues from their altars—they sanctify

by their participation, and give the colour of religion to, all their factious politics—they name their parliamentary members at their altars, instead of at the hustings—they are personally the most active electioneering agents in both canvassing and bringing in the voters—every booth has its appointed number of priests to influence the voters—they encourage, aye, *encourage*, the most atrocious threats and intimidation—they excite tumult and opposition to the magistracy, the government, and the legislature—they have, in short, become not merely the priesthood of an absurd and antiquated religion, but the standard-bearers of a political faction, whose very essence is *hostility to England*. Now, this power of the priests, and this mode of exerting their influence, feeding as it does, upon the love of party and faction, so peculiar to the character of the lower Irish, is a great promoter of all those agrarian disturbances, and midnight legislation, which have led to those tiger-like atrocities, and that awful aspiration after bloodshed, which makes us blush for the character of our country. It is a power which lives upon agitation, and the evil passions of the people, and as it is displayed in opposition to the laws, and the landlords, and in general, to “the powers that be,” it cannot but awake similar tendencies in the minds of the ignorant peasantry, who think that they too have a right to oppose, and to thwart, and treat with contempt the authority of the laws.

Upon the whole, then, we would observe, respecting this enormous and unnatural power of the priesthood, that it is wholly inconsistent with the true interests of any state, and that it is the truest policy of our government to interfere, and by the subversion of popery, utterly to remove the source which creates so dangerous a power. It is very possible, as some would persuade us, that this influence may have been occasionally exerted for good, but if it is thus capable of being used for the public weal, it has also a capacity of being applied to purposes of a very different character; it is therefore, that we object to a power, which may, so easily and naturally, be exerted for the ruin of the country; it has a capacity for such application, and it is wholly inconsistent with the ultimate well-

being of any state, that any independent and irresponsible body of persons should possess so enormous a power, especially a body, that like the Irish priesthood, can give no pledges by marriage to society, and who recognise the sovereignty of a foreign potentate, and whose order is proverbially their only country, and, above all, who have already so frequently exerted that power to promote their own selfish ends, and to place this country in circumstances of the most imminent danger; they have applied that power to promote political agitation—to oppose the legal collection of tithes—to alienate the tenantry from the influence of their natural protectors, the landlords—to obtain the leading influence at the elections for parliament—to promote to their utmost the repeal of the union—who will be so bold as to say, that it may not yet be applied to promote separation and revolution, like that compassed by the priesthood of Belgium? Truly, that event was a warning voice, speaking as in thunder, the great truth, for which we contend, namely, that it is the policy, the truest and highest policy of England to make some great national effort for the proselytism of Ireland, and so to remove the mass of the populace from the dangerous influence of the priesthood.

III. There is another objection to the continuance of Irish Popery, arising from its EFFECTS upon the mass of the population, degrading them below the common level of humanity, in both a moral and political view. It will be at once conceded to us that the principles of Protestantism, founded as they are, on the assumption of the right of private judgment, must naturally lead to freedom of thought and independence of mind, which cannot fail to display itself in all the civil and political relations of life. It will also be scarcely denied that as Popery necessarily in its own nature, subjects the mind of man to the dominion of his fellow-man, and deprives him of the inherent right of thinking for himself, so by robbing a whole population of the freedom of the mind, it ministers to the slavish debasement of man, both a moral and political view. This is strikingly illustrated in Ireland, where those two opposite systems

are fully developed and their consequences most strikingly displayed.

In this country there is no such thing known among the mass of the Popish population as *private* opinion upon any subject—politics—religion—even the common affairs of life, all things are determined by the judgment of others; and the decision of the priest, or the speech of the village agitator, or the general opinion of “the neighbours,” concludes all difference of judgment—*causa finita est!* The mental faculties of the people, naturally shrewd, are thus in a state of inaction, wholly inert and passive, and as they seldom, if ever, think for themselves, they are ever prepared to receive whatever senseless superstition the priest may propose, and whatever seditious principles the agitators may please to inculcate. Owing to this singular state of mental slavery, or inaction, or whatever else men may please to style this passiveness, in receiving the impressions and opinions of others, it is that any crafty and designing man among the priesthood, or village politicians, can lead the whole population of the neighbourhood into any course of conduct that may suit his particular purposes—whether it be to oppose the collection of tithes, or to prevent a distress for rent, or to resist the removal of a tenant by the landlord, or to oppose the introduction of a new tenant on the estate, or in short to join in any combination for any of those purposes connected with agrarian or political disturbances in this country. This tendency to receive passively the decisions of others, and to be wholly guided by them, places the whole population in the power of the priests and agitators, to be wielded by them as they wish, and to be impressed by them with any principle of superstition—disturbance—disaffection—repeal, or anything else that may suit their purposes.

This mental subjection, which the Popery of Ireland has stamped upon the character of the people, is an evil of great magnitude, by reason of the peculiar state of society, among the lower orders of the rural population. There has of late years been induced a system of forming little clubs or cabals of persons in almost every village;

the members are usually the most discontented—factious—disaffected individuals in the vicinity. There are unhappily in Ireland too many causes leading to individual discontent; some persons feel themselves aggrieved by perhaps a government prosecution—others by being forced to pay the amount of their rent—some again, who claim descent from the original proprietors of the country—others too, who have been known to have had a share in former insurrections—at the same time, there are many who burn with zeal for the exaltation of a church which they now behold in ruins—and others, who, with mistaken notions of patriotism, are fired with the hope of national independence; all those various persons form a large body of malcontents, replete with all the worst elements of disaffection, and those persons do usually compose the cabals which, as we have already said, are forming in almost every village; and when we consider on one hand, the want and misery and extreme wretchedness of the peasantry, and consider on the other hand, their tendency to adopt the opinions and sentiments of every crafty and designing person who may be disposed to lead them, we shall not be surprised at the influence of those little cabals of village agitators upon the general population. Indeed it is to this slavery of the mind we ascribe much of the evil and disaffected tone that pervades the character of our peasantry; they never think for themselves, but, as in religion they submit their judgments, so in politics, whether local or general, they surrender their opinions to the decision of others. By this mental slavery, and by the craftiness of their priests, and these cabals of discontented persons, acting, as we have stated, the social state has been sadly disorganised, and the minds of the peasantry strangely modelled. It is a melancholy fact, that at this moment, *hatred to England—opposition to the authorities—hostility to the landlords*—are deemed the highest VIRTUES among them! He, who excels in these things, and carries them out to the extremest lengths—he, who rails most virulently against England, and evades most frequently the laws, and opposes, most insultingly, the landlords, is the most

popular, and most admired, and most influential, in the vicinity! This code of morals, thus easily grafted on the passive minds of the peasantry, makes giddy the heads of the more daring and adventurous spirits among them, who are thus led, by a factious popularity, into nightly meetings—midnight legislation—agrarian disturbance—burning of property—houghing of cattle—even ferocious cruelty and bloodshed—all which become objects of admiration and applause, and seem invested, in the eyes of the unthinking peasantry, with all the romance of heroism and reckless and noble daring. This state of morals, induced thus by the peculiar action of our Irish Popery, which subjects the mind to receive the impressions of others instead of our own judgments, and which thus makes the mind the mere sport of the designs of every subtle knave, will appear the more melancholy, because the more dangerous, when we recollect the fact, that the actors in those disturbances, and the perpetrators of those outrages, are not the manhood, but the youth—*emphatically, the young blood* of the country. This, which is, unhappily, proved by all the public trials of delinquents, is a very desperate feature in our condition, and displays the principles, and species of morals, which have been inculcated by the *Maynooth* priests upon the rising generation. Truly we have had already ample illustration of those morals. These priests have first chained the mind, and schooled it into an unreflecting and implicit subjection, and they then have stamped upon it their code of morals, of which the only result has been a flood of disaffection—a savage cruelty—a wild atrocity—an awful disregard of life and blood, that seem to be identifying themselves with the national character, and degrading it to a state that levels it with that of the untamed Indian of the forest. Even the Prime Minister of England, all Whig as he is, has been constrained, in speaking on the Coercion Bill, to describe the state of our rural population in the following language:—

“No man,” said Lord Melbourne, “could do any one act—no man could hire a servant, or make the commonest

disposition of his property, or settle a rate of wages, or give out a piece of work, without subjecting himself to annoyances, perhaps to injury, during the day, or to the nightly visits of ruffians, for the purpose of committing some violent outrage. And if any man resorted to the laws for protection, or if he assisted another in resorting to them, he was, probably, pronouncing the sentence of his own death, and, in all probability, would be murdered, perhaps in mid-day, and, as too often happened, if not with the active assistance, at least, through the effect of intimidation, with the silent permission of the surrounding populace."

Such is the degraded state into which the Popery of Ireland is hurrying the mass of our population. It has chained down all the faculties of the mind—it has forced and moulded the mind so as to expose it passively to receive every impression, and then the priests, at the head of their little band of village politicians, wield them, as an inert and mindless mass, to whatever purpose they design. What those purposes are, may be seen by the distinct and substantial statement put forth, officially, in the dispatches of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to the Prime Minister of England, on a late occasion :—

"The spirit of the people," says the Marquess Wellesley, "is, certainly, of a discontented, disorderly, turbulent, character. Secret combinations—concealed organization—intimidation—suppression of all evidence of crime—the ambition of usurping the government—of ruling society by the authority of the common people, and of superseding the law by the decrees of illegal associations."

Such, unhappily, is a true portraiture of the Roman Catholic population in general.

But this is not the only effect of our Irish Popery, which demands the attention of the *Politician*, [for we purposely omit the consideration of this subject in the views of the moralist or philanthropist]. There is a very remarkable result upon the general habits, and morals, and mode of life, that cannot possibly escape observation, contrasted with the result of different principles upon the Protestant portion of the population. It is a fact perfectly well and universally understood

in Ireland, that the general habits, and manners, and even appearance of the Protestants, are as different from those of the Roman Catholics of the same grade, as if they were a distinct and separate race. The Dutch settler, located among the Caffrees of Africa, or the Scotch farmers among the Indians of America, are scarcely more marked and distinct from those aboriginals, than is a Protestant family from the general body of the Popish population around him—their customs, habits, manners, are all different, and at once display the superior tone of feeling, and nobler modes of thinking, which are the result of free and unrestrained Protestant principles. The Protestant of even the lowest order in Ireland, requires decent clothing for himself and family—cultivates cleanliness and order in his house, and in all the habits of his children—takes care that his family shall have the very best education within his means and opportunities—is punctual in all his dealings, and is always exact in paying his rent and taxes; there is, at the same time, a marked decency and neatness about the exterior of his house and little farm, so that he seems always to strive after the respectable, comfortable, and independent appearance and habits of the English yeoman—his highest ambition is to be so! On the other hand, the Roman Catholic peasant is the most philosophically indifferent being on the face of God's creation to everything like cleanliness or decency; he is utterly and incurably careless as to appearances, and would as soon remove a stone out of the wall of the cabin, to serve as a window, and would force a hole through the thatch, to serve as a chimney, as go to the trouble of making such conveniences in a regular and orderly way; he is content to live on mere potatoes—to clothe his little ones in rags—to let them grow up in idleness and vice unrestrained—to share his cabin, and often his very bed, with his pig—and provided he can procure as much potatoes as will sustain animal existence, he will spend the rest of his time in idleness, and his money in drinking; and the misfortune of his condition is, that he is so mixed up with the system that is inveterate in the country, among that whole class

that so long as he continues in the religion of "the neighbours," he must continue in the *habits* of "the neighbours;" he would find it as easy to renounce one as the other. This singular peculiarity of the Roman Catholic peasantry seems to arise, in a great measure, from the prostration of their individual intellects; they are carefully taught from infancy, that the greatest virtue is an act of implicit faith, and that the essence of all religion consists in laying aside the exercise of their own judgment, and submitting all things to the judgment of others. This system has been the great engine employed by the priesthood to chain down the minds of the peasantry, so as to prevent their thinking for themselves on the subject of either religion or politics. The Protestant population, however, who are not under this absurd and mischievous principle, have been rapidly improving, while the others are still in identically the same state as that of "the mere Irish," at the time of the conquest of this country. Now, the result of these two systems is apparent at once, when we look on those districts of Ireland that possess a Protestant population; such districts, well farmed by these steady people, become thriving and respectable—are free from disorder and disturbance—require neither police nor military—demand no legislative interference, and, therefore, present alike to the eye of the philanthropist and the statesman, the object of his noblest desires, a peaceful, happy, and thriving country. The northern districts of Ireland are an interesting illustration of this, as distinguished from those of the south and west. The general appearance of the country, the thriving industry and the quiet and peaceful habits of the population—all, make it the garden of Ireland; and although every other county in Ireland, has been visited with Insurrection Acts, and every other province with the Coercion Bill, and although almost all the military force of the island is garrisoned in the other provinces, still this favoured district has continued exempt from all, and has proved ever peaceful, and prosperous, and loyal, because PROTESTANT.

Now, we do maintain that it is the duty, and highest policy, of all good governments, to bring the state of the

rest of Ireland to a state similar to that of the province of Ulster, and that if the British government and British public desire to see this island prosperous, peaceful, happy—if they desire to remove the very fountains from which flow all the bitter waters of strife, and disturbance, and agrarian insurrection—if they wish to eradicate the evil and vicious habits of the peasantry, so as to make them industrious, and peaceful, and loyal, they must raise them in the scale of moral beings; they must give them the right and power of thinking and judging for themselves; they must free them from the shackles which priestcraft has forged for their minds, they must, in short, dash away, for ever, that unwieldy incubus of Popery which is pressing upon the peasantry, and while it weighs down their mental faculties and levels them with the dust, degrades them to a state little removed from the beasts of the field.

IV. This relative state of the two classes which form our population, leads to the consideration of another fearful evil entailed by our Irish Popery, upon this country. We allude to the virulent and unrelenting spirit of annoyance and persecution which is shown towards the Protestants of the lower orders, and which has led so many thousands of that excellent and loyal class to emigrate to the American world.

On a late occasion we entered, at length, upon the extent and the causes that induced such multitudes of the Protestants of the lower orders to sever all the ties that bound them to home, and kindred, and country, and seek, amidst extensive and trackless forests, for "happy homes and altars free." We shall therefore now only touch on this melancholy emigration so far as it is affected by the spirit of Popery in this country.

Unfortunately, the very virtues of the Protestants of the lower orders, their loyalty and their industry, have proved the sources of their saddest misfortunes, for they have drawn down upon their heads the hatred of the disaffected, and the envy and cupidity of the idle and dissolute. In the first place, those several cabals, or clubs, to which we have already alluded as being generally under the

patronage of the local priest, visit upon the heads of the Protestants, all that hatred and fierce animosity which they bear towards England, towards the laws, towards the landlords, towards religion—all is treasured up, and then poured forth upon those unoffending Protestants, who are the tangible portion of those whom they hate so unrelentingly ; and as this ill-fated and suffering class reside, scattered perhaps “few and far between,” among them, they are ever within their reach, and are in general too few and too feeble to be able to resist with effect. The Roman Catholic peasantry, who are addicted to secret associations, and who combine in midnight legislation, and those nightly and agrarian disturbances which are troubling our political atmosphere, are aware that the Protestants will not only not join them in their outrages and predial insurrections, but will be ever ready to give information, and to cooperate in every possible way with the constituted authorities ; so that the loyalty for which they are remarkable has only the effect of making them marked and obnoxious persons, who must be harassed and persecuted by these disturbers of the peace, who, as they cannot reach the loftier authorities of the country and the laws, to wreak their vengeance on them, proceed to execute it upon that class which unhappily is too much within their power. The same observation precisely is also applicable to them in reference to the landlords ; for, owing to the long-trying and never-failing fidelity of the Protestants to the landlords, and their readiness and alacrity in supporting the influence and asserting the rights of the landlords and property in general, they have become identified with the landlords in the eyes of the Popish population, and are therefore visited with all the unpleasant and bitter feelings which a Popish tenantry bear towards a Protestant proprietary, and which, as connected with the ancient possessors of the soil, they entertain towards those whom they have identified with the modern, and, as they think, usurping proprietary ; and, besides all this, the animosity which crafty and designing men are endeavouring to kindle and fan into a wild and endless flame—the animosity against Protestantism as connected with England—as connected

with the conquest in the eyes of the ignorant peasantry—as the religion of the invaders, is all treasured up to be poured out upon those poor and unhappy Protestants, who, from their scattered state, are ever exposed to their enemies.

The result of this system of persecution upon the minds of the Protestants of the lower orders, is to impress them with a sense of insecurity ; they live in a state of unceasing alarm, and seem to enjoy none of the peace and comfort which arises from a confidence of personal security, they seem to feel that there is no protection or security for either property or life, and though perhaps they may naturally be overtimid, and exaggerate the extent of those persecutions, yet it is certain, that of late years all the sweets of life have been embittered among them ; and the great feeling that more than all else pervades their minds, is a prevailing sense of insecurity ; this state of feeling has operated to an inconceivable extent in promoting their emigration ; for sick at heart at the sufferings they undergo here, and the unceasing torture they experience from an ever-recurring sense of insecurity, they resolve to leave a land of suffering, and sorrow, and persecution ; and hope fondly to find in the forest homes of the American Indian, some peaceful settlement where they can live in tranquillity, and cherish among themselves and their little ones the religious principles of their fathers. Unhappily—most unhappily, even this tendency to fly from persecution, has only encouraged that odious spirit, and added fuel to the flame that was kindled against them ; for often, too often have we known instances where their untiring opponents have availed themselves of that tendency to timidity and emigration to effect their own selfish ends. We have known instances in which some Roman Catholic family has looked with an eye of cupidity on the well-circumstanced, or well-managed farm of his Protestant neighbour, and then has proceeded to take his own steps to force that neighbour to emigrate : notices are posted by right upon his house threatening his life ; his family are insulted or beaten at fairs and markets ; himself injured in his person or property ; his corn

perhaps burned, or his cattle houghed ; till step by step his fears increase, and he becomes impressed with the impossibility of remaining in this country with safety ; he thus resolves to emigrate, and his virulent persecutor obtains the object of his desires by getting possession of the vacated holding. Thus has a system of persecution, begun by the Popish peasantry against the religion of the Protestants, proceeded still further, and, being found available for personal and political purposes as well as religious, it has been exerted to an extent that promises ere long to compel the whole body of Protestants of the lower orders to emigrate. No man can conceive the extent of their sufferings, or the bitterness and sorrow of their feelings—no man can form an adequate conception of the untiring perseverance with which they are annoyed and persecuted—no man can imagine the extent to which the spirit of religious animosity is virulently and unceasingly on the wing to irritate and insult their finest religious feelings, unless those who mingle themselves among the lower orders of Protestants, and learn by personal knowledge the state of their feelings, and the nature of their sufferings : the universe has not more interesting examples of “ suffering, affliction, and patience.”

This state of affairs appears to us inconsistent with the happiness and prosperity of any country ; for no people can be said to be either prosperous or happy, when one portion thus becomes victimized to the ignorance, or superstition, or turbulence of the other ; and it is beyond question the duty of all good government to put an end to such a state of things. This is particularly true with respect to Ireland. When a very large portion of those outrages which darken the face of the land, and require such special legislation on the part of our rulers, can be traced to this very spirit of unwearied persecution on the part of the Roman Catholic peasantry, stimulated by the reiterated harangues of the altar, against the Protestants of the lower orders, much of the external work of persecution might be suppressed by the vigilance of government ; but no vigilance of even an Argus could stifle the system of petty

annoyance and unceasing insult, that embitters the existence of that interesting class to which we allude. There must be an effort made to enlighten the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, and to emancipate them from the odious principles and practices of priestcraft.

The Protestants of the lower orders who are thus the victims of Irish Popery, and are thereby compelled to emigrate in such vast multitudes, are, beyond question, the most valuable portion of the population. The industrious habits that have always been cultivated among them, and the large quantum of useful and practical education and knowledge for which they are remarkable, have enabled them to rise far above the native peasantry in worldly matters : they have become comparatively wealthy, and have therefore become a valuable portion of the state, not only for their industry and their comparative wealth, but also for their consumption of the manufactured produce of the country ; for, although considerably inferior in point of numbers to the Roman Catholic population, of the same grade, yet they, by their industry and their consumption, are of tenfold more value to the state ; they both produce and consume to a far greater extent. Now, when we reflect that it is this industrious and steady and valuable class that is daily suffering under the untiring and persevering persecution of the other, to such an extent as makes them glad to sever all the ties that bind them here, and to seek in other climates a peace and a home that is denied them in their father-land, we shall feel that it is a great political evil which it becomes the wise and good to essay to remedy. Even the mere political economist cannot fail to see the danger of so great an emigration of this industrious and wealthy population as that which is the result of this evil system ; for the chief portion of what may be called the agricultural capital of this country, we mean that amount of capital which circulates among the farmers and the laboring population, and which rears the stock and tills the ground, is in the hands of those very Protestants who are thus forced to emigrate : indeed so great an influence has the emigration of this class already had on many parts of the country, that by the removal of their capital, there has been

a very important injury to the agriculture and farming of the country, and I feel a severe distress upon every man and every lot.

The matter will however still more important in a political point of view, when we further consider that those Protestants who are thus the only victims of an intolerant persecution, it is the subject of annoyance if the day would give it a "recognition" as the most powerful and most potent of our social institutions. They have never yet been allowed to be independent in any of those agricultural disturbances and persecutions, and highly numerous, which characterize the Irish peasantry: but they have ever faithfully identified themselves with the law, and with the government, and with England, and especially with the landlords and all the signs of property. The Protestant population have never forgotten their ancestry, and remembering that their forefathers were of Scotch and English race, they identify themselves with them, and take a becoming and honest pride in their descent, and still holding the same religious principles, and the same language, and the same names, and the same customs, they desire to be fully identified with them, and to be regarded as one and the same nation. It is true, that while the Roman Catholic peasantry exercises the very name of English, and seems hostile to her name, and opposition to her laws, and a desire for separation from her influence to be the highest virtues, the Protestants on the other hand deem it the object of the highest ambition to be identified with her: and loyalty to the British crown and British connection, steady attachment to, and support of the laws and constituted authorities, and an unshaken fidelity to the landlords, are ever deemed the highest virtues among them, and he who most excels in these things, is the most admired and applauded among his fellows; and yet, this, alas! this is the class, this loyal, peaceful, industrious, English-like class, that are the victims of that execrable system of annoyance, and disturbance, and intimidation, that is compelling them to desert their country in search of more peaceful regions and happier climates. The time is fast approaching when England will weep for their loss: they were ever true and

fidelity in her interest, and when the Roman Catholic peasantry has more secured their name of separation from England, and when the Protestant population, which was the right arm of her power in the island, shall have been driven in the present system from our shores, England will discover that the separation of the Protestants was the first and best in the complete separation of these islands.

We cannot dwell longer on these subjects at present, but we cannot conclude without repeating our conviction that there is no peace or happiness for Ireland, and no security for the British empire so long as Popery is the religion of this country. Hitherto it was to a certain extent quiescent, its powers and its art have been concentrated, its leaders, the priesthood, were not fully prepared, but now their plans are ripening fast, and all things are tending to the great consummation of their wishes. *A separation of Ireland from England!* Living as we do in the midst of all the enormous workings of this system, and witnessing its effects upon the ignorant, and superstitious, and mindless peasantry, we feel that there is one and only one mode of preventing the more mass, the numerical mass of population being wielded by the priesthood for their own selfish ends, and that is to lessen their dangerous and unnatural power over the people, by educating, enlightening, proselytizing the people. We have recommended this as a great national work, which it is the highest policy of England to forward by all the means in her power, and we have done so on political considerations. We have purposely omitted all considerations of the question in its religious bearings, and we feel convinced in our inmost souls that unless some such effort be promptly made, we shall soon lose the only opportunity offered of fully identifying the two islands; for we advocate extended proselytism in order to restore peace and tranquillity to this distracted and faction-torn country—to prevent the effusion of the best blood of both islands—to destroy the approaching empire of the priesthood—to maintain the union of these countries, and prevent the dissolution of this noble empire.

FANCY, THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

My Fancy, in high revelries
Were we tonight enroll'd ;
We quaffed in ivory palaces
Red joy from gem and gold,
Among the mighty men of old ;
But let the vision fade,
Another scene would I behold,
For other inmates made.

For that high reverend company
That at the banquet sate,
Old sages, laurelled poets high,
Crowned kings, and captains great ;
Summon me up in sylvan state
Of bow and bugle horn,
Ten archers, each a merry mate
To clink the can till morn.

And for the pillar'd elephant,
Whence the chaste light did fall
Among the rich entanglement
Of the caves of purple pall,
Span me across a dingy hall
Ribbs of the rough-hewn stone,
And broad below from wall to wall
Be the oaken benches strown.

For the sandal wood and cinnamon,
That to their censers fair,
In from the rosy gardens won,
The dewy-languid air,
Do thou on the broad hearth-stone bare,
Toss down the split pine tree,
And let the pitch, with yellow glare,
Our light and perfume be.

And for the bright cup's thrilling chime,
When the quick gem's pulses beat
Stirred up by chorusses sublime
Of voices strong and sweet,
Make thou the oaken board repeat
The clatter of the can,
Of the stout black jack for yeoman meet,
Of the leathern pot of span !

And for the bright and odorous wine,
That on its starry wings
Upbore us in a whirl divine
To joy's supremest springs,
Pour forth, till the cream-heading swings
Over the humming pail,
The liquid brawn of ocean's kings,
Merry England's own brown ale !

Merry England's own brown ale, he hums
As he hangs forth from the brim
The creamy spoil that well becomes
A manly lip, for him
Who, draining dry that prison dim,
The amber king enthrones
In brawny sway o'er soul and limb,
Within his gladden'd bones!

Oh! the vineyard is a goodly sight,
When down its alleys green,
In ribbond bravery bedight,
The vintagers are seen:
The dark light of the coy eye keen,
And the lapsing melody
Of the soft southern tongue, I ween,
Are sweet to hear and see!

And yet a sight as sweet to me,
Our homely yeoman sees;
His own far-waving barley lea,
In autumn's nodding ease,
Up from the river to the trees
Unrolling, ripe and brave,
Its rustling honors to the breeze,
In many a yellow wave.

Comes merry up the voice of song,
From yon blue-eyed reaper band,
Half seen, that seem to bathe among
The fatness of the land—
Oh kind of heart and free of hand,
Ye yeomen reapers hail,
The strength of Mother England,
The boast of Father Ale!

Ye wield the sickle well, blythe hearts,
Yet full as well ye know
To ply the long bow to the smarts
Of dappled buck and doe;
And in the time of need also,
With arrow flights like hail,
Keen rattling on their wings of snow,
To make the foeman quail—
Strength of the land in weal and wo,
Old yeomen archers hail!

S. F.

THE OATH OF BLOOD.

“ It has been said, that at the period of the revolution, there existed in Paris, a club, the ceremony of initiation into which consisted in a rite, of which the drinking of human blood, from a goblet made of a human skull, formed a principal part.”

“ Fuere eâ tempestate qui dicerent Catilinam, oratione habitâ, quum ad jusjurandum populares sceleris sui adigeret, humani corporis sanguinem vino permixtum in pateris circumtulisse; inde quum post execrationem omnes degustavissent, sicuti in solemnibus sacris fieri consuevit, aperuisse consilium suum.”

'Twas when the dull moon's clouded light
Paled on the murky brow of night,
The murderous deed was done.
'Twas when the midnight's breeze's breath
Came chill and damp o'er the haunts of death,
Our orgies were begun.

We tore it from its new made grave,
Where lone and dark the yew-trees wave—
A corpse still fresh we tore—
And far away to a lonely place,
Where mortal none our steps could trace,
It in its shroud we bore.

Mangling the corpse of the stolen dead,
We sat, and cut off the dead man's head,
Beside a mountain stream.
We laid the head on a mossy stone,
And scraped the flesh from the cold cheek bone,
By the midnight moon's pale beam.

From the torn scalp we dragged the hair,
And scraped the scalp till the skull was bare,
And grated 'neath our knife.
From their sockets then the eyes we tore,
While slowly oozed the putrid gore,
The fountain once of life.

A goblet of that skull we made,
When all around with care we'd flayed,
And stripped it of its flesh.
With wine we filled it, choice and good,
'Twas with a murdered traveller's blood,
His life's-blood warm and fresh.

We drank the blood—as it bubbled up
 Purple and rich within that cup,
 Down in the lonely dell ;
 And o'er those emblems loudly laughed
 In wild derision, as we quaffed
 Our sacrament of hell.

And still, as passed the chalice round,
 With solemn oaths ourselves we bound,
 And words of import dire.
 Oh ! still our minds that bond controls,
 That oath is written on our souls,
 In characters of fire.

OSMAN.

LIFE AND OPINIONS OF GREGORY GREEDY, GENT.

"I do not like to see a table ill spread,
 Poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salads,
 Sliced beef, giblets, and pigs petitoes;
 But the substantials ! oh, Sir Giles ! the substantials !
 The state of a fat turkey now !
 The decorum, the grandeur, he marches in with !
 Oh, I declare I do much honour a chine of beef !
 Oh, Lord ! I reverence a loin of veal !"

THUS energetically delivers himself my ancestor, the justice, whose character and principles Massinger has immortalized in his celebrated play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." It is my boast, that I inherit the spirit of that worthy magistrate, unimpaired by the lapse of a couple of centuries. Eating and drinking, but eminently the former, I hold to be the grand end of our existence. In a word, Sir, I am a glutton ; and you may observe that I am but little ashamed to own it, since I impart the secret to you, who have a sad trick of trumpeting once a month into the ear of the public every thing that has been confidentially whispered into your own. I suppose you are too good a Protestant to respect the sanctity of the confession-box. However, Sir, you are at perfect liberty, on the first of next September, or at any other day you please, to announce, from King William's Statue, or from the summit of Nelson's Monument, that Gregory Greedy, Gent., the great-great-great-great-great-grandson of the renowned justice of the same name ; and the ingenious and candid writer of this present article, is a glutton ; or even, if you rejoice in epithets, a heinous, insatiable, prodigious, gross, swinish, and

incorrigible glutton. You may say so, if you like : if gluttony be my shame, all I have to say is, that it is a shame in which I glory. But where is the shame of it, I should like to be told. All men have their gifts ; and gluttony is *my* gift, as eloquence was that of Chatham, or philanthropy of Howard. I was "*born so*," like Mr. Henry—— ; and as no man, nor even Detraction herself, can say, with decency, that I have suffered my talent to sleep, I cannot see, for the life and soul of me, why I have not as good a right to hold up my head and look the world straight in the face, without a blush upon my cheek, as any other "two-legged animal without feathers" in Europe, Asia, Africa, or the world beyond the Atlantic. "Make the most of your abilities, boy !" was my father's last injunction, when he launched me, ten years since, upon the sea of life ; and in one particular at least, I have religiously obeyed him. Having no great mental capacity, I made the most of my bodily ; and by never neglecting an opportunity of improving (that is to say, *cramming*) myself, no matter how often in the day, or in what rapid succession such opportunities offered themselves, it is

at once astonishing and instructive to see to what a state of perfection I have brought my gastric faculties. It is astonishing, because since Heliogabalus, that emperor of eaters, I will make bold to say that the world has never seen a gormandizer of my powers; and it is highly instructive, inasmuch as it *demonstrates* how much may be made of very moderate natural capabilities by dint of patient industry and indomitable perseverance. I well remember the time when I could hardly get through a sixpenny loaf at my breakfast, and *now* I think no great matter of three, with four turkey eggs, and a couple of pounds of beefsteak into the bargain. So truly sings the poet—

Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est."

In the beginning of my career, it is true, I had frequent experience of that disorder which a witty Frenchman calls "the remorse of a guilty stomach;" but I had that within me which made me victorious over all difficulties; three or four fits of dyspepsia did not discourage me, or damp my young ardor; I knew very well that at fifteen one cannot expect to discuss a whole leg of mutton with a quarter of an acre of turnips, without some slight inconvenience; accordingly, I laid it down as a rule—(there is nothing like laying down early in life fixed principles of action, as has been well observed by Bacon)—to add some little thing or other, were it only a pair of ducks, or a quarter of lamb, every day to my allowance, upon the plan of an arithmetical progression; and it is by this process, Sir, simple as it is, that I have made myself, *what I am*. I feel that I should not disgrace myself at the board of a London alderman; and in digestive energy I am ready to enter the lists with any ostrich in the Zoological Gardens.

Some people are carnivorous, others are herbivorous, but for my part I am omnivorous—I was called at home the "save-all;" but I did not long retain that appellation, for they found, before I reached my fifth year, that my way of "saving," like Whig retrenchment, was anything but economy, and that in fact the means of the family could stand it no longer. My mother, however, about this time, had a handsome

legacy left her by a rich relative in the West Indies; and as she (with a fondness I never can be sufficiently grateful for) dedicated the interest of this sum to the indulgence of her darling Greggry in his innocent propensities, I continued to stuff myself at discretion, or if you will, without discretion, as long as I remained under the paternal roof. I was the Hyder Ali of the larder, and the Tamerlane of the dinner-table; I spread desolation wherever I came; and I never passed the butcher's stall, or the baker's shop, but I was covered with caresses and loaded with blessings. With the servants, however, I was no favourite; for I seldom left them so much as the corner of a pie, or the bone of a goose to pick. Indeed I generally consumed everything on the table, except the knives, forks, plates, and dishes; my views were large and comprehensive, and I carried them into execution with a vigour and rapidity, which, had I taken a different path to fame, would have made me a Cromwell or a Cæsar. Those who saw me breakfast supposed that I never meant to dine; and those who saw me dine concluded that I had not eaten a morsel of breakfast. But breakfast and dinner was not all, or even half the doings of the day; there was luncheon and supper too; and even these four meals give you but an incomplete idea of my prowess, for these were only the pitched battles, if I may use the expression, and there were besides *skirmishes* without number. Visitors dropped in occasionally, and then there was cake and wine; or I passed by Mrs. Comfit's shop, and the good woman ran out to express her gratitude for the custom I brought her, by filling my pockets with ginger-bread, and putting an apple-tart into each hand. Again, it would sometimes happen that the store-room door was left open, in which case, you know, it was impossible to avoid having some raspberry jam, or a jar of currant jelly. These and a multitude of like incidents, skirmishes, as I call them, were occurring continually; and though separately but trifles, yet collectively they were not to be despised; nor in justice to myself could I have omitted to mention them.

My voracity, although upon the whole it has been a source of pleasure and satisfaction to me, such as your

puny eaters and nibblers can form no idea of, has in some particulars led to consequences I have regretted. When I first came up to College, my uncle Tom, as good-natured a soul as ever breathed, being ignorant of my celebrity as a trencher-man, gave me a general invitation, couched in the heartiest terms, to his house on Sundays. I availed myself of his kindness three times ; and would you think it?—was there ever any thing so calculated to hurt the feelings of an affectionate nephew?—my dear uncle is at this moment a squatter on the banks of the Mississippi ; and there is an unpleasant impression upon my mind that I, Gregory Greedy, have to answer for the worthy man's expatriation. Yes ! it was the last meal I took at his table that settled him, or rather made him a settler. The very next day, I have since heard, he borrowed Wilmot Horton on Emigration ; and when, upon the fourth revolving Sabbath, after Commons, (for that was an academic duty I never thought myself justified in neglecting, even when invited to dine in town,) I repaired to North Great George's-street—it was there he lived—with more than usual resolution to do justice to his hospitalities, I found bills on the windows, and nobody in the house but an old female domestic, who seemed to be aware that I had been the means of upsetting the establishment, for she looked as sour as a vinegar cruet as she growled from the area her replies to the interrogatories I put to her. This transaction made a deep impression upon my mind, and I recollect perfectly the current of my thoughts upon the occasion. My first reflection was, that it was lucky I had secured a morsel of Commons : I then said to myself, “ what a pity, Greggy ! you did not see that leg of mutton to a conclusion ;” and thirdly, (having sufficiently considered the turn of affairs as affecting the welfare of the Palate-in-ate,) I really felt grieved about my uncle and aunt, particularly as I knew my uncle hated the Yankees from the abysses of his heart ; and my poor aunt had such a horror of the very idea of water-carriage, that she never could be induced to cross the Liffey in a ferry-boat ; she used to say, that the sight of Cooke's Voyages in the bookcase made her sea-sick. You see, my dear Sir, a

good appetite is not incompatible with fine feelings. The Greedys, indeed, had always the name of being tender-hearted people.

Our family was never very distinguished for their scholarship ; and I believe I may say my proficiency in learning was rapid and successful for a Greedy. “ A was an apple-pie,” taught me the elements at a single lesson. My *pot-hooks* used to throw my writing-master into raptures. Mrs. Glass taught me to read without a single application of the birch rod. Geography was just to my taste, for I was continually meeting with Turkey, Tart-ary, the Sandwich Isles, Jamaica, Pick-ardy, Bread-albane, Eton, and many other pleasant-sounding names. Suet-onious and Plato made me fond of the Classical Dictionary. Poly-carp introduced me to theology ; Poisson awakened an inclination for mathematics ; Bacon prevented me from involving myself too deep in Aristotle ; and Chaucer, Pye, Crabbe, and Hogg washed my young lips in the dews of Castalie. I made myself as completely master of the Greek and Roman methods of cookery, as the learned physician in Peregrine Pickle ; and I had cause to congratulate myself upon my industry, for happening, when a candidate for entrance into College, to stumble upon one of Homer's culinary descriptions, I obtained a higher place than any of my school-fellows, which enraged them beyond measure, as they knew Lord Althorp was just as great a statesman as I was a classical scholar. From that time until I wrote myself Junior Sophister, I ate a great deal, but read very little. One of the fellows, a wag, said he never met any body who read so little, and yet digested so much as I did. However, I opened Brinkley's Astronomy, and got a new impetus in the paths of study. In turning over the pages one day to beguile a heavy hour before dinner, my eye was caught by the expression “ gridiron-pendulum !” Ho, ho ! quoth Gregory Greedy, where there is a gridiron there is probably something like a chop, or a cutlet. Starting accordingly, with this expectation, I actually gained by a mere blunder, a very respectable knowledge of the mechanism of the heavens. I became an astronomer by mistake. To be sure, I

was highly incensed at the end of my labours, to find no allusion whatever to the only kind of gridiron worth a farthing. There was a great deal about Taurus, but not a word about good ox-beef. The "first point of Aries" was mentioned often, but the "*point*" I wanted to come to was boiled lamb and spinach. It is a maxim with the Greedys not to attack the patriarch of the flock, until they have first consumed his descendants; so I cared not the centesimal of a barley-corn about all the points of Aries put together; I was very near letting the professor know my mind on the subject one day that he lectured so long on the battle-axe of the fixed stars, and the refractory properties of the atmosphere, that by means of Dr. Brinkley I was on the brink of losing my Commons. There is but the difference of one letter between astronomy and gastronomy; but how immeasurably in true dignity (*always inseparable from usefulness,*) does the latter transcend the former! What is an observatory compared to a kitchen? or the great circle at Dunkirk—Dunsink I mean—about which they make so much rout, to a simple frying-pan or griddle? Faith, Sir, I am no foe to science; but I had rather have one cook than all the star-gazers and comet-hunters in Europe. Talk of Laplace in the same breath with Dr. Kitchener! The milky way is a sublime thing, no doubt, but I am carnal enough, I own, to prefer a bowl of whipt cream. Talk of Gemini or Pisces!—Give me a pair of barn-door fowl, or a dish of fresh Dublin bay herrings, and I will make you a present of all the delicacies in the zodiac. Just refer the question to Herschel, Pond, or Hamilton:—I am content to abide by the authority of astronomers themselves. All I ask is, that they may be consulted *about five, or between five and six o'clock in the day*. At that hour I should like to put the question to one of these eminent professors, which is the nobler employment, ransacking the firmament for a comet, or rummaging a pie for a wood-cock—I should like to ask them whether the perfection of the kitchen-range is not just then, even in their exalted and etherial contemplations, a matter of more moment than the delicate construction of a chronometer or sextant?

My dear sir, it is truly wondrous to observe how popular the principles of the Greedy family grow about dinner-time. There is more witchery in that hour than in midnight. We, the Greedys, are held in all possible scorn until the clock strikes five, or six, or seven, or whatever may be the family hour for celebrating the rites of the belly-god; we are called a multitude of filthy names, and are compared to swine and other obscene animals; in short, *before dinner* one would think that the whole world was agreed upon the indecency and brutality of eating and drinking. All is refinement, abstemiousness, downright self-denial—the Greedy-philosophy will not be listened to. In vain we demand with the founder of our school—

"Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and
flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?"

In vain we exclaim with the same high authority—

"Oh foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence!"

Before dinner this is all in vain: everybody is for hermit's fare until "the tocsin of the soul," as Byron well calls it, sounds, and then mark the revolution of opinion! All of a sudden the Greedy-philosophy comes into vogue. No more blaspheming of Comus!—no more ridicule or abuse of your humble servant, or his principles or practices! The astronomer comes down from his sublime speculations, deserts the meridian for a merry thought, and would sell Orion for an omlet—the civilian forgets the pandects, and betakes himself to pancakes—the poet descends from Parnassus, and thinks no elevation so noble as the peak of a venison pasty—the politician thinks more of a capon than the commonwealth—the conchologist prefers the fish to the shell—the florist prizes a cauliflower above all the flowers in the garden—the lover has been known, in the charms of Anne-Chovy, to lose all remembrance of Anne, his mistress—and the critic, whom, but a few moments before, nought could please but a play of Shakspeare, or a stanza

of Spenser, begins to entertain an opinion *which I have maintained at all hours, and all through life*, to wit, that the noblest lines in the language are—

Little Jacky Horner,
Sate in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumbs,
And pulled out the plums,
And cried, what a fine boy am I.

This, Sir, *I call poetry*, although it is to be found neither in Campbell's Specimens, or Percy's Reliques. It has all the requisites of poetry. "*In a corner*"—mark that expression, see how much it conveys! Young Mr. Horner was *alone*; he not only possessed a Christmas pie, but he possessed it *without a rival*; he owned it with a sole dominion. He was no co-partner with a plaguy crew of brothers and sisters, all putting in their thumbs, too, and battling every inch of it—the ravenous, sensual, little miscreants! No, he was "*alone in his glory*," like Sir John Moore, and might have exclaimed with Alexander Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

Then observe the line—" *And pulled out the plums.*" How delicious the picture. Our lips water as we read; nay, we almost fancy ourselves, like the pigmy knight in the novel, in the very entrails of the pie, rioting in sweets and drowning in syrup. Oh, what an euthanasia! may such be the death of the Greedys!

Do not, however, mistake me for an epicure. I hate and despise epicures. They are a branch of the Nibbler family; and, time out of mind, they have been the scorn of our house. A pack of peddling, pecking, paltry coxcombs; they are the very Whigs of the dinner-table. There is no solidity, manliness, or honest ambition about them. While an Apicius, or Darteneuf, drivels at the gentleman's bone, a Greedy would dispose of the whole haunch of mutton. "The substantials! the substantials!" as our great progenitor used to say. We are for the solid, massy, honest, magnanimous, cookery of Old England. France, Sir, we denounce, with all her revolutionary kick-shaws. A Greedy dine upon the hind-legs of frogs. Give him a chine of a mammoth, or the leg and wing

and part of the breast of a roe, and he will show you what it is to dine! "The substantials! oh, Sir Giles, the substantials!" If ever I shall have leisure enough from the grand business of life to turn author, I shall trace all the vices, moral and political, of the French people to the levity of their *cuisine*. This is the true account of their republican and atheistical tendencies. The Greedys, Sir, are no incendiaries, although they love a broil; they are fond of no revolutions but those of the spit; and they are determined foes of the present piece of patch-work, hight an administration, albeit the name of the premier disposed them at first to support it. We perceive, Sir, in the Whigs a dogged resolution to keep all the good things to themselves, and not so much as to throw the famished nation a bone. They are too greedy even for the Greedy family. To eat up a whole country—to swallow a constitution at a single meal—is, believe me, as disgusting a piece of gluttony in our eyes as it can possibly be in yours. This is, in truth, the "*Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus.*" Of myself it may be said, in the words of another poet,

"Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate sua ;"

which, for the gratification of the unlatined sex, may thus be vernacularized:

"At dinner, Gregory Greedy was sublime,
The most experienced eater of his time."

But hark! I hear the dinner-bell! It is nearly a quarter of an hour since I last lunched. Excuse me, Sir! Really if you had Solomon's wisdom, illuminated with Curran's wit, at this crisis I could not enjoy your company a moment longer. What's for dinner, John? John! what's for dinner?

Editor: One word, Mr. Greedy!

Mr. Greedy: Business, Sir, business: I am on business.

Editor: I have a point to mention of some moment.

Mr. Greedy: It will keep, Sir; it will keep. John, I say, what's for dinner?

Editor: I shall take it as a favor.

Mr. Greedy: Sir, you ought to know better. Editor comes from *edo*, and *edo* is to eat.

Editor: It has other meanings, Mr. Greedy!

Mr. Greedy: None, Sir, worth a farthing.

THE GREAT PROTESTANT MEETING.

HISTORY records a law of the ancient Lacædemonian legislature, by which every person of full age was obliged to belong to some party in the state. Without expressing any opinion upon the wisdom of the compulsory patriotism of the Grecian republic, we may safely venture to assert that there are times when circumstances and duty imperatively enforce the practical observance of such a rule; that there may be a crisis in the political concerns of a nation when no man can indulge his indolent desire for the peacefulness of private retirement, without a plain and positive dereliction of public duty. Assault may be carried on so far that it becomes treason not to join in the defence; there is a point in the progress of revolution, at which every man must make up his mind to take one side or other, when the friends of order may adopt as their motto—"he that is not with us is against us," when neutrality is a crime, and even moderation is a fault, because the energies—the active—the uncompromising energies of all the friends of order, are required to prevent its subversion. When the struggle is plainly and undisguisedly between the evil and the good; the man whose principles would lead him to support what is right, if he withholds his assistance from the righteous cause, is virtually subtracting so much from the power of that cause, and is giving so much of negative, but not, therefore, the less injurious assistance to the other. He is worse than the most violent partizan of wrong, because he adds to the guilt of assisting what is wrong, the baseness of abandoning what is right. Truth must look on him not merely as an enemy, but a traitor. "He knows what is right but he does it not."

These are not days for soft words, or for the concealment of honest and manly opinion, and accordingly we have little hesitation in translating into broad, intelligible language, the import of the few observations with which we have commenced. The

events of the last few years have been such as to force upon every man the consciousness that in the few next the fate of England will be decided. There may have been former periods of political excitement, when the passions of the people were roused into unnatural agitation, and the quiet of the country disturbed, and the healthy functions of the constitution interfered with. But all these disturbances have been temporary in their duration and transient in their effects; they have been the storms that swept harmless over the face of society, left no trace of their ravages behind; but far otherwise is the case in these days of political convulsion; the constitution itself is the stake that is at hazard, the religion and the liberties of Britain are assailed—every principle that has hitherto guided the councils of the nation, is set at nought—every sanction of the national religion is disregarded—infidelity has openly shown itself as the ally and the pioneer of anarchy, and in trampling on all the maxims, and all the institutions of our social faith, is going far towards breaking up all the restraints of social order. The question now is, whether we shall continue as we have been, a nation united in the sacred compact of citizenship, with Christianity as the bond of our union; or be resolved and separated into the broken fragments of a people without either a religion to control, or a government to restrain; and we say that the man who contents himself with a mere tacit acquiescence in the principles of truth; who permits his theoretical attachment to the constitution to slumber in operative inaction, and does not give his every energy to its support—be his professions of philanthropy, or sanctity, what they may—is virtually indifferent alike to the sanctions of religion and the calls of patriotism, and is, at heart, not merely a rebel to his country, but a traitor to his God.

We express ourselves thus plainly and strongly, not merely because we

have accustomed ourselves to an awkward habit of calling things and persons by their right names—a habit that is certainly inconvenient in days when, in most instances, these names are anything but complimentary. We cannot indeed, upon any occasion, tame down the expression of our honest feelings to the measured terms of polite discretion; but in the present case we feel that it is necessary to speak out. Protestants do not appear sufficiently sensible of the moral guilt and the moral turpitude of inaction: in politics they seem unaccountably to leave out sins of omission from their catalogue of offences, and forget that the leaving undone the things which we ought to have done, is scarcely second in enormity to the doing the things which we ought not to have done. And yet the end of all moral obligation is no less the enjoining of certain duties than the forbidding of certain crimes; and we forfeit our allegiance to truth no less by the neglect of the one than by the commission of the other. But if there be one duty more than another which is plainly binding upon us in our capacity of citizens, it is to endeavour, at all hazards and at any cost, to preserve to succeeding generations the blessings we ourselves enjoy—blessings which God, who is the author of all society, has given us in trust for them—and this is a trust which we cannot decline, and which, therefore, if we neglect we violate. The time has now come when it is only by active and strenuous exertions that this trust can be discharged; and if we shrink from these exertions—no matter under what specious epithets we palliate our conduct to others—no matter by what plausible excuses we justify it to ourselves—we are guilty of a base and unworthy dereliction of a duty which our Creator has enjoined upon us; and the stern language of truth can apply to our neglect no softer epithets than cowardice and crime.

The Protestants of Ireland have commenced a great and, we believe, a decisive movement. Those who have been long assailed, have at length put themselves in an attitude of defence—the men upon whom war has been made for years, have at length seemed to feel that hostilities are going on;

and even in the eleventh hour, when our liberties are all but lost, and our cause is all but hopeless, a vigorous and determined stand has been made against that tyranny which, under the specious name of liberality, is trampling on the rights and privileges which our fathers purchased with their blood. We repeat, that this movement is decisive of our fate; if it be successful—and successful it must be, if it be not the fault of the Protestants themselves—the victory is gained, and the country is saved: if, on the contrary, the apathy, the indolence, or the cowardice of Protestants neutralize this last effort of their more honest and more determined brethren—if the few be now left unsupported to sustain the cause of the many—then all hope of ever organizing a Protestant party is at an end—and it will in future be little short of madness in any one to expose himself to the fury of revolution by attempting the task of staying its progress—it would be a self-sacrifice, without either an object or a hope.

The meeting at the Mansion-house was a noble and a cheering beginning of this effort. We may safely say that never was there so much of the intellect, the rank, and the property of the country represented in any public meeting. Never did so resolute, and at the same time so Christian a spirit pervade an assembly, and never do we remember to have witnessed such gratifying demonstrations of attachment to the principles of truth. But while we feel the moral influence which this great meeting must have already produced upon the feelings of the country—while we know that its proceedings must have their weight, even with our enemies, we yet feel, with Lord Roden, that did it terminate merely in the brilliant and eloquent speeches which swayed as one man the minds of the multitude that was assembled, or in the printed report of those speeches which has conveyed the sentiments of the speakers throughout the empire, it would, after all, be but a splendid failure. It is as the first of a series of efforts that we look on it as the most important meeting that ever was convened; and if we do not altogether mistake the character of those who have nobly come forward to give direction to those efforts, we may

safely venture to predict that they will be worthy of our sacred cause, and that unless Protestants, by the most inexcusable indolence, prove themselves, both to God and man, unworthy of the blessings they enjoy, that cause will be triumphant, and Protestants will be yet permitted the undisturbed exercises of their religion, and left to retain those privileges the preservation of which has been so often and so solemnly guaranteed to them.

We know that many weak, but well meaning, persons object to any attempt to rouse the Protestant population of the North, by the instrumentality of public meetings, because, forsooth, it savours too much of Protestant agitation. Every honest prejudice we respect, and every honest objection we would labour to remove; but the generality of mankind are far too easily imposed upon by names. If by agitation be meant that selfish and unprincipled excitement of the passions of the mob, which has no other end or aim than the personal aggrandizement of the agitator. If, by agitation, be meant that reckless setting of the lower orders against the higher, that has gone far towards breaking up all the relations of society—that wicked inculcation of disobedience to the laws which has desolated Ireland with blood, and caused the theoretical lesson of the day to be put in practice in the midnight assassination—then we say God forbid that ever our cause should be desecrated by such unholy means; but if on the other hand men choose to fasten on us the name of agitators, because we endeavour to oppose misrule, and to bring forth the peaceable and constitutional expression of public opinion, because we call on those whose rights are assailed to resist aggression—on those whose properties are threatened, to protest against spoliation—then we say that we are not to be frightened from our duty by a name. We would look on the man as a fool who would quietly suffer himself to be robbed, lest resistance might gain for him the epithet of brawler—and we certainly will not permit our rights to be taken away without a struggle, because our enemies may give to our efforts to retain them, the name of agitation.

We believe that public opinion is

decidedly conservative—we are persuaded that could the honest and unbiassed sentiments of each member of the community be ascertained—there would be found an immense majority in the cause of order. But unfortunately the destructives are the most clamorous and noisy portion of the community—and it is this very circumstance that has given to them the appearance of having public opinion in their favour. And this advantage, which is no trifling one, they knew well how to turn to account. Most men are, in their opinions, the creatures of circumstances; all of us influenced more or less by the political atmosphere in which we breathe. While the conservative party neglect to take some efficient means to contradict the notion that the mass of the people are opposed to them—they throw into the ranks of their enemies all the waverers and paralyse the efforts of their friends. There are in every community a number of persons who are influenced by public opinion, or what they believe to be public opinion—and every demonstration of national feeling on either side of the question, tells powerfully upon this large, and therefore, under our present system of government, this influential class. It is thus that public opinion in its expression may be said to reproduce and multiply itself—and it is precisely by acting on this principle, that the radicals have succeeded; they have taken every opportunity of putting themselves forward as the national party, and as the advocates of the cause of the people; and the falsehood was uncontradicted until it was believed—and men whose every predilection, and all whose convictions were in favour of the constitution, began to fancy themselves radical, simply because they heard that radicalism was the national party. General opinion does not depend so much upon general conviction, as is frequently supposed; if it did, it would not be so proverbially fluctuating and unsteady. To any one who has taken any trouble to find out the true state of feeling among the lower and middling orders, it is well known that many are enthusiastically attached to radicalism who do not know what it is, and who, while they express the most vehement regard for its principles in general, would yet be found,

on examination, to dissent from them in detail.* But it is with nations as with individuals. Let a man be told by all who meet him, that he is falling into ill-health, and most probably the prediction will work out its own fulfilment. The enemies of the constitution have played off their tricks upon the political hypochondriasm of the nation, and told the people that they were Radicals until they became so.

It is time for the Conservatives to provide an organ of expression for that strong feeling in their favour which prevails, and thus check the progress of that moral madness which is destroying the energies of Britain. It is now necessary to restore a sound state of public feeling, by teaching the people to be regulated not by their passions but by their judgment. We must now endeavour to place before their minds the true principles of our constitution, so as to force them to make a deliberate selection between these principles and the opposite, and when this selection is fairly put to them, we have very little doubt as to the result. But there is need of every energy, and every power which the Conservative party have at their command—this may appear inconsistent with our declaration, that the feeling of the country is in our favour; but surely we need not repeat the trite observation as to the advantage which the assailing party, almost invariably possess. Hatred to an institution, is an active principle—attachment to it, is a passive feeling of the mind—excitement is the essence and the soul of radicalism—but a high and enlightened love for the institutions of the country, is but too often combined with an aversion, or at least a disinclination, to active political exertion; men who have long looked upon their social system, as a blessing to be enjoyed, and not a sub-

ject for endless contention and strife, begin to feel as if they were asked to depart from their principles, when they are called on to exert themselves in its defence—and though this feeling be not directly avowed to their own minds, yet it exercises an influence no less powerful. Against all these difficulties we feel that we have to contend—against the energy of our opponents, and the want of it among our friends—but we are persuaded that by active, and judicious exertions, all those religious and therefore Conservative feelings, which are now scattered over the surface of society, cheering and beautifying all the relations of life, may be concentrated into powerful, and indeed we may say omnipotent, political force. The same rays of light which scattered their radiance through the atmosphere, when concentrated by the burning glass of the Sicilian philosopher, became powerful to consume the navies of the invading foe.

We could say much more upon the necessity of exertion on the part of the Protestants, but we feel that we should apologise to our readers for having thus long detained them from the immediate consideration of the great meeting upon which we write.—The speeches delivered at that meeting, are long since before the Protestants of the empire; and we are sure that the honest and manly expression of opinion which was called forth—the powerful reasonings and the splendid eloquence which marked the truly important proceedings of that memorable day, have had their weight and their effect with our brethren upon both sides of the channel. But we are sure that we will not enter upon a task, the performance of which can be unacceptable to our readers, if we bring before their view a short retrospect of some of the most remarkable circumstances

* We remember to have been peculiarly struck by the declaration of the editor of the *Standard*, that he had made it his business to converse with the operatives who joined in the great procession to Lord Melbourne, in May last, and that he never heard more real conservative sentiments than those uttered by this body of Radicals.

We can also state, upon sufficient authority, that in the Cumberland election, consequent upon the celebrated reform dissolution, while the farmers were flocking to the poll, shouting for the King and the Reform Bill, many of them expressed to an individual of our acquaintance the greatest indignation at the bare supposition that every ruffianly ten-pound householder should have a vote; but nothing could persuade them that this was a provision of the reform bill.

connected with it. Many of the statements that were made are too important to be trusted to the perishable columns of a newspaper report : and while it is very far from our intention to attempt an analysis of the speeches that were delivered, and while we are conscious that, did we do so, neither our space nor our ability would permit us to do justice to the speakers, there are yet some remarks upon which we may venture, without incurring the charge of unnecessary repetition—some individuals whom we may particularise, without appearing to institute any partial or invidious distinctions.

The presence of Lord Winchelsea was, unquestionably, one of the most gratifying circumstances connected with this meeting. It is to our English brethren that we must look in the hour of danger and distress—it is to their cooperation and support that we must be indebted for the peaceable enjoyment of our blessings—without this we could not hope to retain even our liberties without the force of arms—and while even for that last dread resource the Protestants of Ireland would, at the call of duty, be prepared—while they are ready, if the progress of social disorganization should place them in such a position, to exercise that indefeasible right which God and nature have conferred on them—the right of self-preservation—we do not believe that there is a single Protestant in Ireland who would not rather owe his security and his freedom to the constitutional exertions of his English brethren, aided by his own, than to the extra-constitutional triumphs of an outraged and indignant people. The Earl of Winchelsea we may safely regard as the representative of all that is good and constitutional in the aristocracy of England, and the appearance of this Christian nobleman, to stand by us at a time when it is but too much the fashion to forsake and misrepresent us, is an earnest, to our minds, that our cause is not altogether desperate—that those who love their religion in England, will not view with indifference its persecution and extinction in Ireland—that those Englishmen who love their Bibles, will not yet permit the Romish priesthood to make of ours a pile for the immolation of Irish Protestantism ; and if, even in the

worst of times, God gives to his people an earnest that he has not altogether forsaken them, we may see this earnest to ourselves in the consolatory assurance that worth and piety made conspicuous, although not ennobled by exalted station, are enthusiastically engaged in our cause.

Of Lord Winchelsea himself, we will not speak as our own feelings would dictate, or as his character and conduct would deserve. The time of danger is not the season for panegyric, and yet if even in the hottest of the fight, the cheer of the engaged battalions is sometimes sent along the lines to encourage the bravery of their comrades, we may perhaps be excused, if we tell his lordship, that while all his former character commanded our respect, his conduct upon this occasion, has deepened respect into veneration, and kindled attachment into love. The enthusiasm with which he was hailed by the multitude assembled to receive him at the Mansion-house, extends itself to the bosom of every Protestant in the land ; and we are sure, that Lord Winchelsea will not feel that we are taking from his merits when we say, that highly as we venerate him, as the consistent advocate of national Christianity, and the consistent Christian in his private acts—as the fearless supporter of sound principle, and the most perfect example of its blessed effects—as the man across whose whole life, no slander of enmity or malice, has ever thrown the suspicion of a discreditable act—we yet venerate him still more, when we look on him in connection with one whom we know better, and whom he closely resembles—a nobleman, in whom we have seen all that is amiable in private, expanded into all that is estimable in public life. Lord Winchelsea will pardon us when we say, that the title by which he finds his surest way to the hearts of Irish Protestants, is the one which perhaps is the highest that could be conferred on him. Our hearts warm, and our associations of all that we have been taught to love awake towards the man on whom truth confers the ennobling epithet of **THE ENGLISH RODEN.**

From the speeches which were delivered at the meeting, we can have little difficulty in selecting three as pe-

cularly deserving of attention; we mean those delivered by the Reverend Messrs. Martin, O'Sullivan, and Boy-ton,—speeches, which together contain a mass of argumentative eloquence, and of sound political knowledge, such as probably was never presented before at any meeting to the public. In selecting these three, we do not by any means wish to depreciate the merit of the other addresses which were delivered by the noblemen, and gentlemen, who took a share in the proceedings; but these speeches were distinguished even among them all, by the clearness of their reasonings, the loftiness of their conceptions, and the dignity and beauty of their composition. And while, did our space permit, we would gladly dwell on the soul-stirring appeals of Lords Winchelsea and Roden, or the fervid and impassioned addresses of Mr. Hamilton, and the Reverend M. Beresford, we feel that we will more advance the cause we have at heart, by calling attention to speeches which contain, if we may so speak, a treasury of argument and information, and to which we may safely refer the doubting for conviction, and the most established for weapons to refute the adversaries of our cause.

Mr. Martin's speech at the Brunswick meeting in the year 1829, has not yet been forgotten by our readers; did we wish to claim for the Reverend Gentleman the merit of political sagacity, we could take many passages from that eloquent and memorable speech; and comparing them with the progress of events since, show how exactly and literally his predictions have been fulfilled. But, except as the errors of the past may teach us wisdom for the future, or the fulfilment of former prophecies gain credit for our present vaticinations, retrospect is comparatively useless, and is better suited for the peaceful hour of contemplation, than for the season of action and excitement. On the present occasion the reverend gentleman went into a long and luminous statement of the nature of the influence which Popery possesses, and proved, by the acknowledged practice and discipline of the Romish church, that all her institutions have but the one single object—of establishing a universal empire of ecclesiastical tyranny, and trampling "God's fair world" under

the feet of a despotic pontiff. We feel that this argument is so interwoven with itself, that no extract could do it justice, although we know that we have, in the statements of the reverend gentleman, materials of which we do not hesitate to say, that we shall frequently avail ourselves; but the following passage speaks so forcibly on the dangers of the odious commission, that we need no apology for laying it before our readers:—

"What is the principle or business of this commission? Merely a rule-of-three operation upon property and numbers, in which, they will, however, find some difficulty, *as no Protestant is bound to answer their questions.* They are empowered to administer oaths, but not to extort evidence on oath; to ascertain surplus revenues—that is, what the House of Commons should, in every successive year, call surplus revenues, (hear,) in order every year to confiscate each successive surplus, and apply it, as Lord Lansdowne says, 'to kindred purposes;' or, as Lord Grey says, to 'the exigencies of the state;' or, Lord Morpeth, to 'spiritual edification;' or Lord John Russell, to 'moral education'—or education from which the Bible is excluded (hear); and Lord Brougham, to 'education and charities connected with the establishment,' only not giving one farthing for a Catholic establishment. So well has the noble lord been taught his 'no Popery' lesson—(hear)—but all agreeing with Mr. O'Connell, that the property of the church is to be left to the disposal of parliament in its wisdom and discretion; or that the parliament should decree, like the French national assembly, 'that the church, and the charities, and the education of the country, were all under the safeguard of the national honour' (cheers). What other consequences may follow from this commission (which has, perhaps, originated with a confessor in the castle of Dublin, (hear, hear,) and which but two steps may have conveyed from him to the British cabinet,) it is hard to say (hear, hear). For if it propose the premium of withdrawing the heretic clergyman, wherever but a certain number are found within his parish, there will be, in many parishes, an instant bounty on the expulsion of the clergyman by violence or intimidation; and in many others, a new motive for ribbonmen, rockites, or whitefeet, to dislodge the Protestant tenantry, by the well-known

arts of threatening notices, of waylaying by night and insulting by day."

The following is also a forcible exposition of the necessity of vigorous and continuous exertions, and contains a lesson which, we trust, will not be lost upon the Protestants of Ireland :—

"This meeting proves that we have your sympathies and good feelings—we now want your actions and contributions. The king himself has told us what is our duty. Let us not, my lord, expect too much from a single exertion or a single meeting. The Catholic Association existed above two hundred years ago, and but lately produced its effect. We shall not wait so long, (a laugh,) but still perseverance is necessary. We have still, probably, a year and a half before us. The Lords will next year again, as they have so gloriously done on this, reject a ministerial robbery, and within that time the English people may be instructed. But whatever remoter steps may seem expedient, my lord, every individual should now do his own part, and not unjustly shift to others all the labour, trouble and expense; and then, though we should fail, it will be through the fault of others, and we shall all have done our duty. (Loud and long-continued cheering.)"

These remarks are worthy of a Christian minister, and we trust that they will be duly appreciated by the Protestant public of both countries. The old Conservative Society has already revived its meetings, and will, we are sure, again be a powerful engine of good; but while we cordially give our assent to the re-establishment of that invaluable institution—while we bear our willing and our disinterested testimony to the good that it formerly achieved—and while we express our full and our unshaken confidence in the benefits that will result from its revival—we yet feel it our duty to caution the Protestants of Ireland against being too aristocratic in their movements: for our own parts, we look upon the Orange institution as the most powerful means of associating together Protestants of all ranks in a holy brotherhood of resistance to Popery and infidelity; and we believe that much of the prejudices that did unquestionably exist against this ancient and, we will say, venerable body, are rapidly passing away; Orangeism is essentially

a Christian and religious institution, and its foundation is good-will towards all mankind. Misrepresentations may have affixed upon it slanders the most false, and induced many to entertain very false and unfounded notions of its nature and its object. But the adhesion of such men as Lords Roden and Winchelsea—men whose souls would, like our own, revolt from anything that forbids us to remember the lesson of universal charity, even towards those who differ most widely from our religious faith, will, we are sure, place the matter in its true light; and while we can call these noblemen our brothers, we dare the most malignant of our enemies to say that an Orangeman may not love his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen with an affection as sincere, and certainly as disinterested, as that of those who make a traffic of their sympathies and trade upon their prejudices—who use them as the tools of their ambition or the servants of their avarice—who wring from them the hard-earned pittance that their children need, and give them nothing but fair words in return—who agitate their passions until they goad their madness into crime, and for their own unprincipled and selfish objects, bring their dupes and their victims to the gibbet or the hulk, the sufferers for that transgression which the agitator had inculcated, to pay the penalty of that law which the agitator had told them to despise.

Mr. O'Sullivan's reputation as an orator and a divine, is too well established for him to require eulogy from us, but we may safely venture to assert that in his effort upon this occasion he surpassed himself. Those who were not present at the meeting, can form, from the printed report, but a very faint notion of the grandeur of the oral eloquence of the orator, and words can scarcely convey an idea of the effect which he produced. There are some speeches whose full effect is not produced until they are read, while there are others which can only be appreciated by being heard. Mr. O'Sullivan's was of this latter class; flowing from his own heart, it found its way to the hearts of all those who heard him; and, for honest and enthusiastic appeals to the best feelings of our hearts—for grand invective—and

withering scorn of that infamous conciliation which has divided Ireland into two great parties, and recorded their differences in characters of blood, it is unparalleled in the annals of modern eloquence. What could be more beautifully touching, and yet more simply true than his description of the administration of the Right Honourable Charles Grant?

“The Right Honourable Charles Grant was a secretary here, and tried the experiment of philosophical sway over our fiery populace. What was his success? He conciliated the country into insurrection—an insurrection which extended its outrages up to the suburbs of the metropolis. He held out, in his forbearance, encouragement to crime; and, to make compensation for the crippled gait at which his justice had proceeded, he assented to, or acknowledged the necessity of suspending the constitution, and subjected the rural population to the rigors of a more than ordinarily severe tribunal. I remember well the days and nights of his government, and of the rigid rule by which it was succeeded. I remember when the last business of the night, before retiring to repose, within a guarded and garrisoned town, was to ascend to the house-tops and count, over the unprotected lands, the flames in which, it might be, slumbering families were consumed—and to listen, as fancy created, for the shrieks of perishing victims. I remember, too, when shrieks, more terrific than fancy ever heard, arose round the tribunals where the doom of sudden and lifelong separation was pronounced—and around the gibbets, where conciliation suspended its sacrifices, and I can in all sincerity declare, that I do not know whether I abhorred the connivance of the supine secretary more on account of the atrocities it encouraged, or for the terrible retribution it rendered necessary (cheers.)”

This is true—fearfully, terribly true. While agitation is permitted to trample upon law—while the government suffer intimidation to proceed—and while they sacrifice the peace of the country at the shrine of the monster Conciliation, our rulers are answerable to heaven not merely for the blood that is spilled by the lawless hand of the violence they practically encourage, but for that which is shed by retributive justice, in punishment for crimes

that firmness might have prevented, and not severity avenged.

Need we remind our readers of the base truckling of the ministry to O’Connell?—Need we recall to their recollection, that the man whom they made the object of their sovereign’s invective, at the commencement of the session, they made their guide and their confidential counsellor throughout that session. After alluding to the terms of the King’s speech, almost indecorously particularizing an individual, Mr. O’Sullivan thus proceeds:—

“Whatever doubt the King’s speech may have left on this subject, the Chancellor’s—the keeper of the King’s conscience—dissipated, in that memorable invective against personal and political mendicancy, unacquainted with a sense of shame or honour, in which the judge invoked the shade of his favoured poet to bear testimony against the unparalleled, because the boastful baseness, of modern beggary (cheers). I pass no judgment on a proceeding like this; whether it was prudent, or dignified, or just, I do not pause to enquire. I merely say that if there be consistency in ministerial measures, the text of the King’s speech is explained by the comment of the Chancellor, and we may regard the opening of the session of parliament as rendered memorable by the denunciation of an individual. But, surely, the odor of gain, however acquired, is good. Few months elapse before mendicancy has lost its disrelish. The change from the grub to the butterfly is not attended by more remarkable consequences. The beggar of the Chancellor’s vernal invective is to be found the patriot of the Chancellor’s summer eulogy. His bags have become wings—he has cast the slough of an ignoble condition—he has soared up into the sunny region of ministerial favor—he is an object of courtly competition, and in the eagerness to make him a cabinet prize, all friendships are forgotten, and decorums disregarded; and Stanley, and Richmond, and Ripon, and Graham, and Grey, are shouldered out and trodden down in the mad chase which hoar and bearded juveniles urge after the gorgeous creature which—

Leads them on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour (cheers).

But we must be serious. The denounced of the King’s speech becomes the caressed of the King’s ministers—the confidante of

their secret cares—the fashioner of their political contrivances, and in the face of the country and the world, their unyielding and unceremonious dictator (cheers)."

This splendid passage suggests a very appropriate epithet for the extraordinary collection of moral and political phenomena that constitute his Majesty's government. They have been, to do them justice, very liberally dealt with as to names. They have been called by all parties "The Incapables;" they have been somewhat unceremoniously denominated "The Grab Administration"—but to enumerate all the titles which their unhappy propensities have attached to them would be impossible; Mr. O'Sullivan has been happy in naming them "The Cabinet of Curiosities;" and certainly never did cabinet in a museum present a more rare or unique collection of extraordinary productions, than the curious specimens of human nature which are contained in the political Cabinet of Curiosities—it needed but the O'Connell butterfly to make the collection complete.

Mr. Boyton's speech was one of the most able and most important declarations of political opinion that has ever been delivered in any assembly. We have not space for much comment, and praise may be silent, where panegyric is superfluous. There are, however, passages in this speech in which there is condensed into a few sentences more of political wisdom and political argument than has frequently been spread out over the pages of long and elaborate volumes. The clergy of Ireland should feel themselves under deep obligations to his powerful and unanswerable refutation of the idle slander that it is from interested motives that they resist the spoliatory measures of the Whigs:—

"As a minister of the church establishment, and as a proprietor of tithes, he for a moment would speak. In resistance to present measures—in the protest against the proceedings of his majesty's government, no people in the community were, personally, so little interested as the clergy of the established church. Happen what might, no matter to what party they had to look, every one admitted—even Mr. O'Connell himself allowed the necessity of the principle—

that their incomes were to be preserved to them for their lives. It was likely they could make as good terms as the Jamaica planters; and did they consider personal ease, and the plenitude of their own purses merely, their course were obvious—to submit peaceably to his majesty's government—to succumb to the measures of education and church government propounded by the ministers—to sacrifice the rights which belonged to their successors—to betray the interests of the lay church, of which they were the trustees, and thus, for their own lives, to secure their own (hear and cheers); but that time would never come (great cheering)."

Yes! the clergy of Ireland are, at this moment, resisting every inducement of worldly wealth, and every temptation of worldly aggrandizement, and doing so for the sake of that principle which they believe to be eternal truth. They are submitting to privations and distresses, such as no other class in the community have felt, because they will not basely sell the rights of their religion and the privileges of their flocks—because they will not, like the Jewish priest, take the bread of life from the altar of their God, and purchase with the rights of generations yet unborn a temporary ease and temporary security for themselves. What bitter sarcasm there is in the allusion to the West India planters! The measure of emancipation is the law, and it is now needless to allude to it; but can it be forgotten, that while the government press is threatening the clergy with starvation, twenty millions have been voted by a reformed House of Commons to carry into effect the speculations of the theorists. It is sometimes useful to recur to the acts of men who professed a special regard for economy. If this sum be granted for objects of national benevolence or national honor, we do not object to its appropriation—for loaded as she is with debt, and staggering as she is under the weight of unprecedented fiscal burdens, England can yet afford to be generous and just—but if it be thrown into that same gulf of wild speculation that bids fair to swallow all the glory and all the happiness of Britain—and all this that our commerce may be risked and our colonies be endangered—that

the scenes of St. Domingo and Hispaniola be repeated in Tobago and Trinidad, and Jamaica and Antigua be desolated with blood, then we do protest against this prodigal, and therefore profligate, expenditure of the public money, and say with one of old, "We will not buy repentance at so dear a rate."

But a truce to the consideration of what is past. Let Protestants peruse the following parallel drawn between the present government and the government of James, and then estimate the value of the protestations made by our rulers of attachment to the church:—

"James the Second came, as he told us in his proclamation, with a determined purpose to support the religion, and the property, and the rights of Irish Protestants (great cheering). But what were his contemporaneous acts? To modify his constituencies so as to send his own creatures to the House of Commons—to call up by writ to the House of Lords the eldest sons of peers, so as, to use the words of the historian, not to swamp the peerage and yet to fill the house (hear)—to invade the privileges of the corporations, through the agency of the Roman Catholic priesthood—to induce an anti-tithe agitation, so as, to the established clergy, to render impossible its collection (cheers); to force Dissenters upon the University (continued cheering)—to decline filling the vacant bishoprics as they fell—to modify the jury laws—to assail the independence of the judges (cheers)—to create, for the first time, lord lieutenants of the Irish counties, and to fill the offices with an inferior class, because they were his own creatures (cheers)—to issue an ecclesiastical commission—to suppress the Protestant militia, the Protestant yeomanry of the day—and, lastly, to number the Protestant population of Ireland (loud cheering for some time)."

"*Mirror quorum facta imiteris eorum exitum non perhorrescere.*" God grant that the contests which are so exactly similar in their progress, may not falsify the parallel in their termination. Our gracious King is on our side, and "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" of another William may be handed down to posterity as that of the second deliverer of Protestantism.

But let us hear Mr. Boyton as to the system of government pursued towards Ireland.

"There is no government of Ireland or for Ireland. Ireland is considered only so far as it furnishes a price or a pretext to English parties. Irish questions, with English parties, are a weapon to assail an adversary, or a means to remunerate an auxiliary; but a government with a view to the real interests of the country, the security of property and life, the civilization, the improvement and support of the population, Ireland has none (great cheering)."

These few words contain an abstract of the conduct of all the British governments towards Ireland. This country has never yet been governed with reference to a principle. Expediency is the guide of this conduct, but expediency not measured in reference to the interests or the necessities of Ireland, but to the convenience of a parliamentary manœuvre or a cabinet intrigue. Witness the conduct of the ministry on the coercion bill, when we find that the success or the failure of a measure involving the preservation of order, and the liberties of seven millions of Irishmen was decided by the indiscretion of an underling of the cabinet. Ireland is employed but as the pretext for party, and Irish affairs are regulated by its convenience. The lottery of party manœuvres decides our chances of good government, or the contrary, and the political gamblers, as they wait with indifference the turning of the wheel, look round at once on the Roman Catholic and the Protestant and say, "Slave, *we* have set *thy* life upon a cast, and thou must stand the hazard of the throw."

To what a state must the government have reduced the country, when in a meeting comprised of those who have the largest stake in the tranquillity of this island, such advice as the following was enthusiastically cheered:

"The landed proprietors are now together, and they should open their eyes and see the state of this country, and that it is far advanced in the progress of most extensive revolution, to which the acts of the government have made them, and do make them, cooperating parties. The proprietors ought naturally to have an ascendancy in whatever state of things is

about to ensue; self comes in, and commands them; they have much to lose—(hear, hear)—and it is my serious advice that they should turn at once to the subject—that they should weigh well the state of things—that they should calculate the probabilities how far the persistence of the government in their present mad measures, their submission to Irish revolutionists and traitors, is likely to consummate the end to which they are fast hastening (hear, and loud cheers). If a revolution is to ensue, self naturally suggests, that it is a wiser choice to be its leaders than its victims (continued cheers); and that since, with all their efforts, their exertions controlled, their representations disregarded, they have been unable to stay, it may be wise to endeavour to direct the current of revolution (loud cheers)."

Mr. Boyton made very strong and just observations upon the tenure of absentee property, and the conduct of its holders. The confiscation of that property has been avowed as a favorite object of the revolutionary leaders; and a tax upon that property is a measure that is now advocated by many of all parties. This fact it is idle to deny and useless to disguise; and that the absentees are the cause of all the misery and distress which aggravates in Ireland, all the dangers of popular license, and all the mischief of popular disaffection, there is no one apart from the economists who is absurd enough to deny. But how far it is consistent with justice, or how far it is even practicable to remedy the evil by the imposition of a tax, becomes a question of another and a very different nature. But this much is evident, that the feeling of detestation against the holders of this property is every day getting stronger among all classes; and it is time for those who are drawing rents from this country to spend them in others, to join in the defensive side of that war which is now going on between property and no property—between affluence and want. The only thing that saves their possessions from the imposition of a tax almost amounting to confiscation, is the strong feeling that prevails with regard to the inviolability of property. Let this feeling be interfered with in the case of the church—let the minds of men be familiarized to the notion that property may be dealt

with according to the exigencies of the state, and we tell them that nothing can save their rent-rolls; they are popular with no party: there are precedents for interfering with their estates. Let Mr. Boyton speak for himself:

"It is said, indeed, the clergy are unpopular; that I totally deny: but will their greatest opponents pretend to say they are half so much the subjects of unpopularity as the absentee landlords? Does the Catholic love them? Ask the tenants of Lord Courtenay and Lord Lansdowne (cheers). Have they the sympathies of the Protestant? The Protestant will reply to you, who carried the Catholic bill? Who have been the authors and abettors of every measure of Protestant infliction? The fact is, the greatest enemies the Protestant interest ever had, have been found among the absentee proprietors of Ireland (hear, hear, and cheers).
* * * * *

The absentees always lent the great weight of their parliamentary influence to forward these projects; and they would resort to any pretext, adopt any remedy, rather than the true one; they were themselves the cause of the evil—the real source of all the disturbances. The few residents left behind, who, in fact, were the garrison that kept their property; whom they left to be shot at from behind wall and hedge, or to be burnt in their habitations, were the constant subjects of their reviling; they were bigots, and fanatics, and Orangemen, and jobbers upon grand juries, and corrupt magistrates (hear, hear, and great cheering), and were so held up before the English public, and you had accordingly new bills for juries, new schemes for the abolition altogether of the existence of religion with education, and an obnoxious Chancellor set over the magistrates, and contumelious investigation into the conduct of gentlemen, upon the application of the lowest and worst people in society, to which the paid functionaries of the police would scarcely submit; and, in fact, the whole order of society subverted (loud cheers)."

In this eloquent passage there is contained an important truth. Absenteeism reproduces itself, but reproduces itself through a tremendous concatenation of misery and crime; and year after year is the country lashed through the still increasing circle of absenteeism and want—and want and insurrection—and insurrection and ab-

senteelism. Of absenteeism, as of misery, the worst is the moral evil it produces ; and those who go abroad from their estates—by promoting disaffection, render the country unsafe for the resident gentry, and thus actually compel others to swell their ranks. We repeat, that if the church property is interfered with, then is destroyed the only safe principle that can stand between the estates of the absentees and the just indignation of an impoverished and insulted country. And this principle once gone, every Irish heart will find an argument for the tax, when he looks upon the blight and desolation of his country, overshadowed by this Upas tree of absenteeism, that drains away the riches of our soil, and rains upon us, but poisons in return.

“ But church property is a trust property, granted for a purpose, and held under a condition. Though he might fairly say all property is a trust property (hear), he would confine himself to this property, and say it was specially a trust property, granted for the special end of the improvement and security of the country ; and if honourable gentlemen and noble lords would refer to the title deeds of their estates, they would find that it was held, too, under conditions ; in all cases a condition of residence ; in some, as in the grants of the First James, with a reservation that they should pay the tithes to the established clergy, and most on the expressed compact, that these estates were to be filled by a good Protestant tenantry (loud and vehement cheers from some). He would ask are those conditions fulfilled ? (continued cheers.) Have they secured the tenth of these gifts of the crown to the clergy of the church—or have they fostered and influenced the conspiracy against these lawful proprietors outside the walls of parliament, and been active supporters of not less nefarious plunder going forward within ? (great cheering.) Have they colonised their estates with Protestants ; or do they, on the contrary, create the pressure by which the deep, and wide, and rapid current of Protestant emigration is forced in a jet from every out-port in the land ? (reiterated cheering.) And, lastly, do they reside ? ”

We repeat, that it is time for those against whose properties reasons so cogent may be advanced, to watch narrowly the slightest approach to an inter-

ference with the security of that which is much more sacred than their own.

We remember, that in the Conservative Society, Mr. Boyton went at more length into this subject, and proved to a demonstration, by numerical calculation, that while the exports of Ireland were increasing, her imports have been diminishing. That this is the result of the increase of absenteeism, there is no one to deny ; and that it is the strongest proof of the declining comforts of the population—that the state of the Irish peasantry must soon force itself on the attention of the most abandoned government, and the most reckless legislature—and that something must be done to relieve a suffering and a starving people, we tell the British nation. They must not be seduced into the belief that we are prosperous ; we are not : it will not do for the Secretary of the Treasury to prove to us by figures that we are a flourishing nation : while the fact remains unanswered and unanswerable, that the exports of Ireland are increasing, and her imports decreasing, at least the imports of the luxuries of life, it is evident that the comforts of her inhabitants are diminished, and it is equally evident that absenteeism is the cause.

But this very fact has been adduced elsewhere as a proof of our prosperity—we know not whether with a view to add insult to injury, and complete the degradation of our beggary by mocking our starvation. The returns of Ireland's increasing exports have been pompously appealed to ; and we have been told that the industry of Irishmen is increasing. Cruel and insulting mockery ! hollow and audacious falsehood ! No ! the industry of Irishmen is not increasing, but their toils are multiplied. Industry and toil are very different things : we toil for others, we are industrious for ourselves. Industry implies the cheerfulness of willing labour, sweetened by the anticipation of dividing our gains with those we love ; but it is not industry to work by compulsion for the benefit of others. The slave at the galley is not industrious ; the convict at the treadmill is not industrious : their labour is the labour of compulsion. You do not make a people more industrious by increasing the difficulty of their earning their bread. The Israelitish bondsmen were not made more indus-

trious when they were compelled by their taskmasters to make bricks without straw.

We know that our party have been charged with indifference to the wants and distresses of the lower orders, and the slander has been carefully and industriously circulated by those who find patriotism profitable, and therefore are anxious to retain an exclusive monopoly of the commodity. But our attachment to the British constitution is founded on the conviction, that all the principles and all the maxims of that constitution have a direct tendency to secure the liberties and to promote the happiness of the humbler classes of society: and with honest indignation do we, on our own part and the part of those with whom we act, fling back upon our maligners the charge of being sunk to that grade of political selfishness and political demoralization at which man is divested of the first attribute of humanity, and steels his heart to the sufferings and distresses of his brother man. We mourn over the sufferings of our countrymen—sufferings that are incalculably aggravated by the reckless and unprincipled excitement maintained by those who keep up a lucrative mendicancy by discoursing of the people's imaginary wrongs. But selfishness and heartlessness are not to be found in our ranks, but in those of the agitator and demagogue: with us are the men whose charity brings relief to the hovel of destitution and to the bed-side of sickness and sorrow; while it is a fact no less strange than true, that in all ranks of life the men who are so pathetically lamenting the

miseries and oppressions of the poor and founding on these miseries a claim for placing political power in hands where it is certain of being abused, are the men who grind down all within their reach, and who close up, in all the heartlessness of penurious avarice, the coffers which the donations of the deluded people have filled, and refuse to give even the smallest percentage on their fees of agitation to relieve the distress which they so eloquently picture and so feelingly lament. The story of the knife-grinder is immortalized in the verse of Canning; it is an apt and an accurate description of the heartlessness of patriotism. The agitators seem to have made a division of labour with the Conservatives: they say to us, do you relieve the distresses of the poor and we will talk of them—give you money and we will give words—and our compact is sealed if you will but agree that we should brand you as heartless and selfish.* To the distress, which unquestionably exists in the most tremendous and appalling form, Mr. Boyton thus feelingly and forcibly alludes:—

“And here I will stop to say, I will put forward to this great meeting what I have constantly inculcated, what I have continually put forward, what I will persist to reiterate, that in seeking the cause of your own insecurity, of what is shaking every property, and privilege, and law, to its foundation, you are not to look to Popery, not to disaffection, not to democracy; you must go deeper, and seek it in the destitution and agony of the population. (Loud cheering.) Every search will fail that comes short of this,

* A little more than three years ago, in this very city, a most bitter, and yet, we believe, a most useful exposure was made of the real heartlessness of the pretended friends of the poor. In the February of 1831, a heavy fall of snow blocked up all the roads to Dublin, and prevented the arrival of provisions: a considerable scarcity consequently ensued, while the Conservative gentry were daily sitting in committee at the Mansion-house, and subscribing hundreds and thousands to provide bread for the destitute. The walls in the city were, during the night, covered with placards, announcing that Mr. O'Connell, having just received nearly thirty thousand pounds of tribute, would divide a proportion of this sum among such poor families as could be proved to be repealers. Repeal never was so popular as it was on the next morning; all the poor of Dublin were its advocates; mothers bore their famishing infants in their arms, and, weak with hunger, scarcely made their way over the heaps of snow in the streets: all crowded round the office in Stephen-street; but, alas! the walls of that house were posted with a placard, denouncing “the scoundrels who had thus imposed upon the credulity of the poor.”

and every remedial measure be baffled, not applied to this foundation of every thing with the habits and sentiments that always accompany the lowest stage of poverty—no hope of anything better, no expectation of anything worse. Every desire, every taste, that more or less accompanies the smallest advance in civilization, and which was the only thing to check the unlimited multiplication of poverty and wretchedness, is absent from the great body of the peasantry of Ireland. This one finds, in the centre of a great city, hard to conceive; yet see its fruits in the recurrence of its periodical famines.—[Here the rev. gentleman read extracts from the evidence of Dr. Doyle, from the returns of the relief committee in 1822, respecting the condition of the peasantry in various counties, of which he drew a most appalling picture, and he continued to say:] Can anything be surprising in a state of society such as this? If such be the base of society upon which all else rests, can the summit be secure?"

These are the observations of a man of feeling, a Christian, and a philosopher; of one who, while he maintains the just rights of the rich, is yet not insensible to the just privileges of the poor, and who knows that order is best maintained by promoting the comforts of the people, and agitation most effectually suppressed by removing misery and distress. While the poor are not clothed and fed, the very constitution of human nature prevents that the rich should enjoy their properties in peace. While misery, and poverty, and starvation are abroad, it cannot be but that all property is insecure.

We cannot pass from the subject of this meeting—from this incidental mention of the name of the Reverend Charles Boyton—without expressing, for ourselves, that sense of obligation which, in common with all the Protestants of Ireland, we feel towards that individual, for his unwearied and disinterested exertions in our cause. It is not by the contemplation of any one effort, although he has made many upon which ordinary men might be proud to rest their fame, that we can arrive at a due appreciation of the power or the capabilities of this extraordinary man. We must watch him through years of his political life, and these, too, years of extraordinary ex-

citement and agitation, and find him, throughout, maintaining the same steady course of attachment to principle and obedience to duty. Unawed by the threats of power, and unswayed by the enticements of popularity, he has adhered in singleness of heart and purpose to the cause of his persecuted and forsaken brethren. Never swerving from the even tenor of his way, even to conciliate the prejudices of members of his own party, he has risen superior to all the difficulties that encompassed the commencement of his political career, and these difficulties were such as few could understand, and it is now needless to recur to. When first he attempted the all but hopeless task of organizing a united and ostensible Protestant party in the country, many honestly attached to his principles, yet were jealous of the design, who could not see the necessity which all have since admitted; and there were many more ready to condemn than to support, many more who could censure the boldness than appreciate the comprehensiveness of the scheme. We do not exaggerate his services when we say that it was by the force, at first the unaided force, of his genius that he triumphed over obstacles which, to most men, would have seemed insuperable, and succeeded in establishing, upon the broad and firm basis of public confidence and public respect, the confidence of his own party and the respect of all, an association comprising within itself a great proportion of the property, the worth, and the intelligence of Ireland, and certainly representing the entire.

Mr. Boyton's speeches, delivered at the Conservative Society, should be republished in a volume; their separate publication has been some time announced, but we have not been able to ascertain that this intention is likely to be carried into effect. Mr. Boyton must excuse us if we remind him that the very highest and most brilliant reputation that can be acquired in the political concerns of the day, is, by itself, ephemeral, or, at least transient; those who look to the award of posterity must leave something for posterity to admire. Should these pages meet his eye, we trust he will believe that we speak with undisguised affection and

respect ; but we tell him that if he forbears to comply with the call that we make upon him, and give to the public, and to posterity, an authentic and authorized report of these splendid and beautiful compositions, he is doing an injustice to himself, to Protestantism, and to his country—to himself, as he is neglecting that to which no public man has a right to be indifferent, his reputation—to Protestantism, as he is withholding the most powerful vindication of its principles, and its cause—and to his country, as he is throwing away an opportunity of raising, or, at least, maintaining, the character of Irish eloquence, and adding another to the list of names that have identified it with all that is vigorous in reasoning, grand in conception, or impassioned in appeal.

Our observations on the meeting have extended to, perhaps, an unreasonable length, and it is time for us to be drawing to a close. Our readers, we are sure, will pardon the digression into which we have been led by our feelings, towards one to whom, perhaps, of all men living, Irish Protestantism is most indebted. But while we acknowledge with gratitude what has been done, we must not forget, either for ourselves or for others, that much is yet undone. We have hopes—strong and well-grounded hopes, that the triumph of truth is at hand, and that God will visit and remember his people. It is not in man that we place confidence—it is not to man that we would give the glory ; and even the most bright and exalted talents, we can only look upon as a gift to our cause, from the Author of all good. But in humble and yet well-assured dependence upon that God whose truth is

now assailed, and whose church the infidel and blasphemer would cast down, we call upon the Protestants of the empire, upon all who value the blessings of order, or respect the sanctions of religion, to exert themselves. There is an unalterable law of creation, by which matter is subjected to mind, and force is made subservient to reason ; then let intellect now assert its native—its unalienable superiority, and direct and control that public opinion which can never, with impunity, be set at nought ; and directed, and controlled, we believe it can be. If the Conservatives will but reason with the people, and instruct the people, they will guide the people—*magna est veritas et prævalebit*.—Even the multitude are not inaccessible to conviction ; they may, it is true, in the moment of demoniacal infatuation, arise and cry aloud, in the consciousness of numerical strength, like the maniac in the gospel—“our name is legion, we are many ;” they may fling from them all these garments of religion and of morals, “that decent drapery of life that covers the defects of our naked, shivering, nature ;”^{*} and deriving from their frenzy almost supernatural strength, they may rend the chains and fetters wherewith force, the last expedient of all liberal governments, would supply the place of the restraints of moral sentiments. But let the voice of religion—the language of reason be addressed even to their madness, and all will yet be well again, and that people whom no chains could bind, or no force coerce, will return and sit at the feet of God, because at the feet of social order which he has ordained—“clothed, and in their right mind.”

• Edmund Burke.

It is but justice to observe that all our extracts from the speeches are taken from the columns of the *Evening Mail*, which was upon this, as upon every other occasion, distinguished by the superiority and accuracy of its report.

A Fancy, and a Recollection.**I.****A FANCY.**

It was a child—a little child,
He died upon the deep ;
The waves were raging stern and wild,
They rocked him into sleep !
His father toiled upon the deck,
And strove and strove in vain,
A thousand voices cried, “ A Wreck,”
And never cried again !

The waters maddening in their ire,
A Bedlam of the waves,
Swept down that stout and hardy sire,
To sleep in coral caves.
The boats are near—the crew begin
To leave the crowded bow,
Gone—gone—the waters suck them in,
They have the victory now !

The night is dark, the hulk drives on
Over the lonely sea ;
And now methought a red flash shone,
And smote it on the lee ;
The torch light of the tempest came,
On wings of ruin fast,
The sea, like hills of rolling flame,
Blush'd bloody as it past !

The hulk is struggling still—and where,
Where is the little child ?
He sleeps upon a cabin chair,
His dreams are soft and mild.
In dreams are closed the angel eyes,
The rosy lips apart,
While thoughts of home and sunny skies
Melt the poor infant's heart !

And o'er his face such feelings pass
As move but may not wake,
Like shadows over waving grass,
Or breezes on a lake.
Once did he stir his drooping hand,
As if he sought another,
And murmuring of some distant land,
He smiled, and lisped “ My Mother !”

The tempest ceased—'twas brief—and still
The old hulk swam the sea,
And idly drifted on, until
It went down silently !
It dropt upon a coral bank,
Its last stout timbers riven ;
Dreamlike the vanished vessel sank,
—The infant woke in heaven !

II.

A RECOLLECTION.

She sleeps among the dead—the dead !
I saw her funeral pass.
Earth gives her loveliness a shroud—
Clay, weeds, and tangled grass.
There were a few—a very few
Old friends and kindly folk,
That walked—scarce sighed—behind the hearse ;
My fond heart almost broke !

That sunny morn—Oh heaven ! the scene
Comes fresh upon my eye :
The mountain church—the mossy graves—
The beaming, burning sky !
The friends—tho' sad and sorrowful—
Old men ! few tears they shed :
The grave is nothing new to those
Whose hearts are worn and dead !

And did I weep ? No—not a tear :
Mine eyes refused to flow ;
I wished those scorched lids would weep—
They say it eases woe !
I crept behind a tomb that stood
Beside the churchyard gate—
They came—I saw the sunlight gild
Her coffin's brazen plate.

The coffin sank—the dusky vault
Received its silent guest :
They prayed : my heart could raise no prayer—
'Twas bursting in my breast.
They paused—they past. I shrank concealed,
For why should stranger dare
To follow to the tomb their loved ?
What business had I there ?

But when their footsteps past away,
When thro' the silent place,
My sighs—*my* pangs alone were heard ;
With slow and tottering pace,
I came and threw me on the grave,
I kissed, and kissed again,
The turf that hid such precious clay—
I had not wept till then !

And art thou past—my beautiful !
Oh, Death's a fearful thought :
It uncreates the thing of life,
That loved, and laughed,—that wrought
Its thousand spells of tear and smile :
No more to speak—to move—
Cold, cruel Death !—it crushes all,
Save one—*undying* love !

W. A. B.

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

OUR POLITICAL TABLETS.

SINCE our last month's publication met the eyes of our readers, many things have occurred in the political world deserving of special attention. Next to the great Protestant Meeting we must, out of courtesy, regard as the most important the termination of the Session of Parliament, and his Majesty's Speech ; although, in reality, the majority of the subjects of this great empire care as little about the proceedings of the reformed Legislature, as they do about those of the Divan of the Ottoman Porte. All confidence in the lower house is gone, and all respect for it is lost ; and the only persons, perhaps, who are interested in its breaking up are the honourable members who compose it, and the reporters of the debates, which nobody reads. No doubt the few gentlemen whom the reform bill has left in that house are very glad to escape from a place where they are obliged to listen to language, and to be witnesses of scenes, to which neither their habits nor their feelings at all suit them ; and the gentlemen of the press, by far the most respectable body of the two, are equally well pleased to be rid of their task of turning into tolerable grammar and sense, the speeches of the honourable representatives of the Radical constituencies.

Well, the session, such as it was, is at an end, and a mighty fine specimen of legislation it has left. Our readers have, probably out of respect for our gracious King, perused the silly words which his ministers have put into his mouth. With regard to foreign affairs, it tells us nothing ; at least nothing that any one cares to know ; and with respect to affairs at home, his Majesty, after having thanked his faithful Commons for their unwearied attention and unexampled assiduity, congratulates them that the result of all their exertions is to be found in the passing of the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill, and the Bill for establishing a Central Criminal Court. With respect to the first of these measures, many of the people regard it but as a distinct and undisguised violation of one of the first principles of the social compact—that of the right of every man to the means of subsistence ; but it is the law, and so it must be respected. The second measure is, certainly, very useful, as a regulation of municipal police, but scarcely deserving to be made the subject of the congratulation of our King.

There is one topic upon which his Majesty has been silent, and that is, of all others, the topic that occupied, almost exclusively, his opening speech—Ireland. This is easily accounted for ; but we have said enough already upon the subject, and perhaps the less we say now the better.

Two important elections have been decided, and in both of them the Tories have been triumphant. The petition which was lodged against the return of Mr. Westenra for the county of Monaghan has been successful, and Mr. Lucas has been declared the sitting member. This has given us the most unfeigned satisfaction. We do not altogether approve of Mr. Lucas's past political conduct : it has savoured far too much of moderation, as the cant term of the day names all kind of truckling to priests and agitators ; but then he has promised to amend, and he is a Conservative and a gentleman—his opponent was a Radical and a Westenra. Besides, the decision of the committee has placed, for ever, the representation of Monaghan in the hands of the Protestants ; and our friend Sergeant Perrin will, upon the first opportunity, be sent back to the Four Courts. This is a sad blow to the poor Sergeant ; it puts a stop to his project of being Solicitor-General. The plan was originally that

Baron Smith should be driven off the bench by Mr. O'Connell—Mr. Crampton get the vacant seat, and poor Perrin succeed as Solicitor-General—but

“ Othello's occupation's gone.”

Sergeant Perrin will never be Solicitor-General ; the ministers will not lose a vote by exposing him to the chance of a re-election by the Protestant electors of Monaghan.

The Gloucestershire election is a remarkable proof of the reaction. Mr. Codrington was returned by a majority of seventy, in the very county where, on a former occasion, he was defeated by a majority of 700, and yet the government press tells us that there is no change in the feeling of the country.

The House of Lords have acted nobly with regard to the revolutionary bills sent up to them from the Commons—the bill for admitting dissenters to the Universities, and the Irish tithe bill. The first of these was a measure striking at the root of all religious feeling among the higher orders, by unchristianizing the system of their education, and the Irish tithe bill was an act of open and unpalliated spoliation ; the ministry, through their press, have threatened the clergy with starvation, because they would not take a little more than half their property. By their conduct upon these occasions, the peers of England have entitled themselves to the gratitude of all the thinking portion of the community, and have, therefore, of necessity, exposed themselves to the low and vulgar ribaldry of that portion of the press which advocates the views of the destructives.

The Conservative Society met upon Tuesday, the 19th, the Earl of Rathdowne in the chair : £1600 was subscribed, in the room, for the assistance of the clergy. Mr. Boyton gave notice of a motion for a petition to Parliament, for a tax upon the properties of absentees, to such amount as would be sufficient to cover the expense of the additional police, which, the reverend gentleman stated, was always found to be necessary in districts where absenteeism prevailed.

Mr. O'Sullivan gave notice that, on the next day of meeting, he would bring forward a motion relative to the conduct of the government towards the north of Ireland ; and we can state, with some confidence, that the facts which he will then adduce, will place it beyond all doubt, that a system of the most oppressive, and most unjust persecution is, at this moment, carrying on by the government towards the Protestants of Ulster. The next meeting will be held upon the 10th of September, when Mr. O'Sullivan will make a statement of facts that will place the conduct of the ministry in a new light.

The appearance of Mr. Hamilton, our respected Professor of Astronomy, was not one of the least interesting features of this meeting. Mr. Hamilton is already known to the public as, perhaps, the first mathematician of the present day, and it is with peculiar pleasure that we see him enrolling his name among those of the friends of order.

We have to apologize for the omission of our critical tablets, and for this very short summary of our political memoranda ; but the article on the Protestant Meeting extended to so much greater length than we anticipated, that we were obliged to interfere with our previous arrangements.

A. P.

9, Upper Sackville-street,
August 20th.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

WE beg to call the particular attention of our Academic readers to the following regulation, which has been adopted with respect to the Scholarship examination :

Henceforward all Candidates for Scholarships in Trinity College shall be examined in the new Course, as stated in the Card recently published.

SCHOLAR COURSE.

The Scholarship Course consists of every Greek and Latin Book read for Entrance ; and in the extended Course for Undergraduates, to the end of the Second Examination of the Junior Sophister year : or should the Candidate be of higher standing than that of Junior Sophister, reckoned from the time of his Entrance to the end of the last Examination, which he might have answered, had he proceeded regularly with his Classes. Sizars who, in the first year, descend to the next Class, to be regarded as having entered with that Class.

The Examinations in Michaelmas Term will be held—

For SENIOR SOPHISTERS, in Classics, on Monday, October 20th.

For JUNIOR SOPHISTERS, in Classics, on Tuesday, October 21st.

For SENIOR and JUNIOR SOPHISTERS, in Science, on Wednesday, October 22d.

For SENIOR FRESHMEN, in Classics, on Thursday, October 23.

For JUNIOR FRESHMEN, in Classics, on Friday, October 24th.

For SENIOR and JUNIOR FRESHMEN, in Science, on Saturday, October 25th.

Candidates for Moderators' Places will be examined as follows :—

In CLASSICS, on Monday and Tuesday, October 20th and 21st.

In ETHICS and LOGICS, on Thursday and Friday, October 23d and 24th.

In MATHEMATICS, on Thursday and Friday, October 30th and 31st.

The Examination of those who are selected for PRIZES will be held on the following days :—

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27th, Junior Sophisters in Science—Senior Freshmen in Classics.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28th, Senior Freshmen in Science—Junior Freshmen in Classics.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29th, Junior Freshmen in Science—Junior Sophisters in Classics.

N.B.—Those Candidates for Degrees, who have obtained Honors in the preceding part of the College Course, are entitled to offer themselves as Candidates for Moderatorships, without answering the preliminary Examination.

The Examination for ENTRANCE will be held on Friday, the 17th of October.

THOMAS PRIOR, Senior Lecturer.

The Annual Divinity Examination will be held on Thursday and Friday, the 6th and 7th of November.

C. R. ELRINGTON,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1834.

Vol. IV.

CONTENTS.

	Page
REVIEW—HOW IS IRELAND TO BE GOVERNED ?	353
TO MY FRIENDS—From the German of Schiller.	368
THE TARTAR PRINCESS—A TALE OF THE YEAR 1241	369
THE CLUB-FOOTED KING	393
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT—Chap. VIII.	398
THE OLD MAN'S SONG. By Robert Gilfillan	411
REVIEW—SOUTHEY'S NAVAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND	412
THE OPENING OF THE NEW CENTURY—From the German of Schiller	425
LHA DHU; OR, THE DARK DAY. By the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."	426
DELIGHTS OF A DIRTY MAN	442
HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY—No. III.	447
ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK	468

DUBLIN :

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1834.

VOL. IV.

HOW IS IRELAND TO BE GOVERNED ?

"How is Ireland to be governed?" is a question which has invited and baffled a larger host of doctrinaires and dogmatists than any by which, in our day, the political or the scientific world has been occupied. In appearance it is so simple, that the most inexperienced are encouraged to risk the attempt at its solution; and it is beset with invisible difficulties, which display themselves in a moment when their appearance was least looked for, and before which, hitherto, statesmen, the sagest and most resolute, have gone back discomfited. All things remind us that "the age of chivalry is passed." Even in the experiments by which Ireland has been tormented, this painful truth is brought to our remembrance: in ancient and more poetical days, the bold knight who addressed himself to any high enterprise, desisted, on proving unsuccessful, from further trials of an adverse fortune, and left to some less unhappy brother in arms the termination of the adventure. It is not so in Irish legislation. Here failure does not warn. Disasters and defeats are emblazoned as though they were achievements; and, without abatement in his confidence or diminution of his followers, the ten-times conquered returns to the rash attempt, and is fooled on to the top of his bent by the same cheers which so often before had

ended in vexation. To drop these halting metaphors, and speak in plain language the simple truth; such is the position of Irish affairs, that repeated failures encourage the sciolist to persevere in the framing of new contrivances, and recommend his schemes to public acceptance. This is the truth. So regardless is England of what happens in the sister country, that she knows little more than that certain names are associated with Irish affairs. Whether the notoriety has been acquired by speaking truths or by uttering predictions which events have proved deceits, is comparatively of little moment; and many a speculator is emboldened to issue rash promises and assertions by learning that the oftener his prophecies have been falsified by fact, the better they circulate.

We do not know whether Mr. Poulet Scrope, author of a pamphlet which has furnished us with the title and the subject of our article, is one of those whose privilege to prescribe for Irish grievance, has been purchased at the price paid by many of his persevering competitors for distinction; but of this we are fully persuaded, that few can be found who have vented their conjectural specifics with a more visible indifference to the risk of exposure and detection. When men address an auditory of which they

speak the sentiments, they concern themselves little about the propriety of their reasonings. It is of no moment that the arguments are weak and contradictory, provided the received principles are strongly affirmed. Standing on a vantage ground such as this, Mr. Poulett Scrope writes *up* to the *prejudices* of, no doubt, a large class of readers, and *not above* the level of their *understandings*; when he announces, with great boldness, his panacea for the disorders of Ireland, and acknowledges these disorders to be such as, in the judgment of any reflecting mind, his panacea must necessarily exasperate. We hope it will not be altogether profitless to analyze the nostrum thus consistently recommended. Rash and ill-assorted as it is, few of its class excel it; for, in truth, the multitude in which safety is to be found, does not consist of the counsellors for Ireland, whose suggestions for her benefit have rarely been paralleled since those days when the diseased and infirm were exposed in the market places of Babylon, and every passer-by bestowed on them an eleemosynary or compulsory prescription.

Mr. Poulett Scrope was not unobservant of one great evil for which a remedy should be provided in the government of Ireland—namely, the existence of “deep hostility to the law and to British connexion.”

“Remove if you can,” he adds, “this feeling; reconcile the people of Ireland to the law and to British connexion, and the power of agitation is at an end. Thus only can Ireland be pacified, rebellion averted, and the integrity of the empire secured.”

The first member of this sentence admits of little dispute. That Ireland will not be pacified while she remains unreconciled, is not very difficult of apprehension; and that rebellion can be prevented, and the integrity of the empire preserved *only* by such reconciliation, we think so nearly the truth, that we will not pause to question it. But, Mr. Scrope asks, how is Ireland to be reconciled? and in the general principle of his reply we willingly concur.

“The answer is, by doing simple justice to the people of Ireland; by fulfil-

ling the frequent promise of the sovereign; the late solemn pledge of the legislature; by removing their just causes of complaint.”

So far we cordially agree with the liberal author. “Be just, and fear not,” is a maxim which would be found as wise in its application to Irish politics as it is true in morals. Let England do but simple justice to the people of Ireland, “by removing their *just* causes of complaint;” and we do not hesitate to affirm, that all prejudices against her, if not speedily removed, would soon be rendered incapable of doing injury.

But what is justice? Is it an observance of the precept “*sum cuique tributo?*” Is it obedience to the expediency of the minute? A political dictionary is a desideratum. In the absence of a recognised interpreter, we can only, from his propositions, learn what Mr. Scrope means, when he writes of simple justice. The grievances of the Irish people, he observes, are two.

“The first is, the domination of a Protestant church, imposed by right of conquest on a Catholic people, maintained on the spoils of the ancient Catholic establishment, and therefore necessarily looked on by the people both as a badge of their servitude and a sacrilegious usurpation of the rights of their own church. The second grievance is the refusal of all relief to the destitute, and of any legal security to the peasantry for their maintenance by honest industry.”

These are the just causes of Irish complaint. For one a remedy is proposed:—

“A tax, then, should be levied on property, but especially on land, for the employment of the now idle and starving Irish poor.”

Upon the best mode of remedying the other grievance, the author seems not yet to have decided; at least he has not favoured the public with any distinct plan of operation by which it is to be removed.

“The Protestant church,” he writes, “is a grievance—the tithe system is another: but were tithes and the church swept away to-morrow, the sufferings of the mass of the people of Ireland, the

insecurity of their position, and their consequent proneness to combination and rebellion, would be in no sensible degree mitigated. The landlords alone would profit from the abolition of tithe; the Catholic priesthood might be benefited by the abolition of the establishment; and much angry feeling, and irritating annoyance, would, undoubtedly, be got rid of, by both these events. But the peasantry of Ireland would still continue in that state of unprotected, unrelieved wretchedness; their lives, held only on the uncertain tenure of their landlords' caprice or mercy, in that state which disposes them to be the ready tools of political agitators—goads them to acts of measured, though desperate outrage—and combines them together, in a savage, but organized and effective, hostility to the law, which may be made, by coercive enactments, an object of still greater hatred to them; but, so long as it refuses them its protection, can never be one of regard or respect."

From this paragraph, if we are to receive it in its obvious and natural sense, we learn that tithes are a grievance to Irish landlords, for they only would derive benefit from their abolition—that the Protestant church is a grievance to Roman Catholic priests, for they would be the gainers by its fall; and that the peasantry of Ireland would remain, after church and tithes had been abolished, in precisely the same state of discontent and distress which constitute the danger of their present condition. To remedy this evil Mr. Scrope proposes that property, especially land, be taxed, and thus we have, in one brief sentence, the principle of government which is to restore or invite golden days to Ireland. The Roman Catholic priests must be relieved from the presence of a Protestant Church—the Irish landlords from the imposition of tithe; and, by a tax on land, the Irish peasant from the afflictions of poverty. When this principle has been reduced to practice, Ireland will be reconciled to British government, and will enjoy, in peace, the prosperity which shall have dawned upon her.

What would our author think of a more liberal principle? Suppose a general amnesty of all pecuniary obligations were to take place—that all engagements were annulled, and the

Eastcheap maxim, "Base is the knave *that pays*," adopted as the rule of modern legislation. Falstaff, we are persuaded, would pronounce the law with as solemn and self-complacent a gravity as Mr. Poulett Scrope, and we are convinced that he would recommend his decisions by reasons no less pertinent. The people at large, too, would receive the generous principle, which abolished all engagements, with more joy and thankfulness; and the theory, how Ireland should be governed, would have advanced one step nearer to the species of perfection at which it aims.

Would this larger confiscation be unjust? Not on the principles of our author. If landlords, in parliament assembled, can, without injustice, *exempt themselves* from payment of tithe, they can, surely, without the slightest imputation of an unjust act, release their tenants from the obligation to pay rent; and if the desire to conciliate Ireland be accounted a sufficient excuse for putting a very liberal interpretation on the dicta which justice pronounces, assuredly that construction will be best excused and recommended, according to which, the largest concessions may be made to a disaffected people.

But, according to Mr. Scrope, the establishment of a Protestant Church in Ireland, is a grievance to more than landlords and Roman Catholic priests; it hurts the feelings of "the people." The first grievance is, "the domination of a Protestant Church." What may be the meaning of this word "domination," according to our author's vocabulary, we have no means of ascertaining. As applied to the influence or assumption of the established church in Ireland, its signification must be very different from that which it usually bears. "Domination!" The word includes an idea of arbitrary power—of severe law—of rigor beyond the law. Where shall we find, in Ireland, instances of such despotic authority? Does the church exact any such testimonies of outward respect as offend conscience? Must men bow down and worship in the streets, as her processions pass along? Must they, in whatever condition of life they may be, attend her forms of worship? Are they compelled to kneel

at any confessional, or to pay for the ticket which bears false witness that they have confessed? No such thing: the church profanes not the sanctity of religious rites, nor does she do violence to conscience. What other proofs of domination? Does she exact the legal rights allotted for her maintenance, in a covetous spirit, or, with unbecoming rigor? Has she given to the claim of tithes, as the church of Rome does, a divine authority; adding to all the punishments with which she visits refractory debtors here, the menace of eternal damnation in the world to come? Has she adopted the policy of that church in exercising her ingenuity on the convenient vagueness with which the right to tithe, has been affirmed, and claimed as her's

- 1 Tithe of the landlord's rent.
- 2 ~~~~~ of the labourer's wages.
- 3 ~~~~~ of the tradesman's profits.
- 4 ~~~~~ of the soldier's spoil.
- 5 ~~~~~ of the beggar's alms!!
- 6 ~~~~~ of the wages of impurity!!!

Has the Church of England imitated the practice of popery, in this enlargement of her demands? Has she adopted the principle laid down in the Council of Trent, that her demands have a divine authority in their favour, and will be enforced by a divine compulsion, or vindicated by an eternity of the divine displeasure? No! she has, on the contrary, voluntarily relinquished her right where it was undeniable. She grounds her claim on the same principles of law on which the security of all property depends, and such is her moderation in enforcing this claim, that it has been rendered matter of certainty, that the tithe of all Ireland is not more than a twentieth of the rental, that is to say, not more than a sixtieth of the produce of the soil, or a sixth of that to which the church is equitably and legally entitled. Such is "the domination of a Protestant church"—the principal of those giant evils under which "Ireland has long heaved and groaned, like Enceladus under Ætna."

But, not to inquire too curiously into the meaning of our author's words, let us understand him to use "domination" as eloquence for "establishment," and to esteem the violence done the feelings of the Irish peasantry, as the

grievance by which it distresses them. The "Protestant church was imposed by right of conquest on a Catholic people—maintained on the spoils of the ancient Catholic establishment." This is the real rock of offence. Would our author consider it removed by restoring to the Catholic people their Catholic establishment again? He has left us no positive reply, but has afforded grounds of rational inference that such an arrangement would meet with his approbation. And what are the facts? The consummation so devoutly wished for, has actually taken place. The church "imposed by right of conquest on a Catholic people," has been, if we may use such a term, disestablished, and a Catholic church restored. Is it reasonable, on Mr. Scrope's principles, to allege such an alteration as a just cause of complaint? We will not waste our reader's time by offering proof that this statement is correct. In other days than the present we should be surprised that a member of the imperial parliament, bold and industrious enough to write even the brochure—"how is Ireland to be governed," could have addressed himself to the task with so plentiful a lack of historical knowledge; but ours is an age of illumination, and ours is a reformed parliament. What would it profit a modern statesman to know that the church imposed on Ireland, by right of conquest, was the church of Rome? What would it profit to learn, that Henry was commissioned by Pope Adrian to enlarge the borders of the Roman church, that it was under such a commission the English monarch fought, and that it was in their resistance to it, the Catholic, not Popish people of Ireland were conquered?

It happens, we admit, that, in the history of the church in Ireland, truth and popular prejudice are at variance. The great mass of Irish Roman Catholics have been taught to believe that the church to which they belong, is the same in which, before the British invasion, their ancestors worshipped; and thus their conscientious scruples against lawless violence are soothed by the sense of an imaginary justification. Perhaps the new principle on which Ireland is to be governed, would respect such preju-

dices as though they were just, and would break down the Protestant establishment, not because it was founded in wrong, but because it was obnoxious to false accusation. "Regard every man as innocent, until he has been proved guilty," is, or was, the maxim of British jurisprudence. In the instance of the Established Church, modern legislation inverts the maxim, and grafts upon the abuse of it a practice worse than that adopted at the tribunal of Minos, punishing not *before* the cause was heard, but *after* the innocence of the accused has been made manifest. Such, at least, was the design of his majesty's ministers, who first ascertained, by strict inquisition, that the Protestant clergy in Ireland were, of all creditors, most moderate in the exaction of their rights, and who then resolved to punish this forbearance by what would prove, in fact, a confiscation of half that small fraction of their income which they had accepted in lieu of tithe. But, notwithstanding the moderation of this maligned body, the tolerant and unobtrusive character of their religion, their submission to injustice, and the advantage taken of their submissiveness to increase the amount of their wrongs, the establishment of the Protestant Church is a "Domination." Its endurance of wrong and scorn encourages the enemies of England and the ignoble in England to avow and exercise their spite. "Strike him," cries Caliban, "soon shall I have courage to strike him, myself."

Many a memento we have that our modern legislation has little of chivalry to grace it: that to protect the feeble, to subdue the proud, has its abode, now, among the exploded maxims of unenlightened times, and is replaced by the legend of that "good old plan," which constituted the moral code of the eagle and the Highland freebooter; yet are we perpetually recurring, as if by instinct, to the principles of government in days when what we have not yet unlearned to think a more righteous system prevailed. But we must be guarded, and address ourselves to what writers like Mr. Scrope will regard as the received opinions of "the age." The Protestant Church in Ireland is a grievance to the Irish people,

and must be removed—"it is maintained on the spoils of the ancient Catholic establishment," and must, therefore, be despoiled. In other words, there is a portion of the Irish people who cherish "a feeling of deep hostility to the law and to British connexion," and because this portion has become, in consequence of atrocities wrought by one class of its members, and of the clamour and agitation raised and sustained by another, odious to humanity and troublesome to the British administration, it is gravely proposed to rob a million of Irish Protestants, to whom justice and British connexion have ever been dear—to insult Protestants of all denominations in Ireland—to do an act of inexcusable injustice—to violate the articles of the legislative union; and to set a precedent for sweeping confiscation, in a vain hope of conciliating and tranquillising a party whom every past concession has rendered only more intemperate and exacting. "The Protestant Church is maintained on the spoils of the ancient Catholic establishment, and, therefore, necessarily looked upon by the people both as a badge of their servitude, and a sacrilegious usurpation of the rights of their own church." Verily, whoever commissioned Mr. Scrope to write, he is not the agent for proprietors of Abbey lands, or Termon estates, or Tithe impropriations; he is not an agent for the nobles, who, either in Ireland or in England, are maintained on the spoils of the "ancient establishment." If the projector of the new government for Ireland had taken some pains to inquire, he would have found that, even in the judgment of enemies, the proportion of spoils in the possession of the church is small; the lay nobility and gentry having, for the most part, chosen for themselves sacrilege and well-cultivated abbey-lands; and having left to the church, on the conviction of profane traitors, a less valuable, but less invidious endowment. It would gratify us to learn whether the expurgation of sacrilege, the restitution of spoil, is to be regulated by commissioners to be named by the plundered establishment—and to know whether the sacrilegious impropiators of every description, in England, will submit their possessions to the scrutiny of

the Irish commission, or, in preference, will exert themselves to repeal the legislative union. We are perfectly serious. The restitution of "spoils" to the Roman Catholic Church, in order to afford the slightest rational hope of effecting good, must be complete. The lands which were the endowment of what Mr. Scrope calls the Catholic Church are well known—their privileges and immunities render them notorious; they are known also to be, for the most part, in possession of lay proprietors; and the justice which would award a partial restitution, limited to that description of property which the Protestant establishment, to use a popular expression, *enjoys*; even in the judgment of modern statesmen, would be imperfect, and would only arouse the scorn of those whom it was rashly expected to propitiate. To affirm the principle of restitution, would be wickedness and folly, if the practice of it were limited to ecclesiastical possessions.

But indeed it is taking too confined a view of this subject to consider no parties concerned in it, save those who are in possession of lands at one period belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. The truth is, every individual who holds dominion over property of any kind in Ireland is deeply interested. As a general statement, we might affirm that the soil of Ireland became forfeited by various rebellions since the reign of Henry the Eighth, and received its present appropriation to lay and clerical purposes by competent authority. If the advocates of church confiscation ground their arguments on what they may style the injustice of ancient forfeitures, in whatever degree they are successful against the church, they shake the stability of all possession; and if, because of a regard for truth, or for any other reason, they admit that Irish property was, in old times, justly forfeited, and regranted by duly authorised power, they should, for consistency sake, search out some topics less stale than those supplied from the lying legends and pernicious bigotry of O'Sullivan, and O'Mahony, and Burgh, to brandish against the Protestant establishment.

The reader will at once perceive, that, in observations such as these, we are considering the subjects according

to those imperfect lights, which scanty portions of historical knowledge send down to mislead such speculators as our author. The readers of the Dublin University Magazine, we trust, need not be informed that nothing which could justly be styled confiscation of ecclesiastical property took place in Ireland subsequent to the conquest by Henry the Second. The power of that monarch, as an instrument of the Papacy, was exercised to visit the penalties of forfeiture and excommunication on every ecclesiastic who would not yield submission to the Pope. The Norman, who had been an instrument to break down the independence of the English or Saxon Church, inflicted a similar calamity on the polity which had prevailed in Ireland. His fierce soldiery, without restraint, ravaged churches and ecclesiastical possessions, which, because they were not under the authority of the Bishop of Rome, were regarded as having no sanctity—his privileged slanderers were encouraged, by all calumnies, to defame what they accounted a church in schism; and, finally, those prelates and priests who dared to uphold the integrity of their worship, and the independence of their order, either surrendered their offices or recanted their opinions. After three centuries, during which, we are taught, persecution continued, and an Irish church endured the threats of Rome, and the power of England, a change took place—the obligations incurred to the Roman Pontiff were found incompatible with national allegiance. It was required that the King of England should be acknowledged head of the British Church, or, in other words, endowed with authority over all manner of persons, lay and ecclesiastical; in a word, it was discovered that the oath taken by Bishops of the Church of Rome to the Pope was an oath of feudal obedience—an oath in which every state in Europe, except England, has stipulated for, and compelled an effectual alteration, and it was determined to provide a remedy for the evil. In the propriety of such a provision, England and Ireland concurred; and it would be just as reasonable to deny the authority of the existing legislature, because parliament has been reformed, as it is to question the titles of the exist-

ing clergy to be legitimate successors of those ecclesiastics who ministered in an unreformed church. Enterprising legislators may, perhaps, make themselves acquainted with the facts of the case, when they have done all the mischief that ignorance leaves them free to accomplish. With Squire Western, they may like to hear reason when they have made up their minds, for then it can do no harm, and they are well aware that there are points in legislation to which, like the cobbler in the *Forty Thieves*, men proceed most directly with their eyes blindfolded. When the work has been done, such statesmen may take pains to learn what ought to have been done. In the mean time, the *History of the Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland*—a work which, for the depth of research, the impartiality and comprehensiveness of its views, its philosophic discrimination in argument, and the splendid felicity of its style, surpasses praise, is left to its repose, and productions which less retard the flippant rapidity of modern statesmanship, are brought out into general circulation.

Mr. Scrope does not directly propose a confiscation of ecclesiastical possessions; he contents himself with declaring it a grievance that a Protestant Church should be endowed with them. Whether there be truth in the affirmation, that they constitute one of those *Ætnean* grievances under which, as he writes, the great energies of Ireland are tormented, is a point which our author will not condescend to argue.

"The grievance," he says, "is so notorious, and has been canvassed so much and so ably of late, that it would be a waste of time to dwell on it."

It does not appear to have occurred to him that this long and able canvassing may have given to the church establishment that character of offence which it pretended only to expose; exciting a people, disaffected towards England, to regard every institution which bore her name or served her interests, as a grievance. Mr. Scrope admits in Ireland the existence "of a feeling of deep hostility to the law and to British connexion." Was it unreasonable to infer that any institution which was serviceable to the inter-

ests of the law and of British connexion, could be exhibited to such a feeling as a grievance, and that it might not be altogether expedient to labour for the destruction of the Protestant religion, because they, who hate the law, extend a portion of their hostility to the church by law established; because they, who cherish "a deep hostility to British connexion," consistently direct their violence against an institution which wiser men (whatever their errors) than Mr. Scrope have declared to be "the great bond of union between the two countries." We are the more surprised at the obstinate resolution with which our author confounds grievance with the hostility which is quick to take offence, and with his assumption, that when dislike is felt or complaint made, there must have been a cause, because he has not been backward to quote passages in which he might have discerned proof that the great grievance was not altogether so "notorious" as he imagined. For example—the testimony of Hovendon Stapleton, Esq., a magistrate of the Queen's County, before a parliamentary committee in 1832, is quoted:—

"Be good enough to state to the committee, to the best of your judgment, what are the principal causes (*exclusive now of agitation*) of the distress and disturbance in these districts you have been speaking of: what are they?—Clearing of ground, low price of labour, want of employment, want of a provision for the poor and of resident gentry, want of capital; all operate more or less to create discontent and poverty.

"They began by interfering with landlords in the letting of their property and the regulation of the wages?—Yes, in 1831.

"Was that the first in the order of the grievances?—Yes; their operations were directed to attacking houses for arms, first by night, and then by day; they went in the day-time, and there was scarcely a person in the barony that was known to have arms, that was not attacked; and the gentlemen who were leaving home were obliged to bring their arms with them or secret them in their houses; but when all their arms were taken, then they turned their operations to the disposition and settlement of land."

This is a fair specimen of the testimony quoted by Mr. Scrope to illustrate his positions, without respect to the proper government of Ireland. Rents, wages, ejections, constitute the grievances of which the people complain when they are not influenced by agitation. Twice in our author's selections tithe is referred to; and in each of the two cases, in a manner which should have cautioned any reflecting man from pronouncing it a notorious grievance.

John Dillon, Esq. :—

“What are the hardships under which they are suffering?—High rent, want of employment, low wages, and tithe, they consider the greatest hardships; but it is not one of the objects of the Whitefeet to put down tithe.”

The Threshers, in 1807, would regulate the rates of tithe, and required that there should not be the intervention of a proctor between the parson and the tithe-payer; but they did not require their abolition.

The Rev. Michael Keogh,* R. C. priest of Abbyeix :—

“What did you believe to be the object of the combination?—To obtain better wages, to lower the rent of land generally, and prevent others taking the land from which they were ejected.

“Was there anything about tithe?—*I never heard that there was.*”

When it is considered that tithe is the only form in which the Established Church can prove an offence to the peasantry of Ireland, and when it is remembered that every inquiry into the conduct of the Protestant clergy has rendered only more conspicuous the truth, that they have been uniformly, and at their great loss, in a pecuniary point of view, friends to the poor of all religious denominations, it does appear somewhat strange, that an individual shall pronounce the Protestant establishment and tithe, one of the two great evils by which Ireland is oppressed, although he cannot procure testimony to support his allegations with respect to the other evil, except that in which there occurs irrefragable

proof that he was in error in his accusation against tithe. This is, even at the present day, passing strange. A member of the imperial parliament hazards two assertions, and perseveres in both, although he adduces no evidence to prove one, but such as directly contradicts the other.

It is not, however, to be imagined that this unsatisfactory testimony prejudices, to any considerable extent, the position, that much of the disturbance in Ireland arises out of the distress of the agricultural population. Nor if Mr. Poulett Scrope was a little more careful to measure his language and moderate his exultation over successes won by atrocities as foul as ever nature sickened at, could it be denied that he has spoken, and eloquently spoken, some well-known, but not, therefore, unimportant truths. In Ireland, he states, as is the fact, that the power of a combination against law is stronger than law and government, that this insurgent force is strengthened by the factious and disorderly who are the agents of its vengeance, and by numbers who clandestinely abet it, because of the protection it individually affords them against the oppression of severe landlords.

“And who shall say,” he writes, “that the peasantry ought not, in such a state of the law, to combine for their mutual protection? Is there no point of oppression at which resistance to the law becomes a duty? We have the recent authority of the head of the law for the principle—a principle as old as it is true—that allegiance is only due where protection is afforded, and that when the law refuses its protection, it cannot claim allegiance. Does the law, then, protect the Irish peasant? Not from starvation! It does not protect him from being thrust out from his home and little holding into absolute destitution, to perish on the high-ways of famine, or to waste away in those abodes of filth, misery, and disease in the suburbs of the towns which Dr. Doyle so faithfully describes as the ordinary refuge and dying-place of the ejected cottier and his family. It does not protect him from being visited by this fate at the command of an absentee.

* Mr. Scrope means, using the popular designation, the Roman Catholic clergyman of the parish.

landlord, who may desire to clear his property of some of the human incumbrances, whom God has brought into being upon it. The law affords the Irish peasant no protection from so horrible a fate. Hundreds are at present exposed to it. Millions know that they are liable to it. Can the law justly require their allegiance? Can we expect them willingly to pay it? No! The peasantry of Ireland feel that the law places their lives at the mercy of the few whom it invests with sovereign power, over the land of their native country—with power to sweep them, at will, off its surface! They feel that the continuance of the system of *clearing estates*, which has been for many years in progress, is a question of life or death to them. And, therefore, they rightly—*aye, rightly!*—wisely—necessarily—combine against it. Therefore, it is, however little minds may wonder at the fact, that they show no more repugnance to the shedding of blood in open day, in the presence of assenting thousands, in the execution of the sentences of self-organized tribunals, looked upon by them as the sole safeguard of their lives, than does a soldier hired to fight for his country's safety, in the field of battle. It is to their own Whitefoot law that their allegiance is considered due. They look alone to the secret tribunals of their own establishment, for that protection which the law of the Imperial Parliament denies them.

“And they obtain it! Let those who know Ireland, deny the fact, if they can. The peasantry of Ireland do obtain from the Whitefoot associations that essential protection to their existence, which the established law of the country refuses to afford. The Whitefoot system is the sole practical and efficient check upon the ejectment system. It cannot be denied that, but for the salutary terror inspired by the Whitefeet, the clearance of estates (which, in the over-peopled districts of Ireland, is considered, justly or not, to be the only mode of improving, or even of saving them) would proceed with a rapidity, and to an extent, that must occasion the most horrible sufferings to hundreds of thousands of the ejected tenantry. Some landlords have bowels of compassion, and might hesitate so to employ the fearful power with which the law has unconditionally armed them, for the improvement of their property. Many, the majority perhaps, would not be stayed by such scruples! It is easy to satisfy the mind of an interested party,

that what the law allows to be done cannot be wrong—that what appears necessary for the preservation of property must be right! May they not do as they will with their own? Yes! But for a salutary dread of the Whitefoot association, ejectments would desolate Ireland, and decimate her population; casting forth thousands of families, like noxious weeds rooted out from the soil, on which they have hitherto grown perhaps too luxuriantly, and flung away to perish in the road-side ditches! Yes, the Whitefoot system is the only check on the ejectment system, and, weighing one against the other, horror against horror, crime against crime, it is *the lesser evil of the two*, a necessary evil in the present state of the law in Ireland—a mitigation of the otherwise intolerable slavery which the law of the land enforces of the Irish peasant to the Irish landlord. The Whitefoot system is the natural and spontaneous poor law of Ireland; and it will never be put down until the legislature establish a law *equally* effective for the end it aims at; that, namely, of protecting the lives of the Irish peasantry, and securing to them the means of living by their industry.

“Will it be said that this is exaggeration? Let the evidence I have quoted, be looked into, and the plain and simple truth must be acknowledged as to the real cause and object of the agrarian combinations of Ireland. The associated disturbers of that country, Whitefeet or Blackfeet, Rockites or Terry Alts, or whatever name they may delight in for the moment, consist, in fact, of men who have either been turned out of their farms, or hindered, by the desperate competition of others, from getting possession of land, or obtaining employment as the means of maintenance. They are the persons for whom the established law and constitution of Ireland has provided nothing, while it denies them everything. They are joined, of course, by all the ill-disposed and criminal part of the population; and they are joined, moreover, and countenanced by many farmers who still hold land; but who, knowing the frail tenure of their occupation—knowing that they will be unable to pay their arrears, or the exorbitant rent they have promised, look to the Whitefeet as a protection against their landlords, and the law, and as securing them from being thrust out, in their turn, to utter destitution; others, of the wealthier or better disposed, are compelled to join, by intima-

tion. And thus the association gathers together, or is countenanced by the entire population of a district, and attains a power, both moral and physical, which (as Lord Oxmantown, and the Lord Lieutenant declare) surpasses that of the law in vigor, promptitude, and efficacy; supplants altogether the constituted authorities of the realm, and renders the law of Captain Rock substantially and really the law of the land."

We will not dispute the general truth of this description. It is nothing more than many writers of our principles have warned the British government that they had reason to expect—nothing more than was long anticipated from the unsteady and short-sighted policy of which our countrymen of all classes and denominations have reason to complain; but we feel mortified that any man shall be so regardless of what humanity demands, as openly to rejoice in a reign of terror, more cruel and cowardly than that of Robespierre and Marat; and we are surprised that an Englishman shall triumph in confessing the impotence of his country to break down the abominable confederacy which has brought down the wages of assassination below one day's hire of an ill-requited labourer. But such is the influence of party and theory, exercising a power of abstraction which rejects all considerations but such as favour the great work in hand, often circumscribing the view and excluding, as by the darkened tube of a telescope, all objects but that to which the attention must be especially directed.

This object, in our author's judgment, is the adoption of a poor law, or some equivalent, for Ireland; and he assures his readers that when this "act of simple justice" is done, all insubordination will be subdued, and discontent will be appeased. But let him declare the remedy for our evils in his own words:—

"A tax, then, should be levied on property, but especially on land, for the employment of the now idle and starving able-bodied poor."

Let him declare, also, the gratifying results to which he looks forward:—

"Pass this measure, giving employment and subsistence to the Irish people, and you may rule them with a single

thread. Let them (the government) take the course which justice, common sense, and the example of England, under similar circumstances, point out as the only true policy, and they may govern Ireland, not through Mr. O'Connell, but in spite of him."

Here is the panacea, so far as Mr. Scrope has condescended to declare it, for the evils of our disturbed country; and here, too, so far as the assurance of the practitioner can beget confidence in the patient or his friends, we have an encouraging promise of the good which is sure to be effected. A silken thread will be sufficient bridle on the beast which is now so restive; and though Mr. O'Connell draw with cartropes of vanity, his efforts to distract or divert from the right course, will be altogether unavailing. "The example of England, under similar circumstances," concludes the climax, of which justice and common sense were gradations, and confirms the author, who here seems to remember his country, in the conviction that the poor-rate for Ireland will be attended by these desirable results. How did it escape his observation that his climax was most repugnantly adjusted; that fiery opposites met in it, and conflicted; that neither justice nor common sense could, for an instant, endure the monstrous assumption that the circumstances of England, when, in the reign of Elizabeth—a reign of almost arbitrary power, guided by almost superhuman wisdom—a poor law was enacted, were similar to those of the present day in Ireland. What was a boon in England, granted in a benevolent spirit, and received with gratitude, in the state in which Ireland is described to be, might seem here to be a concession yielded to fierce insubordination, and might be accepted only as a means of rendering conspiracy stronger. While a lawless combination is powerful enough to brave the government, while it protects more effectually than the good feelings of landlords, and punishes with more certainty and more severity than the law, it does not become the advocate of a poor-law to quote the success of such a measure in England, as a testimony in his favour, because it was an experiment tried "under similar circumstances." It would befit him

also to be cautious, lest the measure which, in a better ordered state of things, might be a preventive of evil, may be, when violence has acquired a mastery over law, an encouragement and an assistance to more lawless and more ambitious undertakings—whether it may not enlarge the combinations for evil, and, increasing the strength of conspiracy, may exalt the ends to which its efforts shall be directed. It is quite evident that the tendency of such a measure can be judged of only by comparing its details with the circumstances under which it shall be brought into operation. Mr. Scrope seems to think it sufficient if he can procure the adoption of a great principle, forgetting that his is one of those cases in which it is impossible to judge whether the principle be an evil or a good, unless it be seen in connexion with the machinery which it is to actuate, and the state of society which it is to influence. Would Mr. Scrope subject the amount of the tax to be levied on landed property to the discretion of parliament? Would he add the power of adjusting such taxation to those with which grand juries are already endowed? Would he commit the trust to the wisdom and temperance of parochial vestries? Would he impose a tax which should press with an unjust equality on all lands, however circumstanced, or would he modify the amount of assessment, by a reference to the condition of each district on which it was to be expended? In each of these cases there would be a necessity of obviating peculiar difficulties, and guarding against attendant dangers; and, in order to our forming a judgment of the measure, we should be instructed how far its adviser had provided against the impediments and perils by which his plans were likely to be obstructed or overthrown. Mr. Scrope, however, has warily confined himself to generals, and should not, therefore, murmur if he share in the unpopularity awarded to advisers of new taxes, when they do not accompany their recommendations with such plausible statements of anticipated advantage as shall render an unwelcome measure gracious.

Mr. Scrope, it must be acknowledged, has little hesitation in promising that his measure will be productive of good. Our objection is not to his want of

confidence, but to the absence of all grounds in which confidence might rationally be rested. He has quoted a melancholy testimony to the failure of one great measure, from which he might have learned caution in pronouncing on the success by which his act of benevolence is to be crowned. In answer to a question proposed by a parliamentary committee, "What are the principal objects the Whitefeet have in view?" the Rev. N. O'Connor, Roman Catholic Priest of Maryborough, answers, as quoted by Mr. Scrope:—

"To keep themselves on the land. I have often heard their conversations, when they say—'What good did the emancipation do us? Are we better clothed or fed, or our children better clothed or fed? Are we not as naked as we were, and eating dry potatoes when we can get them? Let us notice the farmers to give us better food and better wages, and not give so much to the landlord, and more to the workman; we must not let them be turning the poor people off the ground.'"

Without speaking here of the parish priest's participation in the councils of the Whitefeet, a circumstance which might, at a season of more leisure, deserve notice from our author, or from us; the confession of the degree in which "Catholic Emancipation" disappointed the rural population in Ireland, might have warned even a sanguine projector against entertaining a very confident expectation that the land tax arrangement must be successful. But, it may be said, such an arrangement would seem to meet the wishes of the people. The desire they express is to have better food and clothing. The tax proposed to be levied off landed property would make provision for this natural want, and the people, if relieved by the application of it, will become contented.

It should, however, be borne in mind, that the individuals who expressed this desire for food and clothing, did not intimate a wish that it was to be procured through the operation of a poor law. The purpose of their combination was "to keep themselves on the land." Whether this purpose contemplated the keeping possession, without paying rent, a

purpose not to be fully displayed until the season ripe for its development, is not, with sufficient accuracy, made known, but that it contemplated something very different from obtaining an assurance of pauper employment and subsistence, is thoroughly understood. We would beg to ask Mr. Scrope how many petitions have been presented from the people of Ireland, in favor of the measure he advises? What parishes have forwarded such supplications? How many farmers, and labourers, and ejected tenants, unable to find land or employment, have signed them? The ecclesiastic most popular in the church of Rome, in Ireland, was well known to have been favorable to the enactment of a measure similar to Mr. Scrope's. What weight was attached to his wishes and recommendations has been made deplorably manifest. Can our author say to what extent his well-known earnestness to procure a poor law for Ireland, was aided by general respect for his opinion, or counteracted by distaste to the measure he perseveringly recommended? In a word, can he say, judging from their respective success, whether the opposition of Mr. O'Connell, or the advocacy of Dr. Doyle, was most in unison with the sentiments of the Roman Catholics in Ireland? It is the purposed end of the land-tax to remove "the feeling of deep hostility to the law, and to British connexion." Is it reasonable to acknowledge Mr. O'Connell "the organ of the popular feeling in Ireland"—to acknowledge him also, the impracticable opponent of a poor law, continuing, notwithstanding such opposition, the organ of opinion; and to say that the measure to which he is most decidedly opposed, will conciliate the opinion of which he is the organ, and appease all hostility to England? It may be said, in behalf of Mr. Scrope's measure, that former experiments, made in conformity with the wishes of the people, have signally failed, and that it would be wisdom now to try something which, at first, they may account unwelcome. It is, we believe, a recommendation of Mr. Edgeworth's, never to give a child what he cried for; grant him, said this practical observer of childhood and its caprices, any other indulgence, but steadily refuse

him what he hopes to compel from you by clamor. On this principle, perhaps, it is expected that an evil spirit in Ireland, may be laid by granting to the people what seems for their good, and what is plainly against their wishes. But we tell Mr. Scrope that Ireland has outgrown the stature when the legislature of the nursery could rule it.

There is one characteristic uniformly discoverable in the structure of those associations which have shed so much blood, and wrought so much debasement in Ireland; and occasioned, in Mr. Scrope's pamphlet, a burst of such eloquent and unsophisticated rejoicing, from which, we think, he ought to have derived some little instruction: they consist exclusively of Roman Catholics. Whatever be the name in which they, for the time, exercise authority, their regulations so carefully exclude all but "the faithful," from participating in the peril and glory of the enterprise they have in hand, that in no single instance has a Protestant been admitted to their confidence. It may be said that the combinations existing, principally, in Roman Catholic districts, there were no Protestants of the humbler classes to join in them. A question, however, occurs: why were combinations thus localized? Why have there been none of similar power and purpose in Protestant Ulster? There the population is more dense than in any other province of Ireland—the rent of land is not lower—the wages of labor not higher than it is in most parts of Ireland, lower than it is in many, how happens it that no combinations have been formed to defeat the law, and to protect the afflicted peasantry. Tenants, in considerable numbers, have been dispossessed—rents have been, in some, perhaps in many instances, exorbitant—employment for labor has been in some seasons inadequate—and yet, in Ulster, the law is obeyed, and life and property are secure. We do not, at present, enter into inquiry why this is so: but our opinion of Mr. Scrope's competency to the task he undertook, is not raised by finding that he has not even adverted to the tranquillity of Protestant Ulster, and to the abstinence, voluntary or compelled, of Protestants in every other part of Ireland, from outrage and combination.

But, in other parts of Ireland, there are no Protestants to combine! This is not the truth. The Roman Catholic Association is no bad witness on such a subject, and we are enabled to quote, from Mr. Wyse's history, its decisive testimony. In the census ordered by that body, to be taken by the Roman Catholic clergy, it was directed that the number of the Protestants should be ascertained. The census was not completed; but, taking into account the purpose it should serve, we may fairly conjecture that the returns were not those which would report most favourably of the amount of Protestantism. Looking, then, to districts in which combinations against law, have become powerful, we find in the returns, as given by Mr. Wyse, of fourteen parishes in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, the number of Protestants to be 12,078; of five parishes in Ferns, 3487; of eight in Cork, 6873. A little more than a fifth of the whole population had been reported, not including, as Mr. Wyse informs us, "the parishes of the great towns," an exclusion, we may add, very pertinent to the occasion—and the result gave, according to the report, and the selection of Roman Catholic priests—for Munster, 39,047 Protestants, 40,985 for Leinster. Supposing this census to contain returns from the third part of Munster, and the fourth of Leinster, which a reference to the general population returns will show to be pretty nearly the truth, we have Roman Catholic evidence that, excluding the great towns, the third part of Munster contained, in the year 1828, 39,047 Protestants; the fourth part of Leinster, 40,985. Can it be maintained, that there were not multitudes of Protestants to join in lawless confederacy, if they had the will and the permission to become confederated? In Leinster, it appears that, excluding the great towns, where the proportions approach much more nearly to equality, the Protestants were to the Roman Catholics, as one to less than eleven. Shall it be said that such inequality in numbers, was, in itself, sufficient to prohibit Protestants from engaging in combinations from which they were to receive a necessary protection, in many instances, we grieve to say, a protection the more necessary because

they were Protestants? Reason and common sense forbid. No—there was a more criminal cause of their exclusion.

"About four years since," said Major Warburton, Inspector of Police, in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, in 1825, "a system of organization was introduced into two baronies in the county Clare, which has continued in operation from that period. It is called the Ribbon system, and is to be distinguished from those disturbances which are occasioned by the transfer of lands and by other local causes. The objects of the conspiracy entered into by Ribbonmen, are to establish the Roman Catholic church, and extirpate Protestantism, and to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and as an inducement to the people to unite with them, they have promised, that, when successful, they will establish a kind of agrarian law, and make an equal division of all the property over which they shall have acquired dominion. The propagators of the Ribbon system avail themselves of any local disturbances for the purpose of introducing their own principles; and it is invariably found, that where disturbances are of long continuance, they lose their desultory character, and are methodised into political organization."

Such is, in substance, the testimony borne by a most competent witness, and, if space and time served, we could confirm it by strong corroboration, and show, to any who needed information, that every confederacy by which the authority of law has been, of late years, overcome, is exclusively Roman Catholic in character, and has, as its end and object, the extirpation of Protestantism, and separation from England. And can any rational man be persuaded that he can defeat or break up such a combination by effecting *one* of its purposes, and furnishing it with means which may be used for the advancement of the *other*.

We would not have it supposed, from our treating with so little ceremony the puerilities of Mr. Poulett Scrope's brochure, that we are insensible to the importance of adopting and devising measures by which the condition of our poorer fellow-countrymen may be ameliorated. We have uniformly declared our sentiments as favourable to all such measures, and

have not abstained from expressing, perhaps in too unmeasured terms, abhorrence of the oppressions which have reduced men below the level of their kind, and left them exposed to the influence of such temptations as have fearfully demoralised the great mass of the population of Ireland. Nor would we disguise our persuasion, that the evils which affect Ireland are such as must be remedied by management as well as by legislation—by domestic, still more than parliamentary exertions. We are not of those who believe that a benevolent government could consistently compel a refractory population to be at peace, and then hand over a defenceless multitude to taskmasters who would renew the cruelties which had aforesaid goaded, or assisted in goading them to insurrection. We believe that the mistakes and misdeeds of landlords and agents have contributed much to produce those evils under which the country groans, and we would desire to see the legal wrongs of the people redressed, at the same time, that the giant power of confederacy against law was reduced to submission. But, cries our author, how is the combination to be broken? how is Ireland to be governed? Not, he adds, by Protestant ascendancy, and courts-martial; for they “have been tried in vain for half a century, and matters have only been made worse.” This “half a century” was an infelicitous selection of time, as it was precisely the period occupied in the work of undermining Protestant ascendancy—that is to say, it was precisely the period in which, whatever may be said of courts-martial, the power of Protestant ascendancy was *not* tried, or was tried only as sappers and miners try the fortress against which they are employed. To speak correctly, it should be said, that the period during which Protestant ascendancy was declining, was the period in which courts-martial, and the disorders which called for them, were most painfully frequent. But let this pass, and let it be conceded, that matters have been made worse during the fifty years in which Protestant ascendancy has been declining, and in which the government was perpetually contrasted with itself, compensating the vice of weak indulgence with the right

of extreme severity—balancing connivance with courts-martials—and rather alarming and astonishing than subduing, by efforts, which were not the indications of constitutional vigor, but seemed as the throes and convulsions of liberated but long obstructed energies. Let it be admitted that such caprices of severity and forbearance are not the influences by which a growing or a mature organization against law could best be counteracted; but let it not be argued that therefore a wise and steady exercise of authority must be without success. Above all, let it not be inferred that, therefore, nothing remains but to court committees of assassination into a favourable acceptance of measures which would increase the power of faction, would disgust and alienate nearly two millions of loyal Protestant subjects, and, because of the spirit in which they were brought to pass, would cover the name of England with indelible disgrace.

But again the question recurs, how is Ireland to be governed? how would we govern, were the power committed to us? We will not say, with legislators of high renown, that we are not in the cabinet, and think it right to preserve our cabinet secrets until we can put them to good use; but we will say, what, no doubt, the reader will rejoice to hear, that our space is limited, and we cannot commence an essay on government which we have no prospect of bringing to a speedy conclusion. Instead of a manifesto, we conclude with an advice, by which, we hope, if Mr. Poulett Scrope ever be appointed to preside over the affairs of this land, he, and we through him, may be benefited.

We would say, then, to the members of his Majesty's government who may feel a strong desire to bestow peace on Ireland; first, count the cost of your undertaking, and ascertain whether you are able to effect your purpose and willing to pay the price. If you are virtually, as well as in name, the government of Ireland, suffer no confederacy to remain in existence by which your power, and the power of law is perpetually baffled and overcome—a confederacy which is far more formidable than the armed authority of the state, and which will

be acquiring more influence over the people, and will be becoming more reluctant to abdicate and dissolve in proportion as it extorts from the legislature concessions which loyalty and desert had never succeeded in obtaining. If you be truly a government, have no divided empire with such a power—bear no such brother near the throne—endure not, from subjects of the crown, insult and injury, for which, in olden time, England would encounter the world in arms. On the other hand, if you feel that the confederacy is, as many think, mightier than England—at least too strong for England to put down—and if you are satisfied to be styled a government, and to occupy what was once thought the place of power, in presence of an adversary by whom you are overawed, whose frequent outrages you have no ability to punish, and whose projects, whatever they may be, you have not skill or strength to disconcert—then, for the sake of all that is valuable here and in England, enter betimes into parley with an enemy who has ceased to be in rebellion by having obtained success—learn what he will be satisfied to accept, and consider whether it is not more than you are willing to concede. Let there be a final settlement. It was the maxim of a skilful man of the world, in his intercourse with the dispensers of court favor—“take what you get, and keep grumbling.” While you adopt an indirect policy in your diplomacy with the power which has overthrown law, this maxim may be employed against you. Concession after concession may be thrown away, and grumbling, not conciliation, be its consequence. Every

grant may be followed by a murmur, “this I take, but it was not this I wanted.” Be wise, therefore, in time, and before you relinquish a valuable possession, be sure that it will be graciously accepted according to its value. In short, you should halt no more between two opposite opinions and two inconsistent procedures. If the combination which rules in three parts of Ireland, consist of subjects, reduce them to obedience, and bestow upon them all the blessings which a well-ordered government should provide. If it consist of enemies, make terms with them, and determine according to their demands and your abilities, whether it shall be war or peace. But, at whatever price, do not leave Ireland to linger in the state in which she has too long been afflicted: do not look on inertly, when the poor are cruelly, although legally oppressed—and then dwell with complacency on the thought, that assassins have afforded the protection which was not found in you—rejoicing with Mr. Scrope in a false trust that landlords and tenants may be, “by mutual annoyance, harassed into mutual accommodation.” This would be a trust most false and most pernicious; if it be acted upon, there is no hope for this country, except in the overthrow of those who criminally indulge it; and England, elevated as she is, may yet have cause to rue the hour when, with a crooked and vacillating policy, she abandoned the maxims of evenhanded justice, and condescended to employ, in the attainment of her ends, such disgraceful instruments as the tumults of an exasperated people and the fears of a forsaken gentry.

TO MY FRIENDS.

"Lieben Freunde! Es gab schön're Zeiten."

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Beloved friends! More glorious times than ours
Of old existed: men of loftier powers
Than we can boast have flourished:—who shall doubt it?
A million stones dug from the depths of earth
Will bear this witness for the ancient worth,
If history's chronicles be mute about it.

But, all are gone—those richly-gifted souls—
That constellation of illustrious names:
For Us, for Us the current moment rolls,
And We, We live, and have our claims.

My friends! The wanderer tells us—and we own—
That earth shews many a more luxuriant zone
Than that whereunder we sedately live;
But if denied a paradise, our hearts
Are still the home of science and the arts,
And glow and gladden in the light they give;
And if beneath our skies the laurel pines,
And winter desolates our myrtle boughs,
The curling tendrils of our joyous vines
Shed freshest greenness round our brows.

May burn more feverish life, more maddening pleasures,
Where four assembled worlds exchange their treasures,
At London, in the world's Commercial Hall;
A thousand stately vessels come and go,
And costly sights are there, and pomp and show,
And gold is lord and idolgod of all!
But will the sun be mirrored in the stream,
Sullied and darkened by the flooding rains?
No! On the still smooth lake alone his beam
Is brightly imaged and remains.

The beggar, at Saint Angelo's, might gaze
With scorn upon our North, for he surveys
The one, lone, only, everliving Rome—
All shapes of beauty fascinate his eye;
He sees a brilliant heaven below the sky
Shine in Saint Peter's wonderwaking dome.
But even while beaming with celestial glory,
Rome is the grave of long-departed years;
It is the green young plant and not the hoary
And time-worn trunk that blooms and cheers.

Prouder achievements may perchance appear
Elsewhere than signalize our humble sphere,
But newer nowhere underneath the sun.
We see in picttier outlines, on our stage,
Which miniatures the world of every age,
The storied feats of bypassed eras done.
All things are but redone, reshewn, retold;
Fancy alone is ever young and new:
Man and the universe shall both grow old,
But not the forms her pencil drew.

THE TARTAR PRINCESS.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 1241.

From the German.

AN easterly gale raged through Silesia's forests; centenarian oaks bowed the head before the powerful blast; the weathercocks of Castle Rothkirch creaked and spun round their pins, as if endeavouring to escape, while owls and jackdaws, the living playthings of the storm, cawed and fluttered against the windows of a closet where the Lady Dorothea was sitting at her labour of love, embroidering a splendid mantle for her absent lord. Under the pretext of sooner espying his expected master, *Kruko*, his Polish squire, had stepped out into the balcony, and was indeed gazing steadfastly, not at the wild weather, but back through the casement panes on the serene heaven within the countenance of the fair embroiderer, while in his heart the storm of passion played even a more destructive game than the fury of the unbridled elements. At a fresh gust Dorothea anxiously raised her dark eyes, and started when she found *Kruko's* fixed upon her. A vague fear passed over her heart like the shadow of death, and she rose to leave the room. His conscience told the wild Pole that she was flying from him, and stung at having betrayed himself, he returned into the closet.

"Night begins to fall," he said, "and as yet I have not been able to descry my lord. I almost despair of his return today," he continued in a lower voice; "yet I thank my saints, since it allows me the happiness of guarding the castle and its fair lady for another night."

"It becomes you well to regard as a pleasure the duty which you share with all your master's vassals," replied the noble lady with unusual pride, assumed to keep the forward youth within the bounds of respect.

Convinced, however, that she had read his thoughts, and determined to have his fate decided, he approached

her and said:—"If you mean to humble me by this coldness or pride, you do not know *Kruko's* heart. Would you cast ice into a furnace of molten metal, you could not quench the flames; in wild fury they would burst their prison, and destroying all around, the crimson fire-column would scale the frightened heavens."

"You are raving," exclaimed the lady, and endeavoured to escape; but he violently grasped her hand, and cried—

"Stay! you shall at least conceal no longer that you understand me. I love you as long as I know you; you are a woman, and must have observed it long since. I love you with torments and delight, with a fire which silently consumes me, while you can look coolly on; but it shall be so no longer! I will have some return, should I have to purchase it with my soul!"

"Leave me this instant," cried Dorothea, indignantly. "Prepare to answer to my husband on his return, for words which madness or intoxication alone could have prompted."

Krukoground his teeth and murmured, "death for love! these are the thanks of woman! Lucky am I, poor enamoured fool, that I can still this tempest with a word, else were I lost!" Then looking at her, he said coldly—"So, you would betray me, *Adelma*?"

The flush of anger vanished from Dorothea's pallid face; she stared wildly at her torturer; opened her lips as if to speak, and sank fainting on her chair.

"Mad villain, you have killed the angel!" cried *Kruko*; and striking his forehead, he knelt at the feet of his lady, and was raising her hand to his lips when the door opened, and little *Deodat*, her son, a child of three years old, ran in; and seeing his mother pale and with closed eyes lying in her chair, clung crying round her neck.

"Her child and his," muttered Kruko, "in that one idea all hell is crowded!"

The lovely woman, awakened by the kisses of her son, raised her eyes, moved the floating raven tresses from her high forehead, and fixed looks of boundless mother-love upon the boy, who patted her lily cheeks with his little hands. Then, with an indignant glance at Kruko, who stood before her with the feelings of a fiend in paradise, she signed to him to leave her. The insolent squire still hesitated, when her maids entered. She bade one of them tell Father Czeslaus that she would await him in the castle chapel, in the confessional, and, attended by another, leading Deodat by the hand, she left the closet. Long stood Kruko, motionless, in the empty apartment; at length, he furiously stamped on the floor, raised his clenched hand towards heaven, and rushed from the room.

The night was dark; the howling of the storm was mingled with the rolling of distant thunder. In the castle yard stood Kruko, like the first murderer, in still despair. Tossed by the hurricane, his hair was wildly driven across his distorted features, and his eyes were fixed upon the illuminated windows of the castle chapel, where Dorothea was now confessing. After some time the chapel door opened, the lady appeared, attended by her maids, and with hurried steps crossed the castle square towards her apartments. Kruko, to conceal himself from observation, pressed close behind the enclosure of the wall, and, after the women had disappeared, stood long in gloomy thoughts; then collecting himself, with quick strides sought the chapel. At the altar the venerable Czeslaus still knelt, and, overcome by an awe which he could not master, Kruko stopped on the threshold. When the old man had concluded his prayers, he rose from the steps of the altar, gave fresh oil to the lamp which hung before it, extinguished the tapers, and turned to leave the chapel. Kruko instantly approached him, seized his hand, and said: "A word, reverend Sir! time is pressing, and I must be brief. I know Dorothea's dangerous secret, which cannot be hid from you, her confessor. But for her weal and my own, perhaps that of all Silesia, I

must also know those sentiments which, hid in the deepest deep of woman's heart, are accessible only to God and you. Your answer will guide my actions; and from the wise Dominican, who, doubtless, secretly smiles at the prejudices which feed him, I hope, for a rich reward, to hear what the lady has just confided to him; my humble name has surely been the theme."

With calmness and dignity Czeslaus looked at the wild inquirer, and then said, in a tone of earnest compassion: "You are very ill, Kruko, though, perhaps, not bodily. Go to your chamber, and pray fervently to drive away the tempter. When you have come to your senses again—when your better self has conquered the dark powers, I shall expect you in the confessional, to impose upon you the deserved penance for your criminal demand."

With scornful smile, Kruko replied: "Think you that the babbling of a monk can alter the resolution of a man? I know the value of my secret, and the power derived from it, too well, to be frightened by empty threats. Whatever Dorothea feels for me—love, hatred, or contempt—she has trusted to you within this hour, and you leave not the chapel till you have disclosed it."

"Poor man," said Czeslaus, with a feeling of pity, "how you hasten to precipitate yourself into the pit! Pray and confess; that is the only advice the faithful physician of your soul is able to give you." So speaking, he went towards the door.

"You mock me!" exclaimed Kruko, and drew his dagger. "But by——" (he swore a fearful oath,) "you leave not this place alive, if you keep silence longer."

Czeslaus held his peace, and the villain raised the murderous weapon. Suddenly a flash of lightning illuminated the chapel, and, surrounded by its brightness, the friar stood like a glorified saint before the sinner. An awful peal of thunder succeeded—the dagger fell from Kruko's hand, and his dazzled eyes sought the ground.

"Heaven has not destined me to fall by thy hand," said Czeslaus, with majesty; "for still many things the Lord will accomplish here below by his servant. Thou, too, art chosen by

Him, whom even the apostate spirits must serve, for an instrument, in order that, through thee, thousands may gain the sacred crowns of martyrdom. The spirit teacheth me, from thy ill-boding features, that, like unhappy Judas, thou canst betray the friend who lovingly broke bread with thee. Hasten, then, to fulfil thy destiny, and infect no longer, by thy presence, the pure atmosphere of the house of God."

A second flash of lightning again filled the chapel with a horrible glare; the thunder rattled anew; and frightened and agitated, yet resolved for the worst, Kruko rushed out into the wild stormy night.

On his return from the ducal court, Sir Hans of Rothkirch was overtaken by the weather. He sought refuge in the inn of Neumarkt, and sate there, wrapt up in serious thought, with an untasted goblet before him, while, at a neighbouring table, some citizens of the town were chatting to the inn-keeper and emptying their pints. The conversation growing more lively, at length roused the Knight of Rothkirch from his reverie; he began to listen more attentively, and every instant became more interested in the subject.

"We won't let you off, Master Jacob," a young citizen exclaimed impatiently, "you must, at last, tell us the story of the heathen princess. I was just at that time on my wanderings; we have heard all sorts of things of her, but nothing coherent or orderly, and idle loiterers always add so many lies. Fill your pints, and then you can go on with your narrative without stoppages; you know how to pack your words as elegantly as a friar, and when a storm is raging without doors, nothing is so pleasant as to sit in a warm comfortable room, behind a full pint, and to listen to horrible stories. It is particularly delightful when the hair gets a little on end, and the goose-skin creeps all over the body."

"Go on! go on!" cried the whole table, and the landlord, flattered and attacked from all sides, could resist no longer. He filled the pints, and began as follows:—

It was exactly four years ago, this day eight weeks, in the morning, when a stranger entered my tap-room, and engaged my whole house for the lady

of a high Tartar prince and her retinue. The tanned face of the man, his curious dress, and broken German, appeared, at first, somewhat suspicious; but as he paid me immediately a whole week before hand, and that in good Hungarian ducats, I felt satisfied, and made all arrangements to receive the foreign lady in a suitable manner. The sun had already set, when a stately caravan of horses and carriages stopped at my inn. A tall majestic lady, closely veiled, was lifted from her steed, and immediately ascended the staircase, and took possession of my best apartment. She was followed by three other veiled women, and then a multitude of splendidly-dressed black monsters, with thin squeaking voices, followed, and settled themselves in the ante-room. Into my tap-room there came a brilliantly adorned heathen, who was nicknamed Myrsa, with a whole troop of horsemen, like the fore-runner, and the whole set lived like lords, and paid for all they had above what was agreed on, with good red gold. The following morning, one of the Moorish monsters ordered me up stairs to the lady. I obeyed; and when I came up, the black, holding his naked sword over my head, ushered me into the presence of his mistress, who was sitting, with her legs crossed, on beautiful rich carpets on the floor. She spoke German, exactly like the Poles, but, with her sweet gentle voice, it sounded uncommonly agreeable. We had a long conversation, and she inquired very particularly and circumstantially about the situation, habits, and customs of our dear Silesia. She was as mild and as kind as an angel; and when I spoke to her about our fine churches, and our manner of worship, she became very much affected, and her voice trembled, as if she was weeping; however, I could not be certain on account of her veil, which still continued to cover her closely. Then I had to tell her a good deal of the ways of our nobility, not of the Poles, but of the German nobles, whom his highness, our duke, has drawn into the country; and my account of their elegance and chivalry, and of the tender treatment of their ladies, seemed to please her very much, though sometimes she gave a deep sigh. Then she graciously dismissed me, one of her

female attendants, at her command, handing me a golden bottle containing some precious oil of roses, and my black monster led me out again. On that same morning there came two other customers to my house, whose rascally countenances directly struck me with terror; for I knew that formerly they had served *Black Rupert*, for whose head the lords at *Breslau* had offered a reward of a hundred guilders. They set to with the Heathen, and drank to them stoutly. I got more and more frightened, for it appeared to me as if these vagabonds only came to watch an opportunity for mischief. I was already inclined to communicate my suspicions to the council, but was afraid of *Black Rupert*, who surely would have set fire to my roof if his men had been arrested in my house. Before I could come to a resolution, the fellows were gone; and as nothing else happened during the day to confirm my suspicion, I quietly went to bed.

At midnight a dreadful noise awakened me; murdering shouts and rattling of arms were heard through the house. The heathen had been attacked by a superior number of highwaymen, and defended themselves bravely. In my fright I ran out of the house: there was *Black Rupert*, sure enough, with a strong troop, and the guilds hurrying to arms to drive the rover out of the town. But he ordered his trumpeter to blow, and then cried to the citizens that he had nothing to do with the town, but merely with the Pagans that had put up at the inn. He told the guilds quietly to go home to their houses; and if they did so, he would, upon his knightly word, march off without harm to the town: if not, he, of course, would be obliged to set fire to the four corners of the city. The citizens upon that dispersed, and the vagabonds, of whom there are plenty in every place, ran to lend a hand to the robbers, who now for the most part dismounted, and with drawn swords entered the inn. After this, all soon became silent inside, and by-and-by the whole gang came out laden with immense booty. *Rupert* and his under captains took the heathen girls, (who right quietly submitted to their fate,) before them on the saddle, and the whole troop galloped out of the town-

gate which, on entering, they had taken by surprise. I now ventured again into the house; the sight there was dreadful; robbers and heathen were lying in confusion, dead or dying, in every apartment, while the blood flowed in streams over the thresholds. But enough of those horrors. In the meantime, I only sought for the poor princess who had so kindly conversed with me; for that she had not been dragged away with her maids, I was certain. I therefore expected to find her corpse up stairs in her apartment: there, however, nothing was to be seen except two Moorish monsters lying dead at the entrance, who probably had fallen in defence of their mistress. After searching through the whole house, even every chimney and every corner in the loft, I found, at last, on the cross of one of the back windows, two bed-sheets tied together, by means of which the unfortunate lady had probably effected her escape. I offered up some *Ave Marias* for the salvation of her body and soul; got my house cleaned and whitewashed from top to bottom, and endeavoured to forget that murderous night.

Since that time *Black Rupert* was as if blown away out of our dear *Silesia*. I have been told that he, with his whole gang, entered into the service of the Polish king, *Boleslaus*, and had been killed two years ago at *Krakau*, in a battle against the Tartars. Three years ago, however, another circumstance happened which I must tell you, as it is connected with that unfortunate affair. One night a stranger, wrapped in a cloak, knocked at my door and asked for a private room. When I showed him into one, he bolted the door inside, threw off his cloak, and I beheld with horror a brown face with little, grimly-sparkling eyes, and a black beard that awfully reminded me of the heathen who had perished in my house. His body-dress of yellow silk, open in front, showed a hairy breast, and was held together by a gold-wrought girdle, from which a sabre, richly mounted with brilliants, was suspended. The splendour of his whole dress, from the diamond-egret that fastened the heron-feathers in his turban, down to his yellow embroidered boots with golden spurs, plainly intimated that I had to deal with some

great Tartar prince. He now drew a sparkling dagger from his girdle. I fancied he was about to revenge his countrymen on me, poor innocent man, and sunk on my knees imploring his mercy. But the stranger laid the dagger on the table, placed a bag, heavy with gold, beside it, and said, in a threatening, imperious tone—

“The gold rewards truth; the steel, lies. Relate to me the accident that happened to the Tartar princess last year—but faithfully and circumstantially!”

I told him the horrible event just as I tell it to you now, and as I can take the sacrament upon it. He muttered in his own language something in an undertone, and then said to me—

“The town is innocent, for that you are all cowards, is not your fault; it seems to be a natural failing inherent in such wretches of citizens as ye are. But the robber I shall find. Take this gold as a recompense for the fright you suffered then and now, and congratulate yourself; for your faithful and simple narrative has saved this land, which in my wrath I had determined to destroy.”

Thus he parted from me; and I offered the following day a hundred wax tapers, as heavy as myself, on the altar of our church, to thank my saints for my preservation and unexpected fortune.”

“And of the unfortunate princess you have learned nothing more?” inquired Rothkirch, who had listened to the story with increasing attention and anxiety.

“That is just what the strange heathen asked me,” answered the landlord; “but I had then, as well as now, to reply in the negative. That she has got out of my house safe I would almost take my oath; but, nevertheless, she may have fallen into the hands of Black Rupert, or otherwise perished in her flight; for else, I should think, unacquainted with the country, and helpless as she was, she would have returned to our good Neumarkt after the robbers had left it.”

“And her countenance you never saw?” inquired Rothkirch, further.

“Never,” replied the host; “but handsome she must have been; fine black tresses forced their way from

under her veil, and from it sparkled a couple of eyes like two suns.”

“Her dress?” asked Rothkirch, with emotion.

“A silken stuff of a beautiful green colour, interwoven with golden wreaths.”

“God in heaven! my presentiment!” cried Rothkirch, and bade his servants instantly bring the horses to the door.

“In this tremendous weather, would you ride, my lord?” asked the landlord in surprise. “Listen how the storm rages, and the hail rattles against the windows!”

“It is the breath of spring, if compared to the storm in my soul!” said the knight, as he ran out; and soon the astonished citizens saw him galloping through the storm, while the sparks flew from the pavement at every bound of the charger.

The first beams of the sun shone dimly through the clouded sky, when the hoofs of Rothkirch’s steed thundered over the drawbridge of his castle. Dorothea, who had watched all night in care and anxiety for him, flew to meet him at the castle gate, and shuddered at the icy embrace of her husband, whose dripping hair hung wild about his pallid countenance.

“For the holy Virgin’s sake, my lord, what has happened to you?” asked his trembling and affectionate wife.

“I have heard strange and horrible tales,” said Rothkirch, gloomily staring at her, “of robbery and murder—and worse, of the deceit of woman!”

“You have spoken with Kruko,” exclaimed Dorothea, horrorstruck.

“With Kruko?” asked the lord, surprised. “I did not see him: is he not in the castle?”

“His behaviour last night,” said the lady more calmly, “proved to me plainly that his senses were distracted; but before I could order him to be brought into safe keeping, he rode off in that dreadful night without cap or cloak, and has not yet returned.”

“Strange!” muttered Rothkirch, as he climbed heavily the high-winding staircase that led to Dorothea’s apartment; and when the beautiful woman had followed him, he stood before her, looked fixedly into her eyes, that quickly sunk to the ground, and said—

"When four years ago I found you in the thicket of my forest, you pretended to be a Polish lady who had fled from her native country to escape the choice between a convent and a hated suitor. Do you still persist in that story?"

Love—conscious guilt—repentance and beauty, made of Dorothea a penitent Magdalen, and, hardly audibly, she stammered—"No."

"Then you are the Tartar princess who four years ago escaped at Neu-markt from Rupert's robber hands?" he asked again.

"Yes," whispered the poor lady, weeping and clasping the knees of her irritated lord.

"God in heaven!" cried he, "a Heathen woman, already married, has violated the sacrament of matrimony, and stained my knightly bed!"

The fair penitent rose at such a bitter charge, and said, with modest pride—"I have to accuse myself of no crime, except that of keeping some things secret from you. The robber-chieftain who tore me from the arms of my mother, had no claim to me; I never have acknowledged him as my husband; and ere the worthy Czeslaus, on the altar, wound the sacred stola round our hands, he had in private poured the baptism of the Christians over me. Towards you I kept silence, that I might not frighten back the man whom at first sight my heart flew to meet; but I deposited my secret in the breast of my confessor; and if there was a crime in doing so, it has been expiated by penance and absolution, and purified before God. I only stand trembling before my earthly judge, whose love, I trust, may pardon what love has committed."

"But who is the Heathen prince who has usurped the right of a robber over my wife?" cried Rothkirch, whose blood rose up to his face. "Name him to me, Dorothea, that I may challenge him to honourable combat, and that the sword may decide our claims."

"That, noble lord," said Dorothea, with timid submission, "I have kept even from my confessor; and it must remain unknown until that great day when every darkness will be changed into light."

"A German wife should have no

concealment from her husband," cried Rothkirch, frowning. "She who deceived me once, must be perfectly open and candid, if I am to believe in her repentance and truth. What is the name of the Heathen?"

"Kill me, my lord," sighed Dorothea, again embracing his knees; "I cannot name him to you."

The proud knight stood irresolute between contending passions; anger bade him thrust the fair suppliant from him; love whispered him to raise her to his breast, when the nurse sent little Deodat into the room to welcome his father on his return. He ran to his kneeling mother, and beginning to cry because he saw her weeping, he threw one arm round her neck, and stretched the other to his father, whose wrath began to die away before this picture of a Madonna.

"For the sake of the lovely boy I bore you," exclaimed Dorothea, "pardon me and respect my silence, which has no other source but my boundless love for you."

"I forgive you," said Rothkirch, quickly raising both wife and child, and pressing them to his breast; "I pardon and honour your silence; your innocent eyes convince me that your motives are pure."

"My magnanimous lord," cried the oriental, clinging to him with a mixture of love and reverence, peculiar to the women of her clime, while their laughing boy stammered—"Papa, mamma!" and clasping his little arms round the necks of both, their lips met in a pure kiss of love and reconciliation.

Tossing his laughing Deodat on his knees, Sir Hans was sitting at his ease beside his wife, with a goblet of rosy wine before him, when father Czeslaus entered the apartment girded up for a journey, and a staff in his hand, to take his leave of Rothkirch and Dorothea. Surprised, the knight asked whether he did not like his sojourn at the castle, that he left it so suddenly.

"Amongst the good I am always well contented; but duty calls me back to my convent. On the eastern horizon dreadful thunderclouds are gathering, whose destructive flames will vent their fury upon our poor Silesia; and at the time of danger it

becomes the good shepherd to watch over the flock which the Lord has entrusted to him."

"The storm has blown over," replied Rothkirch smiling; "look around, in the east, and everywhere, the heaven is serenely azure."

"To the *earthly* eye," said the monk, significantly. "Enjoy the blessing of the shortness of human sight, by which God's wisdom and kindness spare us endless sufferings."

"Ob, I perceive, you spoke in parables, venerable father," said the knight, smiling; "and, if I understand them rightly, you allude to the recent irruption of the Tartars into Poland, of which I heard, for the first time, something at the duke's court. But there, I think, the clerical antipathy to steel betrays you into extravagant anxiety. Though hitherto the sword of the chaste Boleslaus has, like its master, faithfully preserved its innocence, yet still lives Wladimir, the brave Woywode of *Krakau*; he proved last year, at *Tursko*, to the Heathen, that they were not invincible; the Polish nobility are awake to the defence of their country, and if those hordes have ventured a new attack, they soon will be obliged, with bloody heads, to seek their homes in the desert."

"Ruin follows the footsteps of overbearing pride," cried Czeslaus, forgetting himself in his warmth. "Like yourself, the leader of the Poles boasted of his earthly strength, and forgot to invoke the assistance of Heaven; his leaguer was beaten—*Krakau's* flames rise up to the skies, and the torrent of the enemy inundates the unhappy country."

Rothkirch sprang up, and stared with surprise at the countenance of the priest, which shone as with an inner light, and Dorothea, growing pale, folded her hands to prayer. Then Czeslaus collected himself again, struck his breast, in regret, and said: "Forget what I have said, noble lord, and farewell! May the strong angel of God protect you! But, as my thanks for your kindness, take the last advice of your friend. Whatever on earth is dearest to you, bring, at the first approach of danger, to the protecting walls of Breslau. The convent of St. Adalbert offers you a safe refuge; and should even that, as my dream inti-

mated in confused images, sink in flaming ruins, I answer for another sacred asylum, and shall watch there, faithfully, over its preservation." So saying, the friar, much affected, gave his hand to the noble couple, blessed the little Deodat with the sign of the cross, and hastily left the apartment.

Castle Rothkirch had suddenly become a scene of noisy excitement. Squires galloped from all its gates, to bid the distant vassals hold themselves prepared for fight—skilful smiths were hammering at the suits of armour—lads grinding swords and halberts, and practising with crossbows. Servants broke the rough war-horse in the square—filled the stone baskets—fixed defensive engines on the walls—hung storm-covers to the towers; while the knight himself walked about everywhere, ordering and exciting—his restless activity proving but too plainly his belief in the prophetic words of Czeslaus. Thus a week had passed, when Clemens, captain of the Castle of Glogau, arrived, his steed covered with foam. With astonishment he observed the warlike preparations, and said to Sir Hans, who came to welcome him: "I am grieved to see you involved in a private feud, at a time when your country is in need of your brave arm; for I hardly think it possible that these arrangements should be in consequence of the intelligence which I bring you from the ducal court, and which had but just arrived there."

"Ha! the Tartars!" exclaimed Rothkirch, with foreboding.

"So you know already," interrupted Clemens, "that, on the 18th of March, they have routed *Wladimir*, near *Chmelick*, and burned *Krakau*? After their barbarous manner, they lay waste the country all around, and now they threaten Silesia. The Duke *Miceslaus*, of *Oppeln*, with his troops, has already taken the field, to cover the Oder, and our lord, too, is preparing to march. He desires you, with all that can bear arms, to hasten to *Liegnitz*, and there to join his standard. Your castle you may leave unprotected and empty; we want the men that you might wish to leave behind for its defence, but too much in the open field, for countless is the host of the Heathen, and every thing depends upon our opposing a

strong, brave, steel-clad bulwark to the floods that are raging on against our country."

"The wish of the duke I consider a command—it shall be obeyed," said Rothkirch, calmly. "The preparations you see here, are merely the effects of indistinct rumours that reached my ears respecting the rout of the Poles; but, thanks to these rumours, I shall be enabled within two days to march upon Liegnitz with my banner."

"But where will you leave your fair lady, and your beloved child?" inquired Clemens, with heartfelt sympathy, pointing at Dorothea, who, with the little Deodat, just stepped out of the castle door.

"I intend, in case danger approaches, to send both to Breslau," replied Sir Hans.

"To that I would not advise you," said the captain. "Breslau is more exposed to their first attack; and the Tartars, it is said, have proved already, in China, that the capture of even fortified towns is an easy task for them. Duke Henry considers his duchess and his mother not safe even behind the strong walls of Liegnitz, but means to send both to Crossen."

"We have time enough to determine about this; for the present the Tartars are still raging in Poland, and we don't know yet, with certainty, whether their inroad is directed against Silesia; and even *then*, the united forces of Henry and Miceslaus are still there to break their power."

"United forces?" asked Clemens, considerately. "Miceslaus has refused Henry's offer to effect a junction of their armies. Do you not know the Poles? They entertain such inveterate hatred against us Germans, that even our name has become a term of reproach in their tongue. How will the proud Duke of Oppeln, notwithstanding most imminent danger, persuade himself to submit to the command of our glorious Henry; and yet this must be done, if he who alone has the wisdom and the power is to lead the whole forces of Silesia to victory!"

"You consider all this in too gloomy a point of view, Sir Captain," said Rothkirch, cheerfully. "Follow me into the hall; I shall, meanwhile, fill our goblets, and, ere we unite our efforts for the good cause, we will

drown, in good Hungarian wine, those useless cares that only lame our strength, without serving any purpose!" He went, and Clemens was about to follow him, when Dorothea hastily seized his hand, and anxiously inquired whether he knew who led the Tartarian army?

"*Chan Batu*," answered the captain, not perceiving the death-like paleness that this name shed over the lady's cheeks. "But," continued, he "it is said, that he, with half his host, is pursuing the routed Poles into Hungary; the remainder of his army has been left in Poland, under *Peta Chan*."

With a grateful look towards heaven, Dorothea recovered herself, beckoned an attendant to take the boy, and then, lonely and lost in deep thoughts, walked into the castle garden.

The evening began to close, and in the high beech arbour, at the extremity of the garden, where Dorothea sate, wrapped in waking dreams, the darkness seemed that of night. From the brightly-illuminated windows of the knightly hall, goblets and songs resounded, and trumpets and kettle-drums announced the toasts that were drunk to the success of Henry and Silesia, and to the destruction of the Heathen. Rothkirch's vassals, horse and foot, had marched into the castle, and the knight once more enjoyed himself with his faithful subjects, who were soon to bleed beside him. Dorothea had just risen to return to the castle, when a rustling was heard from the high wall that enclosed the garden, and, before the frightened woman could take courage to cry for help or to flee, a man stood before her in whom, despite the darkness that covered his face, her anxiety anticipated the wild Polander. She started back, while the villain said, with a low hoarse voice:

"You have cause for alarm, fair lady, I am Kruko. Since that dreadful stormy night, restless as a condemned spirit, I have haunted the forest. I have torn my hair, and, wringing my hands, I have entreated fate to grant me insanity in vain—it will not make a fool, but a villain of me, and I obey the stronger power. Yet, once more, I wanted to see you, to hear the truth from your rosy lips; it shall decide your fate and my own, and that of this country. The cold contempt that

hitherto you have shown me, may be female affectation, or the consequence of a conflict between old duty and new love. Perhaps the fire that mercilessly consumes me, may have kindled in the depth of your heart a still-concealed spark, which danger may fan to a flame. I, therefore, tell you openly I know all, and am certain of it; for five years ago I was in the suite of the *Knese Borislav*, when at *Kiow*, he negotiated with your husband, and there I saw you. I now am firmly resolved to sacrifice all either to my desires or to my revenge. If you return that passion which consumes me, fly with me this very hour; if not, I will let loose my demons, and destruction, unrestrained, will rule over Silesia's happy fields—now decide!”

“Help! murder!” cried Dorothea suddenly, and strove to escape; but the *Polander* held her with a strong arm, and his dagger sparkled through the dark.

“I should have a mind to make your cries tell truth,” growled he; “but it would be a pitiful revenge to repay the thousand tortures with which you wring my heart by a single thrust. Live *Adelma*! live and despair!”

He disappeared through the night of the trees. Like a wounded roe, that bears the arrow in her breast, the unfortunate Dorothea fled towards the castle. The rustling of the evening breeze in the leaves seemed the breath of her pursuer; and when Rothkirch, who had heard her cries for help, with men and torches entered the garden, she fell senseless in his arms.

The trumpets of the horsemen, the drums of the foot soldiers saluted the sun, when, on the morning of their march, he rose behind Castle Rothkirch. The bands closed their ranks; Sir Hans, in bright steel armour, sprang on his charger; and Dorothea, pale and ill, was lifted on her steed, whilst the girdle-nurse took before her on the saddle the merry little *Deodat*, who, in the preparations for the mournful journey, saw but subjects for childish joy. When the knight had arrayed his troops for the march, he once more galloped to his beloved, and, with the anxiety of affection, looked into her eyes, bedimmed with weeping.

“You are very ill and weak, my

dear wife,” said he kindly. “Will you be able to bear the fatigues of the journey? Danger is not yet near at hand, and you easily might rest yourself a few days longer at Rothkirch, and then follow me with a strong body guard.”

“Never!” cried Dorothea hastily. “The air of this castle oppresses me, the towers seem threatening to fall and crush me beneath their ruins. Anxiety would kill me far sooner than the fatigues of the march. I shall not leave you until extreme necessity requires me to bring our *Deodat* to Breslau in safety. By your side alone I feel myself secure—by your side alone the spirits of night cease to shake their black wings over me.”

“As thou wilt, faithful wife,” said Rothkirch, much affected; “may the conviction of my sincerest, warmest love, and the hope of a bright futurity, pour balsam into thy tortured heart!” Then, combating his emotion, he quickly wheeled round his charger, drew his sword, and gave the signal to march. Cheerfully sounded the trumpets, the drums rattled, and, with loud rejoicings, the little band took the road to Liegnitz, firmly resolved for their God, their good duke, and their beloved country, to hazard life, otherwise cherished, in the bloody game of war.

On the plain before Liegnitz assembled the army which had hastened together from all Lower Silesia, that obeyed Duke Henry's sceptre. Six hundred mountaineers of *Goldberg* had issued from their mines, to try the strength of hands which had oft subdued the stubborn ore, on the skulls of the Heathen. The knights of the court of the duke, all Germans, had come up, with their retainers, horse and foot, and Rothkirch and Clemens joined them, with their men, just as the crusaders, whom the call of the Pope had raised throughout Germany, arrived, with *Boleslaus*, the brave son of the Margrave of Moravia, at their head. At the same time a victorious trumpet-blast was heard from the north, and a fresh squadron of stately horsemen approached the town, led by knights, whose white mantles were adorned with black crosses. Spurred on by his

vow, but still more for Christian chivalry, to fight against the enemies of Christendom, wherever they might show themselves, *Poppo* of *Osterna*, the grandmaster of the German order in Prussia, brought up this band for the defence of Silesia; and *Rothkirch*, calculating the numbers of this chosen army, began already to consider victory as certain, and to look upon *Czeslaus'* warnings as the effects of the weakness of old age. Now the gates of *Liegnitz* opened, and the duke issued forth, accompanied by his whole family. *Hedwig*, his illustrious mother, already by her piety and prophetic powers meriting the name of saint, which grateful posterity has given her; and *Anna*, his beloved spouse, and his heroic offspring, *Boleslaus*, *Henry*, *Ladislau*, and *Conrad*, who, together with five blooming daughters, surrounded the princely parents, as scenting blossoms and balsamic fruit at the same time adorn the lordly orange-tree in Italy's heaven-favoured fields.

The unanimous cheer of the army saluted the beloved prince, and the leaders of the squadrons galloped to meet him, lowering before him their hearts as well as their swords. He rode into the centre of the troops, where, constructed of turf, and adorned with flower-garlands and burning tapers, an altar rose, from which the image of the crucified Redeemer overlooked the army. There the venerable Bishop of *Breslau* stood, surrounded by his priests; and from this spot *Henry*, with energetic voice, addressed the warriors, who in deep silence listened to his words:—

“I thank you, friends and brothers in arms, that you have mustered strong and well accoutred to fight against our common enemy. I could, indeed, have wished that our cousin, *Duke Miceslaus*, should have joined us, instead of making head against the Tartars by himself: the single arrow is easily broken, where the bundle would defy the efforts of a giant. Let us, then, be united the more firmly; mutual confidence, but above all, trust in God, will give victory to our just cause. Unoffended, the Heathen threaten our peaceable land and our sacred religion; our freedom, our quiet hearths, and the graves of our fathers, the honour of our wives, and the lives

of our children we are called to protect. If ever there was a holy war, it is this to which we are marching. Therefore it becomes us all, like the brave bands that have hastened to our assistance, to mark ourselves as warriors of Christ, with the sign that must be the most sacred to Christians. I shall give you the example; and let him who loves his Redeemer follow me, and take his cross upon him. Gleaming from our banners, the martyr-sign of our Saviour will lead us to victory; and if we should fall in the contest, it will shoot the rays of comfort on our closing eyes, and adorn the mounds of our graves as the warrant for a glorious resurrection!”

With loud exclamations, striking the sounding shields with their swords, the Silesian knights answered the inspiring address. The pious duke then descended from his horse, approached the altar, bent his knee before his Redeemer, and the hand of the bishop fixed the purple cross upon his shoulder. He was followed by the leaders and knights, and with them the whole army was consecrated for the holy war by the priests, who walked along the ranks distributing the sacred signs. The bishop was still holding up his hands to bless the people, when from the east thick clouds of dust rose, which quickly came nearer. Soon a strong squadron of fugitive Poles became visible, who galloped up at full speed. Their leader, *Sulislau*, brother to the brave *Wladimir*, respectfully lowered his sword, and said—

“For the favour which we request, noble duke, to be allowed to fight in your ranks, and to revenge our country against the Heathen, we bring you important information. It appeared as if *Peta Chan*, our destroyer, after the unfortunate battle of *Chmelick*, would for some time longer rage in Poland, and then follow the barbarous *Batù*. His van-guard, indeed, had already taken the road to Hungary, when he suddenly changed his mind, and sending messengers to recall it, turned towards Upper Silesia. As a spy informed me, *Batù-Chan* himself brought the counter order. With a few attendants he unexpectedly arrived in *Peta's* camp, and, mad with rage, has sworn by his idol *Hychock*, a dreadful oath, to convert all Silesia

into a bloody smoking desert. What may have turned the wrath of the barbarian so suddenly against your country, is a secret; but his march hither unfortunately is certain; and unless God permits those hordes to be swallowed by the earth or the waves of the Oder, Duke Miceslaus will at this moment have a hard stand against them."

With heroic calmness Henry listened to the fearful tidings, and then called Hans of Rothkirch to him, whom he ordered to ride with his men as far as Breslau, or, if circumstances required, still further up the Oder, until he could get certain information respecting the advance of the Heathen and the fate of the Duke of Oppeln. The knight was just waving his sword to his men as the signal to march, when a tumult amongst the waggons attracted his attention, where, with the other women, his lady had been stationed. He galloped thither, and beheld his Dorothea, who had sunk in the arms of her maids as if dying. On being questioned, the girdle-maid said, that her mistress had been so terrified by the tidings Sir Sulislaus had brought, that with a loud cry she had fallen from her horse, and hitherto had baffled their efforts to recall her to life. It then became still clearer to Rothkirch that a dreadful secret was slumbering here; and as if afraid to awaken the sleeping monster, he timidly bent over his beloved wife, who was lying pale and motionless. She at last raised her eyes and fixed them upon him with love chastened by despair.

The circle of compassionate and curious spectators opened, when the princesses Hedwig and Anna, who had heard of the sudden illness of the noble lady of Rothkirch, arrived to her aid, as even princely persons, according to the pious customs of those times, considered such works of charity their honour and glory. Hedwig seated herself by the head of Dorothea, and opened the golden bisam-apple, which, together with a pair of scissors and a needle-cushion, was suspended from her girdle, to rouse the sick lady by the scent. During this occupation she fixed her keen glance on the countenance of the sufferer, and her face assumed an expression of doubt as she said gravely—"My lady of Rothkirch,

you have a nobly formed countenance, but its features indicate a companionship with misfortune. I fear that long ago, and of old, you and she have walked together. Whether you are to blame or not, He only knows who dwells above the stars: I, a poor mortal, presume not to pronounce judgment on you; but a wounded mind may indicate an evil conscience; and I therefore advise you soon, and without reserve, to trust yourself to a worthy confessor."

Thereupon the princess rose, and with her daughter-in-law returned to the duke, while the knight sat on his horse like an iron statue; for the dark presentiment that long had tortured his mind, Saint Hedwig had now plainly expressed. At once, as if roused by the power of invisible springs, Dorothea started up, rushed to her husband, pressed his steel-clad foot to her heaving bosom, and cried with a heart-rending tone of anguish—"If ever I was dear to you, my husband, lead me quickly hence!"

"Calm yourself," entreated Rothkirch gravely; "for the present you must remain here; Liegnitz, with its walls, will safely protect you and our Deodat, whilst I ride to Breslau to explore the march of the Heathen."

"Never," cried Dorothea in despair, "will I remain here! the words of the princess, her awful eyes pierce my soul. I feel she is right; I am in need of a confessor. Bring me to Breslau, my lord and husband!"

"To Breslau?" asked Rothkirch, astonished. "Why? Can you suppose I would expose my best treasure to the clutches of the Heathen?"

"Breslau still is free," continued Dorothea, anxiously entreating; "and Czeslaus has offered me a safe refuge there. Remember how his prophecies have hitherto been fulfilled. As surely as this man of God is not deceived, so surely am I safe under his protection. But this once grant the prayer of your faithful wife, who, if she have acted wrong, has sinned solely from boundless, perhaps criminal, love to you, to gain and to secure you for my husband. Take me with you to Breslau; there Czeslaus will speak words of consolation to my tortured heart. Here the prophetic glances of St. Hedwig, and

anxiety for you would drive me to despair and madness. Lead me to Breslau, if you will not see me sink down dead before you!"

"It is weakness in me to yield against my conviction," said Rothkirch, affected; "but to resist the prayers of a charming, loving, and beloved wife, is not the character of a German knight; Batù Chan would be scarcely capable of it."

"Don't name that terrible Heathen!" cried Dorothea, shuddering, and was gratefully pressing the hand of her husband to her hot parched lips, when, once more, the mild Hedwig stood before them. Compassionately looking at the lovely lady, she said to Rothkirch. "The duke anticipates that you are still tied to this spot by the uncertainty where you might leave your wife and child. He offers them both a place in my suite, where they surely would be safest, either here or at Crossen, where, at the worst, we mean to take refuge. If you are of the same opinion, trust your beloved ones to me, that so you may the more cheerfully handle the sword for God and my son."

Dorothea attentively listened to this kind proposal; her countenance betrayed the violent contest that raged in her bosom; she at last burst into tears, took her slumbering little Deodat from the arms of the nurse, knelt with him before the princess, and, sobbing, said: "Who would not gladly trust his child to the beloved mother of our country? Take from my trembling hands the most valuable property I possess; my Deodat will be a sacred pledge that the hearts of his parents will fervently beat for you and your great son, till death makes them stop for ever. But *me*, gracious princess, allow to follow my husband and my destiny. I dare not join your retinue. I begin to fear myself, and seem like the unhappy prophet whom the wrath of the Lord pursued even to the sea, threatening destruction to the vessel that bore him. For my sake so many souls shall not suffer; therefore do not hesitate to thrust me overboard into the raging waves, that so I may purchase the preservation of the rest. If the Lord will save me, he can do so, even in the deepest darkest abyss of the waters."

Saint Hedwig once more fixed the examining look of a prophetess upon Dorothea, took the sleeping angel, with tender care, in her arms, kissed his mother on the forehead, and said, seriously, yet mildly: "Be it done to thee, my daughter, as thou hast said—go in peace!"

Alarum bells, rattling drums, trumpets sounding, the clang of arms, the commands of the leaders, the neighing of the horses, the measured tread of the infantry, the screams of women and children, the creaking of waggons heavily laden with property hastily saved, the lowing of cattle, and the groans of wounded men, all mingling in wild discord, met the ears of Hans of Rothkirch, when he, with his squadron, rode into the many-towered city of Breslau. Duke Miceslaus, routed by the Tartars, was just hurrying, with the wreck of his army, through the town, to join Duke Henry at Liegnitz. The numerous well-armed guilds of the citizens, with the city banners floating, marched from their gathering places, to occupy the walls and towers, on the threatening approach of the Heathen. Rothkirch, with his troop, had some trouble to get through the crowd to the convent of St. Adalbert. When arriving there, he inquired for Father Czeslaus, and was shown into the church, where he was still saying mass. The knight, with his lady, entered the high-arched empty temple, whose gloominess and solemn silence strangely and awfully contrasted with the noise and tumult in the world without. The noble couple stepped into a side chapel, to pour forth their fervent prayers before the altar of the Mother of Sorrows. Then they rose in silence, and Rothkirch quickly took Dorothea's arm, fixed an inquiring look upon her, and said gravely: "The danger of the times presses so dreadfully upon us, that no secret ought to stand any longer between us. If I part with you now, I ride, perhaps, to meet my death. Therefore, in the temple of the God of Truth, I demand of you the word of truth. By your and my life—by our hopes of future happiness tell me now, Dorothea, what hitherto you considered proper to conceal from me. I anticipate the fearful influence that the name of your heathenish

husband must have upon the fate of all of us ; but doubtful fear tortures me more terribly than certainty would. Therefore, do not violate this sacred parting hour by any deceit—tell me the odious name !”

Contending with love and anxiety, Dorothea looked at the knight, and her lips just opened to pronounce the terrific name, when she was interrupted by the lamenting cries of numerous crowds of people, who pressed into the church. Czeslaus approached the sad couple, and said : “ The Heathen already attack the town ; the citizens are determined to resist ; but our walls are too weak, and the space we have to defend is too extensive to permit us long to maintain ourselves. The council have, therefore, resolved to send the women, children, and all our most precious property over to the strong castle on the Dome Island ; and when the walls shall be stormed, to withdraw thither with the guilds, and to set fire to the town. Nevertheless, my Lord of Rothkirch, you may safely trust your lady to me ; I myself will conduct her, with the sacred implements of our convent, to the island, and will answer to you for her safety, as long as these hands are strong enough to be lifted up in prayer to the Lord of Hosts ; but you must speed to leave the city, lest you fall into the hands of the Heathen, and thus deprive your master, and the holy church, of a brave warrior, whom both require so much. Go, then, with God, and raise your sword with cheerful confidence in his cause ! You are, indeed, not destined to gain the martyr-crown in this contest, but the Lord will accomplish great things through you, and, at the goal, you will exchange the bloody earthly laurel, and the luxuriant myrtle, for the heavenly palm of resignation of the world. Your name will be immortalised in the annals of history, and will, after centuries, inspire genial souls to a cheerful fight for God, their prince, and country.”

Once more Rothkirch pressed Dorothea to his heart, reached his hand to the old man, rushed out of the church, and then, with his squadron, forced a passage through the crowded streets. The shouts and alarm of the storming Tartars struck on his ears as he reached the city gate that leads towards Schweid-

nitz, and thence pursued his way at full speed.

The Heathen were furiously storming the walls of Breslau—in vain the bold citizens performed wonders of bravery. The barbarous Batù, like his grand-uncle—the world-storming Genghis Chan—looked upon men as mere figures, with which to make his gigantic calculations. Mercilessly he drove on his Tartars in immense masses, so that their corpses filled the fosses, and, heaped up against the walls, served the fresh bands as ladders, on which they climbed the pinnacles. At the same time their dreadful engines, called *Schepau* and *Hopau*, rained a shower of stones and fireballs over the unfortunate city, which already began to burn in several places. Meanwhile, in a long train, loudly weeping, Breslau's women and children, the sick and the aged, carrying their best valuables, wandered over the long bridge, hung with pitch-rings, towards the Dome Island. After them followed, singing psalms, the friars and nuns of the different convents, saving the images and relics of the saints, sacred cups and tabernacles, from the profaning avarice of the Tartars. These Dorothea joined, and, supported by her maid, walked along with feeble step in dumb despair. Hardly were the fugitives in safety, when the victorious Heathen scaled the walls of the town. The defending citizens quickly retired, thrust the torches into the heaps of gathered combustibles, and, whilst the dense smoke was rising up from all sides, they, likewise, hastened towards the island, and then set fire to the bridge in their rear, in order to prevent the pursuit of the barbarians.

Meanwhile the besiegers had burst open the undefended city-gates from within, and, in dense crowds, thirsting for plunder and murder, Batù's savage hordes entered the place, whose flames, in one universal horrible conflagration, rose up to the skies. The Heathen raved in vain ; for instead of the wealth they meant to plunder or to destroy—instead of the defenceless men, whom they meant to torment or to murder, they found nothing but the furious element of fire, which met them with destruction, and hunted them, with a glowing

scourge from street to street, until at last the leaders, to prevent the whole army from perishing in a fiery grave, gave the signal to retreat, and ordered the disobedient to be driven out of the city at the edge of the sabre. The swarms of the barbarians now turned towards the banks of the Oder, endeavouring to find a ford. On the opposite side stood the brave burghers of Breslau, well armed, and firmly resolved to defend their refuge to the last man. Behind them their wives and children, knelt in silent, fervent prayer at the foot of a hill, on which Czeslaus was raising his consecrated hands to the guardian Shepherd above, imploring aid for his endangered flock. Having sought a ford in vain, the Tartars prepared to swim their horses across the river; the prayers of the helpless women changed to anxious cries, and the men preparing for combat, with silent resolution shook hands as if taking a last farewell, when a dark hurricane starting up in wrath, drove the dense clouds like a vast flock before it, till they covered the horizon, and roaring in a voice of thunder, gathered them into pregnant darkness, while the lightning occasionally shot forth vivid glances athwart the lurid skies, and the storm-lashed river rose in waves like an angry sea.

Then Czeslaus rose from his knees and cried, "our prayers are heard; do not despair, ye little-minded! Our God comes in the storm to reveal to us his power and glory!" At this moment Batù himself, at the head of the first squadrons, plunged into the raging stream; the thunder roared anew with stronger voice, and close before Batù's horse the flames of heaven struck the billows which rose up hissing and foaming. Terrified, the barbarian turned his eyes towards the Dome-island, where they met the majestic form of Czeslaus, which, by the fitful glare of the lightning, appeared encircled by an unearthly light. The garment of his order, fluttering in the storm, gave him a supernatural aspect, as threatening he raised his arm against the Heathen.

Batù held his right hand before his face, whilst with his left he wheeled his foaming, rearing charger round in the water. "Back!" he furiously

roared to his Tartars; "do you see the terrible apparition there on the hill? The God of the Christians will himself fight here for his people, and we are only prepared against mortal arms." Strong flashes of lightning and heavy claps of thunder, which followed each other without intermission, seemed to confirm the truth of his exclamation. In a panic the whole army fled from the shore, while on the other side of the river the grateful burghers fell upon their knees, and following the voice of Czeslaus through storm and thunder, loudly and solemnly resounded their psalm of thanksgiving, "Lord God, we praise thee!"

In a tent of felt, lighted by a torch, Batù lay gloomily brooding; around it snored, like so many mastiffs, his Nironian body-guards; but his couch was unvisited by refreshing sleep; the memory of the past, and the expectation of what was to come, worked on his mind like torturing furies. The black smoke that rose from the flickering torch, formed itself into horrid shapes, which strangely coalescing or separating, rolled nearer and nearer to the Chan, whose conscience recognised in them the features of his slaughtered victims distorted by their pains. In vain he strove to look with a scornful smile upon the ghastly crowd: he was at length no longer able to overcome his secret awe, and hastily sprang up. Then Chan Peta entered the tent, introducing a youth whose pallid countenance, wildly dishevelled hair, and torn garments, bore witness to his long and dreary wanderings. The stranger silently held out to Batù a piece of parchment; the latter took a scroll of the same material from his girdle, held the piece to a rent in it; and when both fitted together, he measured the bearer with a piercing glance, beckoned the Chan to leave the tent, and then said, with proud contempt, "thou art the Pole to whose treachery I owe the information of my consort's infidelity. Be your motive what it may, Batù Chan is wont to recompense all services with a kingly reward: take from that heap there as much gold as you can carry, and leave my sight as fast as possible."

"I want nothing of you," said Kruko

coldly ; I have not acted for reward, nor did I any way intend to serve *you*, but merely my own revenge ; and even now I come to tell you what you require, merely to accomplish my further designs, as pestilence and earthquake accomplish the wrath of the great destroyer."

Surprised to find for the first time his own insolence outdone, Batù stepped back, and Kruko continued in the same quiet tone—"Your wife was at Breslau on the Dome-island, where you suffered yourself to be frightened in such a miserable manner by a handful of lightning and the farces of a wretched priest. Now she has made her escape from thence. Whither ? my demon has not yet whispered to me ; but her second husband is in the army of Duke Henry, and has taken the field against you. Annihilate the Christian leaguer, and your sword will, probably, send him too to rest, as he belongs to the class of ambitious fools who prefer death to flight. I now go to Duke Miceslaus ; you will, perhaps in the next battle, perceive my secret working. At all events, do not, as formerly you may have done, trust to the multitude of your hordes, and to the impetuosity of the first attack. You have not, at present, to deal with Poles alone, whom you might overwhelm by such masses, but also with the Almaine knights. I advise, you, therefore, to use your fire machines ; though they may not do much harm in open battle, yet they spread the greater terror amongst those who are yet unacquainted with them, and the Germans are a strange people. They will stand against the most decided superiority of numbers ; but for the devil, and his appendages, they feel a wonderful aversion, and hardly will withstand the vomiting of your hellish serpents. For the present, farewell. If I succeed in finding your wife, I shall not deny myself the pleasure of delivering her into your hands—if not, we shall meet again in those regions which we both belong to ; till then, farewell !"

Batù, astonished at the impertinence with which a miserable Pole dared to speak to the omnipotent master of trembling slaves, stood motionless, and when, at last, he recollected himself, and seized his sabre, to split the head

of the insolent speaker, the latter had already disappeared.

It was on the morning of the 9th of April, in the year 1241, when Hans of Rothkirch entered the duke's apartment, to report that the horses were ready, which were to bring *him* to the army, and his mother and consort to Crossen. The pious Henry, already fully armed, tore himself from the embraces of a sobbing wife, held back the children, who, lamenting, clung to his neck and feet, and then bent his knee before his noble mother, entreating her blessing. With love and sorrow Hedwig looked upon him, and laid her consecrating hands upon her son's heroic head ; but when he gratefully looked up to her, the light of inspiration flashed upon her mind, and she said, in a prophetic voice : "Why desire the earthly blessing of an earthly parent, my Henry ? Our Father in heaven has already gloriously blessed you, and bestowed upon you the highest grace he can bestow upon a mortal. I see already the glory of a martyr glittering around your head. Go then, fight, bleed, and die, for thy God and thy country ; and, falling, help thy people to victory and to salvation ! Soon thy happy mother will follow thee into the everlasting joys of heaven."

"Amen !" said the duke, with manful resignation, and with firm resounding step left the apartment. Rothkirch followed him. At the castle gate the carriages of the duchesses and the attendants of the Duke, Sulislaus, the captain Clemens, and his squire Conrad, were waiting. Fearfully snorted and reared Henry's charger, when his master attempted to mount, but with a powerful leap, he sprang on the saddle, and pressed the wild steed with his steel-covered thighs, till it obeyed the bridle, and submitted to its rider. His way led him past St. Mary's, when suddenly, from the high roof of the church, a tile rattled down on the pavement, and was smashed to atoms before the hoofs of the horse. Calmly Henry looked up to the roof, but Sulislaus galloped up, and sorrowfully said ; "The tile is a bad omen, my lord duke ; and if you value my faithful advice, the battle will not be fought today."

Henry replied, with a smile : "I am

sorry to find such gloomy superstition in so bright and brave a warrior. If a falling tile could predict anything, we might rather suppose that its being crushed on the pavement augurs the broken power and dispersing flight of the Tartars. Therefore be comforted, Sir Sulislaus, and ride on to the army with my commands, immediately to form in battle array." Shaking his head, the noble Pole galloped off; and when Henry came up the Christian forces were already ranged for battle.

Two leagues from Liegnitz, on gentle declivities, their front towards Breslau, the army stood arrayed in five great bodies. The first line, under the command of Boleslaus, was formed by the foreign crusaders and the six hundred miners from Goldberg. In the second were the Poles that had escaped the route of Chmelic, commanded by Sulislaus. Duke Miceslaus, with his Upper Silesians, composed the third. The Prussian landinaster, Poppo of Osterna, led the knights of his order and their retainers in the fourth; and the command of the fifth, the flower of the Silesian and German troops, Duke Henry had reserved to himself. Thus the leaguer stood in calm expectation looking into the plain, which now began to fill, as if with swarms of locusts, with crowds of green Bucharians, blue Boskians, grey Chazares with their braided hair, the Kumans with their white pelisses, the Ogores, Uzzas, Azakires and Gozzians. In their rere Batù himself was seen with his Nironians, distinguished by their yellow body-coats and golden girdles.

Already had the main army of the Heathen, like the Christians, ranged themselves in five immense bodies, when Duke Miceslaus, surveying their endless multitude, grew pale, and his heart began violently to beat against his coat of mail. He galloped to Henry, and stammered—"Do you really intend to fight, my cousin? Look at the masses of Heathen that are able to crush us even without using their arms! Our host at most numbers thirty thousand warriors, and each of those bodies that are opposed to us is as strong as our whole force. Here every hope for victory is folly, and a prudent retreat is our only safety."

"You forget two things, duke," replied the brave Henry, knitting his brows: "first, that I, as chief commander of the Christian army, have decided on battle; and secondly, that we have mighty allies. You do not, indeed, see them with your bodily eyes," continued he, when Miceslaus doubtfully looked round; "but woe to you if you do not feel their neighbourhood in your heart. They are our just cause, and the true God who will not suffer the warriors of his Divine Son to come to disgrace before the Heathen. My former orders remain unaltered. You, with Sulislaus, are to make the second attack!" and now turning to Rothkirch, he cried—"Ride to Boleslaus, and let him, with his troops, begin the battle!"

The knight galloped away, and with the war-cry, "God with us!" the young Moravian prince, with his miners and crusaders, quickly threw himself upon the hostile hordes, who were not able to resist his impetuous bravery. But unfortunately the sequel showed, that courage, without the curb of discipline, is but a mad, unmanageable horse, that precipitates itself, with its rider, into the abyss. The Christians pressed forward too hotly; on a sudden the fugitive Tartars wheeled round, and the crescent into which they formed themselves covered the little band of their pursuers with a dreadful shower of missiles that destroyed the greater portion of the first line. Three arrows in his breast, Boleslaus sunk from his steed, and the loud rejoicings of the Heathen accompanied the fall of the first Christian leader. Glowing with noble passion, Sulislaus saw the misfortune of his fellow-warriors; with his sword he struck his steel cap firm on his head, swang round the whistling Damascus blade, and flew to the attack. As if on eagle wings, his swiftly mounted Poles followed; but slowly marched Miceslaus with the Upper Silesians after him. Besides the hope by victory to free their unfortunate country from devastating hordes, the Poles thirsted to revenge the disgrace of Chmelick and the conflagration of Krakau, and they fought like the infuriated bears of their forests. Their example inflamed the courage of the Upper Silesians,

and against his will their cowardly duke was borne along by them into the murderous fury of the battle. Already the first line of the Heathen had been thrown upon the second, and this too began to give way and to disperse. Sulislaus with his bloody sword pressed close at their heels, and his example added a fearful impression to the shout, "*Zabiesz!*" (kill them!) with which he animated the Poles. "*Zabiesz!*" cried the captains after him; and obeying the order of blood, the Christians pressed on with increasing fury, and the hostile hordes every instant offered a fainter resistance.

But now this brave cry suddenly was answered by an anxious echo behind the Upper Silesian bards. "*Biesz!*" (fly!)—it sounded now here, then there; and Rothkirch, who by this time was again by the side of Henry, directed the duke's attention to a single Polish horseman with closed visor, who, mounted on a light Arab, galloped to and fro in the rear of the Silesians, and with all his might uninterruptedly shouted the cowardly word.

"That is treachery!" cried the knight; "if you give me leave, my lord duke, I will ride and cut the scoundrel down."

Then a young squire rode out of the ranks of the Lower Silesians, and said with a hollow, disguised voice—"Spare yourself for greater deeds, my lord of Rothkirch, and leave to me the punishment of the traitor, whom, I fancy, I know well."

Rothkirch fixed a look of surprise on the youth, whose voice, in spite of the disguise, appeared familiar to him: but before he could discover any likeness in his countenance, which, moreover, was greatly hid by his steel cap and a shade over one eye, Henry had already nodded his assent to the bold volunteer, and the latter galloped towards the tumult of the battle. There the fortune of war had by this time materially changed: the Upper Silesians, confounded by the coward cry in their rear, had halted; and even the quick advance of the Poles began to slacken. And still more loud and anxiously sounded the ominous '*Biesz!*' which was now repeated by some cowards in the Upper Silesian ranks. Terror and confusion increased every moment; the warriors once sobered from

their intoxication of victory, began to consider the battle lost, and even to mistake the animating "*Zabiesz!*" of their leaders, for the order to retreat. Already the Christian troops were wavering, and the faint defence of the Tartars turned into a bold attack. The unknown evil-doer, seeing the squire with lowered lance galloping up, and anticipating that he aimed at him, rode round the Upper Silesians, then made his way to their centre, and cried to the trembling Miceslaus, who kept himself concealed there—"Fly, duke, the Germans have betrayed us, and all is lost!"

However dreadful these words were to the cowardly leader, they gave him a welcome pretext for the longed-for flight. He himself ordered his troops to retreat in haste, and then to save, above all things, his own dear life, went off at full speed, as if he meant to merit the honourable name of *duke* by taking the lead at least amongst his flying troops. Far before him galloped the Polish traitor, angrily pursued by the German squire, who had not lost sight of him. The brave Upper Silesians, deserted by their leader and seduced by his example, yielded by degrees to the Tartars; the flight soon became general; and when they saw their rear-guard disappearing, the Poles, too, began to give way. Now, with renewed fury, the Tartars pressed forward, and however bravely the heroic Sulislaus made head against them, yet he soon was driven back by superior numbers, and nothing was left him but cursing his miserable fellow-commander to fall back on Henry's line with the pitiful remainder of his troops.

With an indignant blush he rode to the duke, to justify himself on the event of the combat. The latter, however, kindly said: "You need not, Sir Sulislaus, make any excuse to him who has been an eye-witness of your deeds. Had Miceslaus fought like yourself, we might, perhaps, now be singing '*Te Deum*' upon the conquered battle-plain." He then saluted the noble Poppo, who, at Rothkirch's request, had joined him with his brave bands, and continued friendly to both of them: "We three stand now by ourselves, and shall, faithfully united, await the attack of the whole power of the Tartars. If, besides the sanctity

of our cause, an earthly incitement were required, I would say that all Germany now looks upon us as upon her ramparts, and that, even in far distant days, she will exult in the warriors who, on Silesia's sacred ground, built, with their bloody corpses, a wall against the Heathen, thus averting misfortune from the empire. Therefore, be death or victory our lot—perhaps God, in his mercy, will grant both death and victory. In every case accept my thanks for your faithful assistance as brothers in arms, and let us hope that we shall meet again in better realms." And, turning towards his troops, he shouted aloud: "The number of the enemies is superior to ours, but we have the advantages of our coats of steel, of order and discipline. Remember what we are fighting for, and follow me with good cheer—God is with us!"

"God is with us!" shouted the whole army, who, trembling with desire of combat, had hitherto been impatiently expecting the order for battle. They closed their ranks more firmly, and lowered their spears to receive the Heathen army, which, like a gigantic dragon, with fury and dreadful howlings came rolling on.

Whilst thus, for the last time, the blood-filled scales of victory were wavering, the unknown traitor, at length, gained the hiding forest, steadfastly pursued by the squire, who, like care or death, pressed the spurs into the flanks of his panting steed. Deeper and deeper into the thicket fled the hard-chased villain, and with ever-growing wrath and haste followed the youth, until, at last, on a small open spot, the former suddenly wheeled round his horse to face his adversary.

"Hither I wanted to get you, my young fool," shouted the Pole, from under his visor, as he struck with his blade the spear aside, with which the squire aimed at his breast, and in a moment was beside him, and seized him with furious violence by the shoulder to drag him from his horse.

"Queen of Heaven, help!" said the youth, defending himself with exhausted strength; and at the same instant, the over-ridden horse of the Polander broke down, and its rider falling with it, drew his opponent from the saddle, firmly grasping him, as if with the talons of a eagle. But the leg of the traitor was

crushed by the weight of the horse, and, pinned to the ground, he was altogether deprived of the use of his strength. The squire now succeeded in disentangling himself from his grasp, wrenched his sabre from him, and flung it away. He then tore the steel cap from his head, and, after the first glance at the distorted pallid countenance, he cried, with horror and passion; "Ha, my presentiment!—Kruko!" and his sword flashed out of its sheath.

"The devil! that is *her* voice!" roared the conquered villain; and, under the most excruciating pains, made the last vain attempt to drag his broken leg from under his horse, but, with a groan, he sunk back, and the squire now tearing the covering from his eye, cried: "Truly, your demon has told you aright—who stands before you?"

"Adelma!" gnashed Kruko between his teeth; "yea, there is a recompense!"

"Pray!" cried the beauteous woman, who, in manly garb, with high-raised sword, stood before him, like an angel of revenge.

"I cannot, and will not pray," said the monster, scornfully, with failing strength; "end quickly with me, that the pit may not wait too long for its victim."

"Pray!" repeated Dorothea, more gently; "I would not destroy your soul. Perhaps even a short repenting remembrance of the thousand-fold misery that your malice has created, may yet open the gates of grace to you." Then the villain, cursing, tore out his dagger and flung it at Dorothea's heart. But exhausted fury and coming death had clouded and dimmed his sharp eye, and lamed his practised hand; the murderous steel passed Dorothea's arm, and the next instant her sword flashed into his breast, from which the crimson tide of life gushed forth in streams. Groaning, he sunk back; sad stood the majestic woman before him, resting upon her bloody weapon, and whispered—"Unfortunate man, thou hast hastened thy fate! I could not, if I would, act otherwise!" Then listening to the distant noise of arms, she exclaimed—"Now to the fulfilment of my most sacred duties!" quickly mounted her faithful steed, and hurried back to the tumult of the battle.

Meanwhile, the Christian leaguer had manfully contended with the Heathen; its densely-closed, steel-clad ranks had broken the hostile hordes; they dispersed on all sides, and down the hill rattled the heavy squadrons of the pursuing cavalry, straight upon the enemy's centre, which, without any signs of battle order, was composed of various bands mixed in a motley crowd. The spears and swords of the knights and their retainers soon made a gory way through this body towards the rereguard, where grim Batù stood with his Nironians. "God with us!" shouted Heury, the cheerful hero, and rode in upon the Chan: he, however, raised his sword, not for defence, but as a signal, and at the same moment rose behind him on a high pole, a horrid giant's head, from whose widely gaping mouth flames and stinking smoke burst forth. Startled at the terrific monster, the Christian squadrons halted, and the duke's charger affrighted, plunged and backed. Now the front ranks of the Nironians opened, and a row of strange forms, unknown to the Christians, became visible. They resembled large iron serpents, which, lying on carriages, extended their open mouths towards the German host. Then the smoking giant's head moved to and fro, and suddenly small flames flashed up behind the iron serpents, which now, with thundering noise, vomited volumes of fire upon the Christian squadrons. Glowing balls hissed far into their ranks, and destroyed those whom they struck with hellish flames. The terror became general, and all whose weak minds were not equal to these supernatural horrors, turned to a sudden flight. The noble Henry, with Poppo, Sulislaus, Clemens, Rothkirch, and Conrad, still stood undauntedly opposite the fire-vomiting dragons, and cried to his dispirited warriors—"God is with us, my brothers; what harm can the devil do us? How can ye, marked with the sacred cross, fear the fiend? On, then, with God!" and with his sword raised high, he galloped in upon the metal-mouths, and his faithful companions followed. The giant-form moved again in the air; again there was a flash, and the serpents showered a fresh storm of fire and smoke upon the bold assailants. The horse of the duke, struck in the

chest by a fire-ball, mad with pain, turned round, and running away, carried its rider through the Christian troops, whose flight was already general. Determined to save their leader at all hazards, while Poppo had fallen, his four other companions galloped after him. The charger, whose breast was consumed by the fire, fell to the ground, and with awful shouts the Heathen rushed in from all sides. Cutting his way through them, Rothkirch was the first who reached his master: he leaped from his steed, and conjured him to mount it; to provide one for himself, he cut down a Tartar who was brandishing his sword over the duke's head, and began anew rising in his stirrups to mow down the barbarians with his long knightly sword. "We'll hew our way through them, my noble master!" cried he to the prince: "ride behind me; I'll make way for you: Sulislaus, Clemens, and Conrad may cover your rere." But in the same moment the three latter, one after the other, pierced with spears and arrows, sunk from their horses. Already a Heathen stretched his hand towards the prince to make him prisoner; but Henry's sword flashed, and the head of the assailant flew from his spouting body. Another Tartar, however, cut at the duke's left hand, and while he raised his steel-covered right arm to send him to the ground, a third thrust his lance beneath his shoulder, just where the motion caused an opening in his armour. The chivalrous hero fell on the gory plain of his so bravely defended country. "God protect my Silesia!" sighed he with closing eyes, while the countless sabres of the Heathen rushing in, fell upon the dying prince, and quickly twined that martyr crown which, even before the battle, visible to his mother only, had shone around his temples.

Rothkirch, with his good blade, had cleared the way before him. He now looked round, saw his beloved lord bleeding and lifeless on the ground, and was about to ride back in order to save at least his corpse; but nine barbarians rode in upon him, and forced him to think of his own safety. Bleeding already from many a wound, he still rose firmly in his stirrups, determined to sell his life dearly. Already three Heathen had sunk beneath his sword; but his strength failed him,

and he would have been lost had not, at the same moment, the disguised squire come to his assistance with two German retainers who had joined him. The Christians' blows fell close as hail; five more Tartars were sabred and the last, a Myrsa of rank, Rothkirch took prisoner with his own hand.

But now the squire conjured the knight to leave the battle-field, pointing to a dense swarm of Tartars who were coming on them at full speed. And without awaiting Rothkirch's answer, he seized the bridle of his horse, and drew him along in flying haste. They were followed by the attendants, with the prisoner, and soon the thicket hid them from their pursuers. Here the fugitives halted; the knight was lifted from his horse, the squire, with tender care, unbuckled his coat of mail, and with a skilful gentle hand dressed the honourable wounds which the hero had received in the dreadful slaughter.

"God be praised!" cried the faithful surgeon, in transports, raising his eyes and folded hands towards heaven, "none of the wounds are dangerous."

"What voice is that?" exclaimed Rothkirch, anxiously examining the countenance of his preserver.

"So then you still recognize the voice of your poor wife?" asked the squire, throwing off his steel cap, and pressing her soft warm lips upon the knight's.

"Dorothea!" he cried rejoiced, but soon added in sadness, "I would you had left me to die in the battle; my life has lost its value, for I have not been able to save the duke."

"Rothkirch!" his loving wife whispered deeply wounded, with a gentle reproach, "is thy life no longer dear to thee for the sake of thy wife, or thy child?"

"I beheld the father of Silesia falling beneath the sabres of the infidels," sighed he; "I see my country like an orphan—parentless, and have no sense for aught but grief." With these words he sunk back, exhausted from loss of blood, and with a bitter melancholy feeling Dorothea bending over him said audibly only to herself: "Cruel German, you despise my services and my love, but the last sacrifice I bring, you will not disdain."

In her high-arched apartment at

Crossen, enwrapped in gloomy thoughts, sate the Duchess Anna, fixing her looks, dim with tears, upon her three youngest daughters, who were playing at her feet with the little Deodat. Against her arm the harp was leaning which formerly she used to play with pleasure and skill. Today she only struck at times a few mournful chords, and when little Anna coaxingly embraced her knees, praying she would play a pretty tune, she unconsciously began a funeral air whose melancholy sounds filled herself with awe, but nevertheless she went on, because they harmonized like sympathizing friends with the mood of her heart. Then the majestic Hedwig entered the chamber, and after listening to the mournful notes, smilingly threatened her beloved daughter-in-law with her finger, and said: "Daughter Anna, why such lamenting tones in these so serious times? We ought not now to soften ourselves, but to steel our mind that it may stand the blows of hostile fate. God's holy angels watch over our Henry, and if he fall for the righteous cause, he nevertheless will leave this earth a conqueror. Then cease your tears, and let the strings sound a triumphal air to strengthen and to warm our hearts!"

Gloomily looked the sorrowful lady at her comforter, yet obeying her desire, she quickly and strongly struck the chords for a jubilate, while the bright tears were rolling over her hands. But at the first powerful notes a string broke with a shrill noise, and the sounding board of the harp reechoed like distant cries of children. The little ones started from the ground; in terror Anna let the harp slide from her, and seized by dreadful presentiments, she broke forth in a passionate fit of sobbing. With a mien of gentle reproach Hedwig sate down beside her, and was just going to prove to her, that there was nothing unnatural in the accident, when Brunhold, the old chamberlain, entered, and wiping his grey eyebrows, with trembling voice, announced the Knight, Hans of Rothkirch, who was bringing tidings of the battle.

"For God's sake, what tidings?" cried Anna with heart-rending accents.

The old man would fain have

spoken, but was not able, and at last painfully said: "I cannot tell it, my lady Duchess, ask him yourself." He then opened the door, and, with right arm in a sling and his head bandaged, Rothkirch walked in.

Anna rushed to him, fixed a firm and inquiring look upon his pale melancholy countenance, and when his eyes, not able to bear the glance of the ducal widow, sought the ground, she fell with the cry: "my husband is dead!" Hedwig, with heroic fortitude, beckoned the chamberlain to call her attendants to the duchess's assistance, and by a gesture invited the knight to accompany her into a side-apartment. Here she asked: "the battle is lost?"

"By Duke Miceslau's treacherous cowardice and the hellish witchcraft of the Heathen," replied Rothkirch.

"And my son?" continued Hedwig her inquiry, but expecting the deadly news, she held by a chair to support her aged frame in case her grief should overcome her strength of mind.

"Duke Henry has fallen like a hero," answered the knight.

"He is happy!" cried the saint with a look of transport towards heaven. "I thank God, that I have given birth to a son who always has obeyed him, who always has loved me, and now has died the glorious death for his country." She then asked whether the corpse of the martyr had been recovered?

"The Heathen still occupy the field of battle," said Rothkirch gloomily, and the Christian host is annihilated. The enemies have set fire to Liegnitz and invest the castle, which still holds out. The captain awaits your commands, what he must answer when they summon him to surrender, as the lives of the four princes would be endangered in case the castle should be taken by storm."

"He will reply, that Silesia, in the place of her slaughtered duke, has four others," cried Hedwig with dignity; "and at the worst, he can bury himself with my four grandsons beneath the ruins! If your wounds permit it, my lord, I would fain wish you to be yourself the bearer of this order, and to watch over its execution. The true knights seem scarce; I must make the best use I can of the few that still remain to me. Tomorrow I

shall follow you, if the health of the ducal widow allows me to undertake the journey."

"My venerated lady," said Rothkirch seriously, "the latter my duty bids me to dissuade you from. Consider the swarms of Tartars who waste the land and make the roads unsafe."

"I think of them, but I also consider, that it needs but one glance of the Lord to banish those hordes for ever from our once happy Silesia. He can, before night falls, alter the prospects of the morning. Trust to him and to me, and do what I command you." With a reverential awe Rothkirch kissed the hand which the princess friendly held out to him, and left the apartment.

Night had spread her raven-wings over the field of battle; the vapours arising from the gory ground, had formed themselves into a poisonous mist, through which even the orb of the pale moon was changed into a bloody countenance. On the horizon the last fiery traces of unhappy Liegnitz were still flaming, and at nearer intervals the burning villages were seen, the Tartars' usual mark on all their expeditions. Crows and swarms of ravens fluttered over the countless corpses on the plain, and their croaking horribly mingled with the snoring of the Heathen, who, with the repose of a good conscience after a faithful accomplishment of duty, were slumbering among the corpses. Before the tent of the chief commander a mountain of bags was piled up which, filled with the ears of slaughtered Christians, were to be carried along with them as trophies worthy of such monsters. Within the tent Chan Batù sate with Peta and the principal Myrsas of his host, and formally and calmly consulted with them, whether they should not extirpate all the inhabitants of Silesia with the sword, and lay the land waste for pasture. He himself was much in favour of the proposition, while the avaricious Peta argued the greater advantage that the conquerors might derive from an inhabited province. Just then, covered with dust, and glowing from his long feverish ride, a messenger entered the tent bearing an order of the Grand Chan Octai, who, at that time

was inflicting the scorpion-scurge of a conqueror on unhappy China. Batù tore off the silken envelope, read, wrinkled his forehead, and greatly dissatisfied said to the bystanders: "My uncle requires me to uphold his new throne, and calls me off in the midst of my victorious career. Much still undone of what I intended to accomplish in this country; yet three days more I may and will devote to my revenge, and I will make such use of them that the Christian dogs, after a thousand years, shall speak of Chan Batù. Tomorrow we storm the castle of the Silesian King; go and make your arrangements!"

The leaders made obeisance before Batù and went. He remained alone, and triumphantly looked upon the pale head of the noble Henry, the trophy of his victory, which had been fixed on a lance in his tent, till it appeared to him as if the head was turning its open menacing eyes upon him, and unable to bear the aspect, his own quailed before those of the dead, as he stepped out of the tent into the horrible dawn.

Farther and farther he walked between the corpses, and at last stopped at a rampart of slaughtered Tartars, where Henry and his heroes had fought their last fight. Resting his arm on the dead bodies he stood long in silence, and his little eyes flashed over the vast space covered with so many thousand Heathen victims of expiation for the Christian dead. "One more such victory and I am lost!" grumbled he, and shrunk back, when, close before him, a tall female form slowly rose from among the corpses, and threatening lifted up her hand. He grasped his sword, when, from a broken cloud, a moon-beam fell on her face, and "Adelina!" he cried, contending with the passions of revenge and love. But the appearance waved him back and said, with the whisper of a spirit, "The dead no more belong to thee, Batù, and my working on this earth is now but short. Thou hast unrighteously devastated this poor country; thou hast sacrificed thousands of her innocent inhabitants, and ten thousands of thy own subjects to thy unjust vengeance, for even my Christian husband did not know me as the consort of Batù. No longer

abuse the long-suffering of heaven, fly hence ere the wrathful lightning of the Everlasting annihilates thee, which, in the waves of the Oder flashed so near, yet passed thee by! To bring the unhappy cause of thy horrible misdeeds before the Judge on high, I now depart, and we shall never meet again!" With a slight moan the form sunk back amongst the corpses, and, as if hunted by the lashes of demons, Batù, overcome with grief and horror, fled deeper into the battle-field.

The deathbells that began to boom from the high cathedral dome of Breslau, and the trampling of the crowds in the streets roused Hans of Rothkirch from the late morning slumber into which he had sunk, after a night of fever. The want of care for his numerous wounds, added to his grief for Henry's fall and the disappearing of his wife, had stretched the hero, unsubdued in the murderous battle, on the bed of sickness. Indefatigably the venerable Czeslaus—now, by the unanimous choice of the brothers, Abbot of St. Adalbert's—had watched and nursed him, and at this moment entered the sick room. "Already," he said with a gloomy seriousness, "the procession is seen in the distance, that from Liegnitz brings us the remains of the good Henry and the faithful knights who have fallen with him. The Duke, with the companions of his death and his glory, is to be buried in the convent of St. James, founded by himself. If you feel yourself strong enough, my lord, let us, too, go thither, and with his grateful but disconsolate people assist at the mournful solemnity and the office that is to be held for the departed!"

Willingly the convalescent followed, and soon both beheld from St. James's the approaching procession, whose hollow dead-march was accompanied by mournful peals throughout the whole land. In front marched a part of the army with lowered spears and banners; then followed, in the crowd of his weeping people, the coffin of the duke, accompanied by eleven black crape-covered forms, his mother, his widow, and nine sobbing orphans; and Czeslaus pointed out to Rothkirch the following coffins as those of the Prussian landmaster, of the noble Pole, Sulis-

laus, of Captain Clemens, and the faithful Conrad. "The *last* coffin," he continued, contemplating the knight with an emotion of compassion that the latter could not explain—"the last coffin contains the remains of an unknown lady. On the evening of the day when Batù Chan so unexpectedly raised the siege of Liegnitz Castle, and with his hordes, by forced marches, withdrew to Moravia, the Duchess Anna sought the corpse of her husband on the battle field. She discovered him lying beside his heroic companions, but in his neighbourhood a beautiful woman was found in a rich Tartarian dress. Her right hand still held grasped the handle of the dagger that she had pressed into her heart; and in her bosom this parchment was seen." Slowly Czeslaus drew it from his breast, and looked with sympathy at the knight, who, seized by a dreadful presentiment, stared at him, and then hastily grasped the ominous writing. Czeslaus still hesitated, held it back, and said with fatherly affection—"You are a man and a hero—that you have gloriously proved on the field of battle; but that you are even more, that you are a Christian, this you have to prove now; and, far from sinful despair, to submit to the hand of a Father who frequently chastises his beloved children the most, in order to purify them *here*, and above in his glory to recompense them abundantly."

He then handed to the knight the fatal leaf. Rothkirch read; his already pale face assumed the hue of a corpse; his hands trembled, and his eyes rolled wildly. At last the cry—"Merciful God! my wife!" burst from his lips, and swooning, he sank on a chair. Silently awaiting his recovery, Czeslaus tended him carefully, and said, at length, with kindly consoling voice, "I thank God that wounds and illness have debilitated your body, and with it the elasticity of your mind; for in full vigour this grief would have had a worse effect: as it is, you are the more susceptible of the comfort which I can offer you. Your noble consort has died for your country, and succeeded in saving Silesia; for from this writing it appears plainly that Batù's sudden retreat is connected with her voluntary death. It grieves me that she has found a refuge only in unchristian

suicide; yet she has loved much, therefore much will be forgiven her, and I will fervently pray to the Most High that her sin may not be retained, and that when you too have gained the goal, she may meet you in glory."

"I trust in God and the mercy of the Redeemer," said Rothkirch, rising with manly firmness: "lead me now to the bier of my Dorothea, that I may once more salute the earthly remains of that faithful wife."

"You are still very weak, my son," replied Czeslaus, doubtfully; but, unable to resist the knight's suppliant looks, he accompanied him to the procession. The coffins of the heroes were already within the church, and the last was just being lifted from the carriage when Rothkirch came up with uncertain steps, supported by the old man. "Open it," he said to the bearers. They obeyed. A white dress, an image of Christ on her breast, over which she had folded her hands, Adelma Dorothea, with her mild, pale, almost transparent countenance, lay before her husband, who with patient grief looked down upon her, and then softly bent his knees to touch the pallid lips with his own.

"Yes, father, waken mamma; she is sleeping so long," begged the voice of a child behind him, when he was about to rise, and his Deodat, held down by the weeping nurse, as on the day of their reconciliation, clasped one arm round his neck, and endeavoured with the other to lift up the head of his mother, and to unite it to his father.

"Let her sleep," said Rothkirch, smiling; "she sleeps well!" and kissing the boy on his forehead, he continued—"become a good man, and beg the duchess to be a mother to the parentless orphan." Then he gave the child back to the maid, beckoned the bearers to close the coffin and to carry it away, and returned with the abbot to the convent. There he knelt down before him and said—"My dear and venerable father, I pray you to receive me as an humble brother of your sacred order!"

Czeslaus looked at him with astonishment, and then said—"A brave knight like yourself, in the prime of life, has no calling to the monastical order; and after your recovery our three vows would crush your heart with the

weight of mountains. When time shall have taken the sting from your grief, and blooming, vigorous life, with all its warm allurements, would shine into your solitary cell, regret and repentance would seize upon you, and your thoughts and desires would be daily sins against a rash and precipitated oath."

"My life, they are just now lowering into the grave," replied Rothkirch, determined, "and my strength is broken for ever. Henceforth I only can work and be useful through patient sufferings and fervent prayers for my faithful wife, until God's mercy beckons to the angel of death to unite me with her for ever."

"Be it done to thee as thou believest!" cried Czeslaus with emotion, and consecrating and blessing, laid his hands upon the head of the novice.

By labour, obedience, meekness and devotion, the brave Rothkirch, formerly the terror of the Heathen, became, under the convent name of Theodore, the favourite of the abbot and the pride and pattern of the brothers of his order; whilst his son, educated at the ducal court with love and care, grew up to a cheerful and blooming youth. But with every month the strength of the father faded and decreased; soon he wandered like a shadow through the high-arched aisles; and when on the morning of the anniversary of the funeral solemnity Czeslaus entered the church, and came to the high altar where Theodore every night was wont to pray, he found the sufferer motionless kneeling on the steps, with his head sunk down upon the upper one. **GOD HAD HEARD HIS PRAYER.**

THE CLUB-FOOTED KING. (a)

There was once a king (b) with a great club-foot,
 (When he reigned is another affair,)
 Which he managed to hide in a Wellington boot, (c)
 Such as straight-footed princes wear.

And he practised himself to a dignified pace,
 Becoming his rank and station,
 And stumped up his throne with infinite grace,
 'To his subjects' edification.

In other respects he was kingly enough,
 Had a cabinet, harem, and stud—
 In his crown the Pitt-diamond (d) was set in the rough,
 And his pedigree reached to the flood.

His larder was stuffed with roast-beef, fine and fat,
 And the beer-barrel (e) aye was abroach,
 And then when he chose to ride out, Oh, he sat
 In a very magnificent coach.

While the monarch was thus so substantially fed,
 And his commonest soldier no worse,
 That the French, (f) when they fought them, invariably fled,
 I infer as a matter of course.

Some nobles at court were aware he was lame,
 But hence kept the secret the faster,
 For, said they, 'tis the way to keep animals tame,
 To conceal the weak points of their master.

(a) A ballad, found among the MSS. of my deceased uncle. My friends may recollect that I promised on a former occasion to present them with something from this source. I have been at some pains, first to decipher it, (for poor soul! he wrote a very crabbed hand,) and next to elucidate it. With the exception of a few passages, I have succeeded in my first object; as to my second, I leave the public to judge for themselves.

(b) Es war ein könig. Una volta c'era un re, &c. Authorities for the form of commencement, which cannot be gainsayed. Did I conceive it necessary I could give parallel passages equally apposite throughout; but *ex uno disce omnes*—take my first quotations for proof that the whole poem is classical.

(c) This may seem to fix a date to the story; but I take it as merely conveying an elegant allegory. A *straight-forward* course cannot be pursued better than in a "*Wellington boot*."

(d) Metaphorical, again, I should say. The clear principles and brilliant talents of the statesman of that name, figured by a *diamond*, were by the poet, no doubt, considered *the first jewel in the crown of any monarch*. By the line that follows we find that the *descent* of this potentate was tolerably unobjectionable, considering he was not a Cambro-Briton. In a certain Welsh pedigree the genealogist says, in a marginal note about halfway down—"about this time the world was created."

(e) Was any allusion to the malt tax here intended?

(f) These events could not have occurred in modern times, it is plain; for that hereditary, matter-of-course, inborn hostility to "*mounseer*;" that feeling which caused us to call all war "*fighting the French*," has past away with the rest of our old prejudices. We look with horror at Nelson's advice to his midshipmen, and call Dr. Johnson an ass for translating "*Græculus esuriens*" as he did. All this is as it should be—but we can do nothing by halves. We have now their worthy representative "*the observed of all observers*" amongst us, and of course we must be consistent, and view the *title* of his master, the principles of his countrymen, and the constitution of his country with a corresponding admiration. How unprejudiced we have grown in these enlightened days!

But at last his unprincipled bootmaker spoke
 To some friends of this cabinet mystery ;
 He viewed it, perhaps, in the light of a joke,
 Or expected to figure in history. (a)

When the horrible secret was whispered, alas !
 What a cloud o'er the kingdom did fall !
 Some seized the poor bootmake, (b)

* * * * *

And verily most would have slain him at once,
 By a death such as —— would give him ;
 But others, who took it with more non *chalance*,
 Simply said that they did n't believe him.

" Let us *prove* him a liar ! " cried one from the crowd—
 " On a sight of the limb we'll insist ;
 We know that the greatest of princes is proud
 Of presenting his toe to be kist." (c)

Hurrah ! cried the mob. To the palace they sped,
 Ere their feelings had leisure to cool,
 Where their sovereign they found with his crown on his head,
 And his foot (the club-foot) on a stool. (d)

(There were those, you must know, who knew nothing about
 The king's palace, except by report,
 Who made this nonsensical popular rout
 An excuse for appearing at court.)

Then one who could read, write, and reckon, they chose
 As their spokesman, their errand to show ;
 He bobbed down his head, and he jerked up his nose—
 'Twas a very uncourtierlike bow.

(a) Forgetting the maxim, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*." I wish some of our "trades" would take warning from the fate of the bootmaker in the text.

(b) Here my deceased uncle became perfectly illegible. I regret much the *hiatus*, occurring as it does, where the action of the story is closest, and the interest most powerfully engrossing. The mode of treating the traitor (evidently the subject of the undecipherable part,) might have afforded some wholesome instruction. The omission of the name in the next stanza, I beg of my readers to refer to the same cause.

(c) The *human toe*, be it here remarked, hath had marvellous power in effecting great events. For its influence over the feelings, we are told that

" Ofttimes the dancing-master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart ; "

and, applied seasonably, we know that it has worked miracles, and brought some dozens of fools to their senses. Nay, 'twas an insult to this part of the human economy that caused the Protestant reformation ! The Earl of Wiltshire, ambassador at the court of Rome, brought a dog to the Vatican, and this dog bit his Holiness's *toe*, presented to be saluted by his master. To this circumstance we owe the important privilege of eating roast beef every day in the week.

(d) It is to be regretted that we are not here furnished with any data by which to ascertain the era of Club-foot's reign, or the locality of the country over which he ruled. Unfortunately all monarchs have crowns, stools, and feet ; and although heads are less invariably a royal appendage, yet still there are not sufficient grounds in the text for ascertaining these important points with any degree of accuracy.

"Your majesty's slaves"—but I needn't repeat it,
 'Twas humble enough in its suit,
 But concluded—was ever a monarch so treated !
 With praying he'd *pull off his boot !* (a)

At first the king stared, then he smiled, then looked grave,
 Then he rushed from his throne in a passion, (b)
 And, to teach the young demagogue how to behave,
 He gave him a terrible *threshing !*

All fled—but their terror diminished, of course,
 As their distance from danger grew greater ;—
 A ratio which being, Hoyle tells us, *in-verse*,
 Is accordingly fit for my metre.

They rallied, in short—then discussed the offence,
 Praised their orator's national motive,
 They voted him cured at the public expense,
 And swore that they'd *FORCE* the king's boot off ! (c)

(And here, ere I come to the evils that follow,
 I wish to record my belief,
 That these burghers were greatly less able to swallow
 Affronts than small-beer or roast-beef.)

To the palace again, in a torrent they came—
 Burst it in—broke a beef-eater's head—
 Abused several ladies of court—fie, for shame !
 'Twill be scarcely believed when 'tis read.

They pulled poor old Club-foot's straight boot from his limb,
 And found malformation, (d) no doubt ;—
 Then, in spite of his bootless resistance, marched *him*
 From his throne—double quick—right-about.

But who to elect in his place was the thing—
 They deputed commissioners round,
 But ('twas odd in so simple a thing as a king,)
 Not one that would answer was found.

(a) The more humble the words of a petition, the more impudent the demand. Whoever will take the trouble to look over, or call to mind, those presented in his own time will admit the truth of this observation, and hence I cannot sufficiently admire the *knowledge of human nature* displayed here, in making such servility of preamble the herald to so preposterous a request.

(b) It may be asked "why so incensed against the mob?" I reply, because a greater affront could not have been put upon old Club-foot, even if he were as light on his limbs as Mercury, than making such an application. There is, (or there *was*, as we shall presently see,) such an attribute of kings as DIGNITY ; and there ought to be, and may have been, such a virtue in subjects as RESPECT. It were no such great crime in Uzziah to put forth his hand, if the ark were less sacred than it was. Let it not be supposed, however, that I am raking up the old doctrine of *divine right*. I leave the headless ghost of Charles I. to argue on that point. I only mean to state my conviction, that it is for the advantage of *all* that there should be a veil of privilege thrown over *one*. Let not the "Destructives" then seek to expose the *foot* of royalty, or fancy that it cannot stand, because there may be some deviation in it from *perfect symmetry*.

(c) In the three last stanzas we have laid before us, step by step, the progress from petition to rebellion ;—and since the time of the separation of the ten tribes, such has been its invariable course. In fact, what a populace begs for, however humbly, it is determined to have by any means, if it can ;—and it would save much trouble, and some awkward mistakes if our modern popular petitions were taken from the first in this light.

(d) Defects are found every where, by those who wish to discover them. The question is, may not the remedy be worse than the disease ? Go on with poor Club-foot's history, and you will be at no loss to answer.

One was dumb, t'other deaf, leaden-headed, past cure,
 Such a scone as no mallet would break it ;
 All looked pretty well while dress'd up, to be sure,
 But Oh, if you'd seen them stript naked !

• • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • •
 • • • • • (a)

There they were at a downright anarchical stand,
 Till forth a philosopher stumps,
 A grey-headed man, with a tremulous hand,
 And a forehead quite Alpine with bumps. (b)

" Why puzzled, my friends ?" said this learned old grizzle—
 Know you not that all monarchs are tools ?
 Then why not make one, like a saw or a chisel,
 By simple (c) mechanical rules ?

Or stay—rather follow " the taste of the age,"
 And extract from each noddle the cream ;
 Then, boiling all up with a handful of sage,
 Manufacture a monarch by steam."

A shout (you may fancy) re-echoed these words,
 And materials each instantly brings—
 The stoutness and honour of commons and lords,
 With the majesty proper to kings.

In a huge metal pot the ingredients were cast,
 And the populace stirred might and main ;
 All said (for they thought) that abuses were past,
 And the true golden age come again.

The pot boiled and bubbled, the coals they were red ;
 The process continued all night ;
 But at last a great Frankenstein (d) heaved up the lid,
 And looked o'er the rim—what a fright !

(a) The impossibility of deciphering this stanza is not to be equally regretted with our previous loss, as I am enabled to make out, from a few words still legible, that the minuteness of description would have, probably, rendered it unfit for the public eye.

(b) The unlimited powers of expansion of the human head, dwelt upon by phrenologists, and consequent on the unlimited powers of expansion of the human intellect, equally the theme of modern metaphysicians, has opened such a vast field for speculation, as scarcely to render the expression of the poet too bold. What a loss is Dr. Darwin in this age of wonders ! How beautifully would the hills and valleys of the developed cranium rise and fall under his creative pen ! How would he have peopled them, and discovered harmony and government among the nomadic tribes of these hitherto unexplored regions ! I conclude, under the circumstances, he would have named the principal eminence on our philosopher's head *Mont Blanc*, but whether to be pronounced *Gallice* or *Anglicé*, I leave it to others to decide.

(c) The most difficult matters are always treated, by such men, with the flippancy of a school girl answering in her alphabet. With them to make a code of laws or a hasty pudding is equally easy—they are just as ready, and, as they think, as competent to extract abuses from a state, as a cork from a bottle of claret.

(d) Mrs. Shelley has given a useful hint to the theorists, without intending it, I rather imagine. Perhaps she really meant her hero to be the personification of the old style of philosophizing. If so, there is more in her book than the world is aware of.

'Twas a non-descript monster, half human, half steam,
That straight from the cauldron arose,
With legs, arms, head, cylinder, piston, and beam,
(I forget where the safety-valve was.)

It rushed through the multitude—strode to the throne,
Their laws on the pavement it dashed ;
On its trembling creators its bloody eye shone,
And its teeth, (made by Mallan) (a) it gnashed.

While grey-beard, was crying—"how perfect it works !"
It was giving its arm-screw a twist,
And, ere he had done, with a couple of jerks,
Sent the words down his throat with its fist. (b)

Once a-going, 'twas "part of its system" to strike—
Whole phalanxes fell at each blow—
Dean and chapter, judge, bishop, to it were alike,
With a twelve-doctor-power it slew.

Then, sorely discomfited, fain would the mob
Have restored their old Club-foot again,
But (alas, 'twas a very unfortunate job !)
They discovered poor Club-foot was slain.

They buried him under a marble, in state,
And these words were engraven thereon :
"Here lies Club-foot—his subjects now wish, when too late,
They could raise him instead of this stone."

Then list to my tale, B——, M——, (c) and Co.,
Ye are David, and Nathan am I ;
Take heed lest when steam-engine kings are the go,
The high-pressure blow you sky-high. (d)

ADVENA.

(a) A *terro-metallic* dentist. He warrants his teeth against anything less irresistible than a cannon-ball. It is plain from this that the multitude really did bring *the best materials they could find* to the royal stew-pan.

(b) A fine moral. *Bahue* was said to have at last been the inmate of one of the cages, invented by himself to gratify the cruelty of his master. The readiest to interfere are not unfrequently the first to suffer. Ask our *emanipating* aristocracy now. I think they will agree with me.

(c) Again I am at a loss. The words are illegible. If any one who reads this shall hit upon two names likely to *make sense* of the passage, he will oblige me by transmitting them to me by the *Stationer's-court* parcel.

(d) *Sky-high*. A vulgar expression in our language, perhaps ; but, as a literal translation of *himmel-hock*, highly poetical.

My poor old uncle seemed to have been very fond of this ballad ; and as it had the approbation of his friend Elizabeth Hamilton, he kept it with great care, and from some notes in his pocket-book I conjecture that he had, at one time, some idea of publishing it ; but his extreme reserve, and his morbid dread of the public probably deterred him, or at least induced him to postpone it until it was too late. I think in the present day, though the *events*, perhaps, are inappropriate, the *moral* may be of some service to people who consider what Beckford calls "the intellectual mazziness of the past," a sufficient excuse for upsetting, at one spiteful heave, the clumsy old waggon of the constitution, previous to booking themselves on at the office of the *General Political Railway Company*.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALGOA BAY.

"A moody man he joined our crew,
Dismal and dark, whom no one knew!"

ROKEBY.

THERE is not on earth a sight more truly appalling, than that of a son wantonly outraging the feelings of a father! No circumstances of harshness, or unkindness, ought ever to undo the sacred tie that binds the child, from the moment of birth, in devoted allegiance to the parent. But, oh! when the goodness and indulgence of the sire, are repaid by the coldness, the scorn, or the mockery of the son, it is a sight at which human nature revolts! Contrition itself cannot expiate the crime of the guilty wretch. It were truly "better for him that he had never been born!"

The extreme agitation into which the atrocious conduct of his son, had thrown the venerable emigrant, subsided, after a few days, into a slow fever, and Captain Morley insisted that he should remain on board the *Hesperus* during the voyage to Algoa Bay. When he was sufficiently recovered to leave his berth, he won the esteem of every one, by the unsophisticated gentleness of his demeanour, and the straightforward honesty of his remarks. Still a gloomy depression hung over his spirits; he was often observed to sigh, and a silent tear was occasionally seen trickling down his furrowed cheek. One day he was reclining on a sofa in the after-cabin, for he was still extremely feeble, when Captain Morley entered, accompanied by the first lieutenant.

"My good friend," he said, going up and taking the old man's hand, "I have brought your son to see you. He is sincerely sorry for what has happened, and humbly craves your forgiveness.—Mr. Settler," he continued, in a lower tone, turning round to the lieutenant, "kneel, Sir!"

The lieutenant dropped on his knee at the word of command, and as the father gazed on him in that suppliant attitude, his eye lighted up, and a slight flush suffused his pallid cheek. But still he spoke not.

"Can you forgive him, Sir?" said Captain Morley.

"Can I forgive him!" repeated the old man, raising his emaciated frame from the sofa; "O, Captain Moarley, if you but knew the happiness I at this moment feel;—rise, Edward," he continued, his voice half choked by emotion. "Rise, my son, and give me your hand;—let all be forgotten, as it is forgiven!" And forgiven it was from the old man's inmost heart; but there was a never-slumbering seer in the breast of the son which denied him the bliss of oblivion.

Our passage to Algoa Bay was propitious, though protracted, and during it I had frequent opportunities of observing the character of our new shipmate, Richard Wolfe. I have already spoken of the personal appearance of this man. He was certainly remarkably handsome; his hair was raven-black, glossy and clustering; his forehead high and commanding; his eye quick and penetrating. Owing, indeed, to a habitual gloominess of disposition, there was usually a dark scowl about the eye, and a frowning contraction about the forehead, which marred the general expression of his countenance; but these would sometimes pass away like clouds from a summer sky, and leave all bright and sunny. It was then, when cheerfulness for a time held the ascendant, that I thought I could discover an expression of intelligence in his fine features, as there was at all times an ease, I had almost

said a grace in his motions, which seemed to indicate an origin superior to the humble place he now occupied. But for the most part his look was saturnine and morose; and he would often pace about apart from his comrades, his arms folded on his breast, his gaze rivetted on the deck, his brows knit, and his lips compressed. On these occasions he seldom spoke; and when he did, his voice was of that peculiarly gruff and dissonant description which sounds, according to the sea phrase, as if the speaker had swallowed a top-chain. Something there seemed to be that preyed upon his spirits, and spread the "pale cast of thought" over his features; and I frequently amused myself by fancying some mysterious connection between the subject of his melancholy and the metal locket which, as I have already mentioned, he wore round his neck, and, drunk or sober, preserved most religiously from vulgar gaze. His chief besetting sin was an inordinate addiction to liquor; and for the purpose perhaps of drowning thought and getting rid of unpleasant reflections, he took every opportunity of flying to the use of ardent spirits, which he frequently drank to excess. Notwithstanding this failing, however, he was an excellent seaman, and a trustworthy man; and when on duty, nothing could induce him to touch a drop of his favourite beverage. His mere word was as good as most men's oaths; and if he promised anything, he might be implicitly relied on. At Cape-town, about a week after he joined, we had rather an amusing instance of this. One morning he came to Strangway, who happened to be in command during the absence of the first lieutenant, and asked for leave to go on shore.

"No, Wolfe," said Strangway; "I cannot allow you to go on shore. You know the last time you got leave you came on board drunk, and such conduct cannot be permitted."

"I promise you, Sir," said Wolfe, "I won't get drunk."

"What do you want to do ashore?" enquired Strangway.

"I want to fight, Sir."

"To fight!" repeated Strangway; "a pretty errand truly. And with whom, pray, do you mean to fight?"

"With black Sambo, the prize-fighter, Sir. He challenged me to a match before I joined the ship, and he has been taunting me ever since that I am afraid to stand to my bargain. This is the morning on which we were to meet, Sir; and if I do not attend, they will call me coward."

"It was extremely foolish in you to enter into any such engagement, Sir," replied Strangway; "but what you say is true, if you do not attend, those Cape-town bullies may impute it to cowardice. You promise me you won't get drunk?"

"I promise, Sir."

"Then you may go."

Wolfe accordingly went on shore, and after an absence of about an hour and a half, returned without having tasted a drop of liquor. As soon as he got on deck he went to Strangway and reported himself.

"I am come on board, Sir, sober."

"Well," replied Strangway, "I am glad you have kept your word. Did you fight the match?"

"I did, Sir."

"Was it a long one?"

"Fifty minutes, Sir, by the watch."

"Who conquered?"

"I."

"Did you punish your opponent severely?"

"Why, Sir, I beat him, and that's just saying enough."

"Right. You may retire, Sir."

"I hope, Sir, you will have no objections to let me go ashore again," said Wolfe, still lingering in the neighbourhood of the lieutenant.

"What! at present?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why, what do you want to do ashore now?"

"Get drunk, Sir," replied Wolfe, with the gravest possible expression of countenance, while Strangway burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"May I go, Sir?" continued Wolfe, when he thought the lieutenant had had sufficient time to indulge his merriment, and with a face as grave as if he had been asking pardon for some mortal offence.

"It is contrary to all rule, Sir," said Strangway, scarcely able to articulate for laughter; "but since you have kept your promise so faithfully, I will permit you for this once to go."

"Thank you, Sir," said Wolfe, with the same immovable gravity of face; and in a few minutes he was seen pulling off in one of the Malay boats that attended the ship with fruit. He kept his word as faithfully on this as on the former occasion, and towards evening was carried on board in a state of "most blissful oblivion."

Among his messmates he was at first considered unsocial and peevish; but they soon began to get acquainted with his ways, and he became a general favourite. Sometimes he would forget his melancholy, and, mixing in their society, amuse them with an infinitude of "yarns," illustrative of his various adventures. On these occasions his countenance was usually lighted up by a bland expressive smile, and it was then that he looked so peculiarly engaging. His graceful figure, leaning on a gun in the forecabin—his arms folded across his breast—his look all openness and good humour—his voice soft, and even musical—he would thus often entrance his wondering audience; but if in the course of his narrative he chanced to be called by an officer, the spell was in an instant broken; the soft smile disappeared, his brows became knit, the dark scowl returned, and instantly, breaking off his story, he growled gruffly forth from the very bottom of his chest, the responsive monosyllable, "Sir!" After such an interruption it was in vain that his comrades endeavoured to prevail on him to resume his discourse; his communicative disposition for that day was at an end. Altogether there was something so unusual about the demeanour of this man, that I often wished to learn something of his history; but all my endeavours to probe him on this point were unavailing.

One morning, when we were rapidly approaching our destination before a fine steady breeze, I observed him in the waist, leaning over the bulwark and gazing into the water beneath. In this position he remained for a considerable time perfectly motionless, apparently wrapt in meditation. At last I went up to him and addressed him.

"What do you see in the water, Wolfe," said I, "that you gaze so intently upon it?"

"Nothing, Sir," he replied, starting

suddenly from his stooping posture at the sound of my voice.

"There's a fine rattling breeze," I observed, "for carrying us forward. Did you ever see a vessel slip through the water like the *Hesperus*?"

"She's a good sailing craft, Sir; and I have seen few that could eat the wind out of her."

"Few!" said I; "I never heard of one. She's quite famous for her sailing."

"May be, Sir; but I once knew a vessel that would have walked away from her hand over hand."

"And what ship was that pray?" I enquired, glad to find him in so communicative a disposition.

"The *Apollion*, Sir."

"The *Apollion*!" said I; "why you might as well have called her the Devil at once! I never before heard of such a ship; she's surely not in our service?"

"Very like, Sir—very like," he replied, with rather a sly look.

"Is she an honest craft?"

"Honest, Sir! I don't exactly know what you may please to call honest; but I recollect a saying that an old messmate of mine on board the *L'Ourse*, used to apply jokingly to his mistress—

"*Une aussi belle taille que la sienne,
N'était pas faite
Pour être honnête!*"

"The *L'Ourse*!" said I. "Have you then served on board a Frenchman?"

"May be I have, Sir, and may be I have not," he replied with his usual gruff tone. "At present I serve on board the *Hesperus*, and must attend to my duty:" saying which he turned abruptly away, and left me to my meditations. And so it was with all my attempts to discover anything of this man's history. Whenever I put a question that might have led to a disclosure of any passage in his previous life, he abruptly broke off the conversation.

Arrived at Algoa, our chief care was the safe landing of the emigrants, whose ultimate destination was Graham's Town. As considerable delay was likely to occur in procuring or preparing waggons and other conveyances to forward them and their baggage into the interior, it was neces-

sary to provide for their accommodation in the meantime on shore. For this purpose, Captain Morley having selected a beautiful green plain not far from the beach, all the tents* and spare canvass we could muster were put in requisition, and under the active management of the crew, a little canvass village speedily reared itself on the lone coast. Here the emigrants were snugly lodged, each according to his rank and pretensions; and by the exertions of Captain Morley, and the kindness of the governor, Sir R——n D——n, every thing was provided that could add to their comfort or happiness. Fresh provisions, corn, fruit, wine, spirits, and so forth, were furnished to us in abundance by the Dutch boors located in the neighbourhood, who no sooner heard of our arrival than they came down in numbers and pitched their tents beside our own, provided with ample stores of every necessary which the country afforded. The habitations of these people added considerably to the extent and appearance of our temporary settlement; and as some of them carried on a lucrative traffic among the sailors and new colonists, Canvass Town—for so we designated this assemblage of tents—presented in a few weeks a scene of considerable bustle and activity.

The tents appropriated for the use of the higher class of emigrants, stood a little detached from the others, and among them a large marquee, occupied by the captain and such of the officers as formed the shore party, was conspicuous. Sands, who was the acknowledged manager of this establishment, and kept the stores, had exerted his art in producing a most grotesque resemblance of a wild boar, painted in blue, which he caused to be suspended over the doorway; and from this elegant specimen of the limner's art, the tent derived the distinctive appellation of the Blue Boar. It was a spacious, roomy erection, and contained, among other accommodations, a very handsome saloon. Here Captain Morley daily entertained at dinner a party of the better class of emigrants, among

whom were a number of half-pay British officers, with their wives and families. These little festivities our guests enjoyed with the highest relish, and they appeared to forget, in the company of the kind-hearted commander and his merry officers, that they were bound on the melancholy errand of voluntary expatriation. Every one seemed determined to be pleased and happy; and when such is the case, little exertion is necessary to produce good humour and harmony. According to the good old English custom, when dinner was concluded, the wine-flask circulated freely—the veteran officers “fought all their battles o’er again”—the farmers talked of stock and crops, and the capabilities of the country—and we, mariners, performed the part of listeners or narrators as circumstances required. Nor were our parties unenlivened by female society. The festive board at the Blue Boar was graced by some of the loveliest and most accomplished of the sex; and the sweet sound of the guitar, touched by their delicate fingers and accompanied by the still sweeter melody of their own soft voices, was not one of the least attractive parts of our entertainment. Whenever the conversation happened to flag, Captain Morley was in the habit of calling on one or other of his fair guests for a display of their musical attainments, a request which was always cheerfully complied with; generally, however, with the as cheerfully assented to proviso, that the captain himself, or some one of the other gentlemen, would return the compliment by favouring the company with a song. Thus the song went round occupying the intervals of cheerful conversation; joy and satisfaction beamed on every countenance, and no prince in his palace, surrounded by all the pomp and dignity of a court, was ever happier than were the humble party at the Blue Boar of Canvass Town, on the distant and desolate shores of inhospitable Africa. The presence of the ladies operated as a wholesome check on our vinous libations; and when just as much wine had been consumed as served to pro-

* A number of tents had been forwarded in a colonial vessel from Cape-town on purpose.

pitiate the smiles of Bacchus, the band was ordered to be in readiness, and we sallied forth, each with the partner of his choice, to the bright green sward that ornamented the beach on the outskirts of our encampment. There, on that lone coast, which had never before been enlivened by any sound more melodious than the monotonous tootting of the Hottentot's tom-tom, the hills echoed to the swelling notes of the horn, the timbrel, and the flute; and we sailed round in the giddy waltz, or beat the turf in the lively reel, to the soft sound of Rosini's voluptuous music, or the spirit-stirring measure of the inimitable Gow, till the gorgeous tropic moon rode high in the heavens. While the rich and lustrous rays of the resplendent orb flooded the landscape with their mellow light, each merry dancer sought his humble tent as happy as a potentate. So true is the remark of the poet, that,

"Fixed to no place is happiness sincere—
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere!"

In this manner we spent the evenings at Canvass Town. Nor were our forenoons without their appropriate amusements. Pic-nic parties, pleasure excursions into the surrounding country, boating expeditions, fishing and shooting matches, afforded ample scope for the varied tastes of each individual. For my own part, being from my youth an admirer of the fair sex, I generally joined in those amusements of which the ladies were partakers; and I shall never forget, as I am sure few of my companions can have forgotten, the merry days we often spent in our pleasure excursions—the boisterous peals of laughter that succeeded every attempt at a joke, and the good-humoured tricks that we mutually played off on each other—all enlivened, it may be, among the junior members of the company, by a little innocent flirtation. Captain Morley usually accompanied us on these delightful trips; and instead, as might be supposed, of enacting the dignified commander, he entered with full spirit into all our absurdities, and was himself the chief promoter of the sport. Indeed so much was his society coveted on these occasions, that there was usually a competition every morning among the various parties as to which was to "have the captain;" and

many a race was run to the Blue Boar by the different emissaries commissioned to secure him. Wherever Captain Morley was, there old Mr. Settler was sure to be; he seemed to hang on the gallant commander as on a being of some superior world. The good old man was now completely recovered from his illness; and being reconciled to his son, and freed, besides, from the presence of the obnoxious Moll, who, when dismissed from on board the *Hesperus*, had prudently taken up her residence in Simon's Town, his natural cheerfulness returned, and he looked quite hail and hearty. He, too, was considered in his way an acquisition to our parties—he was so good-humoured, obliging, and inoffensive. The part he usually performed was that of a Nestor to the juniors, warning them not to go too near the edge of the river in case the ladies should slip in, or too far into the wood in case we should not be able to find our way out again. The only drawback he had was his huge double-cased silver hunting-watch, with which he marked most accurately the lapse of time; and often when we thought our day was not half done, he would draw out the odious machine, and going up to Captain Morley, say, with his peculiarly grave expression of countenance—

"Captain Moarley, I'se a thinking that it be's now getting summut near the dinner-hour!"

"Very well, Mr. Settler," the captain would reply with a smile; "I suppose we must beat a retreat; though to own the truth, time has passed so pleasantly, that I fancied we had still a couple of hours before us."

But where is the society, however peaceful and harmonious, into which a little discord will not at times intrude! Among the other emigrants was a Major —, whose daughter Emilia was certainly the prettiest girl in Canvass Town. Just at the age when the undefined form of the girl passes into the graceful proportions of the woman; while yet the innocent simplicity and enchanting naïveté of girlhood beams in the countenance, and the lively manners are free from the conscious restraint with which they are often embarrassed at a more advanced period—marble must have been the heart of the man who could gaze on

Emilia with indifference. To say that her features were regularly handsome would, perhaps, be to say too much ; but there was a soft pensive expression about her large blue eye, and a healthful bloom upon her slightly dimpled cheek, which fully entitled her to the epithet beautiful. Indeed, when in the high flow of youthful spirits, her countenance flushed with exercise, she would sometimes drop my arm on which she happened to be leaning, and, challenging me to a race, bound off with an elasticity of step and a gracefulness of motion that might have excited the envy of Camilla herself, I have thought that nothing earthly could come nearer to perfection. And then the peals of laughter with which she yielded up the victory when I overtook her in her career, or the forced gravity she would assume as suddenly stopping she awaited my approach, and endeavoured to excuse her levity by owning that "it was very thoughtless, and she had forgotten she was no longer a child," imparted to her features an expression of peculiar interest. Nearly of the same age with tempers and tastes very much allied, was it strange that we frequently sought each other's society, or even that after the lapse of a few weeks our intimacy grew up into something like a mutual attachment! Not that we were sensible of any feeling that could strictly be termed love, for I believe neither of us had any very defined notion of the nature of the bond that connected us ; but certain it is that I preferred Emilia's society to that of any of the other ladies, and that Emilia invariably accepted my arm in preference to that of any other youth in Canvass Town.

But though I thus showed that I had an eye for beauty, the rest of my comrades were not altogether blind, and I had my rivals who coveted the sweet looks of Emilia. Mr. Granger, our marine officer, in particular, whom I have already described as a remarkably spruce gentlemanly little fellow, was deeply smitten with the young lady's charms from the moment he saw her, and displayed all his accomplishments to ingratiate himself in her favour. But his blandishments were entirely thrown away ; he was only listened to when I was not present,

his assistance in our pleasure excursions was only accepted when mine was not at hand. This naturally gave rise to a feeling of jealousy on his part ; and although there was nothing in my conduct of which he could justly complain, it was evident that he bore me no good will for thus stepping between him and the object of his affections. Another circumstance added not a little to his annoyance. The major, Emilia's father, evidently preferred my company to his, and frequently asked me to breakfast and spend the morning in his tent, an invitation which had never been extended to my rival ; and although this mark of attention was bestowed on me merely because I was a patient listener to the details of the veteran's military campaigns, and on account, too, perhaps of my aristocratic connection with the army, Granger at once attributed it to the circumstance of his favouring my advances to his daughter.

One day at a picnic, Emilia, Granger, myself, and one or two more of the party, had seated ourselves on a beautiful green bank that overhung the small river. Nature, everywhere luxuriant in that climate, spread the bounties of vegetation in all directions around us ; tall umbrageous trees, richly tinted heaths, long waving grass, and moss-grown rocks adorned the land, while the surface of the sluggish-running stream, at our feet, was teeming with a variety of beautiful aquatic plants. Amongst these, in the very centre of a deep black pool, a group of magnificent water-lilies reared their stately heads ; their large white flowers thrown into beautiful relief against the dark back-ground of the water.

"How splendid these lilies are," said Emilia ; "it is quite tantalizing to see them growing so far beyond our reach!"

"There are some farther down the river," said Granger, "where they are more easily got at. If you would like it I dare say I could procure you some."

"Oh no! Mr. Granger, pray don't trouble yourself; those down the river are not worth having; they are not nearly so beautiful."

"These are, certainly, very fine," said I.

"What a lovely wreath they would

make, entwined with heaths and ever-greens!" said Emilia.

To me this observation was quite intelligible. Emilia desired to have the lilies, and her wish must, at all hazards, be gratified. As soon as the company commenced their homeward route, I stole away from the rest—returned to the spot—stripped—plunged into the water, and secured the prize. Exerting all my speed, I reached Canvass Town not much later than my companions, and going straight to the major's tent, presented my bouquet to Emilia. At dinner she appeared with some of the flowers, woven in a wreath, among her hair.

This exploit of gallantry threw poor Granger completely into the shade; and after holding a council with Sands, who was his confidant in this love affair, it was gravely determined between them that I was *un de trop*, and that the sooner I was removed from the shore party, and sent to do duty on board, the better. The only question was, how to get rid of me, and the management of this Sands took upon himself. Having occasion to go on board for a short time, a few days afterwards, the jolly purser came up to me, and putting a sealed note into my hand, requested me to deliver it to Wetherall. It was formally addressed, "To the commanding officer of H. M. Ship Hesperus," and I promised to take all due care of it. Accordingly, as soon as I got on board, I delivered it to Wetherall, who opened it in my presence, and, having read it, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"What's the matter, Sir," said I.

"Some joke between Sands and you, I suppose," said Wetherall; "but I'll be d—d if I understand it!" He then put the note into my hand; and, to my great astonishment, I read as follows:

"Dear Dick—Do not let Lascelles come on shore till you hear further from me, and oblige your's,

"SANDS."

"I don't understand the meaning of it any more than yourself, Sir," said I; "I hope you do not mean to act upon it, Sir?"

"Act upon it!" said Wetherall. "No, no! I hope, youngster, I know my duty better. I haven't been four

and thirty years in the service without understanding that such an order is rather out of the purser's line. But I suppose, of course, it's only meant as a joke; so you had better say nothing about it to the captain."

Great was the surprise of the worthy purser, when I made my appearance in the afternoon at the Blue Boar, and, taking him aside, told him all that had passed.

"I am willing to look upon it as a joke, Mr. Sands," said I; "but it certainly was not a very fair one."

"Well, well," said Sands, "I know you're not the lad to take a bit of a trick amiss. Is it forgiven?"

"To be sure it is," said I; "only let all be above board next time."

"Take my word for that!" said Sands; and henceforth the honest purser declined all co-operation with my rival, complying with the old sea maxim of "Every man to his station, and the cook to the fore-sheet!"

But while we were thus enjoying ourselves ashore, the affairs of the Hesperus were not altogether neglected. Every morning Captain Morley went on board to see that things were in good order, and that the men were conducting themselves properly. Among the rest of the crew, who were left for ship duty, was a topman named Black Tom. He was a tall athletic negro, who, at a very early period of life, had been taken from the Gold Coast of Africa—stowed, with a number of others, into the hold of a slaver—carried to the West Indies, and sold to a sugar planter of St. Domingo. He had not, however, been long in the service of his new master, when an English navy captain, who happened to be on a visit at the plantation, took a fancy for him, purchased him, gave him his freedom, and carried him on board his ship as a cabin boy. From this period Tom's life was devoted to the sea; he had served on board a great variety of ships, and was, at last, entered on the books of the Hesperus. He was an excellent seaman, completely up to his duty, clever, active, and a very dare-devil for courage. There was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in his disposition, which formed an inexhaustible fund of amusement to his comrades; and

though his temper was fiery and passionate, when roused, such was his extreme good nature, that of all the jokes that were passed off on him he seldom took any of them amiss, or seemed, indeed, to have the slightest notion that he himself was the butt at whom they were directed. Among his messmates he was a great favourite; and although they all considered him as legitimate game among themselves, they would not have seen him injured by any third party. His chief failing was his great addiction to grog; but liquor, instead of exciting, seemed to lull his fiery passions; and, when fairly intoxicated, he would fall from his scat like a lump of inanimate flesh; his senses so completely drowned that one might almost have stretched him on the rack, or fired a cannon at his ear, without producing any signs of consciousness. When he awoke from this death-like sleep, he was generally perfectly recovered; but of all that had occurred to him during his debauch not a trace remained upon his memory.

One morning, soon after Captain Morley had gone on board on his daily visit, Black Tom and Richard Wolfe—the latter of whom had recently been promoted to the dignity of boatswain's mate—came to Wetherall, and asked for leave to go on shore, to witness a wrestling match and other gymnastic games, that were to take place that forenoon among the new colonists. As Captain Morley never refused his men any reasonable indulgence, their request was at once granted, and they set off together in high glee. The day was bright and breezy, the wrestling ground well selected, and the players good. Almost all Canvass Town had turned out to see the sport, and Tom and Wolfe took their places among the multitude. Six wrestlers entered the ring, and were pitted against each other, three to three; one party distinguished by a black ribbon tied round the wrist, and the other by a red. When stripped, the proportions the wrestlers exhibited gave promise of excellent sport—they were all remarkably strong muscular men. Two of the red ribbons, in particular, were perfectly colossal; and the great breadth of chest, the Herculean fulness of neck, the solidity of

limb, and massiveness of arm which they displayed, were palpable evidences of their prodigious strength. As was anticipated, these two men speedily threw their antagonists, and the game of the third couple being declared drawn, they remained the victors of the field. The air resounded with the plaudits of the multitude, and the two conquerors bore their honours vauntingly enough. One of them, in particular, when the stakes he had won were put into his hand, tossed up into the air the bag which contained the money, and declared he would give it to any one present who would stake half the sum, and give him one fall for two. Nobody, however, was daring enough to answer the challenge, and he kept chucking up the purse, as if to tempt some one to the match.

"I say Tom," said Wolfe to his neighbour, "I've a great mind to try him."

"Him dam strong," replied Tom with a monitory shake of the head.

"Devil take his strength; I've given a fall to a bigger man than he."

"Him purse dam heavy," continued Tom.

"Ay, that's just the difficulty; but I'll stake all the money I have about me, and let him stake equal."

"Dare no one come to the scratch?" cried the tall wrestler, once more chucking up his purse.

"I accept the challenge!" cried Wolfe, jumping into the ring. His antagonist eyed him attentively for a moment, then throwing his purse upon the ground, "stake your money," he said; "here are twenty dollars!"

"I have only five dollars," said Wolfe; "but I'll stake them against five of yours and play you fall for fall."

"Adone bargain!" cried the wrestler, taking up his money and counting five dollars into the hands of the stakeholder. Wolfe followed his example, and paid over the stipulated sum.

The match was long and well-contested, but fortune at last declared in favour of our boatswain's-mate. He gave his opponent five falls for four, and carried off the stakes amid the applauding shouts of the spectators.

The ground was now cleared for a race, which was to be run for an open sweepstakes of three dollars. Wolfe entered himself amongst the rest, and

shewed that his agility was equal to his strength, by distancing all his competitors, and bearing off the prize, which amounted to thirty dollars. Elated with success, and the prospect of growing rich in so pleasant a way, the doughty boatswain's-mate entered himself also for the next sweepstakes, which was the high leap. This game was inimitably contested; but one by one the competitors gave in, and the prize at last lay between Wolfe and one of the new colonists, a limber-looking young Englishman. The bar stood at five feet two, and both the competitors cleared it cleverly.

"Put it up to five feet four!" cried Wolfe. The bar was accordingly raised, and again they both topped it in beautiful style.

"Make it five six!" cried the young Englishman; and when the bar had been removed to the required notch, he threw himself over it apparently with very little effort. Wolfe, however, in making his spring slipped upon the turf, struck the bar with his foot, and sent it spinning before him into the air. His antagonist was declared conqueror, and carried off the prize.

"You leap well, friend," said Wolfe, when he saw the money which he had reckoned on as his own, paid over to the other; "but had I not slipped you would not have won so easily. Have you any objections to try again?"

"None!" replied his antagonist; "What do you stake?"

"Thirty dollars!" said Wolfe.

"Done!" replied the other; and they each deposited the stipulated sum with the stake-holder.

This second match naturally excited great interest; both competitors were evidently first-rate leapers, and for men in their rank the stake was an important one. The bar was placed at five feet two, and raised inch by inch, both clearing it each time, till it stood at five nine. The previous height was evidently just about as much as either could accomplish, and it was thought that this last move would prove decisive. The young Englishman came first; and having attentively surveyed his ground and measured his distance, he took his start warily, left the turf with a clean spring, and cleared the bar within a hair's breadth. Wolfe, consci-

ous that he had no common antagonist to deal with, felt that it would now be necessary to exert himself to the utmost. He considered his ground carefully, took in his distance with a practised eye, advanced, with a light springy step, and left the turf cleverly. But the height was more than he was equal to; he struck the bar with the heel of his right foot, and it fell broken to the ground.

"Devil take my awkwardness!" he growled, as he leisurely resumed his jacket, and without taking farther notice of any one, left the ground in company with Black Tom.

"Him leap dam well!" said Tom, after they were clear of the crowd.

"All chance!" growled Wolfe. "But he might have leaped as high as the steeple of Strasburg for me, if he had not carried off my thirty dollars."

"Ah! him nebber care," replied Tom, "easy come, easy go!"

"Very well for you to speak, you black-faced nigger! how would you like to lose thirty dollars yourself?"

"Him nebber hab thirty dollar to lose," replied Tom, in a most pitiable tone of voice.

"Poor devil!" said Wolfe, "I believe you. But never mind, Tom," he continued, "never mind, my lad! I've still four shiners left, and we'll drink them, Tom; d——n me, we'll drink them, my boy!"

To this grateful proposition Tom cordially assented, and they adjourned together to a small tent in the outskirts of the encampment, where a Dutchman named, according to his signboard, Adrian Hendrick Van Struyk, entertained all comers, for their money, at the sign of the Angel. Liquor was soon produced, and the two messmates commenced their potations in earnest, and without troubling themselves much with conversation; Wolfe being chagrined and gloomy at having lost his money, and Tom being no great talker when the presence of the spirit-flask afforded him a more agreeable occupation for his colloquial organs. With a little round table between them, they sat opposite to each other in the most friendly and harmonious attitude, emptying glass after glass, with exemplary diligence, till towards evening the liquor, which was that horrible com-

pound denominated Cape brandy, began sensibly to operate upon them. Tom, in particular, was evidently going very fast; his eyes began to roll ominously in their sockets, the muscles of the under part of his face became relaxed, the corners of his huge mouth hung downwards, and at last he fairly fell from the bench on which he was sitting, in a state of mortal intoxication. Wolfe, however, was not so easily subdued; he still kept his upright position, and threw towards his prostrate companion, a look of most sovereign contempt.

"D——n him for a drunken lubber!" he growled forth—"he has no more head than a tallow candle; but what can one expect of a nigger! Mynheer," he continued, calling to the host, "bring me another stoup, will ye, and put a little dry straw beneath that poor fellow's head, to keep him from the cold ground."

The straw and liquor were brought as desired, and Wolfe commenced his potations systematically, to while away the time till his comrade awoke.

He had not been long in this situation when a new customer entered the booth in the shape of a Cape-Dutch boor; a stout, roguish-looking fellow, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, a long tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and a soiled blue linen kittel covering his person as low as the knee.

"Dis von fine evening, Mynheer," he said to Wolfe, as the landlord placed a pot of beer for him on the table. Wolfe, who had been making rapid progress with his additional stoup, and did not find his tongue altogether obedient, replied by a lurch of the head, intended for a nod, and an extremely inarticulate "very!"

"Ha! whom we hab here?" continued the boor, observing poor Tom with his straw pillow on the floor.

"Drunk!—lubber!" muttered Wolfe, turning his flushed sleepy eyes in the direction of his prostrate comrade.

"Dronk! ya, very right; bot he is von dam strong nigger do, for all dat," and he very leisurely proceeded to finger the gigantic limbs of the unfortunate Tom, much in the same manner that a grazier fingers the ox he is about to purchase. He then drew in a bench, and set himself down opposite to Wolfe, whom every fresh pull

at the can was bringing nearer and nearer to a state of utter unconsciousness. Being totally incapable of comprehending the tenor of the various questions and remarks addressed to him by the boor, he either left them unanswered, or responded at random with a gruff drawling "very." The wily Mynheer seeing him in this state thought it a good opportunity for driving a cheap bargain, for the transfer of the carcase of the unlucky Tom, who, being young and strong, he well knew, would bring at least three hundred dollars in the market. He accordingly broached the subject by asking Wolfe what he considered the negro's value.

"How mosh you tink dat nigger vorth, eh?" said he; "fifty thaler for him is nit feil, eh? fifty dallar very goot price you think? you tink so, eh?" he continued pressing the unconscious Wolfe for an answer. Wolfe, who did not understand a word he was saying, responded as usual—"very."

"Denn ven you sell him, I vill geb you fifty thaler; you no gat so mosh anoder time. Vill you sell him, eh? What for you no speak? ven you tink it goot price you vill sell him, eh? vill you no antwort me? You tink fifty thaler very goot price, eh?" Thus pressed, Wolfe once more responded, "Very."

"Denn I vill him kaupen; you verstah? I vill buy him—I hab das gelt here vid me!" and he pulled a huge leathern bag from his pouch, and counted out fifty dollars upon the table. Wolfe, who half-sleeping half-waking, was seated with his side towards the Dutchman, his eyes shut, and his head resting on his hand, had never looked up during this dialogue; and when the money was spread out on the table the boor found it necessary to draw his attention to it by shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"Vill you no look up, eh? here is das gelt for you; vill you no look up?"

Thus roused, Wolfe raised his head and cast his dim heavy eyes first on the glittering silver coins and then on his companion, as if he wanted some explanation of what he saw.

"Da is das gelt," said the boor; "dat is de fifty dallar—I hab zahlt it—all very right. Vill you take it up, eh?" he continued, hoaping the money

together, and pushing it across the table. Wolfe, who had still sufficient sense left to understand the value of money, grappled with it as he best could and stuffed it into his pockets.

"D—d—honest—up—fellow," said he, evidently quite ignorant of the transaction; "d—d—honest—fellow. Pay—when—meet—Ports—mouth—health—long—life." So saying he quaffed off the remainder of his liquor, and next minute toppled over in his seat and fell fast asleep. The Dutchman having thus concluded his bargain, called the landlord, and told him he had bought the negro. Two Hottentot servants who were waiting for him without, were then summoned in. Poor Tom was bound hand and foot, like a sheep going to the shambles, and deposited in the bottom of a large waggon, in which his new master was conveying home some other farm stores. The Dutchman and his two Hottentots mounted in front of the vehicle, and driving off, soon left Canvass Town in the rear.

Meanwhile Wolfe continued buried in his drunken sleep, from which he did not awake till after day-dawn in the morning. When consciousness returned, he recollected where he was, and his first impulse was to call his companion.

"I say Tom, you drunken beast, get up will ye; it's time we were going on board." But poor Tom was not there to answer the summons. "Speak, will you, you black-faced nigger," continued Wolfe; why the devil wont you speak. I never knew such a stone to sleep in my life. Tom, you lubber, rouse up, I say." Receiving no answer to this animated address, he jumped up with the intention of awakening his comrade by a hearty shake; but when the poor fellow was nowhere to be found, he did not know what to think. His first feeling was one of anger at Tom, for having "cut and left him in such a scurvy manner;" but a little reflection convinced him that the negro was the last man in the world to leave a friend in such circumstances. He, therefore, called the landlord for the purpose of interrogating him as to the cause of his companion's absence.

"Where's Black Tom?" said he.

"Where is he?" replied Adrian Van

Struyk; "gone away vid he new master, Mynheer."

"Gone away with his new master!" repeated Wolfe; "why what the devil do you mean, Sirrah?"

"Wahrheit, Mynheer!" replied the host. "You hab him verkaught—sold him!"

"Sold him!"

"Ya! to de bauer dat was here las' night."

"Boor!"

"Ya! he gab you fifty thaler for him."

"Boor! fifty dollars!" cried Wolfe, with a look of bewilderment. "Harkye, Sirrah! take care what you're after; do you think to pass off your jokes on me?"

"No joke at all Mynheer; you hab das gelt in your tasch."

Wolfe instinctively stuffed his hands into his pockets and found the money as the host had indicated. At first he did not know what to make of this, for he well knew that four dollars were all he had when he entered the tent; but after a little reflection he began to have some faint remembrance of a stranger who had *lent* him a number of dollars which he had promised to repay. Mine host, however, put him right in this particular, by explaining the whole transaction; and as his statement was confirmed by the presence of the money, and the absence of Tom, the awful truth flashed at once across his mind. He did not, however, waste much time in vain regrets; but having informed himself of the direction the waggon had taken, he sallied forth in pursuit of his ill-fated comrade.

Meanwhile the phlegmatic Dutchman was driving his cargo slowly homewards, pursuing his way along the sea-beach. During the night, throughout which they continued their journey, Tom lay like a log in the bottom of the waggon, in a state of most complete torpor. Towards morning, however, though his body still continued fast asleep, his mind gave symptoms of returning consciousness, and a heavy confused dream came over him. He fancied himself still at the games of the preceding day, engaged in leaping with the young colonist who had vanquished his companion; and he gave several convulsive

starts in his sleep as in imagination he sprung at the bar. In this state he continued for some time, till the effects of the liquor gradually passing off, his bodily senses resumed their sway, and his dream was mixed with a half-waking consciousness of reality. Dim returning recollection carried him back to the moment when he was sitting drinking with Wolfe; and being half-conscious of his present recumbent position, he fancied that the usual result of his debauches had overtaken him, and that he had fallen asleep on the floor of the tent. The jolting of the waggon he imagined to be his companion endeavouring to rouse him by shaking; and as the roughness of the motion gradually awoke him, he turned round on his back, gave his shoulders an impatient twitch, and called out in a peevish tone:—

“D—n Dick! what the debbil him shake for! him want sleep.”

“Potz-tausend!” cried the Dutchman, turning round at the sound of the negro’s voice, and giving him a smart slash with his whip; “lie still you dam nigger!” The sharpness of the blow effectually roused poor Tom, who started up from his recumbent posture, opened his eyes, and gazed around him with a look of perfect bewilderment. Memory was now completely at fault; the cords on his wrists and ancles, the Dutchman with his pipe in his mouth, and his whip in his hand, the two grinning Hottentots, the waggon itself, all were an inextricable riddle. Astonishment at first rendered him motionless; and it was not till after repeated contemplation of the objects around him, and frequent rubbings of his eyes to satisfy himself that all was not a dream, that he endeavoured to rise to his feet. In this attempt, however, he was completely baffled by the cords on his legs; and after various unsuccessful struggles he at last rolled fairly over on his side into a corner of the waggon. Another application of the Dutchman’s whip, accompanied by an exhortation to lie quiet, roused all the fire of Tom’s naturally choleric disposition; and regaining with some difficulty his sitting posture, he began to curse and swear at a furious rate, mixing his maledictions with sundry interrogatories as to where he was, who dared to bind him,

and so forth. To all this the Dutchman phlegmatically replied, that he had better be quiet, otherwise he would flog him into good manners; and that there was no use making a work, for that he had fairly bought him as his slave—and his slave he was.

“And who sell me slave, you dam Dutch tief?” roared Tom, half-choked with fury. A huge volume of tobacco-smoke from the Dutchman’s pipe was the only reply.

“Who sell me, I say?” again roared Tom. Puff, puff, went the pipe, but not a word in the way of answer. Tom then went into another tirade of curses; but finding that all his eloquence produced no other effect than that of making the Dutchman apply more assiduously to his tobacco, he, at last, philosophically determined to give himself up to his fate, and trust to fortune.

The whole day they continued their route along the sea-coast, only stopping once to bate the team, and refresh themselves with a little beer and cheese. A part of this fare was thrown to Tom, but he indignantly spurned it, and again they continued their journey. Towards evening they left the shore, and took a direction towards the interior of the country. After a drive of some hours, they arrived at what appeared to be a small farm-house, where their conductor intimated they should pass the night. Tom was removed from the waggon, and thrown among some straw in an outhouse, while the Dutchman and his companions adjourned into the principal dwelling. He had not been long in this situation when one of the Hottentots entered with a torch, bearing some bread and water for Tom’s supper. The light of the torch gave him an opportunity of observing that the place where he lay was that in which the farm implements were kept, and, among the rest, several scythes, pruning-hooks, and so forth, lay scattered about. Tom, whose whole thoughts were bent on escape, immediately took advantage of this circumstance; and as soon as the Hottentot was gone, he managed to crawl near one of the scythes, against the sharp edge of which he rubbed the cords on his wrists till he fairly sawed them through. Having now the use of his hands, he speedily freed his ankles from their bindings, and waiting till all

was quiet in the farm-house, he sallied forth, and took the same road, as nearly as he could guess it in the darkness, by which the waggon had arrived. Meeting with no obstruction, he plodded on as fast as his active limbs would carry him; and after encountering a variety of difficulties, in the shape of jungles, morasses, and rivers, and having nothing to eat but the wild fruits that grew in his path, he arrived, towards the evening of the next day, at the sea-coast. Cheered by the prospect of his favourite element, and having the beach to act as a guide to his farther course, he persevered in his journey, notwithstanding hunger and fatigue, and the following day his sight was blessed by the appearance of the white tents of Canvass Town.

Haggard and emaciated, with his clothes nearly torn off his back, the poor fellow presented himself at the Blue Boar, just as the usual party were sitting down to dinner. As soon as his arrival was announced, Captain Morley summoned him to give an account of himself; when he narrated, in his own graphic way, most of the circumstances I have endeavoured to describe above.

"And who you tink sell me slave?" he cried, with great indignation, when he had concluded his story, at which we were all nearly convulsed with laughter.

"God knows!" replied Captain Morley, in vain endeavouring to look grave.

"God know!" cried Tom; "berry true, Sair; but Tom sabe too? Dat dam tief of de world Bolpe—so help me God, Sair, him sell me for tree hunder rix daller!"

"Well, Tom," said the captain, "it will be a lesson to you in future never to get drunk! Where is Wolfe?"

"W're um is, Sair? How me know w're um is! But if ebber me meet him again—'tand clear Massa Bolpe, dat's all!"

As for Wolfe we fairly gave him up for lost, all our inquiries concerning him being fruitless. It was not till nearly three weeks after the occurrence of these incidents, that information was brought one evening to the Blue Boar, that a stranger, supposed to be a sailor in disguise, had arrived in Canvass Town, and it was shrewdly suspected that he was the absent boat-

swain's-mate. I was the next midshipman for duty; and two marines, who were of the shore party, being summoned, we proceeded, with Captain Morley, to the tent where the man was said to be. The marines remained outside, while the captain and myself entered. The tent in which we found ourselves was a miserable hovel, with no other flooring than the bare ground, and no furniture, save a few barrels and boxes, which served the purposes of tables and chairs, on one of which stood an empty bottle, with the remnant of a lighted candle stuck into its half-broken neck. The only occupants of the place were three women and one man. In the appearance of the latter there was nothing very remarkable. He was apparently a farmer of the middle class; a tall robust fellow, in a broad-brimmed hat, bottle-green coat, cord breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, and laced half-boots. His dress was arranged with holiday neatness, and his well-shaven beard "showed like a stubble-field at harvest home." Captain Morley contemplated this group for an instant, and then apologised for having intruded upon them. "I was given to understand," said he, "that there was a man belonging to my ship here, but I find I have been misinformed, and am sorry for having disturbed you;" and he was turning to leave the tent, when his eye accidentally encountered that of the young farmer. No sooner did the two glances meet, than there was an instant recognition on the part of Captain Morley.

"Marines!" he cried in a loud voice to the men without—and the two marines immediately appeared at his summons—"Seize that fellow, and take care that he does not escape!"

The marines laid hold of the man by the collar, one on each side, and Captain Morley left the tent, desiring them to follow.

"Avast heaving, shipmates!" said Wolfe—for the man was no other—"let me light my pipe, will ye? If you were as hungry and as tired as I am, you wouldn't be in such a d—d hurry to go on board to get flogged."

The two men relaxed their hold for an instant at this appeal, and Wolfe bent his head to the miserable candle-end which stood on one of the boxes with which the tent was strewed.

"Make haste, men," cried Morley impatiently, from without.

"Coming, Sir," replied Wolfe, starting up from his stooping posture with the lighted pipe in his mouth; and the next instant the two marines were laid sprawling on the floor by an expert "right and lefter."

One spring brought the prisoner to the entrance of the tent; the captain stood in the doorway, and obstructed his passage. A single blow from the powerful hand of Wolfe would have felled him in an instant to the ground, and thus have removed the only obstacle to his retreat; but scarcely had the natural promptings of instinct raised

his arm to strike the stroke of self-preservation, when it fell again like a dead weight at his side.

"No;" he cried, with something between a groan and a sigh, while he stood completely subdued in the presence of his commander;—"any one but you; d——n me if I can strike you."

Without farther resistance he suffered himself to be secured and conveyed on board. I need scarcely add that, under such extenuating circumstances, Captain Morley remitted the infliction of flogging. A night passed in irons was the man's only punishment.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Why linger in a world of care,
When a' that cared for me are gane?
Why drag life's feeble chain sae lang,
When friends to lighten't there are nane?

A lone one, in a lonely world,
A stranger, I but strangers see,
And when I sleep wi' them that sleep,
A stranger's grave my bed shall be!

When youth was gay an' hope was young,
And ilka wee flower in its prime,
I thought this was a pleasant world
For happy, happy, was that time!

But bleak showers fell, an' winter snell,
Wi' age, life's winter hurried on,
Now fled the flowers, wi' youth's fond hours,
Like simmer sun that o'er them shone.

The wand'rer kens where he will rest,
The weary ken where they will die,
Yet here, a weary wand'rer I,
Ken nought but sad adversitie!

The wind that tears the sapling aik,
But scarcely bends the aged tree.
When will I lay me down to sleep?
When will I lay me down to die?

SOUTHEY'S NAVAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

ENGLAND is but a speck in the ocean, and yet her sway extends to the remotest corners of the globe. Her civilizing swarms have colonized in every clime, and her ports are filled with the tributary riches of all nations. The ancient Spanish boast is in her case literally realized. The sun never sets upon her dominions. Great, indeed, must be the responsibility of those rulers who are called upon to consult for the prosperity and to wield the destinies of more than sixty-one† millions of human souls.

For all this extent of empire Great Britain is indebted to her naval superiority. Without that, she could neither have acquired nor maintained it; nor, indeed, would there have been any sufficient guarantee for the preservation of her own independence. The ocean was, of old, designated by the epithet of "dissociabile," as if it only served to disunite and keep separate the different nations of the earth. Great Britain has subjected the winds and waves to her control, and converted the broad sea into a highway for her navies, by which even the most distant countries are brought more completely under her influence than were the provinces of imperial Rome under that of their gorgeous capital, when she was denominated the mistress of the world.

We, therefore, regard the publication before us as both important and interesting; important, as developing the progressive growth of English naval greatness, and the various means by which it has been either advanced or retarded; and interesting, by reason of that exhibition of British valour which has conferred upon our naval heroes imperishable glory. May it not be also said to be a seasonable publication? It is, we think, but too clear that a disposition exists, on the part of our rulers, to practise, in the equipment of

our fleets, a sordid economy, which must, in the end, redound to our loss and our dishonour. Other countries are improving their navies at our expense. By our abandonment of the navigation laws, and by the extent to which we have suffered the principle of free trade to be acted upon, we have given encouragement, of which they have extensively availed themselves, to neighbours, who may at any moment be our enemies, largely to augment their power by sea. We cannot, therefore, but regard the work before us as a timely admonition of the necessity that is imposed upon us, and that never was more pressingly urgent, to take heed lest our foreign liberality and our domestic parsimony may not prove our ruin. Nor could such a subject have fallen into better hands. Robert Southey is a right-hearted Englishman, whose noble intellect, from the first dawn of reason, was consecrated to the public weal. A youth of eighteen may easily be forgiven, if he was captivated, for a season, by democratic principles, at the first outbreak of the French revolution. But there is a difference between the errors of generosity and inexperience, and those of a corrupted nature. His was a mind which

"The holy forms
Of young imagination had kept pure."

His heart had never contracted the leprous taint of infidelity; and the atrocious democrats, who filled France with carnage and Europe with horror, and at the sound of whose names humanity still shudders, soon wrought upon him their proper effect, and convinced him that the path of revolutionary wickedness was not the most direct road to genuine constitutional freedom. With increasing years and increasing knowledge, he felt and cherished an increasing love for the

* The British Admirals; with an introductory view of the Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, LL.D. Poet Laureate. Vols. 1 to 3, small 8vo. London, 1832-4.

† Colboun makes the amount to be 61,157,433; and his statement is taken from the census of 1811.

happy institutions of his own favoured country ; and as his genius expanded, it gave birth to works by which its constitution was defended and illustrated, and its literature enriched and adorned. Upon these it would not be to our purpose at present to expatiate. The time may not be distant when it will be permitted us to indulge ourselves and our readers with a more extended notice of the literary labours of this gifted and high-souled man, who as a poet, as an historian, as an essayist, as a biographer, will leave behind him greater and more varied claims upon the gratitude and the admiration of Englishmen, than any other individual of his age or nation. Nor will the work before us be regarded as the least of the benefactions which he has conferred upon his country, until degeneracy has progressed so much beyond the point which it has reached at present, that we become careless of national security and dead to national glory.

The first volume is occupied by a masterly dissertation upon the early naval history of England. The first authentic records represent it as the prey of successive shoals of northern pirates. They found the shores of Britain defenceless ; they descended upon them and plundered and oppressed an uncivilized and divided people. By degrees, the invaders became settlers, who established themselves by right of conquest, and who may, naturally, be supposed to retain a strong predilection for the seafaring life to which they had been accustomed. If the reader has ever seen a parrot climbing, and observed the caution with which he secures his footing by one claw before he relinquishes the hold by the other, he may form a tolerably just idea of the tenacity with which the northern invaders clung to their naval force, while yet they were seeking to secure for themselves a permanent possession of the country. Indeed, by such precaution alone could they hope to protect themselves against the kindred hords by whom the British seas were at that time infested, and who would have been quite as much justified in invading them, and compelling either a participation or a relinquishment of their advantages, as they were when they

first made war upon a helpless and an unoffending people ; so that the naval power to which they were indebted for their conquest, they were compelled to maintain for their preservation.

The system of piracy (which, so far from being accounted dishonourable, was reputed as a kind of naval chivalry, by which the younger branches of royal or noble families might procure for themselves riches and distinction) was in full vigour at the time that the Danes commenced their depredations on the British islands. It was to repel and chastise these bold invaders that the illustrious Alfred first established his naval force :—

“ And as he went out with his first fleet himself, he may, without impropriety, be considered as the first British admiral. He invited into his navy not Freezlanders alone, who were, probably, at the time, his allies, but adventurers, of whatever nation, who were willing to forsake a piratical course of life. But he well knew that, though great present advantages might be derived from their services, no durable power could be established by such precarious means, and that it is only by maritime commerce that maritime dominion can be supported. On this, as on all other subjects, his views extended not only beyond those of his cotemporaries, but it may almost be said, beyond the possibilities of his age. He sent an ambassador to India, to the Christians in Malabar, and on the Coromandel coast, countries which no Englishman visited again till the sixteenth century ; and whether the navigators made the voyage in his service or not, he obtained from Wolfstan an account of the manners and political state of the countries towards the east of the Baltic ; and from Othere, a description of the land as far as the White sea and the mouths of the Dwina ; parts which Richard Chanceler, in the year 1553, was the first European navigator who re-discovered.”

In the reign of Athelstan, the grandson of Alfred, a great advance was made in civilization. Mints were established in all considerable towns, and a uniformity of coinage enjoined. But the interests of commerce were still more directly subserved and promoted by a law which passed, conferring honourable privileges upon enterprising

merchants, whereby it was ordained, "that a merchant who made three voyages over the high seas, with a ship and cargo of his own, should from thenceforth enjoy the rank and privileges of a Thane." When thus royally patronized, the naval power of England must needs have rapidly augmented.

But Athelstan's early death, and the accession of his brother Edmund, at the inexperienced age of eighteen, again invited successful descents upon the coast; and an atrocious massacre of the Danes, which took place in the reign of Ethelred, and for which he himself had given secret orders, converted desultory, piratical ravages into a national quarrel, and ever after furnished a plausible justification for the hostile incursions of the northern invaders.

We will not follow our able guide through the minute details of petty and savage warfare, which was carried on between the Danes and the English, with various success, until Canute was established in the undisputed sovereignty of the island:—

"In most respects the conquest, by Canute, proved beneficial to England; because, from that time forth, the Anglo-Saxons and the Anglo-Danes became one people; ultimately it was not less so to Denmark, though that kingdom seemed, at first, to become an appendage to the wealthier and more civilized one which it had subdued. That countries so remote from each other, should be united under one government can seldom be convenient; that they should long continue so is never likely, and was, in that age, impossible. This, Canute seems well to have understood; and preferring England for his abode, and giving it the first place in his titles, he took every possible means for introducing English civilization into Denmark. There was no money in that country, except what was introduced by piracy, until Canute's coinage; his were the first written laws in Denmark, and he derived them from English sources; he was the first northern king who encouraged commerce—the sole trade, if such it may be called, which had existed till then, being such piratical partnerships as exist at this day among the Barbary States, and cannot be said to be wholly extinct in Christian countries, so long as privateering is sanctioned by the laws—and though he did not live to the age of

forty, he yet reigned long enough to see seeds of improvement take root and flourish in Denmark; to know that the system of piracy, by aid of which he had established his own sovereignty, was so materially curbed, that it could no longer affect the fate of kingdoms; and to re-establish the strength of England, and its naval power, wherein its strength and its best means of defence essentially consisted."

The Saxon line, which had continued for five centuries, expired in Edward the Confessor—Harold, who succeeded him, having no pretensions by blood. He, accordingly, encountered great opposition, and was, finally, compelled to yield to the victorious arms of the Normans. Nor was this severe visitation without its advantages:—

"A race of conquerors was introduced, who, though not less ferocious than the former masters of the land, possessed, in an eminent degree, the generous qualities and heroic virtues which are connected with the martial spirit, when a sense of honour ennobles it. They had wider views of policy, and they were progressive in civilization. By the time that they became one people with those whom they had subdued, the language of the whole nation had been changed by gradual interfusion; and that change has, even more than our insular situation, contributed to make the English a peculiar people. But though the Anglo-Saxon throne was subverted, the nation conquered, the name lost, and the language fused into a composite speech, the line of Alfred was restored, his spirit still survives in his institutions, and the navy which he founded is still the pride and the strength of England."

William was a prince far too politic to neglect the British navy, as he well knew that without its aid his conquest would not be secure. And, accordingly, while he broke down the strength of his domestic enemies, by a system of iron oppression, such as rendered revolt almost physically impossible, he invited foreigners to frequent his ports, and promised that their property should be perfectly secure; being well convinced that by commerce alone could his maritime power be permanently augmented. Rufus, his successor, was the first king who gave encouragement to privateers. This

did with a view to defeat an apprehended expedition of his elder brother, who was preparing an armament in Normandy, with a view to assert his pretensions to the English crown. The privateers did good service. And Rufus, by his vigorous policy, obtained such a superiority by sea, as enabled him, at any time, to invade Normandy.

In the reign of the first Henry, the usage which had obtained respecting vessels wrecked on the coast was materially mitigated. Until that period both ship and cargo became the property of the lord of the manor. It was now ordained, that, if one only escaped alive, the lord should have no claim. By a law of Henry the Second it was still further enacted, that even if any live animal was found on board, the ship and cargo should be kept for the owners, if they appeared within three months. A jealous regard to the English naval interest also appeared in a prohibition that was issued against buying or selling any ship to be carried out of England, or sending, or causing to be sent, any British mariner into foreign service.

Although the occupation of the merchant was not held in the same honour under the Normans as under the Anglo-Saxon kings, and, although, under William, that body suffered severe confiscations, yet, the political connection between England and Normandy, which necessitated the maintenance of a naval force, and the five and thirty years of tranquillity which the country enjoyed under the firm government of Henry the First, greatly contributed to the growing strength and prosperity of the nation. Merchants from all nations frequented London. Bristol carried on a flourishing trade with Ireland for slaves, and with the Baltic for furs. English and French merchants had settled in some of the Irish ports, and the two countries, even at that early period, experienced the benefit of amicable commercial intercourse.

“Ships from Ireland and from Germany sailed up the Ouse into the very heart of York city, where the Jews were then flourishing; they flourished also at Lincoln, then one of the most populous cities in the kingdom, and a mart for all goods coming by land and water; and it was, probably, through

their representation that Henry the First connected the Witham and the Trent by a navigable canal, now called the Foss Dyke, whereby Lincoln was enabled to carry on a foreign trade.”

This prosperous state of things received a serious interruption in consequence of the usurpation of Stephen. He altogether disregarded the construction of canals, and turned his attention to the erection of castles; and, by the bands of mercenaries whom he introduced, the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the country were grievously infested.

In Henry the Second's reign much was done to remedy these evils. And by the conquest of Ireland, if no great addition was made to the power of England, she was relieved from a troublesome neighbour; as one of the motives for undertaking the expedition was, “that the coasts were infested by Irish pirates, who carried off the inhabitants and sold them.”

When Richard Cœur de Lion succeeded to the throne, he found the naval arrangements for an expedition to the Holy Land in a forward state of preparation. For the size and strength of the ships, this, we are told, was the most formidable armament that had, as yet, appeared in modern Europe. And a system of discipline was adopted and enforced, by which its manageableness and efficiency must have been greatly augmented.

“The only description of a naval action in those ages, which explains the system of naval tactics, relates to the siege of Acre, in which Richard was engaged. The crusaders drew up their fleet in the form of a half moon, with the intent of closing upon the enemy, if he should attempt to break their line. Their best galleys were placed in the two ends of the curve, where they might act with most alacrity and least impediment. The rowers were all upon the lower deck; and on the upper, the soldiers were drawn up in a circle, with their bucklers touching each other. The action began with a discharge of missile weapons on both sides; the Christians then rowed forward, with all stress of oars, endeavouring, after the ancient manner, to stave in their enemies' sides, or otherwise run them down; when they came to close quarters they grappled; skill was then no longer of avail, and the issue

depended upon personal strength and intrepidity." "The crusaders had so greatly the superiority at sea, owing as much to seamanship as numbers, that a sagacious prisoner, whom Philip Augustus interrogated concerning the best means whereby the Holy Land might be recovered and maintained, told him it would be by keeping the seas, and destroying the trade of Egypt. His advice was, that they should take Damietta, and rely upon their fleets more than upon their strength in horse and foot."

Of Richard, our historian thus writes.—

"His flag had been planted upon the walls of Messina. He had beaten the unbelievers wherever he encountered them. He had conquered the kingdom of Cyprus, and given it to the dethroned king of Jerusalem. He became immediately, and has continued to be, even to these times, the hero of popular romances; and with his expedition to Palestine it is that the respect which has ever since been paid to the English flag originated."

The naval superiority which was then vindicated, John, miscreant as he was, asserted and maintained. Early in his reign it was enacted, that any ships of other nations, though at peace and amity with England, should be made lawful prizes if they refused to strike to the royal flag; and if they resisted, the crews were to be punished with imprisonment at discretion.

It was during this king's reign that the first great naval victory was obtained over the French; and the first act of the conquerors was to return thanks to God.

"They then manned three hundred of the prizes, which were laden with corn, wine, oil, and other provisions, and with military stores, and sent them to England, the first fruits of that maritime superiority, for which the church bells of this glorious island have so often pealed with joy."

In the succeeding reign, the English fleet availed themselves of a curious contrivance to defeat a powerful armament of Louis, by which they were greatly outnumbered:—

"Not deterred by the inferiority of their forces, the English commanders put out to sea, and encountered them; then gained the weather gage, and by

tilting at them with the iron beaks of their galleys, sunk several of the transports, with all on board. They availed themselves of the wind also, to try, with success, a new and singular mode of annoyance; for having provided a number of vessels on their decks filled with unslaked lime, and pouring water into them when they were at just distance, and in a favourable position, the smoke was driven into the enemies' faces, so as to disable them from defending themselves, while the archers and cross-bow men aimed their destructive weapons with dreadful effect."

The domestic troubles in England greatly reduced its naval power; and when Prince Edward, after he had restored the royal authority, embarked with one of his brothers in the holy war, the force with which he sailed consisted of only thirteen ships and one thousand men.

The reign of Edward was distinguished by a brilliant naval victory over the French; and was also made remarkable by an inquiry which was instituted respecting the King of England's sovereignty of the British seas, which was asserted by one party, and recognised by the other.

Neither in this nor the two succeeding reigns was anything considerable done towards the advancement of our naval power; domestic troubles and projects having well nigh engrossed the entire attention of our rulers. This negligence on our part, encouraged the French king to recruit and augment his maritime force; and to the insolence, which this consciousness of superiority inspired, we are indebted, in some measure, for the revival of that English spirit which more than retrieved our naval glory.

Philip of France had nothing more at heart than to crush the power of England by sea, seeing that the security of his own dominions could only be effectually cared for by thus crippling his most formidable enemy. For this purpose he fitted out the greatest armament that had ever before been seen in the world, and strict charge was given to his admirals to use their utmost endeavours to get possession of the person of Edward, and bring him, alive or dead, to Paris; "for they had command of the most gallant armada that any man living had ever seen,

being more than four hundred sail, whereof two hundred were great vessels, well manned, and stored with all habiliments of war ;" "wherefore, it behoved him to look well to himself."

When Edward received this intelligence he was at Ipswich, meaning to cross from that coast to Flanders ; his force amounting to no more than two hundred sail. He immediately took means to augment it as much as possible ; but all his efforts could not muster more than two hundred and sixty ships, besides some transports having many ladies on board, who were going over to the queen, then at Ghent.

"With this fleet Edward sailed from the Orwell, on Thursday, the 22nd of June, about the first hour of the day, in the name of God and St. George. On the morrow, being the eve of St. John the Baptist, they came to the coast of Flanders, about Blanksberg, and as they approached the Zwign, and discovered so great a number of ships, that their masts and streamers made them resemble a wood, the king asked the master of his vessel what he supposed them to be. 'May it please your majesty,' replied the master, 'I take them to be Normans and others, sent out by the French king to rob and spoil your coasts, and to take your majesty's person, if they can ; and among them, I doubt not, we shall find those very men who burnt your good town of Southampton, and took your two good ships, the St. George and the Christopher.' 'Ha !' said the king, 'I have long desired to fight with the Frenchmen ; and now I shall fight with some of them, by the grace of God and St. George, for, truly, they have done me so many displeasures, that I'll be revenged on them, an I may.' He then commanded the Lord Reginald Cobham, Sir John Chandos, and Sir Stephen de la Burke, to land and ride along the shore, to view the countenance of the enemy."

This being done, the battle commenced the next morning. Edward, confident in the courage and skill of his men, disregarded superiority of numbers.

"His great ships, well manned with archers, were placed in the van ; and between every two there was one with men-at-arms. A squadron was kept in reserve, to prevent the French from

closing upon his van, and to assist wherever aid might be required. A third, in which were five hundred archers and three hundred men-at-arms, was appointed to protect the vessels where the women were aboard, whom the king is said to have 'comforted all he could.' Having disposed the fleet in this array, he gave orders to hoist the sails, designing to come into a quarter wind, so as to get the advantage of the sun and wind ; and, as he stood off with this purpose, some of the French, who were more brave than considerate, supposed that the English, seeing themselves so far inferior in force, wished to avoid an action. But when they descried the banner royal of England, they knew that no such intention was entertained ; and their hopes were then raised higher, thinking so great a prize might fall into their hands."

But, they were soon to be undeceived, and to experience a discomfiture as signal, as the success which they anticipated, and which, from the magnitude of their preparations, and their great numerical superiority, might, not unreasonably, have been expected.

A ship, called the Rich Oliver, stood somewhat in advance of the English fleet, and was attacked by four galleys, which surrounded it, and poured in so tremendous a discharge of stones and shot, from the engines on all sides, that it was in great danger of being taken ; but the wind being in our favour, other vessels came speedily to its succour, and the four galleys were boarded and taken, before the enemy could relieve them. Thus auspiciously commenced the fight.

"And now the fleets met ; the French joining battle with many trumpets and other instruments of martial music ; and the English giving altogether a mighty shout, it sounded horribly on the waters, the shores being not far off. At the same instant they sent a flight of arrows from their long-bows, which the French answered as liberally, with cross-bow shot ; but the arrows did most execution by far. Then began a sore battle ; the men-at-arms approached, and fought hand to hand, for on both sides they were prepared with great hooks and grappling irons, both being alike willing that strength and prowess should decide the combat ; and many noble deeds of arms were that day done, assailing and defending, taking and rescuing again."

The battle lasted from a little before ten in the morning, till seven in the evening; when it terminated in the total discomfiture of the enemy. The first squadron was entirely beaten; the second so sorely pressed, that the French leaped overboard, to escape from the showers of English arrows; and the third squadron fled when the contest became manifestly hopeless.

"It was," observes our historian, "the greatest victory that had ever been gained on those seas. Two hundred and thirty sail were taken." The carnage was very great; the largest estimate of the English loss being four thousand, the lowest on the other side ten thousand; and this was carried by exaggeration to 30,000. That it amounted to this on both sides, both parties seem to have agreed.

Thus were the boastful threats of France defeated, and the naval superiority of England established upon the ruins of that mighty armament which seemed almost sufficient to render her great enemy omnipotent by sea, and to ensure her maritime annihilation.

It was during this reign that Calais was taken, which was a sore blow to the pride of France; while the possession of so convenient a sea-port afforded Edward great facilities for carrying into effect his designs against that country.

The reputation acquired during a vigorous reign, often extends its protection over a country, when its resources are weak, or its monarch feeble. So it was with England after the death of Edward the Third. An armament, by Louis, for the invasion of the British dominions, had been fitted out at great expense, and was, in fact, the most formidable force that had ever been arrayed against them. "I trow," writes the cotemporary chronicler, "that, since God created the world, there were never seen so many great ships together, as were that year at Sluys and at Blankenburg; for, in the month of September, there were numbered 1287 ships, at Sluys; their masts seemed like a great wood." But, notwithstanding this immense preparation, it is not surprising that the cooler heads, amongst the counsellors of the French king, should have been averse to the undertaking. They had expe-

rienced, in their own country, what the conquerors at Cressy could do; and they must have felt a natural reluctance to beard the lion in his den. Accordingly, the Duke of Berry, the king's uncle, contrived, by studied delays, to protract the sailing of the expedition until the season for action had elapsed; and the armament was, of necessity, disbanded.

Had this invasion taken place, it would have found the country but ill-prepared to resist it. For the nobles were, at that period, almost in arms against the king; and the parliament, through their influence, refused to grant the supplies necessary for the defence of the country, until the sovereign acceded to an act by which he was virtually deposed. The deliverance which was experienced is, therefore, not unreasonably ascribed, by cotemporary writers, to the protection of an over-ruling providence.

The next remarkable event, in our naval history, was the capture of a Flemish wine fleet, by which, adds our historian, "the hearts of the people were literally gladdened; for the rich wines of Poitou and Xaintonge, which they thought to have drank that year in Flanders, in Hainault, in Brabant, in Liege, and in many parts of Picardy, were sold in London, and in other parts of England; and, being uttered abroad there, made it so plentiful, that, according to our own chroniclers, it was sold for a mark the tun, and the choicest for twenty shillings.

Again the French meditated invasion, and their intentions, which certainly had more of show than of reality, were defeated by domestic embarrassments, which rendered foreign enterprises, if not impossible, inexpedient. The English seriously intended to pay them in kind; and it was hoped that a fleet, under the Earl of Arundel, aided by the cooperation of the Duke of Bretagne, might effect a descent upon the coast of France, such as should give Louis enough to do at home, without plotting any ill against his neighbours. By a failure on the part of the duke this enterprise was defeated. But the English were unwilling to return without having accomplished something; and, accordingly, having effected a landing upon the coast of Rochelle, they

caused great confusion to its terrified inhabitants. By the advice of two gallant French knights, a plan was laid to surprise them in their camp, draw them, by a feint attack, farther into the country, and then come upon them in force, cut them off from their ships, and destroy them. It was conceived that this could be the more easily effected, as they were altogether without horses, and the French were well mounted. But the latter soon found that they "caught a Tartar." The deceptive retreat, which was intended as a decoy to the English, was speedily converted into a real flight, and the cavalry, who appeared in force, and by whom our troops were to be intercepted, found that their utmost efforts were scarcely sufficient to preserve them from the impetuous onset of their assailants. About forty of them were slain; and the men of Rochelle did not repeat an experiment which proved so little to their satisfaction.

Repeated attempts were made by the French to obtain possession of Calais by negociation, but in vain. Its value was too well appreciated by the conquerors. A truce of four years was then agreed on, which was afterwards extended to thirty. It would have been better, our author observes, that they should have continued at war, than that this ample scope should have been given to the factions by which both were soon to be afflicted.

During the latter portion of the reign of Richard the Second, and the whole of that of his successor, Henry the Fourth, there is nothing in our naval history very particularly worthy of attention. Acts of piracy were complained of on the part of the Prussians; and a long and unsatisfactory negociation took place on the subject, during which the practice still prevailed. When a final arrangement was at length effected, it appeared that the balance of claims on the part of Prussia as against England, was as six to one. The winding up of the whole is very characteristic of the age:—

"As touching," observed the English monarch, "the request of your ambassador, and of the Livonians, whereby we were required to procure some wholesome remedy for the souls of certain drowned persons, as conscience and religion seemeth

to challenge, (in regard of whom we are moved with compassion, and do, for their sakes, heartily condole their mishaps,) you are, our entire friend, of a certainty to understand, that after we shall be, by your letters, advertised of the number, state, and condition of the said parties drowned, we will cause suffrages of prayers, and divers other wholesome remedies profitable for the souls of the deceased, and acceptable to God and man, religiously to be ordained and provided; upon condition that for the souls of our drowned countrymen there be the like remedy provided by you."

During the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, the navy as well as the army of England were divided against themselves. Nothing but arrangements which indicate an overruling Providence, could have prevented the country from being the prey of invaders. The possession of Calais, which was held by Warwick, the ablest of the adherents of the house of York, gave that party a great advantage, and may be said to have contributed to check any designs on the part of France, as well as to have materially promoted the success of the white rose party; which, in the person of Edward the Fourth, became, ere long, lords of the ascendant.

It was not until the reign of Henry the Seventh, that a respite from domestic trouble enabled the government to bestow some concern upon the decayed state of our naval strength. It was then found that unless something were done to uphold the shipping interest, "this noble realm, within short process of time, would not be of ability and power to defend itself. An act was, therefore, passed, that the wines of Guienne and Gascony should be imported in none but English, Irish, or Welch ships, manned by English, Irish, or Welch men, for the more part, or men of Calais, or of the marches of the same. This act was repeated in the fourth year of Henry's reign, and Toulouse wood was included in the enactment; it was also ordained that no natives should freight an alien ship with any manner of merchandize, either for export or importation, if sufficient freight were to be had in English vessels, on pain of forfeiture, one half to the king, the other to the seizors."

This is the first reign during which

a war of duties may be said to have commenced between England and foreign countries. The Venetians having, to our detriment, imposed a tax upon Malmsey wine, of which we were the carriers, a similar tax was imposed in this country, upon every butt imported by merchant strangers. "Henry," says Lord Bacon, "being a king that loved wealth and treasure, he could not endure to have trade sick, nor any obstruction to continue in the gate-vein which disperseth that blood."

Very severe measures, but not more so than were necessary, were taken by the king against pirates. A large ship's crew of them were beheaded, and their bodies exposed along the coast, to the terror of all who felt any disposition to follow a course of life not more injurious to the lawful merchants, than it was, to those who engaged in it, tempting and gainful.

It was a mere accident that prevented Columbus from sailing under the English flag when he discovered America. Henry had assented to his scheme, and was prepared to give him the means of carrying his project into execution, when he was seized, on his way to England, by pirates, and long detained by them as a slave at the oar. But the king was so "sharpened" by his success, that he lent a favourable ear to the proposal of John Cabot, (a Venetian, then residing at Bristol,) "and authorised him and his three sons to sail, with five ships, under the English flag, to all parts, countries, and seas of the east, of the west, and of the north; there to seek and find whatever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen, and infidels, whatsoever they might be, and to set up his banner in every village, town, castle, isle, or mainland by them newly found; and, as his lieutenants, take possession of all such places as they could subdue and occupy." The expedition was to be at Cabot's own cost; and the king, after all charges were defrayed, was to have the fifth part of the profit. Of this voyage we have no account; but in a second, in which he was licensed to sail with six ships, not exceeding the burthen of 200 tons, Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland, and the coast of Florida.

It must, therefore, be admitted that much was done by Henry the Seventh

to promote the naval strength of England. His attention to commerce would alone have materially contributed to that object. He renewed old treaties, made new ones, obtained privileges for our fishers on the coast of Ireland and Norway, "and tried the experiment of lowering the custom on certain articles, with the hope of increasing their exportation. The treaty which he concluded with the Archduke Philip—after, in consequence of a dispute with him, a total stop had been put to the trade with the Low Countries—was called the great commercial treaty, (*interkursus magnus*.) It was framed with the greatest care to render the intercourse between the two countries permanent and profitable to both; and when the English returned to Antwerp, (whither they had removed their factory from Bruges, some years previous, and where there was not the same frequent danger of popular commotion,) they were conducted into the city with all public demonstrations of joy."

Henry the Eighth did not depart, in this respect, from the policy of his wise father. He twice renewed the act concerning the importation of wood and wine, bestowed much attention upon the clearing of navigable rivers, from weirs, and other obstructions, and passed an act to prevent the stream works of the tin mines from choking the harbours of Devonshire and Cornwall. But nothing contributed more to the security of commerce than the signal chastisement which was inflicted in this reign upon the Scottish pirates.

In this reign it was that the navy office was formed, and regular arsenals established, for its support and equipment, at Portsmouth, Woolwich, and Deptford.

"The change in maritime warfare, consequent upon the use of gunpowder, rendered ships of a new construction necessary. Italian shipwrights, as being then the most expert, were sent for, and at the conclusion of this reign the royal navy consisted of seventy-one vessels; thirty of these were ships of burthen, two were galleys, and the rest were small barks and row barges, from eighty to fifteen tons, which served in rivers and landing of men. Seventy years later, Henry the Eighth's navy was called puissant. Five years after his death, when private interests were more re-

garded in the councils of a minor, it was reduced one-half in tonnage, and nearly one-third in the number of vessels."

But, if our navy was "minished and brought low" during the Protectorate and the brief reign of Edward the Sixth, our maritime power was still further impaired, and our national character disgraced by the loss of Calais in the reign of Mary. This was owing to a sordid economy which stunted the garrison in the means of defence—a cause which, we fear, may again be but too operative in causing not merely the loss of distant possessions, but in impairing the stability and promoting the dismemberment of the British empire.

"Till this time the naval history of England had been confined to its own seas and the adjacent shores; but thenceforward a wider range was opened, distant enterprises were undertaken, and events of far greater moment in themselves and their consequences, are to be recorded. The individual agents, as well as the actions themselves, became more important, and the history may, from this period, be more conveniently continued in a series of the lives of those great commanders who, serving their country, each in his generation, asserted, established, and maintained her maritime superiority, and thereby secured her independence, and with it, those liberties, civil and religious, wherewith this nation has hitherto been above all nations conspicuously blessed."

Then follow extended biographical notices of the second Lord Howard, of the third Earl of Cumberland, of Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake, of Thomas Cavendish, Sir Richard Hawkins, and Sir Richard Greenville. The naval history is thus brought down to the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Lord Howard had the chief command when England was threatened by the Spanish armada. He is described by old Fuller as "no deep seaman but one who had skill enough to know those who had more skill than himself, and to follow their instructions, and would not starve the queen's service by feeding his own sturdy wilfulness, but was ruled by the experienced in sea matters—the queen having a navy of oak and an admiral of osier."

The Earl of Cumberland was one of those naval adventurers whose natural disposition led them to embrace, by choice, a seafaring life, which he followed, to the injury of his estates and the neglect of all his domestic duties. Indeed to this spirit of naval enterprise which was excited during that age, England owes that maritime greatness which has ever since enabled her to bid defiance to the world in arms.

Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman who engaged in the slave trade. It was then in no bad repute, the most humane looking upon the negro race as born for servitude. "So entirely were all persons possessed with the opinion that slavery was the condition to which this unhappy race was destined, that La Casas, when he proposed the substitution of negro for Indian slavery as a measure of humanity, never suspected himself of acting inconsistently, nor dreamed that the injustice and cruelty were as great to the one race as to the other." The following passages will show the spirit in which this trade was carried on, and the mixture of address and violence which our warrior merchants then deemed it advisable to adopt when dealing with the Spaniards in South America:—

"Having, however, now obtained between four and five hundred negroes, he hoped, by carrying them to the West Indies, to countervail the charges of this expedition with some gains. Having made the island of Dominica, he coasted on from place to place, making his traffic with the Spaniards as he might; somewhat hardly, because the king had strangely commanded all his governors in these parts by no means to suffer any trade to be made with them. Notwithstanding, 'he had reasonable trade and courteous entertainment' from the isle of Margaritta unto Carthagen, except at Rio de la Hacha, 'from whence came all the pearls.' The treasurer who had charge, would by no means agree to any trade, or suffer us to water; he had fortified his town with divers bulwarks in all places where it might be entered, and furnished him with one hundred Harquabussers; so that he thought by famine to have enforced us to put a-land our negroes; 'of which purpose,' says Hawkins, 'he had not greatly failed, unless

we had by force entered the town, which, after we could by no means obtain his favour, we were enforced to do. So with two hundred men we broke in upon their bulwarks, and entered the town with the loss of only two men, and no hurt done to the Spaniards; because, after their volley discharged, they all fled. Thus having the town, with some circumstances, as partly by the Spaniards' desire of negroes, and partly by friendship of the treasurer, we obtained a secret trade, whereupon the Spaniards deserted to us by night, and bought of us to the number of two hundred negroes."

Drake was the first of our navigators who sailed round the world. He was fortunate in capturing a Spanish treasure ship, (the cargo being valued at 360,000 pieces of gold,) and arrived in Plymouth, after two years and nearly ten months, having proved himself, on various emergencies, a gallant and able seaman, and asserted the honour of the British flag in the remotest regions of the then known world. At his return, Elizabeth received him as became her. She gave orders that

"His ship should be drawn up in a little creek near Deptford, and there preserved as a monument of the most memorable voyage that the English had ever yet performed. Having, as it were, thus consecrated it, she honoured it and him by going on board to partake of a banquet there; and on that occasion Drake knelt before her, and rose up Sir Francis. The ship remained at Deptford till it decayed: it was then broken up, and from one of its planks a chair was made and presented to the University of Oxford."

Spanish wealth was a constant temptation to British enterprise; and it may be doubted whether the possessions in South America did more to paralyse the industry of one country than to promote the hardihood and cherish the naval resources of the other. While the Spaniards asserted their sovereignty over those distant countries, we may be said to have enjoyed all the real advantages derivable from a connection with them; for we were not only the frequent captors of Spanish treasure, but it was in those expeditions our seamen were

trained, by whose valour the armada was defeated, and a succession of whom have never since been wanting to protect the shores of Britain, and to maintain and extend the national glory.

The three succeeding lives, those of Cavendish, Richard Hawkins, and Greenville, with which the third volume concludes, contain details which will be perused with interest, but upon which we will not at present dwell. The two latter were the only officers who ever struck to a Spanish force, and they did so under circumstances in which defeat was almost as honourable as victory.

Mr. Southey can scarcely be said to have done more than commenced his labours in the volumes before us. It is true he has made a good beginning, and it may therefore be said of him, "*dimidium qui cæpit habet.*" But it was only in Elizabeth's reign that the importance of the island queen began to be felt in the remotest regions of the earth, and that her preeminence upon that element which she has never since ceased to command, began to be undisputed. Henceforth we look for details of more touching interest, and exploits upon a grander scale; and we cannot doubt but that ample justice will be done to them by the biographer of Nelson. England was now sufficiently provided with a naval force for all purposes of defence. She soon became formidable for aggression; and although her rulers were far too wise to neglect any fair means by which this arm of their power might be strengthened, yet the enterprises of individuals always kept in advance of the encouragement of government, which may be said rather to have followed than led the national spirit in those expeditions by which the laws, the language, and the literature of England have been so gloriously, and, it is to be hoped, so advantageously disseminated throughout the world. It is a curious fact, that when the nation seemed to have been lulled into a false security respecting the armada; and the secretary, Walsingham, wrote to Lord Effingham to send back four of the tallest ships-royal, as if the war for that season had been surely at an end; that gallant and provident commander humbly entreated that nothing

might be lightly credited in so weighty a matter ; and that he might retain the vessels, though it were at his own cost. " This," observes Mr. Southey, " was no empty show of disinterested zeal ; for, if the services of those ships had not been called for, there can be little doubt that, in the rigid parsimony of Elizabeth's government, he would have been called upon to pay the costs."

We shall look, with not a little interest, to the sequel of these volumes, in which by far the most important part of what relates to our naval history, must be contained. Mr. Southey has, as yet, done little more than clear the way for a full account of these brilliant exploits without which England could never have attained the rank which she holds, or rather, which she *held* amongst the nations, and which were as indispensable to her security, as they were conducive to her aggrandisement. Other countries might have continued secure without becoming great. But the British Islands were too rich a prize not to be eagerly coveted by one or other of the great monarchies of Europe ; and, if our naval power did not grow at a rate even beyond the growth of the ambition of those sovereigns who would have compassed earth and sea to gain possession of them, nothing could have prevented the annihilation of our national independence. Never was there a country of which it might be so truly said, that her being was almost contingent upon her glory.

This being the case, nothing, surely, can be more impolitic than the miserable, cheese-jaring economy of those statesmen who seek to build a character for themselves, by reducing the supplies for this great service so low, that its efficiency must be seriously impaired. In other countries every thing is done for the encouragement of their navy. Their governments, fired with emulation, and stimulated by the laudable desire of creating a force that may protect the national commerce, and be, at any future time, a bulwark against their enemies, leave nothing undone which may add to the number of their sailors and shipping, and make even the exigencies of trade give way to those great and paramount national considerations, without a due regard to which, it cannot be securely

conducted. *We* have been taking a diametrically opposite course, and have been reducing our naval force, without any regard to the public interest, or, indeed, any interest but that of the hair-brained politicians, to whom the arithmetical amount of the pounds and shillings saved, may furnish a topic of clap-trap oratory, at the contested elections.

Never was there a period of our history when a different policy, in this particular, was more imperiously required. The life of a sailor is one of great privations. Gallant and enterprising spirits will never be wanting to engage in any service of danger which may be required for the defence of the country. But whether, in the approaching emergency, a sufficient number of brave and experienced men may be forthcoming, to repel that formidable combination of hostilities, with which, sooner or later, we shall have to contend for our existence, must depend, altogether, upon the means that are taken to cherish and to discipline our maritime population. In the early periods of our history a spirit of adventure prevailed, which led private individuals to embark in seafaring projects, by which, whether they were profitable or otherwise to the individual, our naval resources were greatly augmented. Then it was that that marine was recruited, before which the might of Spain was scattered, in the reign of Elizabeth, when it approached our shores with the fetters ready forged, by the aid of which a gloomy bigot flattered himself with the hope of again re-imposing the yoke of popery upon the consciences of our people. But, with the rage for discovery, the age of maritime chivalry has passed away ; and, if we would maintain our naval superiority, it must be by resources of a different nature. Government should now do for the country, what the country *then* did for the government, and every fair encouragement should be afforded to the rising generation, in our sea-port towns, to enter, with alacrity, into this arduous but honourable service.

If the colonial trade were only useful because of the additional number of sailors to which it gave rise, and who must, in case of war, be available for national purposes, that

consideration alone would render it of immense importance. Any thing, therefore, which limits the trade, or renders the possession of our colonies precarious, must, so far, prove detrimental to the national interest, by not only diminishing our power, but endangering our safety. We suffer by it not only to the amount of what we may lose, but by the insecurity of what we may retain; and a more fatal advantage may be given to our enemies by the loss of this nursery for our fleet, than could be acquired by the most brilliant naval victory.

The system of impressment has always appeared to us objectionable, and can, indeed, alone be defended by the most urgent necessity. Nor will the humane and reflecting part of the public ever be reconciled to it until it is clearly demonstrated that every other legitimate resource has failed, and that without its arbitrary aid our shores must be exposed to hostile depredations. Now, this can only appear when *all* the *ordinary* means for the formation of an efficient naval force have failed of producing the desired effect; and that cannot be truly said as long as no means are taken to develop and to discipline that spirit of maritime enterprise which is to be found throughout the country at large, and which exists to so great a degree in every seaport in the empire. Why should not naval schools be formed in all our large towns, in which youth might be trained to those habits and pursuits which would render them

capable of taking their station upon our wooden walls, and acting, if need were, as the defenders of their country? We are very well convinced that such a project is practicable, and that any expense which it might occasion would be well bestowed and willingly incurred, if it only insured an abandonment of the hateful practice of impressment. We will not at present trust ourselves to speak of that practice as, we are persuaded, it deserves. Government, we believe, are sincerely desirous to discover some expedient by which it may be superseded; and until such expedient is devised, it would not be the part of good citizens to excite the public indignation against it, or increase the odium under which it labours. But it cannot much longer be endured, and it is painful to think of the injuries and the indignities to which we may be exposed, if the timely substitution of a different recruiting system be much longer neglected.

But this, and every other topic connected with the honour or the interests of the navy, may be safely left in the hands of the illustrious biographer of Nelson. We hope soon to meet with him again; and we take leave of him at present with the assurance that, while his genius, his learning, and his moral worth give a peculiar value to his literary labours upon every subject, there is scarcely any upon which he could employ himself with a greater certainty of conferring a signal benefit upon his country.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

“Edler Freund ! wo öffnet sich dem Frieden.”

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Whither now, my noble friend ! shall quiet,
Whither freedom for asylum go ?
Ninety-nine has set in storm and riot ;
Eighteen hundred dawns with war and woe.

All the social bands are ripped asunder ;
Trod in dust the olden forms divine ;
And the shout of war is pealed in thunder
Down the giant Nile and ancient Rhine.

Freedom is the watchword—and the juggle !
Blade is bared and thunderbolt is hurled ;
But the two great nations only struggle
Which shall wield the sceptre of the world.

Yet to yield them gold each land must labour ;
And, like Brennus in as bloody days,
France against the gold her iron sabre
In the holy scale of justice weighs.

Britain, too, whose commerce sways her slaughters,
Britain drives the seagod from his throne ;
Proudly, o'er the universe of waters,
Britain's armaments must ride alone.

Continents and isles and trackless regions
In remotest zones become her prize ;
Round the globe her swooping fleets and legions,
Roam, to master all—save Paradise !

Ah ! in vain through every earthly portal
Hurries man to reach that glorious shore,
Where the bowers of LIBERTY immortal,
And of BEAUTY dazzle evermore.

Vainly stretch the battling earth and ocean
Wide away before us and around ;
Room, amid their clangor and commotion,
Room for happy hearts is yet unfound !

To thy bosom's cloister, still and holy,
Flee, oh ! flee from life's infecting throng :
PERFECT FREEDOM IS THE DREAM OF FOLLY,
PERFECT BEAUTY ONLY BLOOMS IN SONG.

SHA DHU ; OR, THE DARK DAY.

By the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

THERE is no country in the world whose scenery is more sweetly diversified, or more delicately shaded away into that exquisite variety of surface which presents us with those wavy outlines of beauty that softly melt into each other, than is that of our own green island. Alas! how many deep valleys, wild glens, green meadows, and pleasant hamlets, lie scattered over the bosom of a country peopled by inhabitants who are equally moved by the impulses of mirth and sorrow, each valley, and glen, and pleasant hamlet marked by some tearful remembrance of humble calamity which the world never hears. How little do its proud nobility know of the far and still beauty which marks the unbroken silence of its most delightful retreats, or of the unassuming records of love or sorrow, which pass down through a single generation, and are soon lost in the rapid stream of life. We do not love to remember sorrow, but its traces notwithstanding are always the most uneffaceable, and, what is strange as true, its mournful imprint remains ever the longest upon the heart that is most mirthful. We talk not now of the hollow echo, like mirth, which comes from thousands only because the soul is wanting. No; but we say that as the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy. Many and true are the simple tales of Irish life which could prove this. Many a fair laughing girl who has danced in happiness, light as a mote in the sunbeam, has been suddenly left in darkness, bowed down in youth and beauty to the grave, and though the little circle of which she was the centre may have been disturbed by her untimely fate, yet in brief space, except to a few yearning and stricken hearts who could *not* forget her who was once their pride and hope, her memory has passed

away like a solitary bird, viewed as it goes over us, and followed wistfully by the eye, until by degrees it lessens and lessens—becomes dim—then fades into a speck, and ultimately melts into the blue distance of heaven. One such "simple annal," brought about by the inscrutable hand that guides the destinies of life, we are now about to present to our readers. Were it the mere creation of our own fancy, it might receive many of those embellishments at our hand with which we scruple not to adorn the shadowy idealities of fiction. It is, however, one of those distressing realities so often produced by the indulgence of vehement passion, that we are compelled by the melancholy severity of its truth to give the details, not, alas, as we could have wished them to happen, but simply as they actually occurred.

The village of *Ballydhas* was situated in the bosom of as sweet a valley as ever gladdened the eye and the heart of man to look upon. Contentment, peace, and prosperity walked step by step with its happy inhabitants. The people were marked by a pastoral simplicity of manners, such as is still to be found in some of the remote and secluded hamlets of Ireland. The vale was green and shelving, having its cornfields, its pasturage, and its patches of fir, poplar, and mountain-ash intermingled, and creeping up on each side in wild but quiet beauty to the very mountain tops that enclosed it. At the head of the glen reposed a small clear sheet of water, as calm and unruffled as the village itself. By this sweet lake was fed the pure stream which murmured down between banks here and there open, and occasionally covered by hazle, blackthorn, or birches. As it approached the village the scenery about it became more soft and tranquil. The banks spread away into meadows flower-spangled and green; the fields became richer; the corn waved to the soft breezes of sum-

mer; the noonday smoke of the dinner fires rose up and was gently borne away to the more wide spread scene of grandeur and cultivation that lay in the champaign country below it. On each side of the glen were masses of rock and precipices, just large enough to give sufficient wildness and picturesque beauty to a view which in itself was calm and serene. In the distance about a mile to the north, stood out a bold but storm-vexed headland, that heaved back the mighty sweep of the Atlantic, of which a glimpse could be caught from an eminence above the village. Nothing indeed could be finer than the booming fury of the giant billows, as they shivered themselves into spray, and thundered around the gloomy caverns of the headland, especially when contrasted with the calm sense of peace and security which reposed upon the neat white village in the glen.

How sweet of a summer Sabbath morning to sit upon the brow of this delightful valley, and contemplate in the light dreams of a happy heart its humble images of all that is pure, and peaceful, and soothing in life; the little bustle of preparation for the cheerful but solemn duties of the day; the glad voices of bright-faced boys and girls, eager to get on their Sunday clothes; the busy stirring about of each tucked-up matron, washing, and combing, and pinning her joyous little ones; and the contented father now dressed, placidly smoking his after-breakfast pipe, looking upon their little cares, and their struggles for precedence in being decked out with their humble finery; now rebuking an elder boy for his impatience and want of consideration in not allowing his juniors to get first dressed, and again soothing a younger one until *his* turn came.

"Barney, troth you ought to have more since, avick, than to be quarrellin' wid poor Jemmy about gettin' an you. Dont you know he's but a child, an' must of coorse get his little things an before you, espishially as this is the first Sunday of the crathur's new jacket an' throwers. Bloodalive, Barney, be manly, and dont make comparishment wid a *pastiah*.* I hope you've got off your lesson in the cate-

chiz this mornin', and that you wont have to hang down your head wid the blush of shame among the *bouchaleens*† in the chapel today. Go 'way, avick, an' rehearse it, an' whin your mother finishes him, and Dick, and little Mary, she'll have yourself as clane as a new sixpence."

Then came the moment when the neat and well-dressed groups issued out of their happy homes, and sought in cheerful companionship with those of different creeds, their respective places of worship; for, gentle reader, the inhabitants of Ballydhas were, in point of religion, some Protestant, some Roman Catholic, and others Presbyterian. Many a time have we seen them proceed together in peace and friendship along the same road, until they separated either to church, to meeting, or to chapel; and again reunite on their way home, in a spirit equally cordial and kind. The demon of political discord and religious rancour had not come among them. Each class in the parish worshipped God after his own manner. All were happy, and industrious, and independent; for they had not then been taught that they were slaves and natural enemies, groaning under the penal yoke of oppression.

Their fairs and markets were equally peaceful. Neither faction-fight nor party fight ever stained the streets with blood. The whoop of strife never was raised by neighbour against neighbour, nor the coat trailed, nor the caubeen thrown up into the air to challenge an opposite faction. There was, in truth, none of all this. The people were moral and educated. Religion they attended with that decorous sense of decency which always results from a sincere perception of its obligations and influence.

Yet were they not without their sports and rustic amusements. Where the bitterness of malignity is absent, cheerfulness has full play, and candour, ever open and benevolent, is the exponent of mirth and good will. Though their fairs and markets were undisturbed by the savage violence of mutual conflict, yet were they enlivened by the harmless pastimes which throw the charm of uncorrupted life over the human heart and the innocent scenes

* Child.

† Little boys.

from which it draws in its amusements. Life is harsh enough, and we are no friends to those who would freeze its genial current by the gloomy chill of ascetic severity.

Within about two miles of Ballydhas stood the market town of the parish. It also bore the traces of peace and industry. Around it lay a rich fertile country, studded with warm homesteads, waving fields, and residences of a higher rank, at once elegant and fashionable. The gentry were not, it is true, of the very highest class ; but in lieu of that they were kind, considerate, and what was before all, *resident*. If an accidental complaint happened to be preferred by one man against another, they generally were qualified by a knowledge of their characters, to administer justice between them, without the risk of being misled by misrepresentation. This prevented many complaints founded in malice or party-spirit, and consequently reduced litigation to an examination of the very few cases in which actual injury had been sustained.

Many a fair day have we witnessed in this quiet and thriving market town. And it is sweet to us—yes, yes, intensely sweet to leave, for a moment, the hollow and slippery pathways of artificial life—of that unfeeling, unholy and loathsome selfishness of heart, and soul, and countenance, which marks, as with a brand of infamy, the fictions of fashionable and metropolitan society, where every person and profession you meet, is a lie or a libel to be guarded against. Yes, it is pleasant to us to learn all this, and to go back in imagination to a fair day in the town of Ballaghmore. Like an annual festival it stole upon us with many a yearning wish that time, at least for a month before, should be annihilated. And when the fair morning came, what a drifting tide of people, cows, sheep, horses, and pigs, passed on in the eager tumult of business, before our eyes. The comfortable farmer in his best grey frize ; the young man in spruce corduroy breeches, home-made blue coat, and bran new hat ; the tidy maiden with neat bunch of yarn, spun by her own fingers, giving sufficient proof to her bachelor that a young woman of industrious habits uniformly makes the best wife for a poor man. Various, indeed, were the classes that,

in multitudinous groups, drifted towards the fair-green. The spruce well-mounted horse-jockey, with bottle-green coat, closely buttoned, tight buckskin inexpressibles, long-lashed hunting-whip, and top-boots ; the drover on his plump hack, pacing slowly after his fat beeves ; the gentleman farmer, trundling along in his gig, or trotting smartly on a bit of half-blood. Here go a family group, the children with new hats and ruffles, grandfather a little behind, with the hand of an own pet boy or girl in his ; observe the joy of their faces ; what complacent happiness on the ruddy countenance of the healthy old man. The parents are also happy, but betray the unconscious anxiety of those who love their children, and are sensible of the serious duties inseparable from their condition ; the four little ones know not the cares of affection, and, consequently, their looks are full of delight, eagerness, and curiosity. What a tide of bewildered interrogatories does the fifth urchin pour upon the ear of the old grandfather, who is foolish enough to stop the whole group, in order to relate the precocious pertinency of some particular query. There goes a snug farmer, his wife, and good-looking daughters, seated upon a farm-car that is trussed with straw, covered by a blue quilt. We will wager that the “good woman” has somewhere about the premises a few cakes of hard griddle-bread, to eat when they get hungry, with a glass of punch, and, it may be, a good slice or two of excellent hung-beef, or bacon. But now they approach town, and the stream thickens. There go the beggars, mendicants, and impostors, showing a degree of agility rather incompatible with their respective maladies, grievous and deplorable as they all, of course, are ; and toiling vehemently after them, hops “Bill i’ the Bowl,” pitching himself along in a copper-fastened dish, with a small stool or *creepie* supporting each hand.

But now the whole sweep of the town and fairgreen opens on us ; tents, and standings, and tables, and roasting and boiling, are all about us ; for the *spoileen* fires are in operation, and many a fat sheep will be cut up, as well for those who have never tasted mutton before, as for hundreds who eat rather from hunger than curiosity.

Heavens ! what an astounding multitude of discordant noises, all blend into one hoarse, deep, drowsy, body of sound, for which we can find no suitable term. Cows lowing, sheep bleating, pigs grunting, horses neighing, men shouting, women screaming, fiddlers playing, pipes squealing, youngsters dancing,—hammering up of standings and tents, thumping of restive or lazy animals, the showman's drum, the lotteryman's speech, the balladsinger's squall, all come upon us ; and lastly, the unheeded sweep of the death-bell, as it tells with sullen tongue that some poor mortal has forever departed from the cares and amusements, the trade and traffic of this transitory life.

About twelve o'clock the fair tide is full ; for that is the time in which the greatest interchange of property, and the most vigorous transactions of business, with all accompanying bustle and activity, take place. For an hour or two this continues. About three o'clock the tide is evidently on the ebb ; business begins to slacken, and those who have their transactions brought to a close meet their families and friends at the place of rendezvous—always some public-house. It is now indeed, when the heat and burden of the day have passed, and refreshment becomes both grateful and necessary, that the people fall into distinct groups for the purposes of social enjoyment. If two young folk have been for some time “coortin’ one another,” the “bachelor,” which in Ireland means a suitor, generally contrives to bring his friends and those of his sweetheart together. The very fact of their accepting the “thrute,” on either side, or both, is a good omen, and considered tantamount to a mutual consent of their respective connexions. This, however, is not always so ; for it often happens that a match is broken off after many a friendly computation has been held “upon the head of it,” which means upon that subject. Let the reader stand with us for a few minutes, and we will point out to him one or two groups who have met for the purpose of settling a marriage. Do you see that tall *sthræel* of a fellow, who slings awkwardly along, for which reason he is nicknamed by his acquaintances “a sling-poke ?” Observe the lazy, gro-

tesque repose of his three-featured face, for more it does not present, viz.—mouth, eyes, and nose. His long legs are without calves, and he is in-kneed ; yet the fellow has such taste, that in order to show his shape he must needs wear breeches ! Look at his coat, which was made for him about five years ago, when he was but “a slip of a boy !” The thin collar only reaches to the upper part of his shoulders ; and as he is what is called “crane-necked,” of course the distance between his hat and the collar is incredible. The arms of the said coat are set so far in, that they appear almost to meet behind ; but, on the other hand, two naked bones, each about six inches in length, project from the cuffs, which come not far below his elbows. The coat itself is what is called a jerkin ; and as the buttons behind are halfway up his back, it is a matter of course that the tail, which runs rapidly to a point, is ludicrously scanty. Now, that youth, who is properly under no sense of gratitude to the graces, has put his “comedher” on the prettiest girl, with one or two exceptions, in the whole parish. The miserable pitchfork, the longitudinal rake—we speak now in a hay-making sense—has contrived to oust half a dozen of the handsomest and best looking fellows in the parish. How he has done this is a mystery to his acquaintances ; but it is none to us—we know him. The kraken has a tongue dripping with honey—one that would smooth a newly-picked millstone. There they go, each of them laughing and cheerful, except himself ; yet the fellow, though conscious of his own influence, enters the public-house as if he were going on the forlorn hope, or trailing his straggling limbs to confide his last wishes to the ear of the sheriff or hangman. He is, however, an Irishman at heart, though little indeed of the national bearing is visible in his deportment.

Here again comes a second group. Keep your eye on that good-humoured, ruddy-faced young man, compact and vigorous, who is evidently the wag of his party. Observe his tight-fitting, comfortable frize, neat brogues, and breeches on the knees of which are two double knots of silk ribbon. See with what a smart, decisive air he

wears his hat—"jauntily," as Leigh Hunt would say, upon one side of his head. That fellow has a high character for gallantry, and is allowed to be "the very sorrow among the girls"—"a Brin-oge," "wid an eye that 'ud steal could praties off of a dresser." He is now leading in a girl, handsome no doubt, but who, nevertheless, does not possess sixpence, or sixpence worth for her portion. Not so the sword-fish we have pointed out to you a while ago, the tail of whose short coat lay as closely to him as that of a crab. The casowary has secured a girl who, in point of wealth and dower, will be the making of him. However, you know the secret. Solomon says that a soft answer turneth away wrath; but what will not a soft question do, when put to a pretty girl, where there is no wrath?

Here comes another party, fewer in point of number than those we have shown you; a young man, a middle-aged woman, and her two daughters—one grown, the other only about fifteen. Who is—ha!—it is not necessary to inquire. Alley Bawn Murray! Gentle reader, bow with heartfelt respect to humble beauty and virtue! She is that widow's daughter, the pride of the parish, and the beloved of all who can appreciate goodness, affection, and filial piety. The child accompanying them is her sister, and that fine, manly, well-built, handsome youth is even now pledged to the modest and beautiful girl. He is the son of a wealthy farmer, some time dead, and her mother is comparatively poor; but in purity, in truth, and an humble sense of religion, their hearts are each rich and each equal.

Alas! alas! that it should be so! But we cannot control the inscrutable designs of Heaven. The spirit of our narrative must change, and our tale can henceforth breathe nothing but what is as mournful as it is true. There they pass into that public-house, true-hearted and attached; unconscious, too, poor things, of the almost present calamity that is soon to wither that noble boy and his beautiful betrothed. Their history, up to the period of entering the public-house, is very brief and simple. Felix O'Donnell was the son of a farmer, as we have said, sufficiently extensive and indus-

trious to be wealthy without possessing any of the vulgar pride which rude independence frequently engrafts upon the ignorant and narrow-hearted. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter—Mamma, the last-named, being the eldest, and Felix by several years the junior of his brother Hugh. Between the two brothers there was in many things a marked contrast of character, whilst in others there might be said to exist a striking similarity. Hugh was a dark-browed, fiery man when opposed, though in general quiet and inoffensive. His passions blazed out with fury for a moment, and only for a moment; for no sooner had he been borne by their vehemence into the commission of an error, than he became quickly alive to the promptings of a heart naturally affectionate and kind. In money transactions he had the character of being a hard man; yet were there many in the parish who could declare that they found him liberal and considerate. The truth was, that he estimated money at more than its just value, without having absolutely given up his heart to its influence. When a young man, though in good circumstances, he looked cautiously about him, less for the best or the handsomest wife than the largest dower. In the speculation, so far as it was pecuniary, he succeeded; but his domestic peace was overshadowed by the gloom of his own character, and not unfrequently disturbed by the violent temper of a wife who united herself to him with an indifferent heart. He was, in short, a man more respected than loved; one, of whom it was often said, "well, well, he's a dacent man, nabours—a little hard or so about money; but for all that, there's worse. Sure we all have our failins. There's one thing in him anyhow, that if he offends a man he's sorry for it: ay, an' when he *does* chance to do a good turn, sorra word ever any one hears about it from his own lips. To be sure, there's a great dale of the nager in him, no doubt, an' in troth he did n't take afther his own father for that. Devil a dacenter man than ould Felix O'Donnell ever broke bread."

His brother Felix, in all that was amiable and affectionate, strongly resembled him; but there the resemblance terminated. Felix was subject

to none of his gloomy moods or violent outbursts of temper. He was manly, liberal, and cheerful—valued money at its proper estimate, and frankly declared, that in the choice of a wife he would never sacrifice his happiness to acquire it.

“I have enough of my own,” he would say; “and when I meet the woman that my heart chooses, whether she has fortune or not, that’s the girl that I will bring to share it, if she can love me.”

Felix and his sister both resided together; for after his father’s death he succeeded to the inheritance that had been designed for him. Maura O’Donnell was in that state of life in which we feel it extremely difficult to determine whether a female is hopeless or not upon the subject of marriage. Her humours had begun to ferment and to clear off into that thin, vinegar serum which engenders the exquisite perception of human error, and the equally keen touch with which it is reproved. Time, in fact, had begun to crimp her face, and the vinegar to sparkle in her eye with that fiery gleam which is so easily lit up at five-and-thirty. Still she loved Felix, whose good humour constituted him an excellent butt for the irascible sallies of a temper more nearly allied to his brother Hugh’s than his own. He was her younger brother, too, of whom she was justly proud; and she knew that Felix, in spite of the pungency of her frequent reproofs, loved her deeply, as was evident by the many instances of his considerate attention in bringing her home presents of dress, and in contributing, as far as lay in his power, to her comfort.

The world, indeed, is too much in the habit of drawing distorted inferences from the transient feuds that occasionally appear in domestic life. It would be hard to find a family in which they do not sometimes occur; and when noticed by strangers, it is both uncharitable and unjust to conclude that there is an absence of domestic affection in the hearts of those who, after all, prove no more than that they are subject to the errors and passions of human nature, like their fellow-creatures. No sister, for instance, ever loved another with stronger affections than poor Maura

did her brother Felix, notwithstanding the repeated scoldings which, for very trivial causes, he experienced at her tongue. Woe, keen and scathing, be to those who dared in her presence to utter an insinuation against him.

“If she abused him, she only did it for his good, and because she loved him; an’ good right she had to love him, for a better brother never breathed the breath of life. Was n’t he a mere boy, only one-and-twenty years come next Lammas; and surely it stood to reason that he wanted sometimes to be checked and scolded too. He had neither father nor mother to guide him, poor boy; and who would guide him, and advise him too, if his own sister would n’t do it? Only one-and-twenty, and six feet in his shoes; but no *punhial*, no cabbage upon two pot-sticks, like some she knew, that were ready enough to give the boy a harsh word when they ought to look nearer home, and, may be——But *she* said nothing—as God forbid that she’d make or meddle with any neighbour’s character: but *still*, may be, they’d find enough to blame at home, if they’d open their eyes to their own failings, as well as they do to the failings of their neighbours.”

Another circumstance, also strongly characteristic of the woman’s heart, was evinced in the high and vigorous tone she assumed towards Hugh, whenever, in any of his dark moods, he happened to take Felix to task. These fierce encounters, however, never occurred in Felix’s presence; for she thought that to take his part *then*, would remove, in a great degree, the ’vantage ground on which she stood with reference to himself. Difficult indeed was the part she found herself compelled to play on these delicate occasions. She could not, as a moralist and disciplinarian proverbially strict, seem in any degree to countenance the charges brought by Hugh against Felix; nor, on the other hand, was it without a command of temper and heroic self-denial, rarely attained, that she was able to keep her indignation against Hugh pent up within decorous and plausible limits. During the remonstrance of the latter, she usually pushed the charges against Felix into the notorious failings of Hugh himself, and this she did in a tone of irony so dry

and cutting, that Hugh was, in almost every case, as willing to abandon the attack as he had been to begin it.

"Ay, indeed," she would proceed—"troth an' conscience, Hugh, *avournecn*"—avournecn being pronounced with a civil bitterness that was perfectly withering—"throth an' conscience, Hugh, avournecn, it's truth you're speaking, and not only that, Hugh *darling*, but he's as dark as the very ould *dional* betimes, so he is, and runs out into such fits of blackness and anger, for no reason—Hugh, *dheelish*, for no reason in life, man alive. Are you listening, Hugh? for it's to *you* I'm speaking, dear—for no reason in life, achushla, only because he's a dirty, black *bodagh*, that his whole soul and body's not worth the scrapings of a pot in a hard summer. Did you hear me, Hugh jewel? Felix, go out, avournecn, ye onbiddable crature, and look after them ditchers, and see that they don't play upon us today, as they did on Saturday."

Felix, who understood the sister's irony, went out on every such occasion with perfect good will, and indulged in an uncontrollable fit of laughter at her masked attack upon his brother.

No sooner was he gone than Hugh either fled at once, or gathered himself up against the vehement assault he knew she was about to make upon him.

"Why then, Hugh O'Donnell, ar'n't you a dirty, black *bodagh*, to go to open upon the poor boy for no reason in life? What did he do that you should abuse him, you nager you? and it's well known that you're a nager, and that your heart's in the shillin'. Oh! it's long before you'd go to fair or market and bring home the best gown, or shawl, or mantle in it to the only sister you have, as *he* does. Ay, ar'n't you the cream of a dirty, black *bodagh*, for to go to attack the poor boy only for speaking to a decent and a purty girl, that has n't a stain upon her name, or upon the name of one of her seed, breed, or generation, you miserly nager. I would n't say that before *him*, because I want to keep him under me; but where, I say, could you get so fine a young slip as poor Felix is? My soul to the dev—God pardon me! I was going to say what I ought n't to say: but I tell you, Hugh, that you must quit of it;

he's the only brother we have, and it's the least we should be kind to him."

During this harangue poor Hugh's flush of passion usually departed from him. As we said, he loved his only brother; and so vivid were Maura's representations of his virtues, that Hugh, his passion having subsided, was usually borne away by the pathos with which she closed her observations respecting him. A burst of tears always concluded the dialogue on her part, and deep regret on the part of Hugh; for, in fact, the charges against Felix were such only as none, except they themselves in the very exuberance of their affection, would think of bringing against him.

The reader is already acquainted with the allusion made by Maura to the "dacent and purty girl that has n't a stain upon her name, or upon the name of one of her seed, breed, or generation." This "purty" girl is no other than Alley Bawn Murray; and although Maura, from a sheer spirit of contradiction, spoke of her to Hugh in a favourable point of view, yet nothing could be more obstinately bitter than her opposition to such a match on the part of Felix.

This, however, is human nature. To those who cannot understand such a character, we offer no apology—to the few who do, none is necessary.

The courtship of Alley Bawn and Felix had arrived, on the fair-day of Ballaghmore, to a crisis which required decision on the part of the wooer. They went in, as we have shown the reader, to a public-house. Their conversation, which was only such as takes place in a thousand similar instances, we do not mean to detail. It was tender and firm on the part of Felix, and affectionate between him and her. With that high pride, which is only another name for humility, she urged him to forget her, "if it was not plasin' to his friends. You know, Felix," she continued, "that I am poor and you are rich, an' I wouldn't wish to be dragged into a family that couldn't respect me."

"Alley, dear," replied Felix, "I know that both Hugh and Maura love me in their hearts, and although they may make a show of anger in the beginnin', yet they'll soon soften, and will love you as they do me."

"Well, Felix," replied Alley, "my mother and you are present; if my mother says I ought —"

"I do, darling," said her mother; "that is, I can't feel any *particular* objection to it. Yet somehow my mind is troubled. I know that what he says is what will happen; but, for all that—oh, Felix, aroon, there's something over me about the same match—I don't know—I'm willin' an' I'm not willin'."

They arose to depart; and as both families lived in the beautiful village of Ballydhas, which we have already described to the reader, of course their walk home was such as lovers could wish.

Evening had arrived; the placid summer sun shone down with a mild flood of light upon Ballaghmore and the surrounding country. There was nothing in the evening which, by external phenomena, could depress any human heart. The ocean lay like a mirror, on which the beams of the sun glistened in magnificent shafts, in whatsoever position you looked upon it. Not a wave or a ripple broke the expansive sheet, that stretched away till it melted into the dipping sky; yet to the ear its mysterious and deep murmurs were audible, and the lonely eternal sobbing of the awful sea, struck upon the heart of the superstitious mother with a sense of fear and calamity. Felix and Alley went before them, and the conversation, which we are about to detail, took place between herself and her youngest daughter.

"Susy, darlin'," said she, "you see the happy pair before us; but why is it, achushla, that my heart is sunk when I think of their marriage? Do you hear that *say*? There's not a wave on it, but still it's angry, if one can judge by its voice. Darlin', its a *bad sign*, for the same say isn't *always* so. Sometimes it is as asy as a sleepin' baby, and sometimes, although its waves are quiet enough, it looks like a murderer asleep. Now it breathes heavily, avourneen, as if all was not right. Susy, darlin', I'm afeard, I say, that it's a *bad sign*."

"Mother dear," replied Susy, "what makes you speak that way? Sure it wouldn't be the little sup o' punch that Felix made you take, that 'ud get into your head?"

"No darlin'! Look at the pair be-

fore us; there they go, the pride, both o' them, God knows, of the whole parish; but still when I think of the bitterness of Felix's friends, Susy, I can't help being afeard. His brother Hugh is a dark man, and his sister Maura is against it. God pity them! It's a cruel world, a chushla, where people like them can't do as they'd wish to do. But, Susy, you're a child, and knows nothing at all about it."

Felix and Alley passed on, unconscious of the ominous forebodings which the superstition of the affectionate woman prompted her to utter. The arrangements for their marriage were on that night concluded, and the mother, after some feebly-expressed misgivings, at which Felix and Alley laughed heartily, was induced to consent that on the third Sunday following they should be joined in wedlock. Had Felix been disposed to conceal his marriage from Hugh and Maura, at least until the eve of its occurrence, the publishing of their banns in the chapel would have, of course, disclosed it. When his sister heard that the arrangements were completed, she poured forth a torrent of abuse against what she considered the folly and simplicity of a mere boy, who allowed himself to be caught in the snares of an artful girl, with nothing but a handsome face to recommend her. Felix received all this with good humour, and replied only in a strain of jocularly to everything she said.

Hugh, on the other hand, contented himself with a single observation. "Felix," said he, "I wont see you throw yourself away upon a girl that is no fit match for you. If *you* can't take care of yourself, *I will*. Once, for all, I tell you that *this marriage must not take place*."

As he uttered the words, his dark brows were bent, and his eyes flashed with a gleam of that ungovernable passion for which he was so remarkable. Felix, at all times peaceful, and always willing to acknowledge his elder brother's natural right to exercise a due degree of authority over him, felt that this was stretching it too far. Still he made no reply, nor indeed did Hugh allow him time to retort, had he been so disposed. They separated without more words, each resolved to accomplish his avowed purpose.

The opposition of Hugh and Maura to his marriage, only strengthened Felix's resolution to make his beloved and misrepresented Alley Bawn, the rightful mistress of his hearth, as she already was of his affections. Nay, his love burned for her with a purer and tenderer flame, when he looked upon the artless girl, and thought of the cruel hearts that would make her a martyr to a spirit so worldly-minded and selfish. Their deep-rooted prejudice against her poverty, he delicately concealed from her, together with the length to which their opposition had gone. As for himself, he acted precisely as if the approaching marriage had their full sanction; he saw Alley every day, became still more deeply enamoured, and heard his sister's indignant remonstrances without uttering a single syllable in reply.

At length the happy Sunday morning arrived, and never did a more glorious sun light up the beautiful valley of Ballydhas than that which shed down its smiling radiance from heaven upon their union. Felix's heart was full of that eager and trembling delight, which, where there is pure and disinterested love, always marks our emotions upon that blessed epoch in human life. Maura, contrary to her wont, was unusually silent during the whole morning; but Felix could perceive that she watched all his motions with the eye of a lynx. When the hour of going to chapel approached, he deemed it time to dress, and, for that purpose, went to a large oaken tallboy that stood in the kitchen, in order to get out his clothes. It was locked, however, and his sister told him at once, that the key, which was in her possession, should not pass into his hands that day. "No," she continued, "nor the sorra ring you'll put on the same girl with my consent. Aren't you a purty young omedhaun, you spiritless crature, to go to marry sich a *niddhy-nauldhy*, when you know that the best fortunes in the glen would jump at you! Yes, faiks! to bring home that mane useless crature, that hasn't a penny to the good! A purty farmer's wife she'll make, and purtily she'll fill my poor mother's shoes, God

be good to her! A poor unsignified smooth-faced thing, that never did a dacent day's work out of doors, barring to shake up a cock of hay, or to pull the growing of a peck of flax! Oh! thin, mother darlin', that's in glory this day! but it's a purty head of a house he's puttin' afther you; and myself, too, must knock undher to the like of her, and see her put up in authority over my head. Let me alone, Felix; your laughin' wont pass. The sorra kay or kay you'll get from me today."

Felix, who was resolved to procure the key, saw that there was nothing for it but a little friendly violence. A good-humoured struggle accordingly commenced between them; good-humoured on his side, but bitter and determined on the part of Maura. Finding it difficult to secure the key, even by violence, Felix was about to give up the contest, and force the lock, at once, when Hugh entered.

"What's all this?" he inquired, "What racket's this? Is it beating your sisther you are? Is the young headstrong profligate beating you, Maura? eh?"

"No, Hugh; not that, but he wants the kay to deck himself up for marrying that pet of his. God knows, I'd rather he *did* beat me than do what he's going to do."

"Felix," said his brother, "I'm over you in place of your father, and I tell you that it'll cost me a sore fall, or I'll put a stop to this day's work. A purty bridegroom you are, and a spon-sible father of a family you'll make! Be my sowl, it's a horsewhip I ought to take to you, and lash all thoughts of marriage out of you. What a hurry you're in to go a shoolin'! You had betther provide yourself the bag and staff at once, for if you marry this portionless, good-for-nothing hussey—"

Felix's eye flashed, and, for the first time in his life, he turned a fierce glance upon his brother.

"She's *no* hussey, Hugh; and if another man said it——" he paused, for it was but "the hectic of a moment."

"You'd knock him down, I suppose," said Hugh. "Why don't you

* To become the rustic *chevalier d'industrie*.

“speak it out? Why, Maura, he’s a *man* upon our hands, and I suppose he’ll be a bully tomorrow, or next day, and put us all under his feet, and make us knuckle down to his poppet of a wife, too.”

“Hugh,” said Felix, “I am willin’ to forget and forgive all the harshness ever you showed me, and to remember nothing but your kindness, and you ~~wor~~ kind to me; you’re my brother—my only, and my eldest brother, and I beg it as a favour, to one that loves you both, that you’ll not interfere in my marriage this day.”

“So far only,” replied Hugh, “that I’ll stop it for good an’ all. You’ll get no clothes out of this press today. In ten years or so you may be thinkin’ of it. There’s Madge McCawley, take her, with all my heart; a girl that has fifty pounds, five cows, and threescore sheep; ay, an’ a staid, sober girl. To be sure she’s no beauty, an’ not fit for “gentlemen” that must have purty faces, and empty pockets. I say agin, Felix, I’ll put an end to this match.”

This was too much for Felix’s patience. After several unsuccessful remonstrances, and even supplications very humbly expressed, a fierce struggle ensued between the brothers, which was only terminated by the interference of the two servant-men, who, with some difficulty, forced the elder out of the house, and brought him across the fields towards his own home. Maura then gave up the key, and the youthful bridegroom was soon dressed and prepared to meet his “man,” and a few friends whom he had invited, at the chapel. His mind, however, was disturbed, and his heart sank at this ill-omened commencement of his wedding-day.

“Maura,” said he, when about to leave the house, “I’m heavy at heart for what has happened. Will you say that you forgive me, dear, before I go? And tell Hugh that I forgive him everything, and that the last words I said before I went, wor—“that the blessin’ of God may rest upon him and his, and upon you too, Maura, dear.”

These expressions are customary among Irish families when a marriage is about to take place; but upon this occasion they came spontaneously from a generous and a feeling heart. Felix saw with sorrow that his brother and

sister had not blessed him, and he resolved that his part of a duty so tender, should not remain unperformed.

Maura, who suddenly averted her face when he addressed her, made no reply; but after he had departed from the threshold, her eye followed him, and the tears slowly forced their way down her cheeks.

“It’s no use”—said she, “it’s no use, I love him, I love my kind brother, in spite of every thing. May God bless you, Felix! may God bless you, and all you love! God forgive me for opposin’ the boy as I did; and God forgive Hugh! but he thinks it would be all for Felix’s good, to stop his marriage with Alley Bawn.”

Felix, who heard neither his sister’s blessing, nor the expression of the affection she bore him, passed on with hasty steps through the fields. He had not gone far, however, when he saw his brother walking towards him, his arms folded, and his eyes almost hidden by his heavy brows; sullen ferocity was in his looks, and his voice, for he addressed him, was hollow with suppressed rage:—

“So,” said he, “you will ruin yourself! Go back home, Felix.”

“For God’s sake, Hugh, let me alone, let me pass.”

“You will go?” said the other.

“I will, Hugh.”

“Then may bad luck go with you, if you do. I ordher you to stay at home, I say.”

“Mind your own business, Hugh, and I’ll mind mine;” was the only reply given him.

Felix walked on by making a small circuit out of the direct path, for he was anxious not only to proceed quickly, as his time was limited, but, above all things, to avoid a collision with his brother.

The characteristic fury of the latter shot out in a burst that resembled momentary madness as much as rage. “Is that my answer?” he shouted, in the hoarse, quivering accents of passion, and, with the rapid energy of the dark impulse which guided him, he snatched up a stone from a ditch, and flung it at his brother, whose back was towards him. Felix fell forward in an instant, but betrayed, after his fall, no symptoms of motion; the stillness of apparent death was in every limb.

Hugh, when the blow had been given, stood frozen to the spot and looked as if the demon which possessed him had bid in the moment that death had been pronounced. His low, voiceless cry uttered his frantic anguish, and he was unable to utter the expressions which had been wont to him. Immediately a fearful cry was heard far over the beach and the words—"Oh, year, year, Felix my brother, agra can't you speak to me?" struck upon the heart of Maura and the servants, with a feeling of dismay, deep and deadly.

"O God!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and agonized eyes. "O God! my boy, my boy—Felix, Felix, what has happened you?"

Again the agonized cry of the brother was heard loud and clear.

"Oh, year, year, Felix, are you dead? brother agra can't you speak to me?"

With rapid steps they rushed to the spot; but ah! what a scene was there to blast their sight and sear the brain of his sister, and indeed of all who could look upon it. The young bridegroom smote down when his foot was on the very threshold of happiness and by the hand of a brother.

Hugh, in the mean time, had turned up Felix from the prone position in which he lay, with a hope—a vain one—a desperate hope of ascertaining whether or not life was extinct. In this position the stricken boy was lying, his brother, like a marble, standing over him, when Maura and the servants arrived. One glance, a shudder, then a long ghastly gaze at Hugh, and she sank down beside the insensible victim of his fury.

"What," said Hugh, with clenching his hands, "More of you, have I killed both? Oh, Felix, Felix, you are happy, you are happy, agra, together; but for me, oh, for me, your hour of mercy is past and gone. I can never look to heaven more! How can I live," he muttered furiously to himself, "how can I live? and I can't die. O God! O God! my brand's true, I needn't pray to God to curse the hand that struck you dead. Felix dead, for I feel this minute that his curse is on me."

Felix was borne in, but no arm

would Hugh suffer to encircle him but his own. Poor Maura recovered, and, although in a state of absolute distraction, yet had she presence of mind to remember that they ought to use every means in their power to restore the boy to life, if it were possible. Water was put upon which his face was sprinkled. In a little time he breathed, opened his eyes, looked mournfully about him and asked what had happened him. Never was pardon to the murderer, nor the firm tread of land to the shipwrecked mariner so welcome as the dawn of returning life in Felix was to his brother. The moment he saw the poor youth's eyes fixed upon him and heard his voice, he threw himself on his knees at the bedside, clasped him in his arms, and, with an impetuous tide of sensations, in which were blended joy, grief, burning affection and remorse, he kissed his lips, strained him to his bosom, and wept with such agony, that poor Felix was compelled to console him.

"Oh, Felix, Felix," exclaimed Hugh, "What was it I did to you, or how could the devil out of hell tempt me to—to—to—Oh, Felix agra, say you're not hurt—say only that you'll be as well as ever, an' I take God and every one present to witness, that, from this minute till the day of my death, a harsh word I'll never crass my lips to you. Say you're not hurt, Felix dear. Don't you know, Felix, in spite of my dark temper's puttin' me into a passion with you sometimes, that I always loved you?"

"Yes you did, Hugh," replied Felix, "you did, an' I still knew you did. I can't then contradict you, because I know, too, that the passion would soon go off at you, and that you'd be kind to me again."

"Year, yeelish," said the other, whilst the scalding tears flowed profusely down his cheeks, and the deep sobs almost choked him, "Oh, year yeelish! what could come over me! As judgment's before me, he was the best brother ever God created—you were, Felix darling—you were, you were." He again pressed him to his heart, and kissed his lips with an overwhelming fulness of remorse and love.

"An' another thing, Felix dear—but first tell me are you gettin' better?"

"I am," replied the youth, "my head's a little confused, but I have no pain."

Hugh raised his hands and streaming eyes to heaven.

"Thanks, thanks, oh thanks an' praise be to God for that news! thanks an' praise be to you, blessed Father, for what he has said this minute, for it takes the weight, the dead crushin' weight that lay on my heart, off it. And now, Felix jewel, here alanna, lay over your head on my breast, an' I'll hould you anything I whisper into your own ear what 'ill make you as stout as ever—keep away all of yees—the nerra one o' ye 'ill hear it but himself. Sure Felix dear," he continued, in a lower voice, "sure I'm willin' that you should marry your own Alley Bawn. An' listen, sure I'll give her a portion myself—I'm able to do it, an' I will too."

Felix, on hearing her name, looked around, and endeavoured, as appeared by his manner, to collect himself. He put his hand to his head, and for a moment his eyes were without meaning. Hugh observed it, and felt his grief instantly checked by a fearful surmise, as to a possible consequence of the blow which he had not contemplated.

"Felix, dear," said he, in a voice low, hollow, and full of terror, "what ails you? Is the pain coming back?"

Felix spoke not for about a minute, during which time he had become quite collected. Then with an affectionate look towards his brother he replied:—

"God bless you, Hugh, for the words you have said to me! Poor Alley! Hugh, God bless you! Would Maura consent? Will *you* consent, agra, to it, Maura dear?"

Maura, who had been all this time weeping, now advanced, and, smiling through her tears, embraced him tenderly. "Yes, Felix, darling, an' I'm only heartbroken that ever either Hugh or myself refused to consent, or ever set ourselves against it."

The boy's eyes sparkled with a light more brilliant than had ever shone from them before; his whole face became animated, and the cloud of sorrow which had rested on his pale brow melted away before the effulgence of reviving hope. In a few minutes he

arose and expressed his determination to proceed and keep his appointment. Hugh and Maura requested to accompany him, and the latter begged to be allowed the privilege of giving the bride away.

"Maura," said Felix, "will you desire the servants to have a decent dinner prepared, and we'll eat it here. I intend, if you an' Hugh will let me, to bring her home at once!"

"Och, God help the poor boy!" exclaimed Maura—"yes darling all that must be done."

When ready to depart, he again put his hand to his head.—"It comes on me here," said he, "for about a minute or so—this confusion—I think I'll tie a handkerchief about my head. It'll be an asy thing for me to make some excuse, or I can take it off at the chapel." This was immediately acquiesced in; but at Hugh's suggestion a car was prepared, a horse yoked in a few minutes, and Felix, accompanied and supported by his brother and sister, set out for mass. On arriving at the "green," he felt that his short journey had not been beneficial to him; on the contrary, he was worse, and very properly declined to go into the heated atmosphere of the chapel. A message, by his sister, soon brought the blushing, trembling, serious, yet happy-looking girl to his side. Her neat white dress, put on with that natural taste which is generally accompanied by a clear sense of moral propriety, and her plain cottage bonnet, bought for the occasion, showed that she came prepared, not beyond, but to the utmost reach of, her humble means. And this she did more for Felix's sake than her own, for she resolved that her appearance should not, if possible, jar upon the feelings of one who she knew in marrying her had sacrificed prospects of wealth and worldly happiness for her sake. At sight of her Felix smiled, but it was observed that his face, which had a moment before been pale, was instantly flushed, and his eye unusually bright. When he had kissed her, she replied to the friendly greetings of his brother and Maura, with a modest comely dignity, well suited to her situation and circumstances. Then turning to the elected husband of her heart, she said:

"Why thin Felix, but it's little credit you do me this happy morning, coming with your nightcap on, as if you wern't well;" but as she saw the smile fade from his lips, and the colour from his cheek, her heart sank, and "pallid as death's dedicated bride," with her soft blue eyes bent upon his changing colour and bandaged head, she exclaimed, "God be merciful to us! Felix dear, you are ill—you are hurt! Felix, Felix darling, what ails you? What is wrong?"

"Don't be frightened, jewel," he replied, "don't, darling—it won't signify—my foot slipped afther lavin' you last night on my way home, and my head came against a stone—it's only a little sore outside. It 'ill be very well as soon as the priest puts your heart and mine together—never to be parted—long—long an' airnestly have I wished an' prayed for this happy day. Isn't your mother here, jewel, an' my own little Ellen?"

Her eye had been fixed upon his countenance with all the love and anxiety of a young bride about to be united to the husband of her heart's first choice. She saw that despite of every effort to the contrary, there was in his mind a source of some secret sorrow. A single tear rolled down her cheek, which he kissed away, and as he did it, whispered her in a tone of affectionate confidence, that it was but a trifle, and signified nothing. Maura took her hand, and assured her that no cause for apprehension existed; so did Hugh, but as he held her hand in his, he perceived that she got pale again, and trembled as if seized with some sudden fear.

When the ceremony was concluded, those who attended it of course returned to Felix's house to partake of the wedding dinner. He, indeed, seemed to be gifted with new life; his eyes sparkled, and the deep carmine of his cheek was dazzling to look upon. Courtesy, and the usages prevalent on such occasions, compelled him to drink more than his state of health was just then capable of bearing; he did not, however, transgress the bounds of moderation. Still the noise of many tongues, the sounds of laughter, and the din of mirth, joined to the consciousness that his happiness was now complete, affected him with the feverish contagion of the moment. He

talked hurriedly and loud, and seemed to feel as if the accomplishment of his cherished hopes was too much for his heart to bear.

In the midst of all this jollity, a change which none observed came over him. His laugh became less frequent than his shudder or his sigh, and taking Alley aside, he begged she would walk with him to the beach.

"The say-breeze," said he, "and a sate upon the rocks—upon our own thyme-bank, where we've often sat happily, Alley dear, will bring me to myself soon. I am tir'd, asthore machree, of all this noise and confusion. Come away, darling, we'll be happier with one another than with all these people about us."

His young bride accompanied him, and, as they went, her happy heart beating under that arm to whose support she had now *a right*, her love the while, calm, and secure in its own deep purity, she saw before them, in bright perspective, many many years of domestic affection and peace.

There they sat in the mellow sunset, until the soft twilight had gradually melted away the lengthened shadows of the rocks about them. Their hands were locked in each other, their hearts burned within them, and a tenderness which can be felt only by souls equally pure and innocent touched their delighted converse into something that might be deemed beautiful and holy.

Artless, humble, and happy pair! Sit on and enjoy the brief glimpse of this earth's heaven which you will ever get. It is the last time that heart will beat responsive to heart, and soul tremble to and mingle with soul, between you. Long before the hour of their return, Felix had felt much worse than during any preceding part of the day. The vivid and affectionate hopes of future happiness expressed by Alley added to his concern, and increased his tenderness towards her, especially when he contrasted his own physical sensations with the unsuspecting character of her opinion concerning his illness and the cause that produced it. 'Tis true he disguised all this as long as he could; but at length, notwithstanding his firmness, he was forced to acknowledge that pain overcame him. With the burning chill of fever bubbling through his blood—shivering yet scorching—he complained of the shoot-

ing pain in his head, and a strange confusion of mind which the poor girl, from some of his incoherent expressions, had attributed to his excess of affection. With words of comfort she soothed him; *her* arm now returned the support she had received from his; she led him home languid and half delirious, whilst she herself felt stunned as well by the violence as the unaccountable nature of his illness. On reaching home, they found that the noise of social enjoyment had risen to the outrage of convivial extravagance; but the moment he staggered in, supported only by the faithful arm of his wife, a solemn and apprehensive spirit suddenly hushed their intemperance, and awed them into a conviction that such an illness upon the marriage day must be as serious as it was uncommon. Felix was put to bed in pain and danger; but Alley smoothed his pillow, bound his head, and sat patient, and devoted, and wife-like, by his side. During all that woeful night of sorrow she watched the feverish start, the wild glare of the half-opened eye, the momentarily conscious glance, and the miserable gathering together of the convulsed limbs, hoping that each pang would diminish in agony, and that the morning might bring ease and comfort.

"Poor girl, put on thy stifling widow's weeds,
And scape at once from Hope's accursed bands!"

We feel utterly incapable of describing, during the progress of this heavy night, the scorching and fiery anguish of his brother Hugh; or the distracted and wailing sorrow of poor Maura. The unexpected and delightful revulsion of feeling produced upon both, especially on the former, by his temporary recovery, now utterly incapacitated them from bearing his relapse with anything like fortitude. The frantic remorse of the guilty man, and the stupid but pungent grief of his sister, appeared but as the symptoms of weak minds and strong passions, when contrasted with the deep but patient affliction of his innocent and uncomplaining wife. She wasted no words in sorrow; for, during this hopeless night, self, happiness, affection, hope, were all forgotten in the absorbing efforts at his recovery. Never, indeed, did the miseries and calamities of life draw from the fruitful source of a wife's attached and affec-

tionate heart a nobler specimen of that pure and disinterested devotion which characterizes woman, than was exhibited by the stricken-hearted Alley Bawn.

There was something in this peculiar case, as, indeed, there are in all family occurrences of a similar nature, which induced them to try upon the suffering boy the full extent of their humble skill, rather than call in a strange physician, to witness the disastrous, perhaps fatal effects of domestic violence. Had the cause of Felix's illness been unknown to Hugh or Maura, they would have procured medical advice in the early part of the night. Let us, however, not press too severely upon the repentant brother. Shame, and remorse, and penitence ought to plead strongly for "the hope deferred that made his heart sick." Hugh's passions arose to violence, but not to murder—a distinction which both law and morality too frequently forget to make.

When Hugh saw, however, that nothing except medical skill could save him, he forgot his crime, and its consequences. Stung to madness by his love of Felix, and his fears for his recovery, he mounted a horse, and had almost broken down the animal by over exertion, ere he reached the village of B——, where the doctor he sought lived. After an impetuous and violent knocking the door was opened, and a man pale and horror-struck entered, whom the doctor was inclined to receive rather as the patient than the messenger. Yes! haggard, wild, yet weak and trembling, he staggered into the room, and, sinking on a seat, in a voice husky and hoarse said:

"Docthor! oh docthor, you wont refuse to come! It's thrue he was my brother—but I had not—I had not—oh—no—no—I had it not in my heart to murther him! My brother is dyin'! Oh come, docthor! come to my brother, he's dyin', and 'twas I that struck the blow!"

With a vehemence of grief that was pitiable, and an exhibition of the wildest gestures which characterise despair, he then uttered a cry that rang through the house.

"Oh Felix, agra, my brother, I'm your murtherer! My sister and I are both wealthy—he's dyin', docthor—come, come. Oh, agra Felix—agra

Felix! To see you well—to see you well—the wealth of the world, if I had it, would go. My life—my life—dothor! Oh that would be but little—but it, too, would go—I'd give it—all we have, my sister and I, to our blanket—to the shoes on our feet, and the coat and gown on our backs—all—all—you'll get—if you can save our brother that I struck down and murdered!"

The doctor, a man of great skill and humanity, immediately ordered his horse, and mounting him, accompanied Hugh to the sick bed of his brother. On arriving there, they found him worse; and never before, nor during his whole professional experience, had the doctor witnessed such a scene. Hugh took his place behind Felix, who, by the doctor's direction, was placed in a half-sitting half-recumbent posture in the bed; his arms were placed distractedly about him, his breast was his pillow, and his cheek, wildly and with voracious affection, laid to his. He was restrained from crying aloud, but his groans were enough to wrench the heart from which they proceeded to pieces. Sympathy, in fact, was transferred from the sick boy to his brother; and perhaps more tears were shed, by the lookers-on, from pity towards Hugh than Felix.

But where was she, the bride and wife of a changeful day—of a day, in which the extremes of happiness and misery met? Oh where but where she would and ought to be, at his bed-side, hoping against hope, soothing his wild ravings by her soft sweet voice; and when, in his *delirium*, the happy scenes of the past day seemed reacted, then she knelt, ever ready to lead him, by her words and caresses, into a forgetfulness of his present pain. In his desperate struggles he fancied they were tearing her from him; and when the strength of several men could scarce restrain him, then came the mildness of her power. With her gentle hands and her fond kind words she laid him in peace once more, and, kneeling by his side, cooled his burning temples with her pale fingers, and wet his parched lips with the draught prescribed by the physician. When the crisis, however, approached, she saw by the keenglance of observant affection, that the doctor's manner betrayed

his hopelessness of her husband's recovery. Then did her strength give way, and one violent fit of hysteric sobbing almost broke down both her reason and physical powers. Unavailing was all their tenderness, and fruitless every attempt at consolation. Even her own beloved mother failed. "Alley asthore agus machree," said she, "don't give way to this, for it's sinful; it's wrong to cry so bitterly for the livin'. You know that while there's life there's hope. God is mar-ciful, and may think fit to pity you, anien machree, and to spare him for the sake of our prayers, that your heart mayn't be broken. Here's the priest, too, an' sure it's a comfort, if the Lord *does* take him from us, that he's not goin' widout the holy saicri-ments of the church, to clear away any stain of sin that may be on him."

Felix, tranquillized by the satisfaction that always results from the consciousness of having received the rites of the church, yet moved by the deep sobbings of his miserable brother, took his hand, and thus addressed him:

"Hugh dear!"—

"Oh Felix, Felix, Felix darling, if you spake kind to me my brain will turn, and my heart will burst to pieces! Harsh, harsh, avourneen, speak harshly, cruelly, blackly—oh say you wont forgive me—but no, *that* I couldn't bear—forgive me in your heart, and before God, but don't spake wid affection to me, for then I'll not be able to bear it."

"Hugh," said Felix, from whose eyes the keenness of his brother's repentance wrung tears, despite his burning agony; "Hugh dear"—and he looked pitifully in the convulsed face of the unhappy man—"Hugh dear, it was only an accident, for if you had—thought—that it would turn out—as it has done—— But no matter now—you have my forgiveness—and you deserve it; for, Hugh dear, it was as much and more my own thoughtlessness and self-will that caused it. Hugh dear, comfort and support Alley here, and Maura, too, Hugh; be kind to them both for poor Felix's sake." He sank back, exhausted, holding his brother's hand in his left, and his mute heart-broken bride's in his right. A calm, or rather torpor, followed, which lasted until his awakening spirit, in returning consciousness of life and love, made a

last effort to dissolve in a farewell embrace upon the pure bosom of his virgin wife.

"Alley," said he, "are you not my wife, and amn't I your husband? Whose hands should be upon me—in what arms but your's should I die? Alley think of your own Felix—oh don't let me pass altogether out of your memory; an' if you'd wear a lock of my hair, (many a time you used to curl it over on my cheek, for you said it was the same shade as your own, and you used to compare them together,) wear it, for my sake, next your heart, and if ever you think of doin' a wrong thing look at it, and you'll remember that Felix, who's now in the dust, always desired you to pray for the Almighty's grace, an' trust to him for strength against evil. But where are you asthore? My eyes want a last look of you; I feel you—ay, I feel you in my breakin' heart, and sweet is your presence in it, avourneen machree; but how is it that I cannot see you? Oh my wife, my young wife, my spotless wife, be with me—near me!" He clasped her to his heart, as if, while he held her there, he thought it could not cease to beat; but in a moment, after one slight shudder, one closing pang, his grasp relaxed—his head fell upon her bosom—and he, Felix, who that morning stood up in the bloom of youth and manly beauty, with the cup of happiness touching his very lips, was now a clod of the valley. Half unconscious—almost unbelieving that all could be over, she gently laid him down. On looking into his face, her pale lips quivered; and as her mute wild gaze became fixed upon the body, slowly the desolating truth forced itself upon her heart. She then sank upon her knees, and prayed to God that, if it were his will, and lawful for her in her misery to utter such a prayer, he would not part her in death from him who had been to her far dearer than all that life now contained—without whom the world was now empty to her for ever.

Quietly and calmly she then arose, and but for the settled wretchedness of her look, the stillness of her spirit might have been mistaken for apathy. Without resistance, without a tear, in the dry agony of burning grief, she gently gave herself up to the guidance

of those who wept, while they attempted to soothe her. In reply to their attempts at consolation she only uttered one brief sentence in Irish. "Oh," said she, "God is good—still, still, this was a *dark day* to Felix and to me!"

At the inquest, which followed, there was no proof to criminate the wretched brother; nor, to speak truly, were the jury anxious to find any. The man's shrieking misery was more wild and frightful than death itself. From "the Dark Day" until this on which I write, he has never been able to raise his heart or his countenance. Home he never leaves, except when the pressure of business compels him; and when he does, in every instance he takes the most unfrequented paths and the loneliest bye-roads, in order to avoid the face and eye of man. Better, indeed, to encounter flood or fire, than to suffer what he has borne, when the malicious or coarse-minded have reproached him, in what, we trust, is his repentance, with his great affliction.

Alley, contrary to the earnest solicitations of Hugh and Maura, went back to reside with her mother. Four years have now passed, and the virgin widow is constant to her grief. With a bunch of yarn on her arm, she may be occasionally seen in the next market-town, the chastened sorrow of her look agreeing well with her mournful weeds. In vain is she pressed to mingle in the rustic amusements of her former companions; she cannot do it, even to please her mother; the poor girl's heart is sorrow-struck for ever. She will never smile again. As it is, however, the steady subdued melancholy of her manner increases the respect, without lessening the love, of all who know her. Who, indeed, could see her, and hear her sad history, without loving her purity, and her devoted affection to the memory of him that was only the husband of a day, without pitying the stricken girl who suffered so much, and wishing that time, which weans us from our greatest sorrows, may, by its influence, mellow her afflictions, until the bitterness of their spirit passes out of her soul.

Reader, if you want a moral, look upon the wasted brow of Hugh O'Donnell, and learn to restrain your passions and temper within proper limits.

DELIGHTS OF A DIRTY MAN.

“Lift not your BRUSH against the Muse's bower!”*

MILTON.

I AM a dirty man—a very dirty man—the dirtiest man perhaps you ever met with, or heard of, except Magliabecchi, the celebrated librarian of Florence, who, like the Chinese, as D'Israeli tells us, “always wore his shirt as long as it lasted.” It is now well-nigh an Olympiad since I endured the misery of a change of sheets; and the customary state of my outer man you may gather from the fact, that I merely shift my linen and shave myself when I wish to preserve a strict *incognito*. My friends call me the Great Unwashed, and sometimes (alluding to my “capillary attractions”) the Great Uncombed. Both appellations are tolerably correct; for never, since with raptures unspeakable, I escaped from the hands of the nursery-maid, about my tenth year, has the repose of my locks been troubled by the hair-brush, or the surface of my cuticle irritated with soap and towel. From my cradle up I had an instinctive and insuperable horror of the jug and basin, with all their abominable accompaniments. I am proud to say that I never submitted to the rack-comb with patience. It was always a *rack* indeed to me, and many a struggle, fierce and long, had I with aunt Letitia, rather than resign my head to its operations. The brush (I call heaven and earth to witness) was torture enough; I would just as soon have had my scone in a bristling nest of hedge-hogs: but its miscreant accomplices the combs! aye, there was a pair of them, rack and small-tooth.

“Arcades ambo,” or “blackguards both,”

as Lord Byron renders it. I vow and protest, to escape their villanous fangs, had I had as many aunts as his Majesty of Troy had daughters, all standing about me in a circle, clothed in the terrors of Shenstone's school-

mistress, I should have braved them all.

What has been said of madness is extremely applicable to dirt: there is a pleasure in it which none but the dirty have any notion of. I have not the slightest doubt but that I should make a host of converts to my views upon this subject, could I but convey anything like an accurate idea of the happy life I have led, ever since I had the moral intrepidity to break my looking-glass, discharge my washer-woman, put the sweeping-brush under an interdict, and mend my pen, and occasionally open oysters with my razor. You would hardly believe all I have saved in time and money, and gained in warmth, peace, and comfort of every kind. All the pounds, shillings, and pence that your nice, neat, finical people squander upon that abominably nasty composition, soap, I spend at the bookseller's, in additions to my library, or at the pastrycook's upon queencake and gingerbread. I never take a trip in the long vacation to the English lakes or Scotch highlands, but I say to myself, thank my stars, I am superior to the foppery of white linen: better to be a sloven on Loch Katrine than an exquisite in the smoke and dust of Grafton-street. Besides (though no relation of the Greedy family) I have a tolerable appetite for breakfast, and an excellent one, in general, for my dinner; and with very little aid from old Gough, or older Cocker, I find that the smaller my disbursements to brushmakers, broom-venders, laundresses, and housemaids, the larger are my funds to meet the demands of my baker and butcher. Were I to deny myself the fruition of a dirty pair of hands, and a shirt to correspond, I should also have to deny myself the enjoyment of my natural, innocent, wholesome, and neces-

* Mr. Todd and others for *brush* read *spear*—Fudge!

sary three meals aday. Now, two such sacrifices are rather much to expect from one who is not a downright hero, or martyr. The most thoroughly contemptible person I ever met in my life was a dinnerless dandy. The fellow had but a shilling in his pocket, and, instead of ordering a mutton-chop, what do you think he did?—the idiot bought a nail-brush. You can have no idea what a despicable figure he made with his nail-brush. There he was, with nothing under his belt but a practical proof of the existence of a vacuum, yet he must purchase a nail-brush! “*Sec*,” I observed to a friend, “*see what it is to be cleanly! See what the jug and basin bring people to!*”

Then, I not only save money, but time. While others are rubbing, scrubbing, combing and currying themselves, as if they desired nothing more ardently than to get out of their skins, I get through a quantity of business that would amaze you. The moment I spring out of bed I am at my desk. No tarrying at the toilette-table; no washing, scraping, brushing, gargling, dabbling, or any of those disgusting processes which your fine gentleman rejoices in, and which take up so much of the “precious stuff that life is made of.” Such as I go to bed at night, I rise in the morning; and such as I rise in the morning, I go to bed at night. I often compare myself to the sun, who, (let the poets say what they please,) never washed his face in all his days, the best proof of which is, that astronomers have observed a smut on his nose, which they calculate (Sir John Herschel informs us) to be at least 45,000 miles in diameter! That is something like a smut! In good sooth, Lady Thetis, if you discharge the office of nurserymaid for your fair nephew, Sol, you have no sincere place, nor is the Atlantic too large a basin. It was an odd appointment for the poets to give you. I marvel, since their ears are so sharp as to hear the sun hissing in the ocean, they have not informed us that it was the whimpering of the bright-haired urchin, under his aunt’s mother-of-pearl comb.

You will pardon, Sir, this little my-

thological digression. I was anxious to show that there is the highest authority for a smutty face; my prototype is no less illustrious a personage than “the eye and soul of this great world,” Dan Phœbus himself. Find such sanction for your practices, ye knights of the soap and towel! Men of the jug and basin, I defy you! There is my glove! well!—what’s the matter?—you won’t pick it up, won’t you?

Dandy.—Hem, haw, hem—hand me the tongs.

Dirty Man.—Oh, you are too nice to touch it, I see.

Dandy.—Haw, to tell the truth, haw, I had rather be excused.

Dirty Man.—No force, dainty Sir, do exactly as you like; a word, however, in your ear; it is as clean as my Lord P——’s hands.

You have often *heard* of the dust of the schools; if you have a fancy to *see* it, visit me any day you please in my “sanctum-sanctorum.” I will show it to you, an inch and a half thick, the accumulation of some six or seven studious years; I would not exchange it for a Gobelin carpet, or the gold dust under the feet of eastern monarchs, when they condescend to walk. My study, Sir, has never been profaned by a sweeping-brush; it has never seen the face of that sworn foe to peace and literature—a housemaid. Its hangings were manufactured in the loom of Arachne; that’s the drapery for me, at once cheap and classical. Literature knows nothing about moreen or muslin. Was it a Manchester weaver tapestried the Tusculan villa? Who was Socrates’ upholsterer? The spider, Sir, the spider—the despised and persecuted spider.

“The sage’s curtain-maker she by trade,
The poet’s hangings in her loom are made,
She has illustrious customers, she spreads
Her drapery oft o’er great and good men’s
heads:
Beneath her canopy they slumber sound,
While villains wake with silk pavilioned
round.”*

My poor spiders!—let me tell you how narrowly they escaped the utter ruin of their manufacture, about

eighteen months or two years ago. I had a female servant who had, I suppose, been trained in some of your desperately neat houses, where sweeping and scrubbing are elevated to the importance of eating and drinking, for she was scarcely an hour under my roof before I observed her with a mop in one hand and a pail of water in the other; and I perceived by her consequential looks, and the air of bustle about her, that she was bent upon some great scheme. "Betty," said I—besides alarm, I felt a little curious to know what the girl meant—"Betty," said I, "what are you going to do with the mop and pail?"

"Only going to clean the house, Sir," she replied, with as complacent a smile as if she was about the most laudable enterprise in the world, "and I intend to *begin with the study*."

I felt, Sir, as if the Whigs had repealed the great charter. What I said, when I recovered the power of utterance, it is needless to repeat; but the issue was this: Betty lost her post; and the trade of my poor spiders survived the short administration of this Poulett Thompson in petticoats.

James the First, of pedantic memory, had not half the instinctive horror of a drawn sword that I have of all the branches of the brush family, from the lowly hearth-brush to the gigantic pope's-head. The pope's-head!—appropriate title for the king of sweeping-brushes!—will any true Protestant defend the pope's-head? Pray, Mr. Attorney-General, did not the brush-maker who first introduced the pope's-head incur the penalties of a *pre-munire*? I would hang him on the gallows of Haman. As to the whole race of house-maids—well!—all I wish them is a prosperous voyage to Sidney, where, by-the-bye, the newspapers tell us there is a brisk demand at this moment for "smart active young women," as they style themselves in the columns of *Saunders*'. The best description I know of a house-maid is a line from the portrait of Haidee, a single word altered: "Round her she makes an atmosphere of *dust*."

"Oh! but my dear Sir," quoth somebody, "cleanliness is so conducive to health!"

"Balderdash, Sir, balderdash—that's what I call balderdash. Cleanliness,

Sir, kills more people than the cholera, or the whole college of surgeons."

"Will you stand to that, Mr. Dirtyman?"

"Yes, Sir, I will stand to it, stand to it against the whole world. Here are my proofs. Look at all the agues, palsies, fevers, and deaths occasioned by damp sheets."

"Aye, Mr. Dirtyman, but not by *clean* sheets."

"There is a logician for you! The gentleman has been reading Whately. for a hundred guineas! When are sheets *damp*, Sir, but when they are *clean*? I never lie in damp sheets, and why so? Because, Sir, I never lie in *clean* ones: understand you that, Mr. Daintybody? Or must I clap it into mode and figure for you? Here it is then syllogistically: I'll prove it by Barbara."

"Aye, if Barbara omits to air them."

"There it is! I never knew a man who washed his face every morning that was not a punster. You dabblers in cold water are capable of anything."

"Pray, Mr. Dirtyman, go on with your arguments."

"Well, Sir, next to damp sheets, come damp shirts: what! is a man's life to be daily at the mercy of a slut of a washer-woman? More men die of clean shirts than Mr. Babbage himself would find it easy to count. The distinction taken between clean and damp is quite idle. Clean is damp, and damp is clean: the terms are convertible, just like the Marquis of Anglesey and Sir William Gosset. Then there is the washing-system! ladies and gentlemen must keep their pores open! Well, all I have to say is this, my plan is just the opposite; I keep my pores shut, and as fast shut as I can. If I could seal them every one hermetically, I would do it, and for the very same reason that I lock my doors and bar my windows to secure my house against thieves. Shakspeare calls the body the "house of life," and to carry on the metaphor, colds and fevers may be compared to house-breakers, and the pores are the various avenues, and approaches which cannot be too firmly barricaded against their burglarious designs. Your jug-and-basin man is a simpleton, who goes to bed with his gate unbolted and his casements wide open: no wonder

when he gets up in the morning if he finds his desk rifled and his throat cut! You open your pores with soap and towel—what follows? A knave of a typhus, who has been watching you for months, like a Bengal tiger, springs in at the breach, and you are a dead man. He died of a fever says A; he died of the doctor says B; but A and B are a pair of donkeys; your true murderer, Sir, is that knot of ruffians, Soap, Towel, Jug, Basin, and Co. Eschew them, Sir! Resist them! Fly from them! Let them not come nigh you, if you would see a grand-child upon your knee, and sit under the tree of your own planting. Shut your pores up, shut them *to constipation*; fasten them as you would your hall-door on a winter's night in the county Kilkenny. Let your hatred of cold water amount, like mine, to *hydrophobia*; get rid of all your old-womanly, grandmotherly, childrens'-maidenly, prejudices against smuts, dust, and dirt of all descriptions; if a shower overtakes you, and washes your face, whether you will or no, submit, without repining, to the dispensations of an overruling Providence; for, says the proverb—

“What can't be cured
Must be endured;”

but never, Sir, never lift your arm against yourself! This is the well-weighed and well-meant counsel of Diggory Dirtyman.”

“You have no objection, I presume, Mr. Dirtyman, to ventilation.”

“To ventilation! no objection to ventilation! Aye, every objection in the world. As many objections, Sir, as there are points in the compass for the wind to blow from. Thorough air is just as bad as clean linen. I dislike all libertines, and the ‘chartered libertine’ most of all. What does catching cold mean, but exposing one's self to the blustry visits of Messrs. Boreas, Zephyrus, and the rest of that stormy firm? I make it a rule to honour none of their draughts. It is a bad house, Sir, that house of Æolus; from the lightest air that flits over the Lago di Como, to the loudest tempest that sweeps the Euxine, it is a bad house, and I have as few transactions with it as I can help.”

“You have decided opinions, I find, Sir, upon the subject of ventilation.”

“Very decided indeed; my mind is made up.”

“But, Mr. Dirtyman, all great men have been washers and bathers; there was Alexander the Great, he bathed in the Cydnus ——”

“He did, Sir, and he got a fever which well nigh gave him his quietus.”

“There was Hercules, who cleaned out the Augean stable.”

“He undertook it, Sir, out of his love for dirt.”

“There was Benjamin Franklin.”

“A republican.”

“Byron was a great bather and swimmer.”

“Yes, Sir; and we have result of it in that poetical code of morality—his Don Juan.

“Horace was a neat, spruce, little fellow.”

“Horace, Sir, despised and hated the soap-and-towel gentry as much as I do.

In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus.

There is a smart hit at the dandies, eh?”

“Then, Mr. Dirtyman, ——”

“Your instances are not worth a farthing; you are diddled, Sir; you are diddled.”

“Cleanliness, they say, Mr. Dirtyman, is next to godliness.”

“They say!—who say? There are people who will say anything. Cleanliness next to godliness! If so, Sir, it is ‘*longo intervallo*.’ But the position is false, quite false, false as promises of national relief from Downing-street, and that is saying a good deal. Godliness, forsooth! Pray do you happen to know who the god of your jug-and-basin people is?”

“Juggernaut, possibly.”

“They are downright Mahometans, Sir, downright Mahometans; for ever at their ablutions, morn, noon, and night, washing, washing, washing, now the face, now the hands, now the feet, then face and hands, then hands and feet, and so on, all the live-long day, and all their lives long; is not this, Sir, flat Islamism? It's not the Bible, Sir, but the Koran. If this be godliness, it is the godliness of the mosque, not the church. Go to Constantinople and be as clean as you like, but don't affront Christendom with such Turkish doings!”

“The Dutch, Sir, are a Christian people.”

"Don't talk of them, Sir; they are a low crew. Besides they are hypocrites; they 'make clean the outside of the platter;' I was in Holland once, *and I saw it*; three times a day every dish, pan, pot, and kettle in the establishment underwent the process. I never knew what the horrors of cleanliness were until I passed a couple of days in Haarlem. O'Connell is nothing at all to a Dutch kitchen-maid. Heavens! what a ferment, what a clatter! Such rubbing, such scrubbing, such scouring, polishing, and burnishing! A Dutch scullion has got a pair of microscopes in place of eyes; she would detect a smut on the cheek of a newborn midge; you may conceive I was not happy in Holland. I left that country, Sir, envying the life of a sweep-chimney, and regarding every pigstye I saw as a little Eden."

"All pious men, Mr. Dirtyman, have been cleanly."

"False, Sir, false as every other assertion you have made. St. Ignatius, it is upon record, never used a comb, and *religiously*—mark that—*religiously* abstained from paring his nails. Another holy father had three hundred patches on his 'indescribables;' and St. Francis declared, as the result of his personal experience, that garments of this description frightened away the devils, who were never so courageous as when they met people in their holiday suits. A third, Sir, broadly held the doctrine that the sanctity, of priest or layman, is directly proportioned to his filthiness;

and brother Juniper, of whom you must have heard."

"Never, Sir! you are a very learned person, Mr. Dirtyman."

"Why, I study, Sir, while you scrub—that is the difference between us—but, brother Juniper, you must know, was the very mirror of holiness; his brethren used to nose him as soon as he came within a league of the convent, provided the wind blew from the due point; he went by the name of the 'Odour of sanctity.'"

"Popish authorities, these, Mr. Dirtyman! I suspect——"

"You suspect me to be a Papist: Sir, I am no such thing, I assure you. I abhor popery, if on no other account, for its holy water. I am neither Jew, Turk, nor Papist, but a good Protestant, although a dirty one."

"There are many dirty Protestants, Sir, as well as you. Pray do you acknowledge the Council of *Nice*?"

"*Nicæa*, Sir!—call it *Nicæa*!—*Nice* is a word I abominate: besides it is the name of a town in the Sardinian dominions, often, indeed, confounded with *Nicæa* by Whig parsons, Vicars of Bray, and divines of that stamp."

"May I make so bold, Sir, as to ask if you are not a Whig yourself?"

"Perhaps, Sir, you wish to have your head broken: why should you take me for a Whig?"

"Only, my dear Sir, because you are *such* a dirty fellow!"

"Oh, Sir! there are two sorts of dirt, let me tell you, physical and moral. I abhor moral dirt as much as any man."

HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY.—No. III.*

WHAT constitutes a state? Neither power-loom nor steam-coach. Cover the surface of a country with factories thick as the cabins of its peasantry—reticulate it with railroads, numerous as its lanes and by-paths—lock up every rivulet. till it becomes a navigable canal—convert each promontory of its coast into a pier, and each reef of its sunken rocks into a breakwater; yet if the men be cowards, and the women wantons, it were better a desert. (On the other hand, people the desert with bold men and chaste women, and you have the elements of a nation, though its metropolis be a kraal, and its *via regia* a sheep track.

Our capital city is no circle of log huts, our royal road is no green forest pass, no ragged mountain pathway. Dublin with her palaces, deserted though they are, were no unworthy residence for kings or legislators; our great northern line, unfrequent though the travelling carriage of native absentee or foreign proprietor may be upon its level causeway, were no unmeet avenue for the returning march of victorious armies, or the peaceful pomp of regal or viceregal progresses. Our people, we believe, before Heaven, to be as brave and as virtuous a people as the world ever saw. Female purity is ever the concomitant, the crown and halo of true love; and the sentiment of legitimate desire, as we have illustrated it in our preceding paper, is not more nationally characteristic of our courageous countrymen, than is this its purer, though twin sister, attribute, of the virgins, wives, and matrons, whom we rejoice to call our fair and merry countrywomen. No—whatever calamitous degradation the violence of an oppressive conquest, or the lingering tyranny of a debasing priest-craft may have exercised in other regards upon the moral condition of the Irish; how-

ever self-respect and manly charity may have been thrust down by the iron heel of an unavoidable civil domination; however reason and free intellect may have been prostrated by the hoofs of a more brutal spiritual ascendancy, virtue, evading alike the spurns of power and the trampling march of superstition, has risen, is rising, and will rise, immaculate as the love it fosters, indomitable as the nation it redeems. Let violence and discord do their worst; while virtue is our people's heritage we will not despair for Ireland. Eight millions of people cannot for ever remain in obscurity; sooner or later Ireland must rise into importance, perhaps as an emulator, perhaps as an equal, perhaps as a superior to the other members of our imperial confederacy. Let politicians quarrel as to the means, all Irishmen must be unanimous in common aspiration for that noble end; but, if our country were to attain to power and distinction only by forfeiting these virtues which have hallowed her adversity, we would rather see her chained for ever to the level of her present civil degradation, than emulating France in military renown, while she imitated her in heartless sensuality, or rivalling England herself in political and commercial influence, while a like indifference to humble honor made the churchwarden's liability her peasant girl's best portion. As this never has been, so, we trust, it never can be in Ireland: the Irish heart must first be stripped of all those characteristics which most ennoble its peculiar constitution; and to effect that revolution, which neither ignorance, nor superstition, nor brutalizing exclusion from humane society has been able to bring about through seven hundred years of outrage and outlawry, will, with God's help, be equally impracticable, by whatever knowledge, or power,

* Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English poetical translations; collected and edited, with notes and illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. London: Joseph Robins, Bride-court, Bridge-street. 1831.

or lawful luxury may come in the train of those long centuries of improvement that are yet in store for her.

So far, then, from yielding to despair, we rejoice in all auspicious hopes for our country. The arts of civilized life have already half-forestalled the national civilization. Great works, which in common progress of society must have been preceded by a development of local intelligence and enterprise adequate to their conception and execution, are, by a generous anomaly, extended through our most remote and savage districts; high roads, canals, embankments, piers, and harbours await prospective use and reproductive operation; and dormant facilities for the development of unimagined applications of advancing art are prepared by nature over and under the whole face of the high-destined country. But are our people such as could make a nation of the desert, much more of such a rich and well-conditioned island? Education based upon the only true basis—scriptural education alone is wanted to make our men as bold as our women are chaste—to make us a nation of enlightened, liberal, and prosperous people—assertors of our own rights, respecters of the rights of others—a truly integral and influential portion of the empire, repudiating alike the insolent violence of civil degradation and the hideous impiety of spiritual thralldom—in the fullest sense of the words, bold men, honoured by others and respected by ourselves.

That which confirms us in this happy prospect, is the belief, that all obstructive influences heretofore, are referable to the excess alone of a quality of the national character, in itself most amiable, and if not peculiarly obnoxious, at least not averse to salutary modification. It is to the excess of natural piety, developing itself in over loyal attachment to principles subversive of reason and independence, that we would trace the tardiness, nay, sometimes the retrogression of civilization and prosperity in Ireland. Natural piety we would define as the religion of humanity, the faith of the affections, the susceptibility of involuntary attachments to arbitrary relations in society, that constitution of character most favourable to legitimate religious im-

pressions, were it not that its superabundance of devotion too often runs to waste on sublunary or superstitious and dissipating objects. The Irish are by nature preeminently pious, and the development of that sentiment, in its different degrees and qualities of attachment or reverence, as exhibited in Mr. Hardiman's collections, will occupy us through the remainder of this paper.

Loyalty, in its usual sense of attachment to the sovereign, is the extreme extension of the patriarchal principle; loyalty, in its literal sense of attachment to the constitution, or loyalty to the existing law, belongs to a new order of sentiment where reason and interest assume the places of veneration and affection. To the former class of motives natural piety affords a much less congenial sphere of influence than to the latter; and to the latter it is that we must trace all those calamitous instances of disloyalty to reason, and treason against the common interest which have so long deformed our national annals with their hideous features of perverse and inveterate attachment to barbarous distinctions and exploded dogmas.

Ireland, longer and later than any other European country, has continued under the operation of patriarchal principles inseparable from that shepherd state by which Dane and Norman alike found her divided and devoted. Had these principles been permitted to attain their legitimate extension, the nation might have been united and independent; but, hindered by the very vigour of their own growth, those seeds of a legitimate loyalty ran to waste in the wild and thorny entanglement of factious clanship, instead of shaping themselves into the simple strength of individual monarchy—the briery cover of a thicket, instead of the broad protection of a royal oak. To us, who feel the blessings of a representative government, the principle of an individual despotism is hateful in theory, as our ancestors have shown it to be intolerable in practice; but even such a government we must prefer to anarchy, and, we may safely argue, an increased security to the Irish, had their rank overgrowth of patriarchal veneration not choked itself in the very roots and stem of such an institu-

tion. True, our annals furnish us with the names and occasional exploits of a long line of arch-monarchs, but the same record which preserves the name of the Reagh More, hands down the titles of a hundred cotemporary potentates, absolute in their own dominions, and but rarely bound to observe some lax rubrics of federal obligation, by the exaction of hostages not more frequently redeemed than forfeited, but oftener withheld than either. By success in forcing these pledges from the provincial princes, Brian, the most absolute and powerful of all our later kings, obtained his hard-earned and significant title of Boroimhe. When we argue, therefore, that Irish loyalty ever obstructed itself in its progress towards the establishment of a legitimate royalty, we do not deny the Reagh More his place and title, but we deny that place and title their pretension to the names of valid monarchy and actual sovereign.

Of the tendency which this patriarchal principle ever exhibited, in obstructing its own healthier final operation, we will here give one of a melancholy multitude of examples, which we choose rather for the interest of its novelty, than for the novelty of its purport. When the English domination had continued, for about half a century, along the eastern and south-eastern coasts of Ireland, a gleam of rational perception seems to have flashed upon the minds of the native chieftains, late it is true, but general and simultaneous. They saw, at last, that their own dissension had been the strength of their invaders, and at last, acknowledged the necessity of sinking personal animosities in the common cause of their country. Personal pride they also consented to forego, in the election of a monarch whose single supremacy should guide their united efforts, hitherto desultory and inefficient from the insubordination of a long anarchy. The banks of the Caoluisce, a stream which falls into Loch Erne, was named as the place of convention, and there, in the spring of 1252, the heads of the chief clans of Ireland, assembled with their retainers, to nominate a successor to Roderick O'Connor. The two great candidates, on whom alone the eyes of all the Irish turned, were O'Brien of

Thomond, and O'Neil of Ulster. As representative of the expeller of the Danes, Tieve O'Brien claimed the crown as the hereditary right of his name; O'Neil, although boasting equally royal blood, grounded his expectations on personal renown, and influence among the northern clans. Both parties encamped, one on either bank of the Caoluisce, in the midst of their respective kindred and supporters. O'Brien, impatient of the delay of their council, which was not to sit until the next day in final conference, determined on exacting some acknowledgment of inferiority from his rival, before going to rest. He, accordingly, dispatched his herald with a hundred led horses, which he was commanded to present to O'Neil, as a donation from the king of North Munster. The acceptance of such a present was, by a strange rule of the times, tantamount to an admission of vassalage. O'Neil, indignant at O'Brien's assumption, returned the horses, adding twice as many from his own stables, and housing all in splendid harness, with a counter consignment of the whole, as a free gift from the Reagh More of Ulster to the Tighearna of Thomond. Tieve, accustomed, as it would seem, to the passing of such compliments, lost no time in dispatching the entire squadron once more across the Caoluisce, housed and harnessed as before, but *mounted* each by an armed O'Brien, prepared either to leave his charger in O'Neil's stalls at Loch Erne, or to stable his steed in the ruins of Emania, at Loch Neagh. Few of these importunate donors, however, recrossed the ensanguined banks of the Caoluisce. A bloody battle ensued. O'Brien, with his kindred clans of MacNamara, O'Grady, O'Connor, O'Maley, and the men of Desmond and Ormond under the MacCarthy More, and the O'Kennedy, rushed to the aid of the repulsed horsemen; and O'Neil, with his northern friends, O'Cahan, O'Dogherty, O'Donnell, Macgennis and MacMahon, met them on the river's edge, well satisfied to leave a vexatious election to the surer arbitrement of the sword. The battle was long contested, and, at last, left doubtful. Each chief retired to his own country claiming the victory, and rejoicing in the title of Reagh More. O'Brien

ever after was known as Tieve Caoluisce, the king; but, in gaining the doubtful honor of the title, he had lost the best blood of his house, and was thenceforth obliged to confine himself to the sovereignty of Clare, which he could hardly hold from his own kinsmen the O'Gradys. O'Neill also, after paralysing Ulster by his loss, returned to waste his remaining resources in family feuds and petty exactions, while the English, unconscious of the cause, congratulated themselves upon the unexpected ease with which they daily continued to make new conquests, and to secure the old. Had the loyalty there shown by many thousands of devoted subjects been permitted to have extended itself to a common head, there can be little doubt that, feeble as the English force at that time in Ireland was, the invaders must have been speedily expelled, and the nation reestablished in independence; but the temper of the people was too sanguine, and their savage loyalty impeded, confounded destroyed itself. Nor, as Irishmen, have we reason to be displeased, when we reflect that by such disaster, English civilization has been admitted with English conquest, and that, but for the insanity of such men as Tieve Caoluisce O'Brien, we might still be infinitely farther behind the rest of Europe in all the arts of peace, and all the best sinews of war.

The shepherd state is, to a people less ardent than the Irish, favourable for the establishment of an arbitrary monarchy; but feudal institutions, oppressive as their vassalage may seem, are in all cases better adapted for the ultimate triumph of reason and justice, in a free constitution, than the patriarchal principle, however happily tempered by the genius of the people on whom it operates. The vassal knows himself the slave of violence; the clansman feels himself the subject of a point of honor. No length of servitude, without veneration, will reconcile the one to his lord; hardly any excess of tyranny, where the tyrant is regarded as patriarch, will revolt the other from his chief. The vassal is indignant, the fosterer or clansman, awed. Indignation cherishes the spirit of resistance, and watchful irritation lets pass no opportunity of

appropriating whatever rights may have escaped the grasp of definite allegiance. Affectionate veneration, on the other hand, sets no limits to its bond of grateful services, and, general attachment being thus the clansman's religion, particular vindication of excepted rights becomes a sort of sacrilege. To the feudal institution we owe Magna Charta; to the spirit of free enquiry, unconsciously generated by the same system, we also owe the revolution of 1688, when the patriarchal principle, which must have long since perished in England but for the fostering genius of its peculiar religion, was finally forced to give way before our new elements of public opinion. These latter principles, until of late, have exercised a very partial influence on Irish affairs, but it gives us a propitious presage of their ultimate triumph, when we find the national mind so far advanced in preparation for their full reception, as to force their most inveterate antagonists to ground the great majority of their appeals to public opinion on references (either legitimate, or specious enough not to seem evidently inconclusive,) to those very elements which constitute the most formidable barrier against their own ulterior designs. The means may thus, we trust, frustrate the end, and Roman Catholic intellect yet help to check the progress of Popish domination.

Considering feudalism, then, as the institution ultimately more favourable to freedom, we might look to its early engraftment on the system of Irish clanship for our first rudiments of civil independence, were it not that the more congenial characteristics of patriarchal life so far seduced our early barons from the arduous obligations of reciprocal protection and vassalage, as in great measure to neutralize the effects of Norman discipline; for, the Hibernicized noble, joining his patriarchal claims as chief to his civil rights of feudal lordship, exacted a paramount vassalage from his cousin tenants, which rendered every ability of service liable, and left no privilege which was not appropriated either by the title of military tenure or the more kindly but much more comprehensive bond of familiar loyalty. Popular rights were accordingly as slow of recognition in the manors of a Butler.

a Fitzgerald, or a DeBurgho, as in the countries of O'Neil, O'Brien, or O'Connor.

While feudal institutions were working out their effect on society in England, their influence was thus nullified among the Irish; so that when the reformation, and afterwards the revolution, had carried the popular intelligence completely out of reach of its own originator, (that is, beyond the influence of forgotten feudal associations,) British settlers here found themselves amidst a state of things utterly incompatible with their advanced ideas of civil policy; for feudal recollections no longer kept their sympathies alive to the uncouth blandishments of pastoral or sylvan independence, and lingering attachment to the church of Rome no more admitted the existence of that last tie which could have even temporarily conciliated their toleration of principles and habits so repugnant. Thus it is that we have had no middle stage of society to conduct the people by just degrees through the natural progress of spontaneous civilization; this has been the reason why we find the principles of the revolution operating so inefficiently on a nation not yet free from the reluctant sway of patriarchal loyalty; and hence it has come to pass, that Irish society, at the present day, exhibits those anomalous features of mixed crudeness and maturity which are but the representatives of two different stages of society, whose antagonist principles have hitherto found no mutual means of reconciliation. Whether Ireland, if left to herself, would have progressed from stage to stage of legitimate advancement, carrying up her growth, and gradually developing a healthy succession of suitable moral functions, is a question on which we conceive the majority of speculators would decide in the negative, provided they agreed in an admission of that obstructive excess of constitutional loyalty, which we have already dwelt on as the chief cause why the sylvan or pastoral rule of the early clans impeded the institution of a virtual sovereignty, and resisted that of a military feudalism, both necessary steps in a nation's progress from the simple shepherd state to that of a complex government like ours, combining the free legislation of a republic, with the

cautious conservatism of an aristocracy, and the vigorous executive of an hereditary sceptre. Strange anomaly in history, that a country should, for two thousand years, continue in the same grade of civil advancement, retarded from the next by the very excess of characteristics most essential to its assumption, and finally subdued by a people so far in advance of her own, that, after centuries of fellow-citizenship, the two races are still unable to amalgamate from the want of these intermediate steps upon the civil scale—steps forgotten by the one and never taken by the other. To supply the lost links, to carry forward the untutored loyalty of the clansman, till the whole country becomes his faction and the king his chief, and to withdraw the utilitarian aspirations of the economist from severe and sometimes sordid speculation, and carry back his kindlier sentiments in charitable appreciation of human nature, till he can revert to common ground of sympathy with his less intellectual but more enthusiastic and devoted countryman; in one word, to make Irishmen know themselves and one another; this is the want, this is the worthiest labour of the age. Education, in its fullest sense, is the engine by whose agency we hope to see the great work yet effected; and when we speak of education in its fullest sense, we mean not only the supply of useful and wholesome knowledge to the lower classes, but fearless exposure of the true temper, wants, and capabilities, of their tenantry and labourers, to the proprietors themselves of the land. May God grant our country a peaceful opportunity for the accomplishment of that blessed and meritorious work!

Meanwhile, as an instance of the lower development of that natural piety which we have dwelt on as so mainly characteristic of the Irish constitution, we proceed to illustrate the loyalty of fosterage, an attachment which, deriving its strength from a totally different principle, resembles the legitimate affection of kindred blood so closely, that it is difficult to distinguish the effects, although their causes be clearly recognised as distinct and independent sentiments. Let us compare the obligations of father, godfather, and fosterfather, and the

distinctions will be evident. The first is bound by instinctive love, the second by moral obligation, but the foster-father's attachment is the result of reverent regard to an institution, arising from constitutional piety, but impeding its own operation by over sanguine devotion, and, like superstitious abuse of sacred symbols, lingering about the vehicle, forgetful of the destination. In fact, this self-encumbering excess of devotion characterizes every operation of Irish loyalty. The fosterer idolizes his kinsman, instead of venerating the principle of universal relationship, which, doubtless, if not the origin, was the spirit of the institution; the clansman idolizes his chief, instead of venerating the sentiment of patriarchal supremacy, which evidently aimed at the ultimate establishment of a legitimate monarchy by that distorted means; and the ignorant Roman Catholic idolizes his crucifix instead of worshipping the Supreme Deity, to whom his church unavailingly admits that intercepted adoration to be due. Fosterage was one main instrument in that process of Hibernization through which the earlier invaders were invariably withdrawn from their English allegiance; and certainly no institution could be better calculated for incorporating foreign families with the great body of the people; so that, when we consider the danger to English interests attending on the admission of a custom thus destructive of the whole scheme of conquest, we can readily find an excuse for laws against communication with the Irish, which, if not justified by the existence of a contagion so catching, would appear unnecessarily and atrociously cruel. That the conquest could have been maintained without these restrictions, while the habits of the feudal invaders were

predisposed to the seductions of a congenial state of society, seems altogether impossible; and, accordingly, we find them, with the exception of one short period, more or less strictly in force, until a reformed revolution had so alienated the character of our final invaders from all civil and religious sympathy with the old Irish, as to make their continuance altogether unnecessary.

Here let us protest against two vices in Irish history, one a practice of the Protestant, the other of the Roman Catholic historian. It is a vicious absurdity to maintain that the conquest could be achieved without cruelty and oppression; it is equally a vicious folly to execrate these unavoidable concomitants of any invasion, as the wanton malice of a gratuitously wicked people.

To return to fosterage, and its foster child gossipred, or the institution of brotherly obligation by the choice of a gossip. This custom we believe the original prototype of that of annual valentines, as it prevailed among the Highland clans, and is illustrated in Sir Walter Scott's Gaelic romance of "The Fair Maid of Perth." This difference, however, there exists between the valentines of Clan Chattan, or Clan Quhele and the gossips of the Irish kindreds, that the latter were, if we mistake not, men related as brothers for the time, whereas both the valentines of Scotland, and their "sib-folk" the *compadres* and *comadres* of Spain, are young persons of different sexes. The obligation, at least, in all is the same, and so strong an effect had this bond also in identifying the great majority of the early population of the pale with the mere Irish, that it has been joined in pernicious importance with fosterage itself in a political saw as old as the time of the third Edward:

By graunting charteris of peace
To false English withouten lease,
The realme bee moch undo :
But gossipred, and alterage,
And leasing of our language,
Has mickly help thereto.

The attachment of gossipred is a lower development of Irish constitutional piety than that of fosterage, as boasting neither the constancy of life-long endurance, nor the devotion of per-

sonal obedience or submission; still we have begun our illustrations of the pious principle's ascending development with the higher example, as we are aware of no allusion in Irish literature,

here or elsewhere, to the other. It would be idle to multiply examples of the affectionate loyalty of foster-kindred to their fictitious relatives, through all imaginable extremities of danger and despair. Let us rather enquire whether there was not some other cause besides the point of honour and the familiarity of early intercourse, to give the foster-family a reasonable as well as a superstitious interest in their fortuitous kinsman. There was this—the foster-family were not only the rearers of the infant, but participators, through the father, in whatever honor or discredit might attend the training of the youth; for the husband of the nurse was generally the tutor in those athletic and military exercises which constituted the chief education of their grown up charge. Chiron was, doubtless, as proud of Hercules as Doctor Johnson was of David Garrick, or the blacksmith of Dundalk, maugre the

imputation on his spouse, of Hugh O'Neill, when crowned with phœnix feathers in the castle of Dungannon; but we question whether either the toxophilite Centaur, or the literary Leviathan, would have found their pedagoguish interest strong enough to have made them cling with the desperate fidelity of a foster-father to either pupil when in such an extremity as the same Hugh experienced shortly after, when forced in his disastrous flight to slay the steed that had borne him from a triumphant enemy, and out of the reeking hide to construct the curragh which bore himself and his only followers across an intercepting loch. The pride of the tutor we must consider as much the reward, as the motive, of his interest in the foster-child. Both sentiments are touchingly developed in the following ancient fragment, affirmed to be as old as the fifth century :—*

TORNA'S LAMENT, A.D. 423.

My two foster-children were not slack,
 Nial of Tara, and Core of pleasant Cashel—
 (Nial) of the mighty race of Owen More,
 (Core) worthy descendant of Con of the hundred battles.
 They conquered Ireland—great was their valour;
 Their deeds achieved together were alike.
 Fierce and strong were they, Nial puissant in war—
 Nor slack was Core in his onslaught.

* * * *

* We have hitherto so slightly alluded to the accompanying metrical versions of Mr. Hardiman's collection, that the reader may not improbably suppose it, what we sincerely wish it were, a mere compilation of untranslated Irish pieces. It were fortunate for the subject had it been so; but the laudable desire of making the English reader acquainted with the style and sentiment of our native poetry, has, unfortunately, induced Mr. Hardiman to attach versions so strangely unlike the originals both in sentiment and style, as to destroy alike the originality and the interest of Irish minstrelsy for those who can only appreciate it through such a medium. It is but justice to the gentlemen who furnished these translations to observe, that their labour was gratuitous and the task peculiarly difficult. Indeed the disinterestedness (so far as concerns pecuniary matters,) which characterises the whole undertaking, challenges the highest praise. Mr. Hardiman collected and compiled, and Messrs. D'Alton, Furlong, Curran, and other well-disposed and learned men versified the translations of the compiled matter, and presented the whole, without recompense of any kind, as a mark of their esteem to Mr. Robins, the publisher. We regret that, while we applaud the purpose, we must unequivocally condemn the execution. All the versifiers seem to have been actuated by a morbid desire, neither healthy nor honest, to elevate the tone of the original to a pitch of refined poetic art altogether foreign from the whole genius and *rationale* of its composition. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that the majority of these attempts are spurious, puerile, unclassical—lamentably bad.

From the specimens already given, it must be plain to every reader that these

I have not seen a man like Nial,
 Opposing strangers in far lands ;
 I have not seen a man like Corc,
 [.]
 I have not seen two better
 In country of the countries of Ireland,
 Or of more valiant achievements
 Joined to more joyous and gentle recreation.
 I am Torna who sing these verses,
 My two foster-children are those I sing of ;
 They who for my pleasure used every day to come to mc,
 My two sons, my two foster-children !
 It was happy for me to be at whiles
 Between Tara and Cashel ;
 From Tara to pleasant Cashel,
 From the ford of Cashel to Tara.
 When I used to be with Nial,
 My occupation was ratifying treaties for him ;
 When I used to be with Corc,
 I was his counsellor influential.
 It was for this reason I used to place Nial
 Upon my right hand : discreet was his judgment
 Among the nobles of the right side, faithful
 To the son of the deed-doing king of Ireland.
 It was for this reason I used to place Corc,
 No rude companion, upon my left hand,
 Because of the nearness of his body to my heart,
 That he might be in his right place.
 Wo, (that we are) without Corc, descendant of pleasant Owen !
 Wo, (that we are) without Nial, descendant of valiant Con !
 Wo, (that we are) without Nial of Tara in the east !
 Wo, (that we are) without Corc, high-head of Cashel !
 Broken is my reason and my judgment,
 Since the great king Nial lives not :
 Broken is my heart and my body,
 Since the great king Corc lives not.
 Leath Con is under rent and under tribute
 For want of (Nial) Mac Eochy Muiveghain ;
 For want of (Con) Mac Lewy, that never told a lie,
 Leath Mogha is gone to destruction.

pieces are more valuable as keys to Irish sentiment than as elegant additions to polite literature. That this was evident to Mr. D'Alton and his fellow-versifiers, we cannot but believe ; for a literal translation must have been made before the version could be attempted ; but who that reads the literal translation of the ode above, can avoid being seized either with contempt or merriment on perusing the following version of its two first lines :—

Oh, let me think in age
 Of years rolled by—
 When, in the peace of infancy,
 'Mid all the ties of holy fosterage,
 The future lords of Erin's doom,
 With smiles of innocence and unambitious play.
 Passed the rapid hours away ;
 The royal children of my heart and home,
 Nial the heir of hundred-battled Con,
 And Corc, of Eogan More, the not less glorious son !

This piece bears every mark of being genuine ; and from its high antiquity possesses great interest, independent of its claims to consideration on account of its legitimate sentiment. Its structure exhibits more poetic art than we have hitherto been accustomed to expect from the compositions of Irish bards. It possesses all the requisite parts of the ode, justly introduced and fully developed in unaffected language ; versified, too, in well-measured rhythm, and distinguished above every other piece in the collection for rhyme, only occasionally incorrect. Nothing, for instance, can

Who would suppose that a rann so primitive and curt as the distich—

My two foster-children were not slack,
Nial of Tara, and Corc of pleasant Cashel—

could be Pindaricized into such a soaring and magnificent Olympic? Yet, to our taste, the rann is a better rhyme than the dithyrambic, and the emulator of the bold Beotian is in danger of a watery grave ; for although we fear Mr. D'Alton is not destined to give his name to the Irish channel, his goose-quills flutter with Icarian feebleness over the dead sea of literature, whose deepest pool has ceased to boast its unfathomability ever since Mr. D'Alton dropped his "Diarmid" into its astonished recesses. But we must not commit the injustice of denying to Mr. D'Alton very considerable credit for many of his translations ; still the sprightliness of "Carrol O'Daly and Ticho," or the simplicity and truth of "Celia Connellan," can weigh but lightly against the spurious pretension and bombastic feebleness of the great majority of his more ambitious attempts.

Mr. D'Alton's perversions are, however, mere petty-larceny travesties compared with the epic grandeur of Mr. Curran's heroic declaration of open war against the original. This fierce invader of the barrenness of Irish literature, gives no quarter to the absence of whatever tropes, sentiments or episodes he may conceive best suited to its creditable Saxonization. War to the knife against all deficiencies is his slogan, and with pruning-hook in one hand and grafting-knife in the other, he hacks, he hews, he notches, buds, mortises, and mangles ; sticks in a ramification of metaphors here, claps on a mistletoe-bough of parasite flowers there, and, in a word, so metamorphoses the original, that it (the Roman Vision, for instance,) comes out of his hands as unlike itself as an espalier stock that has been once a crab-tree.

Mr. Furlong was a man of strong poetic feeling, but of slender poetic art. He had but little fancy, less imagination, and, we had almost said, no judgment. In raciness, in naiveté, in quaint characteristic expression, his versions fall immeasurably short of the original ; and were not their mawkish poverty in this respect relieved by the genuine glow of sentiment with which his good feeling often redeems his bad taste, would deservedly fall under unmitigated censure. Mr. Furlong is now no more, and as he has left behind him nothing worthy to live, so must his name also soon pass from the precincts of an obscure fame, to which it has been fondly elevated by the admiration of sanguine but incompetent admirers. It is cruel to his memory, although, doubtless, well-intended, in Mr. Hardiman, to make the obscure efforts of his mistaken genius the subject of a long memoir. Equally unfortunate for both is the dull detail ; for, alas ! if Mr. Furlong was a sorry poet, Mr. Hardiman is a still sorrier critic. It is, indeed, deeply to be lamented, that Mr. Hardiman's devotion to a labour so pious as the rescue of our native minstrelsy, has not been accompanied by adequate good taste in his selection of the pieces, or a worthy spirit of liberality in their illustration. One name of a higher grade in literary reputation, appears among the translators. Dr. Drummond's legitimate achievements about Bunamargy and Duluce go far to neutralize whatever censure of enfeebling refinement we might be induced to charge upon his versions of the elegies on Oliver Grace or Mac Donnell Claragh ; but his ode to the Hill of Howth, and adieu of Gerald Nugent, come close on our idea of the happy mean, and induce us to part with him on better terms, so far as he has gone, than we can accord to any of his companions in the work. Perhaps we may be prejudiced in Dr. Drummond's favour, in consequence of the absence of anything like political hatred or sectarian malignity in his contributions.

be more legitimate, either in point of prosody or rhyme, than the commencement, which we give in the

English character, and as it is pronounced :—

Mō yǎ | hāltǎn | nīr fǎ | lūin
Neāl Tǎ | rā, Cōrc | Cāshēl | cūin ;

O'Owen Vór, more a rá,
O'Con, mar Con Cead-cá-há.

The first two lines are pure trochaic ; the next couplet mixed iambic, but admissible, and the rhyme perfect in all. One remarkable feature claims our attention. Throughout there is no metaphor employed. The art here lies in arrangement ; in our modern pieces in striking expression. The first is the higher attribute, and argues a more advanced state of the art ; for it is in poetic art alone we mark the distinction : poetic feeling has been the same in Ireland from the first, and must continue unchanged till the national heart is broken. Notwithstanding the absence of figurative ornament, there is in Torna's Lament no deficiency in point of imaginative effect. The pictures are numerous and vivid, although done in plain colours. Torna himself sitting between his foster-sons, were no unworthy subject for a great historic painter : Nial on the right side, giving grave audience to the nobles ; Corc on the left, *that he might be near the old man's heart*. We have the characters and countenances of the royal youths and their preceptor at a glance : Nial, a fierce Guiderius ; Corc, an ardent Arviragus ; and Torna himself wise old Belarius ; but the lion's whelps have not been suckled in an unknown lair, nor has their sanctioned guardian ever given them cause to say,

“ We have seen nothing :

We are beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat :
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.”

Poetry and painting have a common quality of giving scope to speculation. This is an equal excellency in each. That must have some of the essentials of a good picture which gives a vista to imagination or leads us behind the

canvass. In like manner, that must have some of the attributes of true poetry, which, with the colours of spontaneously excited fancy, fills up its own rough sketch of character or situation. On these grounds we consider Torna a poet ; for although there be in his rude rann neither trope nor figure, yet has he given us so vigorous an outline of new persons and relations, that we could much longer expatiate upon our fancy's realization of their genius and sentiment, without effort and without weariness. But we must leave the forlorn fosterer, and return to the principle of his attachment. That attachment we have referred to the loyalty of a constitution naturally pious, idolizing the object of a venerated custom. Still it would be difficult to disabuse many, of the prejudice, that it was more the instinctive love of the parent than the loyal devotion of the tutor or clansman, that made these royal boys the objects of the old man's adoration. When we find, however, that the fosterer expresses no more tender regard for his stepson than does the bard for his chief, with whom he is not connected by any ties save those of hereditary attachment, we must recognise the presence of this sentiment for which we are contending, and the development of whose influence in the different relations of loyalty to the chief, to the clan, to the king, to the church, and to the country, we will illustrate from the Irish minstrelsy of Mr. Hardiman's collections.

The affection of the hereditary bard, it will at once be seen, is, primarily, reverence to the principle of sacred duty ultimately shaping itself through regard to the point of honour, into its second nature of personal attachment. It is, in a word, piety concentrated

into loyalty, natural religion supplying the instinct of natural love. Neither foster-father, nor father himself, could feel more yearning affection for his son, could more anxiously express the fondest alarm for his safety, or more proudly exult in his achievements, than does the bard O'Hussey for his chief, but not relation, Hugh Maguire. We take the translation from Mr. Hardiman's unpublished collection in the Egerton MSS., British Museum.

O'HUSSEY'S ODE.

Cold weather I consider this night to be for Hugh !
A cause of grief is the rigor of its showry drops ;
Alas, insufferable is
The venom of this night's cold.

This night, it grieves my heart,
Is fraught with the thunder-flashing heavy storm,
Succeeded by an icy congealment
Less ruthless than the hate which pursues him.

From the sullen breasts of the clouds
The floodgates of heaven are let loose ;
The vapours exhaled from the salt sea ;
The firmament pours down in torrents.

Though he were a wild creature of the forest,
Though a salmon in an inlet of the ocean,
Or one of the winged fowls of air,
He could not bear the rigor of this weather.

Mournful I am for Hugh Maguire
This night in a strange land,
Under the embers of thunderbolts, amid the showers flaming,
And the keen anger of the whistling clouds.

In the country of Clan Daire
It grieves me that his fate should be so severe :
Perhaps drenched with the cold wet dripping of the thickets,
Perhaps exposed to the high heaven's floods.

Cold seem to me your two cheeks strawberry-red,
As the fury of the cloud-gathering storm
Impels the weatherwinds of the ærial expanse
Against the royal hero of resplendent Galeng.

Sore misery to us, and torturing our bosoms,
To think that the fine front and sides of his comely frame
Should be ground by this rough, sullen, scowling night
In cold steely accoutrements !

His kind-dealing hand which punished cruelty,
By frost made numb ;
Under some spiked and icicle-hung tree—
Oh, bleak and dreary is this night for Hugh !

* * * *

Overflowed by the tempestuous torrent
Are the low banks of the cold rivulets ;
The lawns of pasture are locked in ice,
So that the cattle cannot graze.

Drenched are their borders also,
 So that the inhabitants cannot perceive
 The quick-flowing edges of the sunny clear streams :
 To keep dry the bums is impossible.

Fearful to him is the excessive rigor
 In some intricate wood, 'mongst bones of monsters :
 A bright retrospective glance on peaceful days
 Were now a torment to Mac Niadh's tender heart.

* * * * *

This, however, brings the warmth
 To his tranquil clear countenance,
 His warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
 Wafted in fleeces, wind-borne, fire-flashing.

Unkindled fires shall warm him,
 Though frost should glaze the glistening dew of his eyes,
 Though his fine fair fingers should be bound in icy gauntlets,
 And his garment be the red flaming thunder-flash.

* * * * *

Far from the journey of Hugh Maguire
 Are Munster's greenwoods waving to the fair setting sun in the west ;
 Her splendid mansions rich and hospitable,
 And a country without frost or misery.

AVRAN.*

Hugh marched, though it grieved me, with his host to battle,
 And his tresses softly curling are hung with ice—
Cause of warmth to the hero are the shouts of war,
And the many mansions lime-white which he laid in ashes.

O'Hussey was a poet. There is a vivid vigor in these descriptions, and a savage power in the consolation drawn from their antithetical climax, which claim a character almost approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more graphic, yet more diversified, than his images of unmitigated horror, nothing more grandly startling than his heroic conception of the glow of glory triumphant over frozen toil. We have never read the poem without recurring, and that by no unworthy association, to Napoleon on his Russian campaign. Yet, perhaps, O'Hussey has conjured up a picture of more inclement desolation, in his rude idea of northern horrors, than could be legitimately employed by a poet of the present day, when the romance of

geographical obscurity no longer permits us to imagine these Phlegrean regions of endless storm, where the snows of Hæmus fall mingled with the lightnings of Etna, amid Bistonian wilds or Hyrcanian forests. This ode possesses a new interest in our papers, for it is the first our readers have yet met, in which description has not been altogether sacrificed to sentiment. But O'Hussey's descriptions are pervaded by intense sentiment, and here there is no sacrifice of either—a rare conjunction of felicities in Irish song.

While the impression is still hot, let us complete the vindication of O'Hussey's claim to descriptive power, pious sentiment, and devoted loyalty. Hear how he strikes out Tiege Mac Brian at a single heat :—

How ! thy wrath springs and bounds,
 In thy free, ember-like, ruddy aspect,
 Like a destructive thunder-flash !

* A concluding stanza, in which the condensed sentiment of the piece is given as in the epigraph of an heroic poem.

Is it the fright of war, or peril of battle,
Excessive anger, or oppression of rulers,
That convulses thy mind,
Thou raked-up ember of Connaught ?

Again, a battle-piece that makes us almost think we snuff the “war-clouds rolling dun” of Thomas Campbell :

Heroes polishing their glowing weapons,
Sounding trumpets loudly martial,
A frost-foggy wind, with whistling darts flying—
These are the music in which you delight at early dawn.

Here again, a scene of intense mystic romance, a Salvator Rosa partner for Keats's

“ magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faëry land forlorn.”

The perilous ways of the borders of Leinster ;
Borders of slow-calling sounds,
Gloomy borders of bright mountains severe,
The intricate deserts of Anmchaidhe.

Between the wooded banks of Barrow, and the steep step of Blackstairs, lie many a black bog and misty valley, girdling their grey wall of mountain, with solitudes which, we can well imagine, whispered moaning horror from inextricable swamps and thickets, when Kavanagh held sylvan court in Saint Mullin's, and O'Hussey made his hearers shudder in the hall of Tempo, at the perils of the dark Leinster borders. Here it was that the ill-fated Richard wound his disastrous way through woods and quags, for six weeks, with Art Mac Murrough hang-

ing on his discomfited march, and Henry Bolingbrook turning his reluctant stay to royal account, at home ; but neither kern nor quagmire could stop the progress of that iron Saxon, who first made his way through the scattered clans of Byrne, Toole, and Kavanagh, and from the maiden passes of Kill-Edmond, and the sleepy hollow of Scallagh Gap, carried the fire and sword of the republic through bog and glen and breached castle wall, from Ballyburris to Waterford and Clonmel. Kill-Edmond is no longer, in O'Hussey's words,

The breast of mountains, and *wind-whirling vales*,*
Where no host dare cross.

Yet were we an exciseman, we should prefer making our descent upon the boys from Graig or Carlow. But to return to O'Hussey, of whose descriptive excellence we have had abun-

dant proof ; let us, by one more extract, exhibit him in his pious character of a faithful and true clansman. His ode is now for Cuconnaught, in the north, with Hugh.

But I would not deem the weather inclement,
If I were with him in his distress :
How happy would I be this night,
If I were under one garment with Cuconnaught !

* What *δυναμὶς* in the tortuous energy of the epithet ! .

I would not complain of the rude winds,
 When standing on the watch for him ;
 Nor the pelting rain would I regard, though drenched my garments,
 Beside Hy Duach of tempests !

But the didactic devotion of this declaration is consumed in a glow of adoring affection, when he apostrophises the chief himself.

Thou joy ! thou promise ! thou sprightly salmon !
 Thou beauteous azure ocean-wave !
Thou pourer of panic into the breasts of heroes !

This excels Mac Pherson ; O'Hussey is no unfit representative of the true Ossian, but Ossian was a prince, and O'Hussey sought no higher honor than to be the bard of Maguire. Maguire

was his theme, his mark, his sacred butt for devoted shafts of endless and untiring panegyric. "Be on thy guard," he cries, aiming at his idol's heart,

Be on thy guard, for I will dart
 This lay as a javelin-cast from me !

And could he, like Cupid in Anacreon, shoot himself bodily into the soul of his chief, he would follow his swift iambs to their unreluctant destination. Whether the next O'Hussey would as successfully fulfil his hereditary duty, by the next Maguire, must have been more than doubtful ; for, such writing as this we have just seen is not to be expected in every generation ; but, whether or not he might equal his father in poetic art and in fervour of poetic feeling, we have no doubt he would not be deficient in pious emulation of loyal will.

The society of a clan thus bound to a common object of parental attachment from the elder, as of a brotherhood of loyal veneration from the younger, members of its community, may be well supposed to have derived internal consolidation from this converging relationship of equal duty. While a principle of piety thus gave them a focus of attachment in the chief, a point of honor fixed on each member of the great family a tie of equal loyalty to the clan at large ; for, a community of this kind was rarely out of such implications with hostile neighbours, as made the stigma of desertion in danger, a brand of infamy to which no man would dream of subjecting himself, unless, indeed, by joining a faction of his own clan in case

of a disputed claim to its tanistry or chieftainship. These disputes were the chief causes of intestine feuds ; but the private feuds of opposite factions in the same clan have ever been the most bloody and inveterate. Attachment to the clan has survived the original principle of attachment to the tanist or chieftain ; and even, at the present day, when personal allegiance is totally forgotten, loyalty to his faction characterises the Irish peasant almost as strongly as it did three centuries ago. It is but three months since the clansmen of the Cooleen sept fought as devotedly at the races of Ballyhea, as ever did the old clan Culin (and we are strongly inclined to a belief of their identity) at Dhuglinn or Bunratty, six centuries ago.

The history of this tribe (Clan Culin), for a century and a half, is contained in an Irish MS. of which copies are in the possession of Mr. Hardiman, Messrs. Hodges and Smyth, and the British Museum. It is entitled, "The Wars of Turlogh," or, more properly, "The Feuds of Thomond," and is occupied with a full history of the great family of O'Brien throughout the thirteenth and part of the fourteenth century. It is peculiarly interesting, as well from its antiquity, having been written by Mac Craith, hereditary bard of Tho-

mond, in 1459, as from the romantic and characteristic vigour of its style. We cannot better illustrate our subject of factious unanimity in the midst of national dissension, than by giving a hasty sketch of its account of the feud between the two great septs of the O'Briens, in which Clan Brien Roe was finally overcome, after a strife of fifty years, by Clan Turlogh. The cause of the contention illustrates the effects of a subject we have just been engaged on. Tieghe Caoluisce, already known to the reader as candidate for the arch-sovereignty, had inconsiderately placed his two sons at fosterage in different families. Brian Roe, the elder, was brought up among the Mahons and O'Gradys—Turlogh, the younger, among the Macnamaras and O'Deas of Clan Culin. On Tieghe's death, in 1267, he was succeeded by Brian Roe; but the Clan Culin, already attached to Turlogh, refused to give in their allegiance, and declared for their foster-brother. Brian Roe, put to flight by their first incursion—for Clan Culin was the most warlike sept of the O'Briens—flies across the Shannon, and finally taking refuge in Corc, offers Sir Thomas De Clare, son of the Earl of Gloucester, "all the lands from Limerick to Athsollas," if he will assist him in maintaining his sovereignty against Turlogh. De Clare accepts his proposal, procures from the English monarch a grant of all Thomond so soon as he shall have been able to compass its conquest, and, accompanying Brian Roe on his return, drives Turlogh from his usurped seat in the palace of Clonroad, and builds himself his castle of Bunratty on the Shaunon. It were an ungrateful task to follow him through all his treachery and violence—now aiding Clan Brian Roe against Clan Turlogh—now Clan Turlogh against Clan Brian Roe—then coming in on the exhausted combatants, and plundering both; at one time marching with Brian Roe to ravage the fastnesses of Eachty, and anon avenging their mutual defeat, and the loss of his wife's kinsmen, by hanging up his ally and victim in the court-yard of his own castle. Meanwhile, Turlogh, following his brother's example, has engaged the aid of William de Burgho, from Galway; but William has no opportunity of availing himself of his

ally's weakness, for he is shortly after taken by his rival feud-fosterer, and his rapacious men-at-arms, "when," to use the characteristic language of Mac Craith, "they saw that their chief lord and noble commander was taken, and sent with a guard to De Clare's superb castle, there to be imprisoned, all at once unanimously faced their own country, and strove, with extended unwearied strides, who should be foremost." Not so the clans of O'Kelly Hy Mania, and of O'Connor Corcumroe, whose assistance Turlogh had secured, along with William's: they continue to aid him in his war against Bunratty and Clan Brian Roe; for, strange as it may seem, De Clare soon found means to reconcile himself to the son of the murdered Brian, and still kept up his charter-system of *divide et impera*. Another generation of contending dupes and designing allies succeeded; and Thomond, from end to end, was wasted with fire and sword. Turlogh was no more; yet still Clan Turlogh held together with indissoluble fidelity. It was forty years since Brian Roe had been ignominiously put to death in Bunratty barbican, yet still Clan Brian Roe clung to their faction with desperate loyalty. But the time was now approaching that was to determine the issue. Clan Turlogh, under Dermot Mac Murrough Mac Turlogh Mac Tieghe Caoluisce, march the whole length of Thomond, to meet their adversaries on the borders of Burren, whither Clan Brian, after a long exile in Irrus, had returned, under their leader, Donogh Mac Donnell Mac Donogh Mac Brian Roe. Clan Turlogh had mustered the strongest names of South Thomond: Mac Namara, O'Dea, O'Hara, O'Dowd, and O'Connor Curcumroe. With Clan Brian were their old adherents, O'Grady, O'Flaherty, O'Flaherty Dun, O'Donoghlan, and Mac Mahon. Dermot pitched his camp about and in the abbey of the Black Valley. Donogh was quartered upon the borders of Loch Raocha. When news was brought the latter that the hostile clan was approaching, "Go," said he, as Mac Craith has given his words, "go, and assemble our men of strength, that we may go and see our noble kinsmen." Accordingly, next morning, with his brother, Brian Barry, and Tieghe Lumneach, he musters his

forces, and, impelled by an apparent fatality, marches to Dhuglinn. The most awful apparition we have ever read of is here introduced to heighten the horror of the impending catastrophe. The superstition is not only awful, but conceived in such a grand scale of terror, as to be absolutely sublime. The banshee of the clan appears in broad day to the whole army. We give the scene in Mac Craith's impressive language :—

“ And the broad-sworded and close-banded heroes came near Loch Raocha in silent haste ; and the multitudes at large gazed altogether at the transparent lake, where they saw on the bank of the smooth water a hideous and ghastly hag, * * * having before her a heap of heads and a load of helms, and a pile of lopped hands and dis-severed feet, washing and pouring water diligently thereon, till all the water was full of hair, and blood, and brains from her abominable labour.”

Donogh, with the desperate courage of a doomed man, advances before his amazed battalions, and demands her name and purpose. The hag replies,

“ I am the Disconsolate of Burren, and my lineage is of the Tuatha de Danan race, and the heads and members of you, royal prince, and of your people, are the caruage before me.”

Then rising into the air, and chanting a prophecy of defeat, she disappears. On go the doomed Clan Brian Roe, and find their fated destroyers arming on the hill before the abbey. Here Murrough Mac Con na Mara, buckling on his coat of mail, turns it in haste with the back forward ; but, “ shut the scabal.”* he cries to his squires, “ put on the shining shield, crown my head with the helmet, and fasten the helm tight ; for I will not alter this armour till I fight in better armour won from the enemy.” Then he and Dermot, with Nicol Mac Con na Mara, (a youth so worthy in the estimation of Mac Craith, that

he distinguishes him by fourteen epithets of honor,) and Felim O'Connor, and the men of Clan Culin, Corcumroe, and Corry Vaskin, put the Dedanite destinies into execution on Clan Brian Roe, who, after the loss of their chief, and of more than half of their number, disperse under Brian, the brother of Donogh. Their retreat is thus described by Mac Craith :—

“ When Brian, the son of Donald, saw his brother Donogh perishing on the red field, and Murragh Garbh's members lopped off, and Brian Barry stretched upon the earth and his side torn, and Tiege Lumneach divided in two by the sword, and all his nobles slain together, he retreated eastward as far as the borders of the white-stoned and slippery Burren.”

And so ended the faction of Clan Brian Roe ; but, were it not that we are reluctant to diminish the value of the unpublished manuscript, we could give such a scene after the battle, as we defy the annals of any other country to equal for sanguinary horror and savage interest. Dermot, great-grandson of Tiege Caoluisce O'Brien, was now sole king of Thomond ; but De Clare, son of the original settler, who had been awaiting the issue of the contest at Dhuglinn, that he might bear away the contested sovereignty from both, while still exhausted by their recent conflict, gave him another struggle at Dangan and Ghrada, before he sat down in the long-contested, supreme and independent possession of Clonroad. The destruction of De Clare's army, and the burning and razing of Bunratty, are introduced with like terrors as the defeat of Clan Brian Roe. The terrors are equal, but the narration is still more vivid. We conclude our extracts from the Wars of Turlogh with the doom of De Clare :—

“ He (De Clare) assembled his troops, and led them to Ard Raithin : and as they were passing the cold, broad and

* The scabal was a hood not worn by any of the Celtic nations, and to which we have not seen any thing similar among the costumes of antiquity, except on the Persians, as represented at the battle of the Granicus, in a Mosaic lately dug up at Pompeii. *Darius and his troops all wear a head-dress exactly similar to that of Mac Murrough's followers in the famous illumination of De la Marque's M. S. in the British Museum.* (Harl. MSS. 1319.) The Persians wear the trews and brogues, and Darius's charioteer is clad in a jacket, *checked like turtan.* These coincidences are worth investigation, that of the hoods particularly.

boiling floods of Fergus, they saw on the brink of the ford before them, a heinous, ghastly and frightful apparition of a woman, crying and lamenting, clamouring and foretelling hard fates, and she washing and dipping the satin apparel, the fine gold-threaded tunics, and the noble silken mantles of a heap of slaughtered bodies in the floods. And although the strong floods were sunny and beauteous, sandy and blue-shining, approaching her, downward they were swollen and violent, muddy and red, proud, and turbulent, and bloody, from where the ominous fool plyed her hands in such sort that the stream was full of blood and gore in all its parts. And De Clare and his warlike cavalry and troops, noticed the practice of the hag, and the turmoil and labour of the proud flood."

De Clare then demands her name and purpose, and she replies :—

"I am the mournful Dabhair Uisce (water hag,) and I dwell in the fairy hills of this country, and your gay garments, O proud baron, and the garments of your proud cavalry, are the silken robes entangled in this carnage."

So saying she rises, and vanishes overheard, prophesying disaster. De Clare is led into an ambush and slain by Felim O'Connor, and his routed troops returning, find Bunratty fired by the Clan Turlogh, and the affrighted household making their escape in boats across the Shannon. So ends this characteristic and romantic history, which we would gladly see given to the public in a worthy dress.

On concluding such a record of misplaced and insulated loyalty, obstructing its own exercise by its own excess,

and pressing that valour and fortitude which should have been applied to the preservation of the country, into the vexatious service of petty feuds and self-consuming factions, who can avoid lamenting the perversion of so noble, but so dangerous, a quality of the Irish heart? Had it centered on a monarch, it would have given the means of a vigorous and healthy government; but it never centered on a monarch; nothing but the tremendous engine of Roman Catholicism could ever collect or fix it, and it was on their Roman Catholic leaders, not on James the Second, in his character of monarch, that the loyalty of the Irish, in 1688, was centered. Still, a devotion such as theirs, ever eager to attach itself to the nearest object, could not pass James's person without idolizing even that wretched representative of the interests to which their ultimate allegiance was due. James, as the royal champion of their faith, must have been regarded with affectionate loyalty in any case; but coming to them for succour in his difficulties, craving their hospitality in virtual exile, appealing to their generosity for aid against the enemies of their religion, and conquerors of their country, it were indeed wonderful if he had not been received even with all the ardor his claims and presence did elicit in Ireland. Among the Jacobite relicts of Mr. Hardiman's collection, one of the most striking, in point of conception, and affecting in sentiment, is the following allegorical dialogue between the fugitive monarch and the country of his retreat.

IRELAND.—Who goes without? (JAMES).—'Tis James under frost,
Without shelter or a night's provision.

IRELAND.—My bitter wo this! that you are not, oh first love,
In proper course destroying your enemies.
But the condemnation of the Scots,* and the subduing of their troops,
And the torment of the faithful people,
Have left me without joy, without clergy, without bells,
Or the sweet harp playing melodies.

JAMES.—Oh friend without deceit, it was necessary for me to fly
Quickly from the multitude of my enemies;
Seeing that some yielded, and that some forsook me,
And that I was left in solitude deserted.
Though thou art a phoenix in form, white as the lily.
And your mouth is as the honey of the true bees,
There is no power in thee, and this host that are within
Are more mighty in the conflict than we.

* The Irish.

IRELAND.—Oh, stout oak, and my love ! forsake not your courage,
 Although some of your people deny you :
 He that made the globe will be upon your side protecting you,
 From the peril and from the bondage of your enemies.
 There shall be sharpness and blood, there shall be persecution and
 fire,
 On the sheeted sea, coming to your protection
 From Clement, and Philip, and Naples without fear,
 Defending you and protecting you for ever.

JAMES.—I grant you are my wife, my portion,
 And that in your absence I am faint,
 For want of each stout warrior who perished by sea,
 Or was put to torment for his loyal love,
 To the end that I and you, our clergy, with our bells,
 And every valiant hero of the Milesian race,
 Might be in our white houses, without fear, sporting and playing
 On slender harps, with sweet songs.

IRELAND.—There is no danger near you now. The only son of the world
 And our holy virgin sweet siding with you ;
 They shall reconcile all bondage and confinement wherein you are,
 And they shall marshal, by sea, their thousands.
 The Scots' true children, the poor Irish, shall be in readiness,
 Keenly, bloodily, fiercely,
 Till they blow over the sea, these festering porkers with their
 bondage,
 Without shelter or a night's provision.

Nothing has been more obstructive to Protestantism, or more favourable to the permanency of Roman Catholicism, in Ireland, than the concurrence of these political events, about the time of James, which made either faith so inveterately the creed of a party. Clan Rome is the religious faction of the people, and claims their allegiance of civil loyalty, as legitimately (Hibernice) as their devotion of spiritual faith. Mr. Moore's idea that the point of honor and its effects, were done away with by the Relief Bill is utterly fallacious. Mr. Hardiman's book is a striking illustration of the truth of our assertion. He had written the greater portion of his notes and comments previous to Catholic emancipation ; and, in them, had freely indulged in what those who agree with Mr. Moore would denominate natural indignation against England and the English. The work, however, is not published till 1831, two years after all cause for that obstinate hatred in which Mr. Moore thought himself justifiable, had been removed. But what effect has

this on Mr. Hardiman ? He does not bate a jot of his most indignant obstinacy, he does not expunge an expression of his most inveterate and unchangeable hatred for Clan Luther, and the Saxon, but disfigures his book, and disgraces himself by flinging in the teeth of his manumission, the whole miserly hoardings of his hatred when a slave.

We have now arrived at that development of the natural piety of Irish character, on which depend much more momentous interests than on any we have yet treated of, loyalty to their religion. It cannot be denied, that the mass of the peasantry of Ireland have, for the last three hundred years, considered Roman Catholicism the religion of their fathers, a consideration which, unaided by any of that faith's more attractive blandishments for the sanguine temperament of such a race, would alone weigh fearfully against their adoption of any other ; for, if the national character so reverences hereditary obligation to a foster-child, a chief, a clan or a faction, how devoted must be its attachment to

ancestral institutions of such enormous the repugnant aspect of early Protes-
moment in comparison? Add to this tantism with her

Hard oaths of (what they considered) falsehood, under seal and in writing,
Which she dashed upon the mouths of their clergy and scholars,

as she appeared to the unenquiring jecton, and we would be men with-
enthusiasm of the Irish heart—then out hearts if we could not appreciate
let us picture to ourselves the im- such a melancholy and touching com-
poser of forced faith, as the patentee plaint as this sweet elegy, written in
of lands forfeited by that faith's re- the ruined abbey of

TIMOLEAGUE.

One night, when lonely and sadly,
By the foot of the sea and the strong waves,
I was meditating and reflecting
On the hard fate of the world :

The moon and the stars were up,
The noise of the waves was not heard on the shore,
And there was not a breath of wind there
That would agitate the tree-top or blossom.

I walked on meditating alone,
Careless of the progress of my way ;
Until I beheld the door of a church,
And the ready entrance before me.

I stood at the ancient door
In which were usual aims and hospitality,
To the blind, to the leper, and to the weak,
When the people of that house were living.

There was a seat built by its side,
'Tis long since its shape was constructed,
On which used to sit men of learning and clergy,
And travellers on their way.

I sat down full of reflection ;
I put my hand under my cheek,
Until there fell large showers of tears
From my eyes on the grass—down.

I said there in sorrow,
And I weeping mournfully,
There was a time when this house
Was joyful and cheerful.

'Twas here were bells and clergy,
Poems and divinity a-reading,
Choirs, singing, and music,
Praising the majesty of God.

Empty aisle, without state,
Grey mansions and old tower,
Many a tempest and storm
Has struck the top of your wall.

There is much rain and cold
 And storm from the coast which you have put off you,
 Since you were at first consecrated
 To the King of the Elements, as a temple.

Oh holy house of the green gables,
 That wast an ornament to the country,
 It is my constant sorrow, your ruin,
 And the putting of your saints to wandering.

'Tis solitary you are now ;
 There are not in you choirs or music ;
 But the screeching of the cat-headed (owl)
 In the place of the glad psalms.

Ivy growing from your eaves,
 Red nettles on your green floor,
 The shrill barking of slender foxes,
 And the tinkling of waterfalls in your corners.

Where the early lark used to call
 Your clergy to sing their matins,
 There is no tongue moving there now
 But the tongue of the jarring daw.

Your refectory is without food,
 Your dormitory without the simple bed,
 Your sacristy without sacrifice by the clergy,
 Or mass to God, performing.

Your abbot and rule have gone,
 And your pious brotherhood ;
 Alas, I do not see now under your shelter
 (Aught) but a heap of clayed bones.

Alas, the oppression and tyranny,
 Hard captivity, cruelty, and illegality,
 The violence of enemies and ruthless plundering,
 That have left you solitary as you are !

I myself was once fortunate,
 Alas, my looks are changed :
 The persecution of the world came against me,
 There is no use in me but for sorrow.

Gone are my motion and activity,
 The sight of my eyes, and my guidance ;
 My friends and my children are
 In this church, powerless and corrupting.

There is wo on my face ;
 My heart is as the kernel of a nut ;
 If death would deliver me
 My welcome for its meeting were certain.

When we think of the remote Protestant in time of tribulation, such as is sitting in the ruins of his deserted church, and complaining of the extinction of his father's worship on its altar, but too likely to leave him in the condition of the mourner of Timoleague, every line, save those alluding to the

mysteries he has rejected of this truly and intensely pathetic poem, touches us with melancholy charity for those to whom his ancestors first taught the lesson of a like humiliation.

Alas that a nation glowing with the most enthusiastic courage, moved by the tenderest sympathies, and penetrated by a constitutional piety as devoted as profound, should so long have misapplied these noblest attributes of a high-destined people! What material for an almost perfect society does the national genius not present? Instinctive piety, to lay the only sure foundation of human morals and immortal hopes; constitutional loyalty, to preserve the civil compact inviolate; legitimate affection, to ensure public virtue and private happiness; endless

humour, to quicken social intercourse; and last, and, save one attribute, best, indomitable love of country to consolidate the whole.

This sacred loyalty we have reserved for our conclusion, as a green spot of neutral ground, where all parties may meet in kindness, and part in peace. We have prosecuted our inquiry after the nature of Irish sentiment through many a perplexing and many a dangerous topic,

“per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.”

Grateful to our parched feet is the dewy sward of shamrocks; and here, standing on the firm ground of love for our country, we call for a chorus from Irishmen of all denominations to

THE FAIR HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND.

A pleasant and a hospitable place is Ireland to dwell in,
Uileacan dubh O!
In which is the fruit of health in the top of the barley ear;
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees in the valleys of mist,
And streams in summer are along the verge of every road:
There is water in the rills there, and dew at high noon,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

He is curled, ringletted, plaited,
Uileacan dubh O!
Every hero who departs from the coasts of Ireland:
Uileacan dubh O!
And I will go a visiting, if it be that my life be long,
To the land of joy, wherein it is meet for life to be;
'Twere better for me, though your riches be great for boasting, to be
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Profitable and large are the stacks in Ireland;
Uileacan dubh O!
The butter and the cream are distributed in abundance there;
Uileacan dubh O!
The cresses on the water, and the soft sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo is calling there from day to day,
And the bold thrush of the sweetest sounding music is singing loudly
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

ERIN GO BRAGH!

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

WE commence our extracts from our tablets of this month, by a reference to a subject to which nothing but a sense of duty could induce us to allude; we mean some comments upon the last number of this periodical, which appeared in the *Sun*, London Newspaper. It is always painful to be obliged to speak of ourselves, and to fair criticism we cannot, almost under any circumstances, conceive a writer called on to reply. When, however, a charge is brought against a political writer, of entertaining political opinions and feelings which he can utterly, and indignantly, disclaim, there is no rule, either of courtesy or etiquette, that requires him to submit to the imputation. This is, precisely, the position in which we are placed: a most respectable and justly influential journal has attempted to fasten on us sentiments which we hold in the most unmitigated abhorrence, and has taken two separate opportunities of repeating the charge. In their review of our number for August, they distinctly charged us with advocating the extermination of the Roman Catholics!! and now they appear to have no way altered their opinion of our sentiments. From the *Sun* of September the second, we take the following:—

“THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The Toryism of *Maga* and *Regina* is rank radicalism compared with the blood-red orange conservatism of this “official bulletin” from the head-quarters of the Irish Church militant. From the style of some of these articles before us, we should not be at all surprised at shortly hearing of a proposal for erecting a Roden rostrum in Dublin, something after the style of that from which the *Patet Patriæ* of Rome harangued the people, with the trifling difference of substituting Papists' heads for the beaks of ships in its erection. This antichristian bigotry is the more to be regretted, as this periodical may boast of an abundance of literary talent of a very high order.”

And so our cotemporary continues in a strain very complimentary to our merits, and, we confess, very gratifying to our feelings; but it is not with his opinion as to our literary pretensions, that we have to do; it is with his, either wilful misrepresentation, or gross misapprehension of our policy, that we are now concerned. We put the case in its double point of view, although we feel quite satisfied that the latter branch of the alternative is the true one.

Grievous as is the imputation which is contained in the paragraph we have quoted, and calculated as it is to lower the character, and injure the circulation of our periodical, with all who value the principles of religious charity, we would pass it by unnoticed, or leave its refutation to the spirit of the articles which we publish, were it not that it appears part and parcel of a systematic effort which is now making, to neutralise the effect which the exertions of the Irish Protestant party are unquestionably producing with the people of Britain, by representing them in a character of all others the most odious to a Christian people, that of religious persecutors and religious exterminators. The truth is, that the case is precisely the reverse; we are the objects, not the agents of a bitter and relentless persecution, and, so far from ever thinking of oppressing others, we feel our own lives and liberties insecure. We are not vain enough to believe that our individual opinions are of importance enough to deserve the misrepresentation of the *Sun*; the very language of the paragraph proves that he flies at higher game, and assails, through us, the great and influential party with which we are connected, and whose confidence, we are proud to say, we possess. It is then, in justice to that party, that we reply to the observations of the *Sun*, and, in the name of that party do we solemnly deny that, as far as our knowledge of them extends, they entertain any other feeling towards their Roman Catholic brethren than that of a deep concern for their welfare, and an

anxious desire to ameliorate their condition. One thing we can positively state, that the "unchristian bigotry" with which our contemporary charges us, is as much opposed to the obligations of an Orangeman as it is to the spirit of Protestantism and the genius of Christianity.

And having thus given to the charge a denial as strong and as positive as the courtesies of language will permit, may we venture to put two questions to the conductors of the *Sun*. Will they insert this our strong, but, we trust, temperate, denial in the columns of their paper, and thus afford to our defence a circulation co-extensive with that which they have already given to the accusation?—and may we also presume to inquire upon what passages in our pages they have grounded their charge? That we are Tory, we confess; not that we are pledged to uphold the opinions or defend the conduct of any particular set of men; but we are Tory in as far as Toryism consists in maintaining the principles of the British constitution, the sanctions of religion, and the authority of the word of God. That we have not scrupled to express our honest opinions against Popery, as essentially an ungodly and an unscriptural system—as a system false in a religious, and dangerous in a political view—we are ready to admit; but that ever an expression has escaped from our pen that justifies, in ever so remote a degree, the imputation that we passed the line that separates religious principle from religious animosity, and distinguishes zeal from sectarianism—that we ever transferred our hatred of a system to individuals, or our detestation of falsehood to its dupes, we utterly and totally deny.

We are aware that it may not be usual for the conductors of a periodical such as ours at all to enter into controversy with the daily press; in many ways it is inconvenient—as a habit it would be impracticable. We have deviated from our own usage because we conceive the matter to which we have alluded of importance. We are very sure that these upon whose conduct we have commented, will receive our remarks as they are intended; we are under many obligations to them for the good opinion they have been more than once pleased to express of our literary labours; perhaps we could not give a more substantial proof of the value we set upon that good opinion, than by the pains we have taken to refute their accusation.

There is much in the political history of the past month that demands attention, much that is cheering and animating, as it gives promise of the not very distant triumph of the sacred cause in which we have embarked. But before we allude to this—before we enter on the troubled and angry subjects of politics, we trust we may be permitted to speak of those who are gone to a happier and a more peaceful world. Within the last month the episcopal and judicial benches have each lost one of their brightest ornaments—it is needless to say that we allude to the deaths of Judge Jebb, and the late lamented Bishop of Raphoe. Of Judge Jebb, personally, we knew nothing; but of his character as an upright and constitutional judge—as a scholar, and a man of genius, who is there in Ireland that has not heard? We know that slander, which never yet affixed even the breath of suspicion to his living fame, has come forth to drop its darkest venom on his grave; and we know that almost before that grave had closed upon his cold remains, the pen of the traducer had violated the sanctity of death, and insulted the feelings of surviving relatives, by the heartlessness of cool and deliberate untruth. There were times when worth and virtue might have looked forward to the cessation of animosity with their lives; but a new spirit is arisen—the bitterness of party now hunts down its victim to the tomb—the

"virtutum incolumem odimus—sublatam quærimus"

is no longer true, and the hostility which virtue provokes while living, appears to reserve its most malignant rancour for the memory of the dead. But the name of Judge Jebb will long be remembered with affection and esteem, at least so long as there is in Ireland respect for learning, admiration of genius, or esteem for worth.

It is needless now to speculate upon the effect of the changes which the vacancy thus created may produce. Probably before these pages meet the eye of our readers, an appointment shall have set conjecture at rest. Mr. Crampton, Mr. Perrin, and Mr. O'Loughlen, are spoken of as likely to succeed; while some persons suppose that the ministry will take this opportunity of conveniently getting rid of Mr. Blackburne, whose honesty and integrity have sorely vexed them. We are no friends to Mr. Blackburne, or his politics, but we believe him to be an honest man, and there is not on record an instance of an Attorney-General accepting the place of a puisne judge. Of Mr. Crampton we will say nothing. Indeed, of the persons at all likely to be appointed, we believe Mr. Perrin is the best. He did not, to be sure, show much discretion in abandoning a lucrative practice in his profession, to enter on the uncertain speculations of a political adventurer—a life for which he was not qualified either by his habits or his talents; however, of all the persons likely to obtain the vacant place, his appointment would give the most general satisfaction, and we believe that he would make the best judge. This much we conceive it but right to say of one to whom we are politically opposed, but whose personal integrity and professional attainments we respect.

By the death of the last Protestant bishop of Raphoe, the income of another see has gone to swell the coffers of the church commissioners—we believe this is the fourth or fifth see that has fallen vacant since the bishop-extinguishing bill was passed—we have been told that there is a probability that a portion of the revenues of Raphoe will find their way to the purposes for which the income of the suppressed bishoprics was destined—for it is a fact, which has been communicated to us upon good authority, that the revenues of all the bishoprics, which had previously fallen in, were not sufficient to cover the expenses of the places and posts created by the operation, perhaps we should say the administration of the act!!

Of Dr. Bisset, the late bishop, we desire to say a few words. The memory of this truly Christian prelate will long be held in affectionate reverence by the people among whom he lived and the clergy over whom he ruled. Possessing in his disposition that which has been well termed “the milk of human kindness”—if he had a fault it was that he was too mild—and that he extended his charity to that point at which it becomes the amiable weakness of being too indulgent to the faults of others. We believe, we may safely say, that no man was ever more impartial or more disinterested in the disposal of his patronage—the giving away of livings he seemed to consider as part of the duties, not the emoluments, of the episcopal office; and he exercised this tremendous responsibility with a scrupulous regard to the rewarding of merit and the interests of religion. From the columns of the *Evening Mail* we take the following eloquent and just tribute to his memory—a tribute which is honourable to our contemporary, because, until late events had united all good men in a steadfast opposition to an infidel revolution, his lordship was a favourer of what were generally termed liberal politics:—

“It is with deep regret that we convey to our readers the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Bisset, the late and last Protestant bishop of Raphoe. His lordship expired at the residence of his nephew, in Scotland, at the hereditary mansion of the family. This sad event will be deeply lamented by the clergy of the diocese, over whom, for a period of twelve years, he exercised a truly pastoral and paternal care. When the see of Dublin became vacant by the death of Archbishop Magee, the government offered to Dr. Bisset the vacant archiepiscopal dignity; but his lordship declined it, assigning as his reason the increasing and multiplying infirmities of age, and his anxious desire to end his days among the clergy whom he knew and loved. His lordship was known in the literary world by a life of Edmund Burke. His benevolence was unbounded, and his charity munificent;—when Raphoe was visited last spring by the awful disease that desolated so many towns and villages in the land, his lordship remained at the palace, and converted his offices into hospitals for the sick, whom he attended with his own hands, administering alike bodily and spiritual relief. His lordship was, we believe, in his 79th year—his last memorial will be in the remembrance of the people among whom he lived—his

best epitaph in the veneration that will follow to the grave the philanthropist and the Christian. The patronage of the see devolves to Dr. Ponsonby, the Bishop of Derry, who, it is thought, will make his selection to reside at the palace in Raphoe, upon the improvement of which the late bishop had expended a considerable sum."

And while we thus record the obituary of the great, we feel that we would not do justice to our feelings did we pass over in silence the death of one to whom though neither a judge nor a bishop, the literature of his country is yet deeply indebted—we mean the late John James M'Gregor, author of the *History of the French Revolution*. Mr. M'Gregor was a native of the city of Limerick; at the early age of nineteen he commenced his literary career as editor of a provincial paper, the *Munster Telegraph*. His great work on the French Revolution extends to twelve volumes, octavo; and we believe that it is only its size and costliness that have prevented it from attaining to the most extensive circulation. For truth and particularity of narration, beautifully connected by philosophical reasoning, we know of no history that excels it; while the moral to be drawn from that awful lesson of the wickedness of men's passions and the danger of democratic license is powerfully and constantly enforced. Mr. M'Gregor was attached to the connection of Methodists, and was for many years editor of the *Primitive Wesleyan Magazine*. He also gave to the world three volumes of a series of "True Stories from the History of Ireland," a series which he left incomplete: of the last volume that appeared, we have already had occasion to express our editorial opinion. In the later years of his life he filled the office of literary assistant to the Kildare-street Education Society, a provision which was lost to his declining years by the abolition of the office, consequent on the withdrawal of the government grant. He died at Mountpleasant, near this city, with the Christian's trust and peace. He left behind him a character, the deserving of which should be the first object, as the attaining it is the highest boast, of all literary men—that he had never written a line which the sanctions of religion or the interests of morality would require him to alter or erase.

We beg to call the attention of the clergy, and of our readers in general, to the resolutions passed by the assembled clergy of the diocese of Limerick—resolutions which we regard as among the most important that have ever come before the public. We cannot yet forget the outcry that was raised by the Radical friends of the church!! on the rejection of Lord Althorp's, or, to speak more correctly, Mr. O'Connell's tithe bill, by the House of Lords; the government prints were filled with the most heartrending and pathetic accounts of the misery of that destitution into which the parson-starving peers and parson-starving Orangemen (for these two bodies were universally united) had plunged the poor clergy, and a grand declaration of the clergy, headed by one Dean Burgh, (whose name, we think, we remember in some kind of connection with the education board of Drs. Murray and Sadlier,) was to give expression to the indignation of the oppressed and persecuted body. The case was simply this—the clergy were reduced to want by the withholding of their lawful claims; and the government of the king, whose sworn duty it is to enforce for them their full legal rights, take the rogue's advantages of their distress, and offer them three-fifths of their income!! This equitable and very just proposition the House of Lords rejected. Then came the question, would the suffering clergy approve of this? Might not present wants be so urgent as to make them glad to get anything, and induce them to sell their future interests, for a little present relief? As far as the clergy themselves were concerned, we believe that their distress was so urgent that they would have been glad to get the smallest instalment for their immediate and pressing necessities; but they were but trustees for their successors and their flocks, and duty prevented them from acceding to any such arrangement—and here we have the testimony of the clergy of Limerick—men upon whom, be it remembered, the withholding of their just rights pressed with the greatest severity, that they, for themselves thank the peers for having rejected the measure which would have given them present relief, but bartered for it the rights of their successors and of the church. In pledging themselves

to the resolutions of the great Protestant meeting, they distinctly adopt this principle, for our readers will recollect that one of these resolutions was a vote of thanks to the peers for the rejection of the Tithe Bill.

The Conservative Society have been pursuing their operations with spirit and success. On Tuesday, September the 9th, Mr. O'Sullivan, in fulfilment of his pledge, laid before the Society a magnificent statement, upon which comment is now almost superfluous, as this splendid display of eloquence and reasoning is to be reprinted in a pamphlet, in which shape it will, no doubt, be in the hands of every thinking person in the empire. On the 16th, Mr. Boyton brought forward such a mass of evidence of the existence of a conspiracy, exclusively popish in its character—having for its object among others the extirpation of Protestantism—and in intimate and confidential communication with the Romish priesthood—as must force upon every reflecting mind the conviction, that England can no longer remain neutral—that either British power must terminate this anti-Protestant and anti-English confederacy, or the confederacy will destroy both Protestantism and British connexion. The Society have resolved upon sending deputations to England, a measure which must be attended with incalculable good.

We have only space briefly to allude to Mr. Cobbet's arrival; he reached the Irish metropolis on Thursday, the 18th. An attempt was made to get up a procession of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, to do honour to the man, whose only notoriety is to be found in his virulent opposition to the Christian religion; but, for the honor of our country, we rejoice to say it was a failure; and, though the mandate went forth from Darrynane, the collector and preserver of Tom Paine's bones was attended by about fifty ragamuffins, in five carriages, and about three times that number of pedestrians.

Lord Brougham has gone upon a mountebank excursion through "the land of cakes," and is astonishing the natives by a series of the most extraordinary exhibitions.

9, Upper Sackville-street,
September 20, 1834.

A. P.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

VOL. IV.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PARLIAMENTARY DOINGS WITH THE IRISH CHURCH	473
SONG. By Robert Gilfillan	484
SONG—"The Beautiful's Away." By Robert Gilfillan	485
CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE. By EDWARD S. O'BRIEN, A.M. Chap. I. Reading for Honours.—Charles D'Alton	486
THE LYRIC POETRY OF PINDAR	502
THE BALLAD OF LEONORE—From the German of Burger	509
HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY—No. IV. Conclusion	514
THE HORRORS OF HARMONY	543
CHINESE HISTORICAL DRAMAS AND ROMANCES—No. II.	548
THE SPECTRE OF THE LOG HUT	556
HIS MAJESTY'S PROMISES, AND HIS MINISTERS' DEEDS	559
THE CHOICE; AND THE STORY OF THE MINISTER'S ANNIE. By the ETTRICK SHEPHERD	562
ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK	568

DUBLIN:

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Many and various have been the similitudes by which poets have endeavoured to shadow forth the idea of multitude. The croci of Tmolus—the hares on mount Hœmus—the sands of the sea side—the stars of Heaven—the waves of the troubled ocean—the hairs of their heads—the dust of a mail-coach road—the leaves of the forest—all, and innumerable metaphors beside, have been pressed into the service of the Muse to express the idea of an innumerable multitude.

All these metaphors, no doubt, are very fine; but it is quite plain that those who use them have never been with us in our Sanctum, or even had a peep into our Balaam box; for had they been thus favoured, dropping the hares, the croci, the leaves, the stars, the sands, the dust and the billows, they would have substituted for them all—the contributors to the University Magazine. We use the word contributors in a large sense, to imply both those whose communications find a place in our pages, and—— But we must not insult the most numerous class; and so we will be classical, and employ an aposiopesis.

The satirist has said that a police-office is quite sufficient to give a man an adequate idea of the wickedness of human nature; “*una domus sufficit* :” with more truth we may say, that one hour passed with our august selves, would be fully sufficient to impress any man or woman with a full notion of the scribbling mania of this age, terrible and interminable as it is. He would see packets pouring in, all prefaced with humble petitions that we would be graciously pleased to read the same, until our stout oaken table groans beneath its literary load, while we, from the bottom of our hearts, respond to its laments as each successive and more voluminous packet comes before our aching eyes—until human patience can endure no longer; and glancing our eye at the first line of each huge folio—by which glance we are often satisfied that it is huge nonsense—we sweep in our wrath, without pity or remorse, the whole bundle of annoyances into the Balaam box.

But all this we intend as a proclamation of the simple fact, that henceforward we shall discontinue our “*Notices to Correspondents*,” in consequence of the tremendous additions that are monthly made to that highly respectable class. Those, therefore, who wish for answers to their epistles, must provide some other means by which we can communicate with them. We may answer ‘G. H. I.,’ or ‘M. G. H.,’ at the moment we receive their communications; but to expect us to remember all these nomenclatures until the end of the month, and then cover fourteen or fifteen pages with a reprint of all possible combinations and permutations of the letters of the alphabet, this really is too much.

Furthermore, we will not engage to return any short articles. Of this, all ye writers of sonnets and stanzas, ye ‘R. G. M.’s,’ and ‘S. T. C. D.’s,’ and ‘Sizator’s’—ye who write poems about Killarney and ‘Boreas’ sighs,’ and ‘sky wearing mountains,’ take due and timely notice.

Furthermore, no prize poems must be sent to us, be they in Latin, Greek, or English. We saw a Latin prize poem the other day on Mr. Milliken’s counter, of which the first two words contained a most egregious false quantity!! an invocation to truth, beginning with a most extraordinary Dactyl, “*Tū Vērītas!!!*”

We must take this public opportunity of thanking Mr. O’Brien for his letter and his most powerful Chapter of College Romance—as, though he wrote us a very polite note, requesting an immediate answer, he gave neither date nor place of abode. This is a most strange practice, against which we caution all our correspondents. We wish particularly for a personal interview with Mr. O’Brien. We shall, at least, meet his wishes, if not go beyond them.

ANTHONY POPLAR.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

VOL. IV.

PARLIAMENTARY DOINGS WITH THE IRISH CHURCH.

IN times of peculiar danger nothing is more important than that those who are assailed should have a clear apprehension both of the magnitude of the perils that threaten and the extent of the defensive resources upon which they have to depend. We do not covet the epithet of alarmists, but we confess we are no friends to that short-sighted policy which endeavours to keep up the spirit of a party by concealing the dangers to which their cause is exposed. This is treatment suited only for the timid and the weak—in the hour of the attack we may soothe into a false repose, the woman or the child—but it becomes the man to look the enemy in the face. Equally removed from true courage is the disposition to overlook the danger that it dares not meet, with the timorous apprehension of imaginary terrors. We look always with suspicion upon the cry that proclaims “peace! peace! where there is no peace.” They are not the true friends of a cause who lull its supporters into a false security from which the presence, not of danger but ruin, must speedily awaken them. No, when we call on all for their services, all should be told honestly that they are indispensable—let every man be apprised of the necessity of exertion, and then we may expect that every man will do his duty.

The Church is in danger—how often has this been stigmatized as a Tory cry got up to influence the prejudices of the nation—it is now the watchword both of her enemies and her friends—when the one are no longer anxious to conceal their hostility,

the other can have no motive for suppressing their apprehensions—when infidelity and popery, united in unholy and unnatural combination, have already raised the shout of prospective triumph at the anticipated downfall of our Christian institutions, it is time for the friends of religion to put forth the language of manly and unyielding determination in their defence. It is now impossible to conceal—it is madness to dissemble—that national Christianity is openly assailed by a numerous and influential party, and the struggle is at this moment going on, that must quickly decide whether religion is any more to have a place in our councils; or Christianity any longer a title to our respect.

In this struggle the friends of religion must depend upon the King, the people, and the Lords—in the King’s government and the House of Commons, they must place no confidence whatever. Thanks to the reform bill and the reform mania, the present House of Commons no more represents the feelings of the British nation than do the tenpound householders the respectability of the country—and the King’s speech to the bishops leaves no question that the ministers do not represent the feelings of their royal master; and thus are we placed in the most anomalous position that has ever characterised any national crisis—with two of the great constitutional elements of the legislature in favour of religion and of our Protestant establishments, and yet their constitutional and recognised organs unequivocally

opposed to the sanctions of religion and the support of our institutions. We have a king bound by the obligations of a most sacred official oath and by the tie of a voluntary declaration, the circumstances attending which made it sacred as an oath, to maintain and support the Church—we have a ministry wielding that King's prerogative to destroy the Church. The people still look with affectionate veneration to the establishment that gives them the ordinances of religion and the word of God; but, alas, "the commons in parliament assembled are no longer one, and the same thing with the commons at large," and the infidel representatives of a religious people are even outstripping a profligate government in their zeal for unhallowed spoliation. Seconded by the rabble shouts of the Destructives out of doors, whose noisy ruffianism they affect to mistake for the expression of the popular voice, the lower branch of legislature are pursuing their course of reckless and unprincipled aggression upon all that is venerated by the national heart. The peers alone remain true to their God, the nation, and themselves; and to the peers we must look for protection until, as on the ever-memorable occasion of 1783, the spirit of the constitution triumphs over its perverted forms, and the king and the people are again supported by the lords in crushing the attempted despotism of a profligate ministry and a corrupt House of Commons.

Our intention, at present, is to endeavour to show the utter madness of the confidence which rests, in ever so remote a degree upon either the ministry or the House of Commons. From neither must Protestants expect any countenance or support. By both the Irish Church is doomed to extinction; and this being the case, it is well that it should be understood; and we trust that we may not be altogether unprofitably employed in submitting to our readers the grounds upon which we have formed our opinion as to both.

Let every Irish Protestant be assured, that it would be extremely difficult to overestimate the hostility of the present House of Commons to the church established in this part of the united kingdom. In that assembly everything, humanly speaking, is against

her. First, there is her presumed physical weakness, and accessibility to attack; for too long have the government mistaken the conscientious obedience of the Irish Protestants for the submission of cowardice, and imagined that they submit to their tyranny because they dare not resist; then the great amount of influence exercised by the Romanist party, through burnings and massacres out of doors, and that scarcely less iniquitous policy pursued by the leaders of that party within the walls of parliament, that skilful mixture of kicking and coaxing, by which Mr. O'Connell knows he must defeat a feeble and unprincipled ministry; add to all this the ingrained *habit* of the English Whigs and Radicals, who have been taught, from their very infancy upwards, to make the Irish Church the butt of their patriotism—and in these several but converging causes, who does not see enough to be convinced that an immeasurable hatred has coalesced with an immeasurable cowardice for the destruction of the Protestant Church!

But another cause remains—the deep and general, though secret and unacknowledged, conviction in the minds of the reforming members, that the bill has not had its perfect work—that they have but inadequately served that ferocious and turbulent spirit, by whose agency they were summoned into political existence—that unless by some splendid and costly sacrifice they appease its voracity, they, individually, must be speedily discarded and disgraced. Terrors from behind urge them onward. They remember but too well—what, we believe, many of them would but too gladly forget—the words which they have spoken in the face of their supporters—words which they deemed to be spoken idly and to no purpose, save that of exalting them to stations which they were incompetent to fill, but which fell upon intent and eager ears and minds, where they dwell, as though graven with a pen of iron on a rock.

Upon a deliberate estimate of all these causes, we deem it impossible to avoid the conviction that the zeal and hatred of the majority of the House of Commons is now fixedly concentrated upon the Irish establishment; and were it within the possibilities of things that that majority were com-

pelled to choose one object, and one only, upon which to wreak its wrath, we verily believe that dear as is the work of demolition in its several departments—dear as is the ballot, for the deterioration of character which it would produce—dear as is the free trade in corn, for the overthrow of the landed interest—dear as is the project of a national education, in order that definite and effective religion may be excluded from it—dearer than all these, one enterprise still remains, for which, if it were necessary, every other would reluctantly, but infallibly, be sacrificed—and that one is, the destruction of the Protestant Church in Ireland.

What is the actual position of the House of Commons, and how far are its intentions matter, not of probable conjecture, but of positive and unequivocal testimony? By two votes of last session, one upon the Church Temporalities Act Amendment Bill, the other upon the Tithe Bill, it stands distinctly committed. By the first it appropriated the Perpetuity Purchase Fund in aid of the deficiency in tithe; by the second it took forty per cent. from the clergy and gave it to the landlords. Now we have to observe, in the first place, on the baseness of that large party in the House of Commons, including the ministers, who have heretofore said, "We are friends to the right of parliament over church property; but we will as strictly secure the integrity of tithe as the most rigid Conservative, leaving open, for posterior discussion, the question of appropriation; because it is quite clear that the tithe belongs to the state if not to the church, the landlords and occupiers have no claim upon it;" and on this principle Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell cooperated with Lord Ripon and Mr. Stanley in the promotion of a bill which went to secure the whole tithe property, for the time being, to the church.

The "State" appears to be with the radicals, a convenient pretext for all kinds of robbery and spoliation. "The public good" is to be the talismanic watch-word that legalises every grade and every species of private wrong. Is privilege to be destroyed, or charter to be interfered with? the compendious justification of the iniquity is to be found in the little words, "the state,"

and "the public good." Is property to be taken away? are the most ancient prescriptions to be disregarded, and the most solemn engagements to be trampled on? the same magic words become the manual of spoliation, and their employment consecrates, as by the repetition of some mystic ritual, the commission of all perfidy, and the disregard of all right. The state is represented as if it were like the fabled devourer of his own children, a monster that is to swallow up all the rights which it has itself created, and which look to it, as to a parent, for protection and support. The public good is an *ignis fatuus*, never to be grasped, and only leading those who follow it through sloughs and quagmires, where there is no sure footing. Observe how the state is employed in this doctrine about Irish tithes—if the tithes do not belong to the clergy, they do to the state. And yet their appropriation to the clergy is a hardship to the tithe payers. How much will they be relieved by the alternative? They now find in the Protestant clergyman a resident gentleman, a friend at hand to minister to their necessities, their sickness, and their wants; but we will leave these temporal considerations apart, and, in the name of the God of truth, we ask, is it nothing that the poor benighted peasantry should have the blessings of the Gospel of truth? Will those who believe that Popery is error, do justice even to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, if they consign them exclusively to her teaching? The moral midnight of popery spreads the curtain of its darkness over the country; and is it justice to that country, to take with unholy hand, from the altar of God, the lamp of truth that sheds its ray upon the gloom, and dash it in sacrilegious frenzy on the ground, that all may be the blackness of darkness for ever? and this for no better reason than that there are some who love darkness rather than light, and who, therefore, are offended by its brightness?

These doctrines may be ridiculed as folly and enthusiasm; but while we believe truth to be that which is of the greatest importance to every child of man, we cannot believe that we do our duty, if we neglect every means of propagating that truth; and upon these

principles, we ask, is there no hardship in taking away the proceeds of Irish tithe, now devoted to purposes exclusively Irish, and handing them over into the grasping hands of the state, which now claims the right of its absolute disposal, so that it may, if it please, divert money raised in Ireland for the completion of the Rideau canal, in Canada, or the repair of the fortifications of Malta and Gibraltar?

But oppressive as this now popular doctrine of the tenure of tithe thus appears to be, did its adherents act in conformity with it? How was its integrity preserved for the benefit of the state? By sacrificing forty per cent. of the entire. And the same house which in 1833 and 1834 had affirmed, in its several stages, a measure, the essential principle of which was to secure (we do not say to appropriate) the tithe, by majorities of five, six, aye, even ten to one! also affirmed, in committee on the same bill, by a majority of above two to one, the sacrifice of two-fifths of its amount!!

Had gentlemen changed their opinions? The idea is exploded by the immense proportions of members who supported the government against Mr. O'Connell's repeated attempts to overthrow the bill. Then no conclusion remains but this: that the temporary pacification of the agitator was so material to the government, and the distinct affirmation of the spoliating principle so dear to the house, that it could not be purchased at too high a rate by the most shameless indecency, and the most precipitate tergiversation.

Let no one for a moment suppose that the change from twenty to forty per cent. was one merely of degree. A new principle was established by it. The deduction of twenty per cent. may have been griping and avaricious—it may have been an overcharge—it may have been intended, covertly, to insinuate the principle of spoliation; but, at all events, according to all the professions and admissions of rival parties, it was, in principle, distinctly and specifically a compensation to those who were to receive it, for charging them with a matter of trouble and loss—a fine upon those who were to pay it, for relief from care and expense. But not the most extravagant estimate of these disadvantages can

conceal the glaring fact that forty per cent is utterly beyond the mark. The question is no longer left in doubt when such a provision has been adopted; spoliation is written here, so that he who runs may read.

So far, therefore, as the House of Commons is concerned, the Irish Church is not probably nor prospectively alone, but actually deprived of its property.

To conciliate the dreaded influence of the agitator, the ministry and the commons consented to the robbery of the church. Will that influence be diminished by the events that will certainly take place before parliament reassemble? Will the importance of purchasing the services of the man who puts himself forward as able to be the pacificator of Ireland, be diminished by the crimes and insurrections with which (because they now answer a political purpose,) we can certainly predict the winter will be marked. The government are afraid to exercise the authority of the law, and they have, therefore, entered on the insane course of purchasing, by the sacrifice of all principle, a temporary quiet from the lord of misrule. The black-mail is levied, through the government, off the Protestants of Ireland—our rights are the purchase money in the bargain. Will his force be diminished, or his temper mitigated by the accumulated triumphs of another campaign of outrage? No! the dark nights are his invaluable treasure—ministerial poltroonery is his best card—upon him, we can calculate free, at least, from the pains of uncertainty.

Further, what have we to expect from the ministry? From that ministry which introduced the reform bill to prolong its existence—which carried it by means alien to the constitution—which has traitorously tampered with every sound principle of our institutions, that they have not yet had the audacity to destroy? Who shall now maintain the side of moderation in cabinet battles? who shall vindicate the law? Lord Melbourne, who avowed his hostility to the principle of reform, while he supported the bill in October, 1832? Lord Lansdowne, who so gallantly upheld the establishment in a speech which a few days after he condemned by a commission? Lord Palmerston and Mr. Grant? No! their

Whiggery of four years' standing is a plant of firmer and fuller growth than their Toryism of five-and-twenty; and while the former has Protestant Holland to insult, and Infidel France to caress, the latter is amiably busied in concerting with Mr. O'Connell how best to carry into effect that clause of the India bill, which gives the Governor-General power to allocate *any* sum of money, at his discretion, in furtherance of *any* sect of religion complainant enough to call itself Christian. We do not speak of the other ministers—where there is no hope, there can be no disappointment.

But will the House of Commons be better inclined than the ministry? A survey of its acts, and mature consideration of its character, convinces us that the present house will never stop short of any degree of radicalism to which the ministers may attain. It has been, from the first, (with the single exception of Baron Smith's case,) a propelling power to the government. The difficulties of government, which have been manifold, have all been experienced in their attempts to check the impulse of the Commons; while, on the contrary, while they have co-operated with it, the temper of that assembly has been with them.

We have already given one example of the high value which the house sets upon an opportunity of wounding the Irish church—take another.

When the commission of inquiry was attacked in debate, it was vindicated as against the radicals, on the ground that it would be indecent and unjust to legislate in the dark, and to take away the property of the Irish Church before it was positively ascertained that its amount was larger than could be requisite for the purposes of its duties. And this was the answer made to Sir Robert Peel when he complained of the inquiry as a measure calculated to unsettle every thing, and afflicting us with the double pains of evil, at once certain and indefinite. A convenient argument; and re-echoed, *pro more*, with cheers. But what became of this approved reasoning when the tithe bill came into discussion? When the forty per cent. amendment was carried? Was it *then* decent to inquire before legislating? Was it then desirable to know by something

more than mere rumour that the Irish Church could *spare* this sum? As much so as before, in truth, but not so in politics. An opportunity of wounding her was presented; and in spite of the formal recognition of preliminary enquiry and its indubitable approval by the house, that opportunity was too good to be thrown away, and the clause was passed, *through the efforts of the government to be beaten*, so that while his majesty's commissioners were gravely inquiring into the sufficiency of the Irish Church property, the ministerial House of Commons had already voted its reduction!

And yet, after all this, it is *not* enough that the Commons should escape the charge of profligate insincerity—that they should enjoy an impunity after *such* offences against their own declared laws of action; but the House of Lords, forsooth, is to be derided and reviled, because it has rejected the Irish tithe bill. We tender them our best thanks, in common with a portion of the community, neither small nor impotent, for that noble act: and God grant that they may persevere! It is a fit subject of prayer. If the safety of the union be bound up with that of the church—if the peace of the empire be involved in the maintenance of the union—if the propagation of sacred truth be an object for which the honest man ought to spend and be spent with alacrity and zeal—then, we say, well, indeed, may we, from day to day and from night to night, with one mind and voice, beseech the Almighty Father that he will give to “all the nobility, grace, wisdom, and understanding” to persevere in that faith which the light of conscience has already marked out for their feet.

Let us look to the other alternative. What would have been their position if they had *passed* the bill?

As regards their own immediate reputation? Never again would they have been able to temper that hatred with which the Radicals regard them, by any involuntary admixture of fear. They must know that that hatred is deeply graven in the souls of an active and inexorable faction, and that there is no physical antipathy in the whole range of creation more determined, more bent upon action, more certain

to work itself out, than that which obtains between the tendencies of modern radicalism, and the principle of an hereditary aristocracy.

"Lupis et agnis quanta sortitò obligit
Tecum mihi discordia est."

We take that hatred to be the fixed and polar principle of the nature of radicalism in its relations to a peerage. But it may be modified and repressed: it will deal differently with a foe exhibiting virtue, consistency, and power, and with one which sues, as it were, to be scorned and exterminated. Had the Lords passed the tithe bill, their vote to that effect would have been, to all intents and purposes, a strong and a pressing invitation to the Commons for new trials of their patience, new attestations of their debasement. Scorn would have grown, but detestation would not have dwindled. They would have accelerated the approach of a conflict, and increased the probability, or rather insured the certainty of defeat.

But let us consider the position of the peers with respect to their royal master. In infringing (with the example of the lower house we admit) two principles of the commons—namely, that of the right of the state, if not the church, to the *entire* tithe, and that of preliminary inquiry, they would not only have bowed their own necks to this wanton and capricious despotism, but they would have insulted their sovereign. He had committed his august name by ordering an inquiry into the state of the Irish Church. Where was the peer of England who would have deigned or dared to send him a bill for its mutilation, while that inquiry was in actual progress? The minority on that bill, as we are firmly convinced, did not at all represent the numerical insignificance of that body of lords who would have proved so intensely unconscious of their station, its duties and demands. Some, we know, stated—many, we are convinced, entertained, the determination to restore the original bill in the teeth of the House of Commons, and fling upon them, and upon the government—that government which had framed it!—the heavy responsibility of its rejection. An immense majority of the House of Lords are determined to uphold the integrity of the Irish Church, and on the firmness

of that majority, with God's blessing, we confidently depend.

But what would have been the consequences of the tithe bill to the Irish Church? Peace and a competency, say the ministers and their friends. But that competency they were just about ascertaining, and that peace they do not seem over anxious to maintain. And Mr. Ellice, the new cabinet minister, who assured us, in his first speech, that the safety of the Irish Church would to him be a co-ordinate object with the contentment of the people, further informed us, in his second, that he "hardly knew in what he differed from the honourable member," which honourable member desires the destruction of the Irish Church as an essential instrument for the contentment of the people. We have to deal with a sickening baseness in public men, and we live in a time when charity itself would be compelled to reverse its maxim, and to be suspecting, instead of believing all things.

Read, then, those consequences in the announcement of Mr. O'Connell to his countrymen, "that they have already got two-fifths of the tithe, and next session they will get all." Read them in the known and admitted feelings of the majority of the Commons: not one of those, we believe, who admit the parliamentary right of alienation, would stop short at the reduction of *forty* per cent; though, had it been fifty, some one or two have declared that that would satisfy them. But read them, above all, in this, that the *entire* principle upon which we stand would have been surrendered, and we must have fallen back upon that bastard position, neither possible nor desirable to be maintained, that the episcopal Protestant congregations are to be provided, according to their numbers, with a regiment of parliamentary clergy, drilled by some under secretary of state, and scarified year by year in the estimates.

It is, indeed, matter for thankfulness, that the false words of peace, spoken in the ear of the House of Lords, were not allowed to penetrate further. Had we been doomed to a bit-by-bit spoliation, the existence of the church would have been embittered, but not prolonged. Of all the dangers of the time, none, we apprehend, is so subtle

and so fatal as the secret insinuations of weak and vacillating men, who cannot either affirm or deny, but whose conceptions of beauty, truth, virtue, valour, are all summed up in a *tertium quid*. By some oblique approach they gain their ground; by some restriction of the amount of mischief they veil the hideousness of its principles, as if the *extent*, and not the *nature* of the act, were the question. Having a first commission, they argue for a second; and now it is not the extent, but the nature, which is material; and the nature of the act once recognised and approved, its application is enlarged according to circumstances; and who does not see, that to stop at a certain degree, after having sanctioned the principle, not only requires an effort of tenfold courage, but exacts it from a nature enfeebled by its own internal struggles between duty and policy, and debased by a succession of dishonourable defeats?

Are we not now witnessing, in the current politics of the present day, fatal and mournful analogies to that false reasoning by which, in the lower classes of society, men are deluded through cupidity into crime? The wretch who is hanged upon the gallows, commenced by taking a little which would not be missed; the drunkard by risking a little more than moderation, which would not be felt; the gambler by staking a little, forgetful that the very atmosphere around him was tainted, that a thousand instruments of destruction were in activity, and that, with the confidence of his foes without, would progress the fainting of his heart within. How many are there now, in both houses of parliament, mild, and moderate, and well intentioned, thoroughly desirous of preserving the peace of the country, but who have suffered themselves to be terrified, first by one empty menace and then by another—to be enchained, first by one party consideration and then by another—to sacrifice principle after principle to that domination of circumstance over the mind of man, which, feeble and despicable in its first attempts on his dignity and freedom, heightens its demands and rivets its grasp as he sinks into worthlessness and servitude.

It is true that such men do not go

all lengths, but they prepare the way for those who do. It is true that they repent, but it is equally true that they cannot repair. We readily believe that La Fayette repented in 1792, but he could not avert the catastrophes of 1793. It was his singular fate to be cheated and overreached by two successive revolutions. The one rushed over him into anarchy, the other stole past him into a government wanting of despotism little save the name. But we observe that in every great national crisis, as it advances towards its consummation, man after man, and section after section, desert the accelerating and join the resisting party—and uniformly in vain! The party of Lords Holland and Bedford: the Covenanters of Scotland: and the Presbyterians of England: each in succession detached itself from the cause of the revolution of 1640, but it proceeded upon its predestined path, with the impetus which they had communicated, and the King's head rolled upon the scaffold. Even so it was in France. The party of Necker and the Anglicists: the party of Mirabeau and La Fayette: the party of Verguidud, Brissot, and Madame Roland—all seceded in turn, all were proscribed in turn, and social disorganization still progressed. Are we again to witness the revolution of these awful cycles? A single case we might have deemed should have been enough to instruct and warn a single world. But the process has commenced. From the year 1829, there were many instances of secession from what was then considered the liberal party. The Marquis of Bristol, the Lords Haddington and Dudley: more decided than these, Lord Caernarvon, Mr. Baring, the Knight of Kerry, Sir James Scarlett, Mr. Wynn, Lord Fortescue: again, in 1834 we have witnessed the separation of a larger mass—four cabinet ministers, with no small number of adherents in both houses. And even the few months which have since elapsed, have sufficed to force Lord Grey and frighten Lord Carlisle out of office.

This is but the general rule of revolutions—the mild leaders of its commencement, are but the pioneers for the turbulent directors of its progress—those who sow the whirlwind, but

rarely reap the storm—as the fury of the populace progresses, more furious leaders are required, and some bold spirit from the crowd usurps the place from which some lingering principle or fear had driven its last possessor—the more reckless the man, the more fitted to be a leader. Thus, for so far, it has been in England—a Grey has been succeeded by a Melbourne; and it is more than hinted that, if the Destructives have their way, my Lord Melbourne must give way to Lord Durham. When we have got this far, the rest will be intelligible enough. Lord Durham will do his work, and will then be discarded for some one still more unprincipled, and still more ready, unhesitatingly, to sacrifice his conscience and his honor at the shrine of popularity.

We still look for further and speedy desertions. Neither Lord Lansdown nor the premier will, we trust, accompany their colleagues to the lengths which some of them are prepared to go. But it is now not from the most interested motives that we express any solicitude of this kind. The transition of a powerful individual is of secondary consequence, at a period when all individual power is becoming from day to day less and less relatively to those forces which dwell in the consolidated masses of certain portions of the people, and are wielded by their leaders. But individual *character* is perhaps more important than ever: and *character* it is never wholly too late to retrieve. Would that all such would reflect, that even their personal separation, when that stern resolve is taken, brings away but a part of themselves! There still remains the essential impression which their words and conduct have made to make the great work it has given to a cause in the eyes of the coarse judges and loose thinkers—nay, the *prestigious* argument against themselves, drawn from their long cooperation with those from whom they separate.

A steady succession of changes from evil to evil is opened to our view, if that programme of our future policy which includes the destruction of the Irish Church. How is it possible that ministers can suppose the course of reform will be checked, and arrested, by the surrender of the

Church? What friend to repeal now will *then* have become its enemy? Why, it is not even stated by any one of that faction, from Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil downwards, that such is the case: they do not even deign to insinuate the sufficiency of the destruction of the establishment, though they asseverate its necessity: they do not condescend to any profession bearing analogy, however remote, to that dastardly artifice which before the concession of the Catholic claims they and their friends incorporated into their tactics, the unhesitating declaration that the proposed concession would strengthen the rights of the church, and extinguish the very idea of repeal. Had they worn this mask, there would have been a *prima facie* case in support of those Unionists who are church destroyers. It is true, it would have been *only* a *prima facie* case. But now—how is it possible to comprehend the policy of those who invite us to make an immense sacrifice for the purpose of conciliating men who have plainly told us they will *not* be conciliated by it?

On the other hand, what enemy to repeal *now*, will then have become lukewarm in the advocacy of his favourite measure? The day may come when the English government will find the Protestants of Ireland more powerful than they could wish. If their constitution be overthrown, and their consciences violated, then, we speak not the language of idle menace, but of sober and sorrowful probability, when we say, it may be that they will shrink with horror from that imperial legislature where not merely their selfish interests have been invaded, but that great confraternity of *principles*, which formed the real basis of *their* union with Britain, will have been basely cast away. Who does not know that such are Mr. O'Connell's calculations? The paltry sacrifice of the Irish Church is not commensurate with the largeness of his ultimate views. But he deigns to help it forward for its *instrumental* utility. Now let us put a case which is not improbable—the avowed establishment of popery in Ireland. All conscientious Protestants would deem such an establishment a gross violation not only of political but moral principle, an intolerable infringement

of those relations which, as a Protestant nation, we are bound to maintain towards our God. Now, in this case it is obvious that *conscience can only be saved by a complete separation*. And are there not many English Protestants who would say, "dear as is the Irish connection, which gave the means at least of strengthening and consolidating the empire, and, more than this, of spreading a pure Christianity, we will not retain it only to be involved in the responsibility and guilt of lending a direct sanction to a Roman Catholic church establishment; we must add all our weight to the scale of those who are endeavouring to repeal a compact now in our eyes contaminated by sin?"

This, we may be told, is prejudice—it is a prejudice drawn from the Bible. But even admitting this to be foolish, it alters not the case; it is with the existence, and not the wisdom of the feeling that we are concerned. That such a feeling does exist in the minds of many of the most influential in rank and station there can be no doubt. If the maintenance of the union be an object with the ministers, it is madness to provoke even the religious prejudices of the English nation into hostility against it.

But another topic arises in connection with this subject. Will the partition of church revenues in Ireland, according to the numerical forces of the different sects, extend to England? No, say the ministers. Yes, says Mr. O'Connell, not as we believe from any peculiar honesty or simple frankness, but because, as he avows, he thinks the time is now come for declaring his hostility to a peerage and an established church. (It is not yet arrived, for denouncing the monarchy—but will the interval be long?)

We shall here, in elucidation of this part of the subject, draw a comparison which will probably surprise many of our readers.

Mr. Ward will not be suspected of an inclination to overrate the numbers of churchmen in Ireland. He takes them at 600,000. Lord Althorp's speech on introducing the Irish church bill in 1833, gave the tithe at £580,000. Mr. Mahony, whose authority stands high among the Roman Catholic party, in his pamphlet of this year on the

tithe bill, (p. 17,) declares that the clergy have not been in receipt of more than sixty per cent. of the gross amount. We speak here, be it observed, not of their *rights*, but of their receipts; and not of their real and known receipts, but of their receipts as estimated by an authority opposed to us. Their amount will be, at this rate, £352,000, or about eleven shillings and sixpence a-head for the episcopal Protestants of Ireland.

Now, in England (including Wales) the audacity of some dissenters makes them to estimate the churchmen as low as four millions. But say they estimate them at six—we believe nine would be nearer the truth, and certainly not beyond it; but then we should also put a considerable augmentation on the estimate for Ireland; and we are now applying the same rule to both, that of liberal calculations.

In the first report of the English church revenue commissioners, printed at the end of the past session, we find the following passage:—"The total net income thereof (of the *benefices*,) will be three million two hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds." This statement is based upon actual returns from 10,498 benefices out of 10,701, with approximation for the rest. And thus we have for the English church, according to the same hostile estimate, an average expense per head in tithe, of about ten shillings and sixpence, *one-eleventh* less than in Ireland! How broad and tenable a ground for the Irish church destroyers to occupy as English church upholders!

A few words more on another point of interest, and we have done. It is, the probable *manner* in which the ministerial campaign of next year, as against the Irish church, will be conducted.

That portion of the warfare which is under the direction of Mr. O'Connell, and whose business it is to shake the foundation of all church property, will doubtless be, as it has heretofore been, in kind, though, probably, with increased fury. But a new engine will be put in operation. The results of the commission will have been known; and imposing phrases of astonishment will have been prepared to signalize the announcement of that which every

body already knows, the numerical inferiority of the Irish Protestants. Although we have reason to be fully persuaded that if the clergy of Ireland do their duty, in placing before the commissioners correct evidence as to the number of their flocks, the report of their investigations will present a result that will surprise alike the friends and enemies of Protestantism, as to the amount of Protestant population in Ireland.

How will the government progress from the fable to its moral? for indeed their commission is as hypocritical and dishonest as fable is when it professes to be fact, and its purpose as manifest in the back ground as the maxims of *Æsop* under the fine texture of his fictions.

On the one hand we have the determination, the known determination, of the representatives of the British people to invade the Irish Church; on the other we have the often manifested antipathies of that British people to a Roman Catholic establishment, in whole or in part; the memorable and remembered struggles of their forefathers—and the suspicion of some, the hope of others, the exulting confidence of many more, that their character has not yet undergone so complete and bewildering a transmutation as to warrant the expectation that they will tolerate, without resistance, the reinstatement of Romanism in its abused and forfeited ascendancy.

Take these opposite tendencies, neither of them little short of absolute certainty, as “equations of condition,” they will greatly restrict the limits of our problem and facilitate its solution. They reduce the question to this form, how shall the ministry satisfy the commons without incensing the people? And this, we have no doubt, has been the question which has sometimes hovered as a terrible apparition before the imagination of Lord John Russell, which has thickened yet more hopelessly the cloudy perceptions of Lord Althorp, when they have thought of the session and the hustings—of Mr. O’Connell in the front, and the farmers of Northamptonshire in the rear.

We believe further, that they have found the answer, and the only answer, to that perplexing question. It is this: that they must give to Romanism some

covert but effective support: they must devise some plan, whose exterior shall be such as delude the people of England, viewing it from afar, by a specious name: while its internal construction shall give to the Roman Catholics, examining it on the spot, sufficient assurance that the propagation of their faith, of their faith too as professed in Ireland, is now an object dear to the consciences or necessary for the convenience of the Protestant administration of Great Britain!

We do not love to assume the character of prophets: but in the present instance it is of immense importance to the constitutional party, to know, with some tolerable probability at least *where* they are to be assailed, and *how*. Now, combining those points we have already stated, with certain hints and intimations from Lord Brougham and Lord J. Russell, we cannot help entertaining a strong persuasion, that the charge against the Irish Church will be that it is of a partial and sectarian character, and the remedy proposed a comprehensive educational scheme, out of her funds, such as shall not avow the promotion of Popery for its object, but attain it as its result: most probably an extension of the present (misnamed) national education.

This has ever been the policy pursued by the enemies of Protestantism. Calculating upon the immeasurable credulity of her friends, they gravely tell us that every attack upon the integrity of national religion is designed to ensure its permanence and support its strength. All the safeguards of Protestantism have been removed, with the professed intention of rendering it more secure, and Popery has been strengthened and encouraged to prevent the church of England being injured by its power. It matters not that all past experience has shewn the utter folly of a system, the madness of which one would have thought was evident to common sense; there are still men who, in the face of all past experience—in the teeth of the experience which the melancholy history of the conciliation scheme presents for our instruction—still gravely tell us that the wisest way to maintain religion is to disregard its sanctions—the most prudent method of upholding the church, to confer power on its uncom-

promising foes ; and still is Protestantism undermined in the name of friendship—every blow is prefaced with new and more extravagant professions of regard, and confiscation itself is represented as an act of the most disinterested love. There is a measure to human credulity, there is also a limit to human endurance—there may have been a time when the weak may have been deluded by the hypocrisy of religion's pretended friends ; but that time is gone by for ever ; the man who now affects not to see that modern liberality, “like the daughter of the house leech, will cry, give ! give ! and be not satisfied”—that every concession is but a provocative to fresh demands—that the hope of satisfying Popery by any thing short of Roman Catholic ascendancy is utterly vain—the man, we say, who now affects not to see this, is not a fool—no ! such simplicity is beyond the bounds of human folly—he is a knave.

But the ministers will propose their plan for diverting the revenues of the Church of Ireland to the purposes of an unscriptural, that is, an infidel education board, and the House of Commons will hail the scheme with the reckless plaudits of unprincipled folly ; And what will the Lords do ? We know what they ought to do. They will throw out the bill—they will protect the church—they will maintain religion.

But is it not foolish in the House of Peers to link themselves to a falling cause and provoke the Commons to a collision ? Dark hints have been thrown out of what may then be done, and the fate of the convocation has been held up as a warning to their lordships' house. We have no patience with those who speak thus. Are the peers of England to purchase a continuance of their rights by a renunciation of their exercise ?—to continue to have the title of legislators by a virtual compact that they should never express an opinion ? and preserve their existence by sacrificing their independence ? Our able contemporary of the *Standard* (a journal to whose high talents and undeviating integrity the Protestants of Ireland owe a debt of gratitude that they never can repay) has dealt with this silly argument as it deserves. Who will care to preserve the House of Peers when they have become but a registering chamber for the decrees of the Com-

mons ? Let their lordships not be deceived—a servile dereliction from principle will alienate the affections of their friends, but never will disarm the hostility of their foes ; *they* will gather fresh confidence from the cowardice of such conduct ; they will know well the motive to which to assign this abandonment of duty ; they will not mistake submission for conciliation ; hating the peers as much as ever for their principles, they will despise them for the compromise.

And let not the peers imagine that even the Conservatives desire to see them maintained in their peculiar privileges one moment longer than they use those privileges in independence. No ! we attach no talismanic influence to a coronet or a title—we venerate an hereditary legislature for its uses, not its name—and when by yielding avowedly to dictation that legislature vote themselves useless, we will not raise a murmur of disapprobation if any other body should see fit to vote them a nuisance. Away then for ever with the idea that the peers can even continue to bear the name of nobles by becoming slaves—to them, as to every one, honesty is the best policy—the path of duty is the place of safety—and expediency itself proclaims the madness of the course which would preserve the fortification by surrendering everything that it had been built to defend—and, to secure privilege, would give up all that makes privilege worth possessing.

“ Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.”

But all this the peers of England feel—and upon this feeling they will act—they will assert their own independence while they maintain the cause of God—and, in that God, whose providence has hitherto marked England a chosen nation, and has so often preserved her in the hour of danger, of foreign invasion or domestic convulsion, do we place an honest and an unshaken trust—that he will crown their efforts with success. He, whose prerogative it is to still the noise of the waves and the raging of the people, will overrule to his church's good the plans of those who now take counsel together against her—and though infidelity and popery go hand and hand—though a union be formed between those who

reject Christianity and those who pervert it—though hatred to the truth be the common rallying point of those who have almost no other principle in common—yet truth shall triumph over every unholy combination that has been formed against it—the energies of a religious nation shall awake to preserve the insti-

tutions which their ancestors purchased with their blood—and the madness of revolutionary fury and the threats of revolutionary menace shall be remembered by our children, but as a cause of gratitude to the God who controlled the phrenzy of the one and brought to nought the vauntings of the other.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Tune—"Johanna's Grey Brecks."

The summer sun now blinks again,
The laverock seeks the morning sky,
The gowen glitters on the plain,
The daisy on the mountain high.

An' blithe my laddie saft an' shrill—
Sings wi' a heart, save true love free ;
His sang it seems to please me still,
Although I ken 'tis a' 'bout me.

He speaks o' love, I think o'nane,
He says without me he wad dee ;
I bid him woo some ither one,
But aye he fondly turns to me.

His pipe is sweetest on the hill,
His voice is saftest on the lea ;
I canno loe the laddie ill,
What's aye sae unco kind to me.

Alake ! my heart whaur wilt thou gang ?
'Tis no as it has been wi' thee ;
To be sae coy is surely wrong,
The laddie's aye sae kind to me.

SONG.

THE BEAUTIFUL'S AWAY.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

The roses flower and fade unseen,
In all their beauty fair,
They deck no more their leaves of green,
Nor fondly linger there.

For lovely eyes that watched their bloom,
Or bade their beauty stay,
Have closed their brightness in the tomb—
The beautiful's away.

I saw my flower in pride come forth,
But soon its hour went by ;
Permitted but to bud on earth,
It blossoms in the sky.

It fell ere autumn winds arose,
While summer yet was gay ;
Ye flowerets take a long repose—
The beautiful's away.

I may not sigh for her that's gone,
Nor weep though she is fled ;
No sigh should come, nor tear drop down,
For what is with the dead.

But in my heart there is a woe,
A grief that seems to say—
“ Bright flowers, lay all your blossoms low—
The beautiful's away.”

CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE.

By EDWARD S. O'BRIEN, Esq., A.M.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

"CHAPTERS of College Romance! And what has college to do with romance, or what have I to do with either? The days of romantic folly, like the age of chivalry, are gone for ever; and the tales of ladye-love and her true knight, that brought tears from the eyes of our great grand-mothers in their virgin days, are, like our great grand-mothers, consigned to the tomb. But who ever heard of College Romance? the romance of logic and mathematics? of folio lexicons and musty scolia! the writer has at least one of the characteristics of romance, he is mad."

If this, gentle reader, be the sentence you pass upon me before you read one line of my poor chapters, let me beg of you, as a favour, that you will permit me to reason with you for a few minutes, in my own defence, and tell what I have to say why this judgment should not be passed upon me. I will not detain you many minutes; and if in this short introduction, which I do not intend to go beyond the next page, if, I say, in this introduction, I do not succeed in convincing you both that there may be, that there has been romance in college—and, also, that romance is not altogether folly; that it may deal with something that is more modern than the age of chivalry—something that comes nearer to yourself than tales of the knight-errant and his ladye love—why, then, I will be content to fling all my manuscripts into the fire; I will not inflict a single one upon your patience; and the only romance of which I shall be guilty, is to watch, like the soothsayers of old, the spiral twirls of the blaze that consumes my chapters, and predict from their shapes and evolutions the splendour of the lot that awaited them, had not your hard and cruel fiat consigned them to the flames.

Then hear my defence. Do not in the first place, I intreat of you, believe any writer or lexicographer of any

language whatsoever, that the word romance at all implies any thing that is improbable or wild—for there is romance in the realities of life—every thing that differs from the ordinary things that you meet every day is romance; whether it be truth or falsehood, the romance of the imagination, or the romance of fact. And who dare say that nature does not, in all her wild variety, present scenes as wild and as imposing as any that the mind of man can conceive? Have you never heard the thunder when it rolled from hill to hill—have you never seen the lightning when it flashed from cliff to cliff—and then said that it was a romantic thunder-storm? although you knew full well that all was real, and that the noblest efforts of the wildest imagination could not add one jot to the grandeur or the terror of the scene. Have you never spoken of a romantic glen, or lake, or water-fall? and yet imagination did not conjure up the glen, the lake, or water-fall. There is, then, the romance of truth—and just for this simple reason, that truth is sometimes strange—and it is the romance of truth that I now propose to present to you. And why should there not be romance in college? There is romance wherever there is a deviation from the modes of acting, or of thought, that are common among men; there is romance wherever there is a disinterested act; wherever there is a high and ardent spirit to break through, by one eccentric effusion of its native generosity, the dull monotony of the selfishness of ordinary life. There is romance wherever interest is sacrificed to feeling—wherever there is love or friendship. Then why should there not be romance in college? Are there not within its walls young hearts over whom the world has not yet thrown its deadening spell, to wither up all their feelings into the sear insensibility of what the world calls prudence? Are there not there young Irishmen to whom their nativity

has attached the epithet of wild, and who certainly possess the birth-right of being enthusiastic. There is then romance in college, and these chapters will present you with much that is sad, and much that is gay, chequered just like the world in which we are, with all the strange mixtures of mirth and misery, with the alternate lights and shadows of gladness and sorrow.

When I say that these chapters will be the romance of truth, I mean that they are true. It has so happened that I was much, very much, longer an inmate of Alma Mater than falls to the average lot of her sons; and since I have ceased to sojourn within her chambers, accident, or perhaps I should say inclination, has thrown me very much in the society of college men. Many strange incidents have thus come to my knowledge; some of them relating to events in which I took a share, others to these that had happened long before my day, and some few that have occurred since. It has often occurred to me that these incidents, if collected into a volume, would form a curious and interesting commentary, on the wayward follies, and the vain ambition of youth; and, for years, I have employed my leisure hours in collecting materials for such a commentary. On the appearance of a Magazine, bearing the name of the University, it immediately occurred to me that its pages would be the fittest medium of presenting the result of my memoranda to the public. But, up to the present time, ill health, and a variety of pressing occupations, have prevented me from carrying my intentions into effect. Upon a reperusal I find that some of my memoranda it will not, perhaps, be advisable to publish; however, quite enough of materials remain behind to form an amusing, and, I hope, not altogether an unprofitable series. I am very sure that, if I can succeed in simply bring-

ing before the reader's eyes the life and the death of many whom I myself remember gay and light-hearted, and "following the ways of their own heart, while their heart cheered them in the days of their youth," I will have gone far towards impressing on their minds the lesson "remember thy Creator."

* * * * *

Reader! I have made my defence, and with you it rests whether my Chapters of College Romance are to be given to the public, or the flames. Will you retract the judgment which, in the beginning, you so uncharitably pronounced, and confess that I am not mad, but speak the words of soberness and truth? Will you renounce, for ever, the heterodox doctrine that romance must be fiction, and the still more heterodox one, that there cannot be romance in college? You say nothing—silence gives consent. I know you would give anything now, to recall the unjust sentence you pronounced; but it is recorded beyond the power of either of us to cancel; and so it must stand, at the head of my Chapters of College Romance, an indelible and imperishable monument of your hastiness in judging. I am sure you are ashamed—but a fault committed can only be acknowledged, and an acknowledgment goes far towards expiating it. You have handsomely acknowledged yours, and so, by our joint verdict, and unanimous opinion, it is determined that it would be an unpardonable sin to commit my manuscripts to the flames; and that they shall, by all means, be printed, published, and read—and so, this being determined on, we will, if you please, turn over to the next page, where you find Chapter I., as I am told that this introductory chapter does not count as anything, at least in the numbering. Until we meet at the other side farewell!

CHAPTER I.

READING FOR HONOURS—CHARLES D'ALTON.

I had intended to have commenced this chapter in a very grave and sober strain, approximating, as nearly as possible, to the laboured sentimentalism of the novelists, and tale writers of the day. And, indeed, there is but little, in the recollections connected with the name of the friend which I have prefixed, to disturb the most settled gravity both of feeling and deportment. But perhaps, reader, you feel inclined to smile at the sound "reading for honours;" it recalls to your mind something that is ludicrous. In the pages of this very magazine a writer, who took that title for his lucubrations, has drawn a picture of a candidate for college fame that must have made you laugh; even had you been Heraclitus himself. Now, it is just for this reason that I have chosen the same title, because I wish to shew you that there is a something connected with the reality of reading for honours, at which you cannot laugh. You imagine, perhaps, that the path of youthful ambition is characterised by nothing that is not mirthful and gay—you are very far mistaken—that path is trod by many a weary step; it is strewn with the bleeding remnants of many an heart that has burst in the effort to be great.

Charles D'Alton was my oldest and my truest friend. I am perhaps excusable if I consecrate the first of my chapters to his memory. I had originally intended to follow the date of the events which I record, but I have given over this arrangement principally that I may devote my first chapter to him, to whom my heart still turns with regrets that are equally fond and vain. Charles and I were cotemporaries in college, how long ago it matters not. I shall give no dates to my chapters, and for this reason, that, as truth will often oblige me to speak of persons who are still living, perhaps not in the most complimentary manner, I desire to give no clue by which my characters may be recognized. There are many who now hold their heads high in society, as worthy, and amiable, and upright men,

whom yet I will draw as they really are—selfish, and heartless, and designing. But I have no wish to take from them the reputation they enjoy; and, therefore, I will leave no trace by which they may be discovered. It is needless to say that all my names shall be fictitious; and it is but justice to add that I will endeavour, as far as truth will permit, to dispose my incidents so that any attempt at conjecture will, most likely, wander very far from the fact. Many of those whom I despise for their selfishness, or meanness, are "all honourable men," and, though I record their qualities, I have no wish that they should be anything else than honourable men. If I hold up the mirror to their deformity, I have no desire that the likeness should be recognised by any but themselves.

It is not very probable, reader, that chapters founded altogether on reality, will draw very largely upon your credulity, and, accordingly, you may now, if you will, put that quality to sleep, until you come to read one of my Lord Brougham's speeches, or a fairy tale. But I do intend to draw upon your imagination. You see I am determined to reverse all the rules and practices that are usual with the writers and readers of romance. I will not at all exercise my imagination, which is wont, at times, to be very vivid; and you must exercise yours, which very probably is generally most dull. Now the reasonableness of this paradox (for, since political economy has been invented, there is no paradox that cannot be proved to be reasonable)—the reasonableness of this paradox I will explain. I have a great and old fashioned desire that every thing which I narrate should be very vividly present to your mind; and being withal somewhat distrustful of my own powers of description I have thought it advisable to call on your imagination, to aid their weakness; and, accordingly, when I describe to you a scene, you are always to imagine that you see it before your eyes, it will be a pleasant exercise for you, and it will save me many words; for if, as we proceed,

I find you to be ready in this species of imagination, it will be necessary for me to supply very few words in my chapters; and merely to present to you the outlines to fill up; whereby there will be a great economy both of manuscript and of letter-press, and a great saving of trouble both to me and the printer's devil; so call on your imagination to call up the scene which I will now bring before you, as the first in the varied drama of which we are going to be spectators—a drama which will present alternately, the light merriment of comedy, and the grave and melancholy sobriety of tragedy. You are then to imagine yourself looking at a family circle, sitting round a blazing fire in a snug drawing-room in Clare-street. I do not much care how you manage to look in. I am one of the party myself, and I will engage you full forgiveness if you are caught in the attempt to peep; but that you may not disturb my narrative, it is better that you should remain undiscovered. The shutters are not closed, so that you might stand on the windowstool and look over the blinds; but then you might not find that a very comfortable position, for it is a bleak October night, and well nigh the end of October too, and the autumnal wind is passing down from Merrion-square, with a most melancholy howl, and we can hear it shaking the leafless boughs of the old trees in the College Park—boughs that it has stripped of their sear foliage that is strewed beneath, and the blast now seems like a true robber, to be insulting them upon their nakedness. I do not suppose you will like the windowstool much, particularly as you would have only a pane of glass between you and comfort inside, and every flickering gleam of its red blaze, which that large faggot in the grate would cast towards you, would but tantalize you with the idea of warmth. However, you must see us, no matter how you manage it; you will see, as I have already said, a family party;—that old gentleman sitting in the arm-chair near the fire, with his white hair coming over a manly forehead that betokens benevolence and firmness, is William D'Alton, Esq., one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of——; that plain housewife-looking lady oppo-

site is his wife; next the old lady is a fine, handsome-looking young man, in whom you will have no difficulty in recognizing myself; you see, too, that young man, whose high and intellectual forehead is shadowed by his dark hair, that forms a striking contrast with the paleness of his face—ah! that is Charles, my friend; and you see, too, that young lady who is sitting next him, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, while with one hand she is playfully throwing back his dark ringlets off his forehead—she is not a regular beauty, but there is an expression of intelligence, and yet of softness, in her fine black eyes, that you cannot help loving; and you see with what affectionate interest she is looking up in Charles' pale face, and how tenderly she expresses her fears that he has injured himself by his studies—see how his mother's eye turns on him at the word. Now who is this lady? Look how Charles' arm is half round her waist. You will say, as I told you it was a family party, she is his cousin. Go and consult any of your female friends, and they will tell you that “it must be so—that tender solicitude bespeaks an affection that is kindling into love—these two young persons must be lovers.” That is Emily D'Alton, Charles' sister—do not be disappointed—do not think that I am breaking my promise not to draw upon your credulity; it may be old fashioned now to love a brother, but Emily was old fashioned, and Emily loved her's; and I am sure that, in our own dear island, there are many sisters old fashioned enough to follow her example, although they may not be altogether indifferent to the love of some one who will yet be nearer than a brother. Well, in our chapters we will have love—love in all its passion, and yet in all its purity—but not now. Let this page be consecrated to the purest and the most beautiful of all earthly affections; almost the earliest, aye, and perhaps the tenderest feeling of woman's heart—a sister's love.

Now, reader, I have brought you, with the aid of your own imagination, to see our family group—I must talk to you no more. I have my own part to sustain. You may be present unseen—keep your eye fixed on me, and wherever I go do you follow me. Per-

haps you will find that hard, as I will soon be leaving Emily ; but, believe me, you will find it, in the end, the wisest plan.—I am the owner of the mystic wand, by whose magic power you can be present at scenes that occurred, it may be, before you were born. It would be a perilous experiment to leave me : perhaps you might relapse into the dull realities of the present time ; so conceal yourself—but follow me wherever I go, and beware of intruding yourself where you ought not. Let me see nothing more of you until the end of this chapter ; but I give you full and free leave to watch all my proceedings at a respectful distance.

Having thus disposed of that most troublesome personage, with whom I have been, for so far, maintaining a very silly colloquy, it is time for me to leave the dignity of dramatic dialogue, and descend to the unadorned sobriety of grave description. I must, however, commence at the place and time to which I have introduced him.

It was the Sabbath evening, and, as was our invariable custom, Charles and I had spent it with his family, who were residing in town during the winter. We had just finished the reading of our chapter from the large family Bible, that was still lying on the table ; Charles had extinguished the candles, that he might enjoy the melancholy stillness of the fire light ; and he and I were just waiting for the striking of the clock, which was to be the intimation that our hour for retiring to College had arrived. He looked pale and anxious. The next morning was to be his examination morning ; and, from his entrance up to the present period, Charles D'Alton had been invariably a successful candidate. He now looked as if intense application had injured his health, and on his wrinkled brow and quivering ashy lip were too evident the effects of many a night of watching over that much study which is a weariness to the flesh. The toils of months were all to be decided on the morrow, and there was about him all the nervous anxiety that shewed at once how he had laboured and longed for the trial.

"Well, Charles," said his father, "I suppose you are sure of the certificate to-morrow?"

Charles made no reply, he seemed as if he was not sure.

"You told me," continued his father, "that you never were so well prepared." "I do not think I ever was," he answered hesitatingly ; "certainly I never laboured one-half so much."

"Indeed," said his mother, "you have laboured too much, Charles—you must, after this examination, recruit—I fear you are laying the foundation of ill health."

Charles became visibly and almost wildly agitated ; he disengaged his arm from his sister's waist, he rushed to the window, and apparently watched the dark masses of cloud, which we could see over the tops of the opposite houses drifting along the gloomy outline of the autumnal sky.

His sister followed him—she laid her hand upon his shoulder—"Dear Charles, you are unwell." "No," said he hastily, "reading has made me a little nervous." "Come," said he to me, as he buttoned his coat across his chest—"it is time for us to go to College."

We took our leave—we walked home in silence—but as he leaned upon my arm I could perceive even in his step an agitation that surprised me—I asked him if he was unwell ; he answered that he was not, but the sigh, or rather sob, with which he accompanied his reply, shewed plainly that some secret bitterness was preying upon his soul. I imagined it was but the result of over anxiety upon a frame weakened by over exertion. I accordingly thought it more prudent not to add to his depression by noticing it ; and without either of us disturbing the stillness of our meditations we reached the College gate. I was just about to knock for admittance, when Charles drawing his cloak close round him flung himself against one of the buttresses of the building, and appeared suddenly to bury himself in intense and painful thought—at my approach he started from his reverie, and fixing on me a painfully piercing glance, he asked me in a low and yet a thrilling voice, "Have you any faith in dreams?"

"Before I answer your strange question, tell me why you ask it?"

"A dream I had last night is pressing on my spirits—I had a strange—a very strange dream."

I endeavoured to laugh him out of

his folly, but it seemed in vain—he fixed his eye upon the lamp which was burning over his head, and appeared to take a melancholy pleasure in gazing on its light.

“Why,” continued he, half muttering to himself, half reasoning with me, “Why should not our souls in sleep as naturally see the future as in our waking hours they do the past? Why should not prescience be as natural to one state of existence as memory to the other?”

“Come, come, Charles,” said I, “it is very cold; no more philosophizing, if you please, at least until you get into your own rooms, and then if you choose, when near the fire, we will discuss the question you have proposed, whether the soul be not, like Janus, gifted with a double face, and that one pair of eyes looking towards the past, are always open in our waking hours, while the other pair looking towards the future, relieve guard in our sleep—and by way of illustration you will tell me the dream that has had so awfully depressing an effect upon your spirits.”

He smiled, or attempted to smile at my gaiety—I drew his arm within mine, and we entered the gate together. I perceived that it was no common dream that had such an effect upon him. Of all the men I knew he was the least inclined to superstition—his spirits were lively and buoyant beyond description, and unlike most persons who are blessed with high spirits, he was not subject to those occasional depressions which seem to be intended as a compensation for the increased quantity of excitement.—Scarcely, therefore, were we seated over his blazing fire, when I begged of him to tell me the dream that had so frightened him.

“Do not laugh at my folly—for once I feel superstitious. You remember after the June examinations, when my father proposed that we should visit the Continent, and I refused, that I might read for this cursed examination—I did not do so without a struggle; and at that time I had a dream which I attributed to my suppressed desire to see the Continent. I thought that my sister was urging me to go, and a strange man came in while we were talking—a Frenchman in appearance—and he told me with all the strange and grotesque grimaces in the world, that it was my fate to see Paris, and that no good

could come of my opposing my fate, and that I must give up my College reading and go to see his city—and when I refused he raised up in his hand a little animal which I imagined to be a scorpion, for I had never seen one, or even read a description—it was something like a small snake, but with very beautiful scales and bright red eyes, and it had a sharp horn upon its head and a very sharp one upon its tail—and he showed me this, and said, ‘Master, this is for those that oppose their fate; and I made a blow at the scorpion to kill it, and in doing so I knocked down a table that stood beside my bed, and the noise I made awoke me.’”

I could not help laughing at the singularity of the notion. “And what is there in this to frighten you? what do you believe to be represented by the scorpion?”

“Envy!” said he, in a voice whose loudness startled me.

“Then, my dear Charles,” said I, “you need never fear the scorpion; you can afford to despise envy.”

“I cannot afford to keep it here;” and he beat his heart.

“Oh!” said I, “this is absurd. I never knew one more free from envy. Whom do you envy? whom have you reason to envy?”

He rose from his seat; he stood over me, and looking full in my face—he said, almost choking with the struggle that was manifestly going on—“I envy Vance.”

I was indeed startled at this confession. Vance was a man who, by almost unparalleled industry and the good fortune of being thrown into a bad division, had contrived, although possessed of little or no talent, to bear away a considerable share of College honours. He had, consequently, become intolerably conceited. He and Charles had never been in collision, and I knew that Charles despised him; and well might I wonder at the startling confession. Charles envy Vance! Charles, the admired of all circles in which he moved—universally admitted to be the first scholar of his class—and Vance, the stupidest, and yet at the same time the most vainglorious of premium men, whose honours every body attributed to accident, unless the few who were uncharitable enough to attribute them to the

partiality of his tutor, who very frequently contrived to be his examiner.

"Do you despise me for the confession?" said Charles, calmly.

"No," said I; "I believe that your envy of Vance, like the scorpion of the Frenchman, is but a chimera of your own imagination—you despise the man."

"I do," cried he; "I despise—I hate! I envy him. I hate myself for envying him: it was envy of him that kept me here all summer. I heard that it had been said, that did we come together, he would bear away honours from me: he said it himself. I fancied that we might possibly meet this October; and upon the bare possibility of this, I remained here all summer to be prepared to lower his vanity. It was for this that I denied myself and my sister the pleasure of visiting France—that I have injured my health and wasted away the taper of life until it is now flickering in its socket, for the chance, the very distant chance of humiliating one who I could scarcely regard as a rival, I feel that I have brought myself to the brink of the grave! Envy accursed—d——d envy!" cried he, and he paced the room in violent agitation.

I hardly knew what to say. His whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions. Before I could recover from my astonishment, he began again:—"Last night I saw the same man again. I was lying awake—for the last three weeks I have scarcely slept—and that same Frenchman came to my bed side—I saw him as plainly as I see you now—and he stood over me with a most malicious grin, and appeared to gloat over the tossings of my wearied and sleepless frame. I screamed when I saw him, and he laughed loudly and said—'Ah, master, you have opposed your destiny, and here it is, take it to your grave;' and he aimed the scorpion right for my heart—and I felt the sting and the trailing of the horrid creature along my breast and between my ribs and my flesh. I told you it was a dream—No! it was all real—it has coiled round my heart, and it is sickening me all day."

He ceased; the vehemence of his exertions caused a cold and clammy sweat to hang in large drops upon his

brow. I now remarked what I had not before, that his features wore the stamp of consumption, and that his sides were shaken by the hectic cough.

Wearied by his violence, he flung himself upon a chair. I entreated of him to be calm and to retire to his bed, that a little sleep might prepare him for the exertions of the morning.

"If," said he, "I lie down, I will not sleep—I will only see the same horrid visions that in different shapes haunt me every night." His glazed eyes and his sunken temples bore but too evident traces of the fevered vigils of his nights.

With some difficulty I persuaded him to go to bed, and this only by a promise that I would pass the night with him. He remained awake for some time after he had lain down; he spoke much of the nature of his feeling towards Vance. "I do not think I am envious," he said; "and I thought my feeling towards Vance was emulation. I heard of his being spoken of as the cleverest man in his class; I knew he did not deserve it—there are many who deserve that character better than either he or I; but I am very sure I have more claims to the distinction than he has, and I was fretted that there should be any to accord it to him. I cherished this feeling; I thought it was but a just indignation at false pretensions; but it was envy. You remember Locke's definition of envy—'indignation at a good being possessed by another which we think he should not have had before us.' That was just what I felt—mean, hateful—despicable envy. I did not know the passion that I was cherishing until it became too strong for me; and now I feel that I hate Vance—that it will grieve me to hear tomorrow of his success—the scorpion is twined round my heart."

For two long hours I sat by his bed side while he thus gave vent to the bitterness of self-reproach. He mourned, too, over the loss of his health, which he said his exertions during the summer had irrecoverably destroyed. "Look at me, Edward," he said; "I am dwindled to a shadow, Envy, d——d fiend, at your shrine!" and he shook convulsively his closed fist, as if the impersonation of the passion stood

before him ; “at your shrine I have sacrificed my health and my peace of mind.”

Midnight had long past when he sunk into a feverish repose. I extinguished the taper which had been dimly burning on a little stand beside his bed, and throwing myself beside him without undressing, I soon resigned my harassed mind to slumber.

The deep and melodious toll of the great bell awoke us both next morning, for Charles slept as soundly as I did myself ; all his usual gaiety returned ; he seemed ashamed of the disclosures of the preceding night, and begged of me to look on all his strange conduct as the result of nervousness from hard study, and with a light and airy step he hastened to the examination hall.

It so happened that urgent and unavoidable business required my presence several miles from town that day. I was not to return for a week ; and I begged of Charles to write to me as soon as the examination was over—and wishing him adieu and success, I parted from him at the steps of the theatre, in which the examination was held. During the week of my absence I heard nothing from Charles ; post after post I was disappointed—my heart misgave me—I had an unaccountable dread over me of I knew not what—I thought of his possible aberration of intellect of which his demeanour on the last night I had been with him, furnished but too strong grounds for apprehension ; and this suggested fears upon which I could not bear to dwell. Rejoiced, indeed, was I when the week had expired, and I found myself once more on the top of the coach that was to convey me back to town.

It was dusk when the coach by which I travelled stopped in Capel-street. I was impatient at once to see Charles, and in my impatience I drove to College, forgetting that at that hour of the evening I would be much more likely to find him at his father's residence in Clare-street.

The lamps in College had been lit ; and after this, by usage immemorial, it is unlawful to bring a vehicle within the walls. I ran eagerly across the courts ; the evening moon was shining brightly, and the tall shadows of the brick chimneys were projected darkly

upon the courts. I was not, however, in a mood to admire either the moonbeams, or the shadows—with a hurried step I hastened to Charles's apartments, and knocked at the door—there was no answer. I knocked again—a third time—still without success ; I turned away in disappointment. I was met in the door-way of the building by a talkative fellow named Pringle, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

“ Ah ! ” said he, “ you were looking for D'Alton ; poor fellow ! he seems greatly cast down by his defeat.”

“ Defeat ! ” repeated I, with visible astonishment.

“ Ah, then you have not heard that he has been beaten for the certificate ? ”

“ Beaten by whom ? ” asked I quickly.

“ By Vance,” replied my informant. “ You know that there was very little chance of their being in one division—but so few went in the examination that they were brought together ; and Dr. Meddleum, who examined them, said that there was not the slightest comparison between their merits. He said at commons that he thinks Vance immeasurably superior.”

“ Was the examination a fair one ? ” I eagerly asked.

“ Oh ! aw ! I suppose it was ; neither of them was Meddleum's pupil, and so he had no reason to be unfair. I have heard it said that D'Alton was not prepared for any opposition, and had not been reading ; that in fact he was taken off his guard ; but to my certain knowledge he has been reading at least fourteen hours a day, and Vance has been idling. But I always thought D'Alton an over-rated man ; you will generally find that these men who are so much cried up for talent find their own level.”

There are always men in the world ready to rejoice at the failure, or the depreciation of their superiors—men who incapable of rivalling excellence, take a malignant pleasure in lowering it to their own standard—and are always ready to claim credit for superior sagacity by an *ex post facto* mode of prophesying what has already occurred.

I now remembered the mistake I had made in coming into College, and bent my steps towards Clare-street. I could not account for what had oc-

curred. I was satisfied that the examination had not been a just one—but whether from ignorance or design on the part of the examiner, I was unable to decide. Dr. Meddleum's character furnished equal grounds for either suspicion. Dr. Meddleum was a man who with some good qualities, had yet contrived to manage so that nobody respected him; although by a settled and laboured pomposity of deportment, and by an officious and systematic interference with every body's business, he endeavoured to attach an importance to his character—he succeeded in associating his name with an abundant share of self-importance. I know not how it was, but although good humoured, as far as his pomposity would permit him, he was universally unpopular in College. It was said that in his early days he had been a Roman Catholic; and although he had become a proselyte to the good things of fellowship, a rumoured predilection for his ancient faith, did not perhaps tend to find him favour in the eyes of the Protestant students of Trinity—while the unhappy propensity which he manifested for intruding himself into every body's business, and usurping occasionally, in *propria persona*, the functions of Dean, Senior Lecturer, or Provost, as the case might be, did not raise him much in public estimation. His intellectual qualifications were not certainly above mediocrity; and even with the aid of a good memory, and intense application, the length to which his studies for fellowship were protracted at a time when fellowships were more easily obtained than they are now, was become a by-word both among fellows and students; and there was a meanness, or at least an absence of the high sense of honour, connected with many of his acts, that seemed to lend a shadow of excuse to otherwise unjustifiable sneers at the lowness of his extraction. This was the individual to whom poor Charles' fortunes had been confided; and I felt an involuntary thrill of indignation when I reflected that by the fictitious distinctions of society, my poor friend's peace of mind was made to depend, very likely, upon the caprice of Dr. Meddleum. I continued in a train of reflection that was neither very profitable nor proper, and I believe that I could have been half a radical, had I in-

dulged in it much longer. Fortunately the train of my meditations was interrupted by my arrival at the termination of my walk.

I found nobody in the house occupied by the D'Altons but an old servant woman. From her I learned that Mr. D'Alton having been unexpectedly summoned to the country, his wife and daughter had accompanied him. Charles, my informant added, was much improved in his health, and had remained in College.

Thus were all my apprehensions proved groundless; all the imaginary and indefinite terrors which had haunted me dispersed—Charles was even improved in his health. I was not surprised at the sudden departure of the family; for before I left town Mr. D'Alton expressed an apprehension that an important and intricate matter of business would require his presence in the country. I retraced my steps to College, relieved, in my mind, from many harassing apprehensions, and yet more puzzled than ever to account for Charles' violation of his promise that he would write to me.

An interview with Charles brought with it no satisfactory solution of the problem; he pleaded to my reproachful accusations some vague excuse about want of time!! In reply to my earnest inquiries after his health, he gaily said that he never was better in his life—that his illness was altogether in the imagination of his mother and sister. All allusion to the subject of his examination he carefully parried; his spirits seemed more buoyant than ever; his conversation was a continued flow of merriment—but to me his demeanour was strangely altered. There was no confidence in his manner, no warmth of affection, nothing of the friend—he seemed to have sunk down into the cold heartlessness of the man of the world. I could not endure this; and as he neither sought my society, nor appeared particularly pleased when I sought his—without any quarrel, or apparent cause of separation, our intimacy gradually appeared to be drawing to a close—and in a few weeks we saw no more of each other than an accidental meeting, when, perhaps in our walks round the park, we met upon the terms of familiar college acquaintances, and passed on.

All this was to me quite inexplicable.

My pride prevented me from seeking an explanation where, perhaps, it would have been denied. It sometimes occurred to me to do so, and thus bring the matter to a decisive test. I could not bear, however, the appearance of forcing my friendship upon any one, and I abandoned the idea. New friends, too, came in to fill up the chasm, which a separation from Charles had at first created, and every day my regret at the termination of our intimacy was becoming less; the little, indeed, that I still retained was rather a point of conscience than of feeling—a forced tribute, which I fancied to be due to the memory of past regard than any rising in my breast of present affection. I am not, be it remembered, writing the story of sentiment, but of human nature. If there be those who think that affection should continue unaltered, even when the object of it is changed—and whose opinion it therefore is, that I should not so easily have permitted the place of a friend to be filled up, but indulged in melancholy and solitary complaints upon the faithlessness of human nature, I cannot help them—perhaps I ought to have done so—all I know is, that I did not. I neither wrote hypochondriac verses, or took solitary walks—I lost neither my appetite or my spirits—I eat, drank, laughed, and talked as usual—and, as I have said, in a very few weeks I began to think of Charles very little, and to feel the want of him not at all.

And yet Charles and I had been friends, almost from the cradle—companions in infancy—playfellows in childhood—and friends in youth; sharing in each other's joys and sorrows, and each acquainted with all the feelings of the other. We had wandered together over the mountains, and often had we sat upon the topmost ridge of some far off hill the live long length of a summer's day, and gazed upon the distant ocean, as we formed a hundred wild schemes to be happy or to be great. The friendship of years appeared to be forgotten in a less number of weeks—and I was satisfied because I felt it was not my fault. So easily can the human mind reconcile itself to an alteration and reversion of its oldest habits of feeling and of thought.

I will not deny but that there were

times when something pressed upon my mind. I felt as if I would wish to unburden all my thoughts in some confiding ear, and at such time thought bitterly of him on whose affection I had been wont to throw myself for sympathy. This was only natural; but when such reflections suggested themselves I always hummed a tune and so dismissed them.

Autumn had deepened into winter, and the days were now very nearly at their shortest—the melancholy howling of the autumn blast to which I used to love to listen of an evening, as it swept the red leaves on its circling eddies through the park—had given place to the shrill whistle of the keen and frosty December breeze. My intimacy with Charles had never been renewed, and our friendship seemed as transient as the summer flowers—or the green foliage, which, but a few months ago, had clothed the forest and now was no more seen. I sometimes could not help making the comparison. Alas! I knew not that in the meantime the spring and the summer of my poor friend's life had also passed away for ever—and all the hopes of his early promise were now doomed prematurely to close in the dreary and cheerless winter of the grave.

It was within a few days of Christmas, when one evening, just as the deep and melancholy tolling of the great bell had begun to announce the approach of the evening muster hour, or, as a collegian would say, night roll, I was not a little surprised at receiving a message from Charles requesting me immediately to see him, as he was dangerously ill. I was agitated as much by the request as by the intelligence. I did not, however, hesitate long—I hurried across the ill-lit courts, and a few minutes found me by his bed-side—yes, by his bed-side, for he was lying, or rather sitting in bed. A solitary candle, almost obscured by the length of unremoved snuff, was shedding an indistinct light through the room; his features wore a ghastly look, and a heavy film gathered over his eyes. A table beside his bed was piled with several huge books; and there also lay a dagger! and a human skull!! His eye brightened when he saw me. "Edward," said he, feebly stretching out a hand emaciated to the last de-

gree, "it is very kind of you to come to see me die."

He pronounced these words with an effort as if speaking gave him pain. I cautioned him to be silent, and told him I was come to nurse him until he would be quite well. He pointed to the skull and said, "Never! never! never!"

I asked him how he felt affected. "Do you forget the scorpion?" he said, and shuddered; "ha! ha! ha!" said he, laughing wildly. He sunk back in the bed, overcome by the exertion; and muttered something which I could not hear.

I called his servant—a perfect example of what a college woman was in the times of which I write. I asked her how long he had been in this state. "Why he has been in his bed since chapel time on Sunday," (this was Thursday,) said she, "but I think he has been worse today nor I seen him any day yet."

"And what has been the matter with him?" asked I.

"That's more nor I know," said she, apparently quite unconcerned—with the greatest indifference blowing the bellows to expedite the boiling of a huge kettle which she had placed upon the fire.

"Are you not ashamed of having neglected him so?" said I angrily.

"Neglected him?" said she, still more angrily, "didn't I come twicet a day to see if he wanted anything? it's rest the poor dear gentleman wants, and if you go home to your own place and leave him quiet he'll be well enough in the morning;" and having delivered this authoritative opinion, she resumed, or rather continued, (for it had experienced no interruption beyond a momentary cessation,) her occupation of puffing at the fire, with the most imperturbable composure.

I had not time to waste upon her; I left her to her employment and returned to Charles. He had now brought the skull into bed, and was fondling it with an affectionate concern that would, under other circumstances, have been ludicrous; but the lankness of his own emaciated jaws, and the ashiness of his bloodless lips, told me that he would soon be an inmate of that abode from which he had borrowed his extraordinary plaything.

He kissed the fleshless lips of the skull, and patted the crown of its head—

he seemed to take a particular delight in protruding his fingers through the eyeless apertures—and then he laughed loud and long at his own conceit. I could not be mistaken in that laugh—it was the laugh of a maniac!—I glanced fearfully at the dagger and knew not now to interrupt him in his terrible occupation.

"This, Edward," said he, "is Nero. This chap, quiet as he is now, was Emperor of Rome—see what all human greatness comes to!—but I can tell you," added he, "he was very much calumniated—he was a humane prince, but he put an end to the vices of the court, and so they hired the historians to abuse him; but I'll settle that, I'll write a pamphlet in his defence. Won't I, old boy?" said he, and he pressed the skull to his lips, and laughed louder and more terribly than before.

Judge of my surprise when, as I looked on this strange scene, I saw a quantity of blood trickle or rather pour down upon the bosom of his shirt—his face was flushed with a hectic hue—he dropped the skull, which was strangely stained with the blood that was swelling from his mouth, and sunk in the bed. I feared that he was dying—there was nothing at hand that I could administer—I put a glass of cold water to his lips—it seemed to revive him. He indistinctly articulated "it is only another effort of nature." I called loudly for his collegewoman, but she was gone. I knew not what to do—almost like a madman I ran to the opposite rooms, and telling the inmates that D'Alton was dying, I begged of them to run for a physician. One of them immediately complied, and the other returned with me to watch by the bedside of the sufferer.

He had, by this time, recovered a little from the faintness which the hemorrhage had produced; but he lay silent and exhausted in the bed. His hands, however, still grasped the skull, and he made occasional efforts to bring it to his lips. At last he started up as if with suddenly invigorated strength. "I am better," said he, "I am always better after the bleeding. You know the scorpion draws my blood, and this gathers in my lungs; and when I get rid of that I am always better."

I felt as if the sentence of his death had been pronounced,—“I am always

better after the bleeding!" so this had happened before! I begged him to be silent, and with difficulty we persuaded him; he took the skull in his hand, and seemed absorbed in his own meditations upon Nero.

With increasing impatience we counted the minutes, until we imagined our messenger might return with medical assistance. But it was not until a late hour that he returned, bringing Dr. P——, at that time one of the most eminent medical practitioners in Dublin. He could not, it appeared, get out of college after night roll, without a written pass from the dean; he had no little difficulty in finding the dean—and the pass was then refused!!* It was not only by braving the penalties of violated discipline, but, actually, by overcoming the physical strength of the porters at the gate, that he accomplished his end; but, in the useless squabble had been wasted hours, during which the tide of life, in poor Charles, had been ebbing fast.

However, Dr. P—— had, at length, arrived, and we quickly ushered him into the poor patient's room. He was particular in enquiries, to which I could give but very unsatisfactory replies; and Charles' own answers were very wild and incoherent. He adopted, however, such immediate remedies as he thought the case required; and, having given us instructions how to treat him through the night; directing, on the slightest return of the bleeding that he should be instantly sent for, and forbidding Charles to open his lips, he left us, promising to call early in the morning.

I sat up with Charles that night. He passed it quietly, and there was no return of the dreaded hemorrhage. I watched beside his bed all night. Towards morning he slept soundly—but the difficulty that attended his respiration proved that it was not refreshingly.

Dr. P—— paid his promised visit early in the morning. He put many and particular questions to Charles,

about the origin of his illness; the poor fellow only repeated the old story about the scorpion, adding extravagances, if possible, still more wild. Dr. P—— appeared greatly shocked, and appeared anxious to break off a conversation which, on the patient's part, was but a succession of the most incoherent sentences; but Charles continued, in spite of his efforts, to talk.

"Doctor," said he, "I am sure I will be better soon—the scorpion has sucked all my blood, and I feel as if he had eaten away all my heart; when all is gone, he must soon die of hunger, and then I will be well."

In vain Dr. P—— tried to prevent him from continuing to indulge in the wanderings of his delirium; he complained to him of me, that I had not kept his room quiet during the night! that I had permitted dead corpses to walk, all night, about the room!! This was very extraordinary, as, during the night, he betrayed no symptoms of the alarm, which the presence of such strange visitants might naturally be supposed to produce.

As I listened to this narration of the absurd imaginings of a once noble intellect, I felt almost ashamed that even his physician should be witness of the melancholy wanderings of my poor friend. It is a fearful thing to see the human mind thus shattered. It is a humiliating thing to human pride, to be made to feel that all our boasted superiority hangs, as it were, upon a thread—a thread that may be snapped in an instant; and that the intellect that today is the proudest and the noblest, may tomorrow be prostrate and abased. But when we are called on to witness, in a friend, this miserable prostration of all that is noble, and all that is distinctive in the nature of man—then, indeed, it is harrowing to our feelings. Alas! alas! years have not effaced from my soul the recollection of the wild words of the unhappy maniac, who had once been my bosom friend.

* I have no wish to recall unpleasant reflections, in the mind of the gentleman who acted thus; he is a humane and benevolent man, and, I believe, afterwards repented of the hastiness of temper, under the influence of which he refused the pass. I need scarcely add that no attempt was made to enforce the penalties of academic law, against the young man who violated it to save a fellow-student's life.

When Dr. P—— had contrived to bring to a termination the painful colloquy—I can scarcely call it conversation—which evidently had distressed him; he took me aside and told me that he felt it his duty to apprise me that Charles had not many days to live. “He is,” said he, “in the last stage of pulmonary disease, which must very soon terminate; besides this, there is a melancholy mental hallucination which is preying on his mind as fast and mercilessly as disease is on his physical frame.” “A very few days, however,” continued he, “must release him from this pitiable state.”

This intelligence was no more than I expected. Dr. P—— told me that all that medical aid could do would be to alleviate the sufferings of his last hours, and advised me instantly to write to inform his family of his real state.

With a heavy heart I sat down to communicate to Mr. D’Alton, the melancholy intelligence of poor Charles’ state. I thought it better to disguise nothing, although my heart was faint, and my hand trembled as I wrote to the father—the fond, the proud, the doating—the heart-rending announcement, that but a few days and he would be a father no more. I despatched my letter; and as a nurse-tender, whom Dr. P—— had sent, arrived, I permitted her to relieve me, for a short time, from the melancholy office of watching the poor patient, and stretched myself on some chairs to refresh my frame, wearied by the last night’s painful vigils, with a few hours’ sleep.

It would be but an unnecessary harrowing up of my own feelings, to record minutely all the details of the scenes to which, for the next three or four days, I was a witness. Those who have watched by the death-bed of some one who was dear to them, may imagine what their feelings could have been, if they had been condemned by that bedside to listen to the wild and monstrous ravings of insanity—if the few hours that were to intervene, before that separation, which was to be an eternal one—hours which the heart of affection would regard as a treasure, of which the smallest portion were too precious to be lost—if they had seen these precious hours wasted in the mad wanderings of delirium. I sat by Charles’ bedside, and

I saw him on the verge of that eternal world, from which no mortal ever yet returned; and he was altogether unconscious that he soon must pass into another state of being. I heard him speak of all things but that awful change which was so soon to come over him. I heard—gracious God! I heard from the lips of the dying maniac, once—and thank God it was but once—in a paroxysm of madness, expressions of blasphemy that I dare not repeat. He fancied himself a Pagan!—he believed himself, by Nero’s orders, the persecutor of the Christians!! and his words were in character with the dreadful office his frenzy had assigned him; but I will not, I cannot write them down. No! it was enough that I was forced to listen to the shocking imprecations which he heaped upon all that Christians venerate, on all that Christians worship. The hour during which this awful frenzy lasted, was the only period when an expression passed his lips that religion herself might not have listened to with complacency.

At times he was comparatively calm; a strange mixture of truth and falsehood, of memory and imagination, appeared to have possession of his mind. The evening before Christmas he appeared suddenly to return to his right mind. All day he had been comparatively rational and collected. Late at night he called me, and begged of me to bring him the Bible, and read to him a portion of its contents. I gladly complied with his request. I had then, I grieve to say, but little knowledge of the book. I felt, as I opened it, and turned over its pages, how little fitted I was to minister consolation to a departing fellow-sinner. I made no selection; I thought I could not go astray, as all was the word of God. I accidentally happened on the third chapter of the Epistle of James. He listened attentively until I came to the words—“Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing, My brethren, these things ought not to be.” He stopped me—he appeared confused at the words. “Edward,” said he, shuddering fearfully, “I have an indistinct recollection of a terrible, a very terrible dream. I thought,” and his teeth chattered with horror, “that I had cursed my Redeemer.”

I knew not what to say. I knew

the dream was but the paroxysm of madness, which had left its indistinct traces upon his brain.

"Charles! dear Charles! think no more of your dreams; let me read to you the blessed word of God."

He acquiesced; I turned from one part of the sacred volume to another, and I do not believe that I am superstitious in trusting that even my ignorance was guided to many passages applicable to his state. Strange to say, he now seemed conscious of his danger; he spoke of his death as an event, the no very distant approach of which was not only possible, but probable.

"Edward," said he, "it is hard—I am young, I am too young to die; must I leave all—my father, my mother, my sister—must I lie down with the worms in the grave?"

I dared not attempt to deceive him, by misrepresenting his real state. I endeavoured feebly to draw his attention to those truths which point to an existence beyond the grave. He was calm and, apparently, resigned. He expressed no wish to see a clergyman; and as it was a perhaps imprudent allusion of mine to the subject that had drawn on that dreadful outbreaking of his madness, upon which I still shudder to think, I dreaded to mention it again. I looked to Heaven for help to bear me through the trying scene. For some time he conversed with me rationally, nay, even eloquently, upon the subject of religion.

"Edward," he said, "I have thought too little of my God; men always seek him when sickness or distress presses upon them—they fancy that he is a being to aid them in the hour of need, and to be forgotten in the time of gladness—will God receive the offering of such a time? I have neglected him when I had health and strength—will he hear me now?"

He looked earnestly in my face for an answer. I spoke of the mercy of God—I reminded him of the words of God himself. "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

He turned on his side and seemed satisfied. He continued muttering, for some time—what I could not exactly distinguish—but could easily perceive it to be a prayer. At last, he asked me what day of the month it was—I told him it was Christmas eve—he passed his

hand across his brow, as if endeavouring to recollect something that had escaped his memory, he asked me—"is not tomorrow the day when Christ was born?"

"Yes, Edward," said I, startled at the question, which I feared portended a returning aberration of intellect.

The moonbeams were streaming in through the chinks of the shutters. He desired me to open the shutters. It was now past midnight—the moon was shining directly opposite the window. I could not help gazing with admiration on her soft radiance, it caused such a striking contrast to the dim red light of the taper by which I had been reading. Charles sat up in bed to enjoy the luxury of the sight. "Edward," said he, "I have often looked on a blue sky and a cloudless moon, but I never saw one I loved so much before; it was under such a sky as this that the shepherds kept watch over their flocks. Did not the angels sing something about good-will towards men?"

I read the chapter in which the angels' anthem to the shepherds is contained. When I came to the words "good-will towards men," he repeated them with earnestness. "I tell you, Edward, why I repeat these words—I think I will die this morning, and this is the birth-day of my Redeemer—the day of good-will towards men—do you not think, that if God takes my soul tonight—on this night—good-will towards men—he would take it to himself?" He did not wait for my reply. He said, if I would remove the taper, and leave the shutters open he would try to sleep. I did as he desired, and in a very few minutes he was in a quiet slumber.

He continued to sleep for several hours, and I could not but be thankful that his reason had returned so far as to be even turned to those objects which were to make for his everlasting peace. I sat beside his bed watching the moon until she went down, and I had nothing to break the monotony of my vigil, but the periodical cry of the watchman from the street, as he proclaimed the passing of the hours, or, occasionally, the distant and faint sounds of riot and confusion as they were borne through the stillness of the midnight air, perhaps from the dismal haunts of infamy and vice. The nurse-tender had, at my instance, retired to rest for that night—I pitied the poor

woman, and had persuaded her to take one night's sound sleep.

About five in the morning, I was started from a reverie by the sound of Charles' voice—he told me to light a candle, and to bring him a Greek prosody which I would find in a particular corner of his bookcase—I did so. I found the volume precisely as he told me, and brought it to his bedside.

"Look out," said he, "for the quantity of *παραδεισι*, (he pronounced the word as I have marked it) and tell me have I pronounced it wrong." I did as he desired me, and told him that his quantity was false, he laughed, and begged of me to do the same with regard to the word *ηδισυ*, I did so, and the result was the same.

"So both my quantities were false," said he, laughing again; "*παραδεισι*, *ηδισυ*," repeated he, still adhering to the false pronunciation.

"What do you think of these things, for now?" asked I.

"Only two of Meddleum's quantities," answered he thoughtfully.* "Charles dear," said I, "you ought to think of other things now."

"I have not forgotten all my prosody yet," he replied, "it is only three weeks since I was in my examinations, (the interval had been nearly two months!) and I have not been well since, but now that I have got over this little fit of illness, all will be well. I have been," added he, "sometime engaged in preparing a Greek prosody. I will go to the country to-morrow, and finish it; and I will prove that all the prosodians, and all the Greek poets are wrong about these words—they are *παραδεισι* and *ηδισυ*," and he laughed immoderately at the notion.

I was shocked to hear him talk thus, as if all the impressions of the night before had been forgotten. I endeavoured to recall his mind to more serious subjects. I asked him if I should not read the Bible.

"I will read a chapter myself," said he, talking unusually loud, "when I get up and dress. The Bible, Edward, is a very fine book—I will not read so

hard for college again—we will all go to the country; and I will study the Bible—I must become really religious: I will marry a religious woman—We will all go to the country: you must come to us in spring. You know spring is de—light—help—me—O—God—"

A gurgling noise choked the words in his throat, and he sank down—some blood frothed upon his lips. I lifted him up. He attempted to speak. I called violently for the nurse-tender. I sat behind him in the bed, and he leaned his head upon my breast—my clothes were stained with the blood from his mouth—I raised his head, which had fallen upon my arm—but all was over—the last convulsive struggle was still quivering on his features—in another few seconds he was gone.

The nurse-tender had been by this time summoned by my cries. She stood over the corpse with the carelessness of one who had often seen the death-beds of the young. I gently disengaged the lump of clay, that had been Charles D'Alton, from my arms; and laid the head upon the pillow. "Poor young gentleman!" said she, with a tone of voice that indicated the pity of habit rather than of feeling, "poor young gentleman! he will make a handsome corpse."

I rushed from the room—a thousand bitter emotions rushed upon my mind—I cursed—yes, (God forgive me,) I cursed myself for having permitted the coldness of a madman to repel me from the duty of a friend. In agony of mind I paced up and down the apartment, which had been the sitting-room of my friend. When grief had partly exhausted itself by its vehemence, I threw up one of the windows, and admitted the fresh air. I sat down, and looked across the courts upon which the windows of the sitting-room opened; the dismal lamps were almost expiring, and some were altogether extinguished, while a few more were flickering in the blast. There was little light except from the stars, which shone with a peculiar lustre upon the frosty blue of

* I afterwards learned that Dr. Meddleum had actually, at the examination, corrected Charles for the true pronunciation of both these words, substituting that which the poor fellow then used.

the sky, and what was reflected from the ground, for during the night a shower of snow had completely covered it. I know not how long I sat. The nurse-tender left the room, I supposed, to seek for assistance in laying out the corpse. I felt the chill of the keen blast a relief to my throbbing temples. Just as the first grey of the morning had begun to tinge the heavens, I perceived, through the indistinct and gloomy twilight, two figures making their way towards the building. As they came nearer, I recognised them to be Charles's father and sister. I ran to meet them at the door—his father read the truth in my looks. "He is gone!" he cried. I could not answer. They both rushed past me towards his bed-room—the room in which he was now a corpse. I tried to follow them, but I scarcely could—his sister's voice was the first I heard—never shall I forget the tone in which she screamed, or rather shrieked—"My God! I have no brother!"

* * * *
* * * *

Reader! I have thought it wiser here to end my chapter. I might, it is true, have added something to its length. I might have described to you the melancholy and unusual spectacle which the hearse presented in the College courts, when it came to take away the body of my friend. I might have even told you of the sad ceremony, when we laid his poor remains to rest among "the clods of the valley;" and how we heard the clay sound hollow, as it fell from the sexton's shovel upon the boards of his coffin. I might have dwelt upon the groans of a father—the heart-broken grief of a mother—or the tears of a sister. But no! I have not written for effect, and therefore I

have written none of these things. I have told my simple and my true tale. Take it without the additions of fiction, or the embellishments of art—or take it not at all.

A few words more, Reader! and I will release you from what you have probably found but a melancholy companionship. I introduced myself to you rather unceremoniously. I am a man of plain manners, and of plain speech; and in the liberty which I at first took with you, I presumed upon the intimacy which I felt confident would yet exist between us. All men, now, of all ranks, contrive to forestall their incomes to make a show—A writer's fortune is in the good-will of his readers—and I merely followed general example in forestalling this—I but drew my wages before I earned them. However, I know myself to be an honest man, and I have reason to believe you to be one too. These are times when knaves are so abundant, that honest men should never throw away an opportunity of cultivating each other's acquaintance. So, I hope that notwithstanding any apparent uncouthness in my first address to you—I mean in the introductory chapter, and the commencement of this—we shall yet be good friends. If you are not quite tired of my acquaintance, and if you do not look on me as a most impertinent intruder on your precious time, I shall take some more opportunities of meeting you, of which I hope you will also avail yourself. Perhaps we might meet on the first of next month, if I can have another chapter ready by that time. But of one thing be assured—that short as has been the term of our acquaintance, you have my best wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity.

THE LYRIC POETRY OF PINDAR.

LYRIC poetry, as its name imports, was originally not only sung or chanted by the bard, but also accompanied by such instrumental music as the earliest ages could produce; and from this connection flowed its peculiar adaptation for the expression of some present overpowering emotion, or solemn thought. It was probably at first peculiarly devoted to the service of religion, and in process of time to the celebration of heroes and 'godlike men,' to the commemoration of national thanksgivings and victories. Individual feelings, passions, and desires—the fears and the raptures, the suspense and the triumph of love—social enjoyments or sorrows, in more refined ages became also the subjects of lyric song.

The Odes, in which the sacred writings abound, it is not here our province to investigate: it will be sufficient to mention that the songs of Miriam, of Deborah and Barak, are the earliest as well as the most sublime specimens of this species of poetry. As we shall have frequent occasion to comment on the peculiar train of imagery and sentiment suited for each of the varieties of odes, we shall proceed at once to consider the works of the 'Prince of Lyrists,'

PINDAR.

From his birth Pindar appears to have been marked out as a great poet. He was born of parents devoted to music; and the fable of the bees who swarmed around his cradle and left their honey on his infant lips, shadows out the sweet sounds and influences by which his childhood was surrounded. Two of the greatest poetesses were his earliest instructors; and in his riper years, Simonides and the cele-

brated musician Lasus. During his whole life glory and prizes were showered upon him, kings courted his society, and nations delighted to do him honour. The half of all the first-fruit offerings at the altar of Delphi, were presented to him and his descendants; a lofty statue was erected to his memory in Thebes, his native town; and six centuries after, this testimonial of his countrymen's veneration was viewed with admiration by the geographer Pausanias. The most inveterate enemies of the Theban nation revered his fame: Sparta, when she razed the walls and houses of Thebes, left his dwelling uninjured:—

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

His death was worthy of such a life—of such glory: at a great national festival, surrounded by music, and song, and splendour, he breathed forth his soul, leaving behind him an imperishable fame as the "greatest of lyric poets."*

No subjects can at first sight appear more unfitted for poetry than those which he has chosen; and certainly none can be more uninteresting to the modern reader; but in the mind of the Greek none were associated with more lofty feelings of exultation and delight.† The games of Greece resembled in some respects the tournaments of the middle ages—in one they most materially differed. The line of demarcation drawn in modern times between the noble and the peasant, permitted none, save the high-born, to enter the lists. Not so in Greece; the richest and the poorest, the peasant

* Novem lyricorum Pindarus facile princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris, beatissimâ rerum copiâ, et veluti quodam eloquentis flumine.—*Quintil. Instit. x. i.*

† The fondness of the Greek for these games, is marked in a few words of Antiphon's, 7 i. *Σεγυισθαι πολιως, ιερων, αγωνων.*

and the gorgeous ruler of Syracuse, were alike entitled to contend; and the glorious wreath of victory, equal in dignity to a triumph at Rome, crowned the brow of the most deserving, without any distinction of rank or fortune. The victor's name, "familiar in the mouths of men as household words," was immortalized by the song of the bard and the eloquence of the orator; the walls of his native city were thrown down to receive his triumphal chariot, and amid the admiration or the envy of surrounding multitudes he was conducted home, exalted in the opinion of the Greek, to the highest degree of felicity, man is capable of attaining. The brightest emanations of Grecian genius shed their lustre on these great national festivals. There Pindar and Bacchylides sung. Herodotus and Thucydides recited their immortal histories. During their continuance an universal armistice prevailed; friend and foe, neighbour and kinsman, from Mount Hæmus to the farthest verge of Peloponnesus assembled on amicable

and peaceful terms. There the hopes of the religious and the zeal of the devout were kindled, the aspirations of youthful talent cherished, and the character of the Greek, ennobled by the severe course of discipline and self-denial, which the candidate for honour underwent.*

The confined nature of these subjects obliged the bard to have recourse to every artifice, every digression and allusion that could enhance the dignity of his theme. He assumes the tone of a monitor rather than of a panegyrist; he excites the "hero of his song" to noble deeds by denunciations of divine wrath, and allusions to the instability of human pursuits; turning from the victor himself, he celebrates his forefathers; and offers at the shrine of the deity whose rites were venerated by the hero and his family, his tribute of homage and praise. From the turbulence of human passion, the scenes of war and rapine, he transports us to the "islands of the blest," or to the calm and peaceful abode of the Hyperborei.

The remotest point that lies
Open to human enterprise,
Around whom move the virgin choirs,
The breathing flutes, and sounding lyres.
And twining with their festive hair
The golden wreath of laurels fair;
With temperate mirth and social glee,
They join in festive revelry.
Nor dire disease, nor wasting age
Against their sacred lives engage:
But free from trouble and from strife,
Through the mild tenor of their life,
Secure they dwell, nor fear to know
Avenging Nemesis is their foe.

Wheelright's Transl. 10 Pyth.

Pindar is the minstrel and the champion of the religion of Greece; stripping it of the meretricious ornaments, with which the vulgar had arrayed it, he displays it in its native purity, and spiritualizes the grossness of rites, which were fast degenerating into the wildest fanaticism, and the most disgusting licentiousness. "His supreme

deity," says Bishop Heber, "is as much superior to Homer's Zeus, as the doctrines of Pindar are inferior to the majesty of revelation." He is not a capricious tyrant, but a just and benignant ruler of the universe, directing all things according to his will, exalting the humble, and debasing the proud. The immortality of the soul, and a

* Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsir.
Abstulit venere et vino.—*Horace, A. P.* 412.

φιλις Ολυμπια νικησαι; δι' ο' ιστακτιν, ανχισθαι πιμματα, γυμναζισθαι προς αναγκην.
Epictetus. c. 55.

future state of rewards and punish-
ments are his frequent themes ; his
odes breathe forth the purest morality,
the intensest notions of devotion and
piety ; inculcate virtue and patriotism ;

awe the guilty with the terrors of Rhe-
demon's rigorous doom, and inspire
the good with hopes of peace and
eternal happiness in the "islands of the
blessed."

For whose holds in righteousness his throne.
He in his heart hath known.
How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,
In chambers dark and dread,
Of nether earth abide, and penal flame.
Where He whom none may name
Lays bare the soul by stern necessity
Seated in judgment high
The minister of God, whose arm is there.
In heaven alike and hell, Almighty every where.

But ever bright, by day and night
Exulting in excess of light,
From labour free, and long distress,
The good enjoy their happiness ;
No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
Nor stem for scanty food the wave,
But with the venerable gods they dwell—
No tear bedims their aged eye,
Or mars their long tranquillity,
While those accursed howl, in pangs unspeakable.

But who the thrice renew'd probation
Of either world may well endure,
And keep with righteous destination
The soul from all transgression pure.
To such, and such alone, is given
To walk the rainbow-paths of heaven,
To that tall city of eternal time,
Where ocean's balmy breezes play.
And flashing to the western day
The gorgeous blossoms of that blessed clime,
Now in the happy isles are seen
Sparkling thro' the groves of green,
And now all-glorious to behold
Tinge the wave with floating gold.

Second Olympic. Heber's Translation.

Nor could any system of belief be more adapted for poetry than the Greek mythology ; a mythology that conferred dignity on the wildest and most romantic fictions ; the sanctity of truth on the earliest and most fabulous traditions ; that arrayed the creations of fancy in the reality of existence, and "gave to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

For fable is the muse's home, her birth-place ;
Delightedly dwells she, 'mid fays and talismans
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being herself divine ;
Th' intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piney mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring.

In the eye of the Græek, the whole material world was "peopled with life and mystical predominance." The gloom, the silence of the forest ;* the solitude and majesty of "earth-o'er-gazing mountains ;" all that expands, enchants, or appals the spirit, the beautiful, the

sublime, were hallowed by the presiding influence of some present deity. The ground which the living hero had trod, was still visited by his shade ; the cities which his valour or virtue had adorned, still under his protection and care.†

"These superstitions are vanished—
They live no longer in the faith of reason.
But still the heart doth need a language ; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names."‡

Veneration was the prevailing characteristic of Pindar's mind. "His poetry," says Strabo, "is the land of monster, tragedy, and fable." His muse loved to hear the "tale of other days," to brood over the dim and the vast, the lonely and the obscure. And it is the predominance of this faculty that constitutes the resemblance, which Bishop Heber had remarked, between his poetry and that of Sir Walter Scott. The same feeling that, in Pindar, conjured up the ancient mythi, the woes of an Ixion, the romantic expedition of Jason, or the wierd destinies that o'ershadowed the house of Tantalus—in the minstrel of Scotland recalled to light the legends of eld, the reveries of the astrologer—the magic of the wizard—walked amid the pride, pomp, circumstance, of courts and monarchs ; or turned from the vanity of human pursuits to "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault"—beheld the pale moonlight gleaming on the grey abbey, and communed with the

invisible spirits, the shadows and superstitions of his native land.

In the composition of Pindar's odes, the adaptation of the verse to the movements of the dance, and to the accompaniments of music was regarded ; and but faintly can any modern conceive the effect of the most sublime poetry, uttered by the voices, and imaged by the graceful movements of a Grecian choir. Faintly can we hear the distant echoes and murmurs of the stream of song, and transient are the glimpses revealed to us of its beauty and loveliness. The most learned can only hope to *know*, not *feel*, the splendid diction, the judicious collocation, the glowing metaphors of the Pindaric poems.

We shall conclude our remarks by quoting some extracts ; and difficult is the selection, where each ode is distinguished by some characteristic beauty. "Non est admirationi una arbor, ubi in eandem altitudinem silva surrexit."—*Seneca. Ep. 23.*

THE FIRST PYTHIAN.

O thou, whom Phœbus and the quire
Of violet-tressed muses own
Their joint-treasure, golden lyre
Ruling step with warbled tone ;
Prelude sweet to festive pleasures,
Minstrels hail thy sprightly measures ;
Soon as shook from quivering strings
Leading the choral bands, thy loud preamble rings.
In thy mazes, steep'd, expire
Bolts of ever-flowing fire.

* *Lucos atque in iis ipsa silentia adoramus.* Pliny, xii. 1.

† *τοι μιν δαιμονισ ιισι Διος μεγαλου δια βουλας
ισθλοι, επιχθονιοι, φυλακεις θνητων ανθρωπων.*

Hesiod. 1 γρ. και. Ξμ. α. 121.

‡ Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
 Possess'd by thy enchanting numbers ;
 On either side, his rapid wing
 *Drops, entranced, the feathered king.
 Black vapours o'er his curved head,
 Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed ;
 Upheaving his moist back he lies,
 Held down with thrilling harmonies.
 Mars the rough lance has laid apart,
 And yields to song his stormy heart.
 No god but of his mood disarm'd,
 Is with thy tuneful weapons charmed ;
 Soon as Latona's sapient son
 And deep-zoned muses have their lays begun.
 But whomsoever Jove
 Hath looked on without love,
 Are anguished when they hear the voiceful sound.
 Whether on land they be,
 Or in the raging sea ;
 With him, outstretched on dread Tartarian bound
 Hundred-headed Typhon ; erst
 In fam'd Cilicia's cavern nurst ;
 Foe of the gods ; whose shaggy breast
 By Cuma's sea-beat mound, is prest ;
 Pent in by plains of Sicily,
 And that snowy pillar, heavenly high,
 Ætna, nurse of ceaseless frost ;
 From whose cavern'd depths aspire,
 In purest folds, upwreathing tost,
 Fountains of approachless fire.
 By day, a flood of smouldering smoke,
 With sullen gleam, the torrents pour ;
 But in darkness, many a rock
 Crimson flame, along the shore,
 Hurls to the deep with deafening roar.
 From that worm, aloft are thrown
 The wells of Vulcan, full of fear ;
 A marvel strange to look upon ;
 And, for the passing mariner,
 As marvellous to hear ;
 How Ætna's tops with umbrage black
 And soil do hold him bound ;
 And by that pallet all his back
 Is scored with many a wound.

This version is by the Rev. Henry Francis Carey, the translator of Dante, who has at length given the English reader the best image of Pindar's genius and manner ; nor is there in the whole range of classic literature any author whose beauties it is so hard to preserve in a translation. No language, save the Greek, could express those majestic epithets, those glowing

compounds, which ring on our ear as the tones of a harp. The genius of Cowley, the learning and taste of West, Wheelwright, Moore, Pye, failed in their efforts to represent any adequate notion of the Theban bard ; and until Mr. Carey's work appeared, the choruses of Milton in his plays, and the imitations of Gray, presented the only similitudes to his

* Compare Akenside's 'Hymn to the Naiads'—Gray's Progress of Poesy, and Cassimer Expode. xi. 15.

manner of thought and expression. The picture of the departure of the
We shall now give an extract in a *Argo*, in the exquisite romance of
different tone from the preceding. *Jason*.

And soon as by the vessel's bow
The anchor was hung up,
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands a golden cup,
And on great Jove did call ;
And on the winds and waters all
Swept by the hurrying blast,
And on the nights and ocean ways,
And on the fair auspicious days,
And loved return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came,
And shook in glistening beams around,
Burst out the lightning flame.
The chiefs breathed free ; and at the sign
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried
Forthwith their oars to ply :
And swift went backward from rough hands,
The rowing ceaselessly.

The dythyrambics of Pindar, and venture to offer to our readers an
the elegies, have been lost, except a attempt to transfuse some of their
few beautiful fragments preserved by inimitable beauties into an English
Dionysius and Plutarch. As they version.
have never been translated, we shall

FRAGMENTS PRESERVED BY PLUTARCH.

Oh ! when our frames are mouldering back to clay,
Think'st thou th' immortal spirit can decay ?
Think'st thou, in death, that that celestial fire
Which glows within our bosom, shall expire ?
No—the clayey prison spurning,
To its native land returning,
' Beyond the bounds of space or time,'
Soars the soul on wing sublime,
Immortal as its God.
Doubts and fears for aye enshroud
Death and the grave in darkest cloud ;
Yet glimpses burst thro' the gathering gloom,
And gild with their light the dismal tomb,
The undiscovered road.
Yes, at the hour when slumbers deep
Our senses in oblivion sleep
The soul asserts her immortality.
Visions of terror and of dread
Gathering round the sinner's head—
Awful dreams he cannot banish,
As clouds athwart the face of heaven,
O'er his soul incessant driven,
Fears that will not, will not vanish.
These, these proclaim that he can never die.

But in hell's deepest, blackest gloom,
 Where never beamed one ray of light,
 His soul shall meet her final doom,
 Condemned to torture, chains, and endless night.
 Far different destiny shall bless
 Those who have walked in righteousness,
 Unscathed and undefiled,
 Whom pleasure's song hath ne'er beguiled.
 Nor tyrant power dismay'd,
 To stray from truth and holiness,
 Or lend to aught unjust a coward aid.
 'Mid verdant glades of amaranthine flowers,
 Or underneath the shade of fragrant bowers,
 The blessed spirits dwell.
 Some swell the tide of festive song,
 Some drive their shadowy cars along
 The meads of asphodel ;
 Or emulative wield the bow
 And hurl the flying spear ;
 For still amid the shades below,
 Their joys the same as here.
 For ever fair, for ever bright,
 No cloud obscures the blue serene—
 A soft refulgent light
 Sheds a mild radiance o'er the scene.
 Sweet fragrance breath'd from incense-burning fires,
 Is borne upon the wings of gentlest gales—
 And still, at times, from all the glorious choirs
 Echoes the strain of joy along the happy vales.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

FROM DIONYSIUS HALICARN.

Why veilest thou thy splendour in a cloud,
 Most glorious orb of day ?
 Trembling we gaze upon the awful shroud
 That wraps thy ray.
 Return ! return ! in wonted light arrayed,
 Nor leave us thus deserted and dismayed.
 Alas ! what meaneth thy funeral gloom
 Bearest thou with thee in thy car ?
 For this devoted nation some dread doom,
 Famine, or pestilence, or war ?
 Surely thine aspect doth portend
 That nature draweth nigh her end.
 Shall heav'n's angry thunders hurled,
 Like a scroll consume the world ?
 Or shall the ruthless waves o'erwhelm
 All that once was fair and bright ?
 The world become again the realm
 Of chaos and dark night ?

THE BALLAD OF LEONORE.

FAITHFULLY RENDERED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

With corresponding imitations of all the rhythmical peculiarities of the original.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Upstarting with the dawning red,
Rose Leonore from dreams of ill.
“ Oh, Wilhelm ! art thou false, or dead ?
How long, how long, wilt loiter still ? ”
The youth had gone to Prague to yield
King Frederick aid in battle field,
Nor word nor friend had come to tell
If he were still alive and well.

War's trumpet blew its dying blast,
And o'er the empress and the king
Long-wished, long-looked for Peace, at last
Came hovering upon angel-wing.
And all the hosts, with song and gong,
And kettledrums, and ding and dong,
And decked with garlands green and gay,
Marched, every man, for home away.

And on the highways, paths, and byways,
Came clustering, mustering, crowds and groupes
Of old and young, from far and nigh-ways,
And met with smiles the noble troops.
“ Thank God ! ” the son and mother cried—
And “ Welcome ! ” many a joyous bride ;
But none throughout that happy meeting
Hailed Leonore with kiss or greeting.

She wandered hither, hurried thither ;
She called aloud upon her lost—
But none knew aught of him she sought,
Of all that far-extending host.
When all was vain, for sheer despair
She madly tore her night-black hair,
And dashed herself against the stones,
And raved and wept with bitter groans.

Then came her mother hurriedly—
“ Oh, God of mercy !—what alarms
My darling child ? What troubles thee ? ”
And locked her fondly in her arms.
“ Oh, mother, mother ! dead is dead !
My days are sped—my hopes are fled :
Heaven has no pity on me—none—
Oh, woe is me ! oh, wretched one ! ”

" Alas ! alas ! Child, place thy trust
 In God, and raise thy heart above :
 What God ordains is right and just.
 He is a God of tender love."

Oh, mother, mother ! false and vain,
 For God has wrought me only pain.
 I will not pray—my plaint and prayer
 Are wasted on the idle air."

" No, no, my child !—not so—the Lord
 Is good—He heals His children's grief ;
 The Holy Eucharist will afford
 The anguish of thy soul relief."

" Hush, mother, mother ! What I feel
 No Eucharist can ever heal—
 No Eucharist can ever give
 The shrouded Dead anew to live."

" Ah, child ! perchance thy lover now—
 A traitor to his love and thee—
 Before the altar plights his vow
 To some fair girl of Hungary :—
 Yet weep not this perfidious wrong,
 For he will rue it late and long ;
 And when his soul and body part,
 His faithlessness will burn his heart."

" Oh, mother, mother ! gone is gone,
 And lorn for once is ever lorn !
 The grave is now my hope alone :
 Would God that I had ne'er been born !
 Out, out, sick light ! Out, flickering taper !
 Down, down in night and charnel vapour !
 In heaven there is no pity—none—
 Oh, woe is me ! oh, wretched one !"

" Oh, God of mercy ! enter not
 In judgment with thy suffering child !
 Condemn her not—she knows not what
 She raves in this delirium wild.
 My child ! forget thy tears and sighs,
 And look to God and Paradise ;
 A holier bridegroom shalt thou see,
 And He will sweetly comfort thee."

" Oh, mother ! what is Paradise ?
 Oh, mother ! what and where is Hell ?
 In Wilhelm lies my Paradise—
 Where he is not my life is Hell !
 Then, out, sick light ! Out, flickering taper !
 Down, down in blackest night and vapour !
 In heaven, on earth I will not share
 Delight, if Wilhelm be not there !"

And thus, as reigned and raged despair
 Throughout her brain, through every vein,
 Did this presumptuous maiden dare
 To tax with ill God's righteous will.
 And wrang her hands and beat her breast
 Till sank the sunlight in the west,
 And under heaven's ethereal arch
 The silver stars began their march.

When, list! a sound! hark! *hoff, hoff, hoff!*

It nears—she hears a courser's tramp—
And swiftly bounds a rider off

Before the gate with clattering stamp;
And hark! the bell goes *ring, ding, ding,*
And hark again! *cling, ling, ling, ling.*
And through the portal and the hall
There peals a voice with hollow call.

“What, ho! Up, up, sweet love, inside!

Dost watch for me, or art thou sleeping?
Art false, or still my faithful bride?

And smilest thou or art thou weeping?

“What! Wilhelm, thou? and come thus late!

Oh! night has seen me weep and wait

And suffer so! But oh! I fear—

Why this wild haste in riding here?”

“I left Bohemia late at night:

We journey but at midnight, we!

My time was brief, and fleet my flight.

Up, up! thou must away with me!”

“Ah, Wilhelm! come inside the house;

The wind moans through the fir-tree boughs;

Come in, my heart's beloved! and rest

And warm thee in this faithful breast.”

“The boughs may wave, the wind may rave;

Let rave the blast and wave the fir!

Though winds may rave and boughs may wave

My sable steed expects the spur.

Up! gird thyself, and spring with speed

Behind me on my sable steed;

A hundred leagues must yet be sped

Before we reach the bridal bed.”

“Oh Wilhelm! at so drear an hour,

A hundred leagues away from bed!

Hark! hark! ‘Eleven’ from the tower

Is tolling far with tone of dread!”

“Look round! look up! The moon is bright.

The Dead and We are fleet of flight:

Doubt not I'll bear thee hence away

To home before the break of day.”

“And where is then the nuptial hall?

And where the chamber of the bride?”

“Far, far from hence! Chill, still and small,

But six feet long by two feet wide!”

“Hast room for me?” “For me and thee!”

Quick! robe thyself, and come with me.

The wedding guests await the bride;

The chamber-door stands open wide.”

Soon up, soon clad, with lightest bound

On that black steed the maiden sprung,

And round her love, and warmly round,

Her snowwhite arms she swung and flung;

And deftly, swiftly, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*

Away went horse and riders off;

Till panted horse and riders too,

And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew!

On left and right, with whirling flight,
 How rock and forest reeled and wheeled !
 How danced each height before their sight !
 What thunder-tones the bridges pealed !
 "Dost fear ? The moon is fair to see ;
 Hurrah ! the Dead ride rapidly !
 Beloved ! dost dread the the shrouded Dead ?"
 "Ah, no ! but let them rest," she said.

But see ! what throng, with song and gong
 Moves by, as croaks the raven hoarse !
 Hark ! funeral song ! Hark ! knelling dong !
 They sing, "Let's here inter the corse !"
 And nearer draws that mourning throng
 And bearing hearse and bier along.
 With hollow hymn outgurgled like
 Low reptile groanings from a dyke.

"Entomb your dead when midnight wanes,
 With knell, and bell, and funeral wail !
 Now homewards to her dim domains
 I bear my bride—so, comrades, hail !
 Come, Sexton, with the choral throng,
 And jabber me the bridal song.
 Come, Priest ! the marriage must be bless'd
 Before the wedded pair can rest."

Some spell is in the horseman's call,
 The hymn is hushed, the hearse is gone,
 And in his wake the buriers all,
 Tramp, tramp, come clattering, pattering on ;
 And onward, forward, *hoff, hoff, hoff,*
 Away swept all in gallop off,
 Till panted steed and riders too,
 And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew.

On left and right, with flight of light,
 How whirled the hills, the trees, the bowers !
 With lightlike flight, on left and right,
 How spun the hamlets, towns, and towers !
 "Dost quail ? The moon is fair to see ;
 Hurrah ! the Dead ride recklessly !
 Beloved ! dost dread the shrouded Dead ?"
 "Ah ! let the Dead repose !" she said.

But look ! On yonder gibbet's height,
 How round his wheel, as wanly glances
 The yellow moon's unclouded light,
 A malefactor's carcase dances !
 "So ho ! poor Carcase ! down with thee !
 Down, Thing of Bones, and follow me !
 And thou shalt briskly dance, ho, ho !
 Before us when to bed we go !"

Whereon the Carcase, *brush, ush, ush !*
 Came rustling, bustling close behind,
 With whirr as when through hazle bush,
 Steals cracklingly the winter wind.
 And forward, onward, *hoff, hoff, hoff !*
 Away dashed all in gallop off,
 Till panted steed and riders too,
 And fire and pebbles flashed and flew.

How swift the eye saw sweep and fly
Earth's bounding car, afar, afar!
How flew on high the circling sky,
The heavens and every winking star.
"Dost quake? The moon is fair to see.
Hurrah! the Dead ride gloriously!
Beloved! dost dread the shrouded Dead?
"Oh woe! let rest the Dead!" she said.

"'Tis well! Ha, ha! the cock is crowing;
Thy sand, beloved, is nearly run!
I smell the breeze of morning blowing.
My good black steed, thy race is done!
The race is done—the goal is won—
The wedding-bed we shall not shun!
The Dead can chase and race apace!
Behold! we face the fated place!"

Before a grated portal stand
That midnight troop and coalblack horse,
Which, touched as by a viewless wand,
Bursts open with gigantic force!
With trailing reins and lagging speed
Wends onward now the gasping steed,
Where ghastlily the moon illumines
A wilderness of graves and tombs!

He halts. O, horrible! Behold—
Hoo! hoo! behold a hideous wonder!
The rider's garments drop like mould
Of crumbling plasterwork asunder!
His scull, in bony nakedness,
Glares hairless, fleshless, featureless!
And now A SKELETON he stands,
With flashing Scythe and Glass of Sands!

High rears the barb—he snorts—he winks—
His nostrils flame—his eyeballs glow—
And whirl! the maiden sinks and sinks
Down in the smothering clay below!
Then howls and shrieks in air were blended;
And wailings from the graves ascended,
Until her heart, in mortal strife,
Wrestled with very Death for Life!

And now, as dimmer moonlight wanes,
Round Leonore in shadowy ring,
The spectres dance their dance of chains,
And howlingly she hears them sing—
• Bear, bear, although thy heart be riven!
And tamper not with God in heaven.
Thy body's knell they soon shall toll—
May God have mercy on thy soul!"

HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY.—No. IV.*

THE leaves are falling, the swallows departed, and the moaning of the wind among the oak woods of Clashganny, mingles mournfully with the hoarse brawling of the millstream, and the sullen roar of the deep flooded Barrow. It is an altered scene since that May morning when we sat down, in the midst of song and sunshine, to write of love. But although the vernal bloom of grove and meadow be faded, and the summer skies are overcast, the waning season has its pleasures not the less lively that its leaves and flowers lie dead, and not the less fresh that its proper fruits and increase are mature. The lovers who in May walked, hand in hand, through the greenwood, delighted with the summer song of the cuckoo, will hear—if they still love, and be still together—with an equal pleasure, the winter chirrup of the cricket, as they sit, side by side, at a clean hearthstone, and listen, in quiet congratulation, to the pattering, which we must soon expect, of chill November's rains upon the window. The husbandman, although his heart might swell with the glad promise of the braird which, last May, lighted up his fields with a verdure tenderer than the serenest ray of emeralds, now feels a soberer, but far more assured satisfaction, as he walks his brown ridges of crisp stubble, for the grain which then lay, a frail embryo in a delicate leaf, unformed and insecure, is now—if the mill wheel be not choked by the backwater of the flooded race—running from the stones in a wheaten or an oaten river, sweeter than all the rills of milk and honey that ever sprung upon the fabled march of Bacchus, and richer than the yellowest tribute that ever Tagus or Pactolus paid the sea. *Mutat terra vices*: but every change is a blessing, and our country, under every aspect, a delight. Let the hum of crowded

factories, the whirring of spindles, and the click of slays and shuttles ring their elaborate discord in the ears of others; give us the merry music of flail and hopper, the honest voices of bullocks on the holm, and swine among the feeding troughs, the whistle of Thady Oge between the plough stilts, and the evening song of Nora Bawn over the milking-pail—*coleen das cruha na mo*. These are the sights, and these the sounds of Ireland's legitimate prosperity, which make our eyes glisten and our ears tingle with the thrill of a more worthy national pride than ever victory by land or sea gave British citizen. We are prouder of a ploughing-match than of a review, and confess to the inheroic preference of a drove of black cattle to a troop of dragoons. We ask no grander triumph than the rural pomp of harvest home, no more dignified ovation than the peaceful honours of the sheep shearing.

Yet while we glory in our country's main resource of produce, let us not be indifferent to her capabilities, also, of art and manufacture; nor forget that, while the flour of Barrow Mills smokes in the ovens of Liverpool or London bakers, the silks and velvets of the Coombe shine in the lustre of wax lights at Almack's; that while the cheesemongers of Water-street and Ludgate-hill contend for the pork and butter shipped from Donegal-Quay, or the Burrin side, the Emperor of all the Russias daily dries his imperial hands on the diapers of Lisburn, and our gracious Monarch, in St. George's hall, dines at his state tables from the damask of Ardoyne. The long-deplored linen trade again brightens every valley from Banbridge to Coleraine with bleach greens, white as the lingering stripes of snow on Devis side at Easter; and already has science's advance, in one department of its process, called into

* Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English poetical translations; collected and edited, with notes and illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. London: Joseph Robins, Bride-court, Bridge-street. 1831.

operation mechanical aids, and organized industry, undreamt of in the palmiest days of its old prosperity; while magnificent factories springing up in all quarters of our northern capital, rival with the hollow shafts of their tall chimneys, the solid monuments of architecture, and by the complicated perfection of their enginery, perform the former tasks of half a

million of hands busy from sunrise to sunset at the spinning wheel.

But, exclaims the reader, what has beef, or butter, or diaper, or damask, or linen-yarn, to do with Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy? With the minstrelsy of Ireland, we are free to admit, nothing; unless, indeed, we except that succulent sentiment in Maggy Lauder—

Mac, jm, bulcan, rogh zach rolájr
Ojr-phjr chlanna Mjle;

Or suppose that famous raid-rant of MacFarlane's country,

Over mountain, moor and hillock,
Over slack, and over plain,
We are bound to drive the bullock
Through the sleet but and the rain,

to be a family-piece among the Muintir Mac Partholan, an enterprising clan "alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's beam," (who knows not that the moon is MacFarlane's lamp?) engaged in similar pursuits, time out of mind, on both sides of the pond. No; save our promised appendix, last month concluded our business with the Irish of Mr. Hardiman's collections; and we have now arrived at that part of our labours where it only remains that we advert to the English notes and annotations which form a considerable portion of the work, in order to complete our full purpose of such a notice as the importance of Mr. Hardiman's undertaking claims at our hands.

But, with the lucubrations of Mr. Hardiman himself, all images of peace, plenty and content, are in our minds so intimately associated, that we cannot peruse the one without having the other most vividly impressed on our imagination; and, therefore, in proposing to deal with this portion of the work, we have been led to begin with a review of those more prominent features of Irish prosperity which we cannot but see, at every turn, developing themselves in daily encreasing importance, and craving but the boon of quiet operation, to carry our country, ere long, to such a position among the nations as must make her one of the most thriving states in the world.

Association of ideas is, however, of two sorts, positive and negative, like the poles of a magnet; and, like the magnet, as its phenomena are characterised, in the one instance by agreement or reciprocal affinity, so are they distinguished in the other by contrariety or mutual aversion. It is, alas, by the latter sort of association that Mr. Hardiman's writings affect us. When we see evil designed us, the goods which we possess appear of double value. When we hear mischievous suggestions broached to the prejudice of our country's interest, all the blessings which she enjoys assume a tenfold importance.

That the spirit of petty anti-Anglicism sought to be imparted by Mr. Hardiman throughout these annotations, is highly prejudicial to the best interests of the country, we should think will not be disputed by even the most enthusiastic advocates of Irish independence. A fretful, querulous, undignified malice, however provoked, can never be countenanced by the supporters of a manly opposition. Such rancorous and puerile malignity injures the party it would support, by justifying our want of confidence in their most generous protestations.

We confess we have very slender grounds for distrust of this nature in Mr. Hardiman's case. He certainly holds out no very alluring prospect of reconciliation. We do not think we

should bathe our feet in butter if he kept the keys of the dairy ; and in the hog-yard we fear we should find Eumæus a Gurth. The Wamba of his disposition might indeed prompt him to clap a brawn to our nose in derision of our supposed descent from the porking Saxon ; but from farther demonstrations of such kindnesses, we should be safe as Isaac of York. We will, therefore, keep a fast hold of the churn, even though we run the risk of being called a Cyclops, and leave directions with "our man Marshall" not to let Outis into the piggery on any terms, as we understand he bears a strong resemblance to Phil Purcel.

Such, at least, is our impression of Mr. Hardiman's feeling towards that portion of his countrymen, with whom we join in preferring things as they are, to things as we apprehend his party's designs would make them. It has ever been the policy of that party to affect the monopoly of native Irish sympathies, and, standing between the aristocracy and the people, to intercept the best charities of society. We regret to say their scheme of dissension has so far succeeded, that, but for the reconciling strength of an honest literature, at length in some degree extending its influence to our country, all Ireland would at this day exhibit one monstrous spectacle of a disgusted proprietary and a revolted population. Let us not deny that there have been faults on all hands ; but while we are as willing to denounce tyranny or profligacy on the one side, as violence or ingratitude upon the other, let no reasonable man blame us if we thrust down indignantly and unsparingly, whatever assumption of sole right to interference may obstruct our claim to equal privilege of sympathy with all.

Now, as Mr. Hardiman has interposed himself between us and our countrymen at large, in the various characters of antiquary, herald, historian, patriot, scholar, and pacificator, he shall budge out of his pretensions, one by one, till not so much as the skirts of his tabard or the top leaf of his olive branch shall intercept our kindly communications.

"A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri lup'sos* ;
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us ;

So, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation."

Therefore, although we boast not access to the original privy council books, (burned in Dublin castle one hundred and twenty years ago,) hand us down, Oh Gilly Mac Ghillaphadruic, mo buachal buidh, our Cottonian and Lambethan collections from their transcripts ; and since the doors of the State-paper office are slapped in our face by Whig porters, you may add any thing we have picked up at the Tower, the University, or the Academy.

First, then, let us powder the antiquary's wig with a slight dust of numismatic information. Take him on the Irish coinage.

"This ballad (Eleen a Roon)" says he, "has been erroneously ascribed to the sixteenth century, for it bears internal evidence of greater antiquity. The first line of the second stanza, 'I would spend a cow to entertain thee,' alone proves that it was composed before coined money was general, or when living money was in use."

As well translate literally, and say at once, "I would drink a cow with you," without any dishonest effort at gentility ; but this is a vicious vulgarity incurable throughout the book. But, to the point. Coined money *was not* so general in Ireland in the sixteenth as in either of the two preceding centuries : living money *was*, even more so. In and before the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, mints had been established by law, at Dublin, Trim, Waterford, Clonard, Drogheda, Limerick, Cork, Galway, and Carlingford. All Irish bishops enjoyed the right of coining, and the native chieftains had also private mints, as appears from the suppression of O'Reilly's money in 1446. Gold nobles and royals were current during these two centuries, and the exchange between Irish and English money never was above a fourth. In fact, from the time of John, when the English and Irish coinage were at par, till the commencement of this very sixteenth century, the Irish were almost as well supplied with a circulating medium as their conquerors. Richard the Second, in 1379, gave to all his Irish subjects permission of

working their mines of the precious metals, and of either using the produce in plate, or having it coined at the royal mint at Dublin. That this privilege, for a time, restrained the derangement of the currency, there can be little doubt, since it was not till after the mints at all places, save Dublin, Drogheda and Waterford, had been prohibited, that the old groat rose at last to sixpence in 1475. From this time the coin went on decreasing in intrinsic worth, and increasing in nominal value, a sure test of growing scarcity, till the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, in 1540, forced a small quantity of groats and twopences, debased to an extent unheard of before, on the reluctant Irish, prohibiting, at the same time, their return to England under a penalty of treble their value. Mary thrust upon them another stinted supply of still viler shillings, and obliged them, by proclamation, to retain the base Rosepennies of her father and brother. Elizabeth abolished all remains of the Irish mints, and would permit her subjects here to have nothing but shillings, sixpences, and threepences coined in England. This coinage was of an alloy still baser than any. It was three parts copper to one of silver, (and that only three ounces fine,) and supplanting all the old currency of the kingdom, "*which Sir George Carew, treasurer of the army, collected and carried off,*" left nothing in the hands of the people but so much brazen evidence of royal robbery. Thus it is that Ireland was, in the middle of the sixteenth century, barer of gold and silver than she had been for perhaps a thousand years before. Yet even the base bungalls and broadpieces of Elizabeth were to be money once again, when weighed against the potmetal of the second James, whose coinage from guns, kettles, and pewter dishes, amounted, in one year, to the proclaimed value of nine hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-five pounds. This and the succeeding history of Irish currency, is known to all. The Drapier's Letters checked the last attempt at a revival of the old system; but, atrocious as that attempt was, we can well believe from the habituation to Irish plunder, of the English government, through centuries previous, that it would, if unopposed,

have been repeated in the face of all the intellect of the eighteenth century. Most of the facts we have stated ought to be well known, for we gather them from reference to two of the commoner authorities, Ware and Nicholson, although neither writer appears to be conscious of the monstrous iniquities he records.

We have forgotten Mr. Hardiman in our indignation against those who made the sixteenth the scarcest century for metal money of all the four from the conquest; and where metal is not, barter must be. Accordingly we find that it was by barter Hugh Roe O'Donnell dealt when he bought the Book of Ballymote, in 1522, for 120 cows, that it was by barter the French wines of 1582 were purchased, when, "out of France, in one summer, three barks, of forty tons a piece, discharged their lading of excellent good Gascoygne wyne (at Carrickfergus,) *the which they sowld for IX cowes skynnes the hoggeshead.*" It was by barter of wine, silk, and saffron, that the burghers of the same town would have ransomed their cattle a few years before from Brian Ballagh O'Neill, "bot the sayed traytour dronk the same wine and receaved the saied silk and saffrone, and restored *not one of the neate back agayne,*" which was a scurvy trick of Brian, and "a greate hyndraunce and impediment to the sayed poore townesmen." True, Cox tells us that when old Turlogh came to the Newrie, to renew his submission, "he brought with him to the towne four hundred pounds in money, (not in cows observe,) and thought it much to his glory that he and his followers spent it all, tipling and carowsing, in three days time." But if the £400 was in Elizabeth's alloy it would have been as easy for Turlogh to have brought the reckoning in cowhides, at the rate of nine to the hogshead, and so it is likely he would, had he not wished to appear handsomely before Sir Henry Sidney—a valiant and successful commander, and a prudent gentleman, who never bought an acre in Ireland. So Mr. Hardiman need not throw his wig at poor O'Daly, who was come of a thirsty family, (his great grandfather was the Lord Abbot of Boyle,) and in love besides, for singing, even in Eliza's days,

I'd drink a cow with you,
 Ellen a Roon,
 I'd drink two cows with you,
 Ellen a Roon,
 I'd walk the world wide with you,
 But to obtain alliance from my treasure;
 And I would not part for ever from you,
 Ellen a Roon.

Our next task must be to strip away the obtrusive tabard. We take him on the family history of the noble house of MacDonnell.

"The following curious extract relating to the first of the name, in the north of Ireland, I have taken (says he) from the original Irish Privy Council Book of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in Dublin Castle: 'Articles entered into at the campe, near Dunluce, in Ulster, the 18th September, 1584, between Sir John Perrott, Lord Deputy, and the rest of the council there, and Donell Gorme MacConnell of the Glynnnes, in Ulster, &c. &c.—signed DONELL GORME MC. CONALD.' Such was the origin of that great family in the county Antrim."

Off with the card-cloth, you Bohemian impostor, or we'll let slip such a kennell of facts as shall tear it shred by shred from your shoulders. What! you won't? You will still cling to Sir William Betham's skirts, will you? Then their tusks shall write the MacDonnell pedigree on your flanks and forehead. Donell Gorme was *not* the first of his name in the north of Ireland. He was Donell Gorme, MacSeamus, MacAlister, MacEoin Carach, MacEoin, MacDonnell Ballagh, Mac Eoin More, Mac Nice Oge, Mac Nice More Mac *Donell* or *Connell*, who plundered Derry in 1211, and was the first of the Clan Donnell in the north of Ireland, till we go back to the time of Coll Uais's exile in A.D. 330. Donell Gorme was *not* the origin of *any* family—he died without issue, being slain in the autumn of the next year, by Sir Richard Bingham, in Connaught, whither he had gone with his brother Alister to join a rising of MacWilliam Burk. The origin of the MacDonnell family in Antrim was *not* in 1584, but in 1405, when Shane More married the heiress of the Glynnns, Mary Bissett. *Sorley Buidh* was the *then* head of the family, whose submis-

sion you will find in the next page of the Council Book, dated 28th June, in the same year, at the same place, contracted with the same parties and to the same effect, only of more lengthened provisions and of greater severity. The Herald's shoulder's are now bare, and by no means so bulky, and we find that what we mistook for his tabard is but a breadth of Sir William Betham's table-cloth.

Now to give him a wrinkle in "the Philosophy of History."

"It is well known (he says) that, in former times, Ireland was distinguished for temperance and sobriety. At more recent periods it has become noted for some of the opposite vices, 'the consequences of English domination and of penal laws.' This pernicious custom, as already shown, is but of late growth in Ireland. It originated among an impoverished people, who were sunk and degraded in their own estimation, by the operation of laws founded on bigotry and administered with partiality and injustice. Hence the immediate cause of his (the Irishman's) poverty and wretchedness. It may be necessary here to remind the reader that, after the destruction of the old Irish families by Cromwell, Charles the Second, and William the Third of England, there were thrown in a state of utter destitution on the world, a vast number of younger sons, cousins, nephews, &c.; all gentlemen, with abundance of family pride, but a proportionate lack of worldly means; many were, long after, known by the name of 'roving blades,' while others, of more ardent dispositions, under the appellations of tories and rapparees, became the terror of various districts."

We will not insist on the case of Murtach Mac Erc, who drowned himself in the wine-butt in Sletty on the Boyne, five hundred and thirty-four years before Christ, nor on that of Shane O'Neill who used to drink Usquebagh till he had to be sunk in a

bog to carry off the fever, nor on that of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who swilled himself into the dungeons of Dublin Castle at one stoop, nor even on the testimony of our old friend, Captain Bodley, who, it may be remembered, declares that, in his day, (fifty years before Cromwell brewed)—

“ Sacerdotes ipsi qui sunt viri sancti, et Abbas Armachensis et Episcopus Casselensis et alii, ac etiam viri nobiles ut Henricus Oge Mac Mahonus MacHenricus, et omnis generis viri et feminae, nocte dieque, usquebathum in guttures suos (infundere solebant) idque non ad hilaritatem modo, quod esset laudabile, sed, ad continuam ebrietatem, quod, (as the captain sagaciously observes,) est valde detestabile.”

The question is not whether more whiskey was drunk in Ireland before or after the time of Cromwell, (certainly more; whiskey is comparatively a modern liquor,) but whether the moral intemperance, the mental dissipation and habitual idleness which characterise the Irish, were more the consequences of *our penal laws, or of their own savage customs*. Let us hear Sir John Davis :—

“ By the Irish customs of Tanistry, the chieftains of every county, and chief of every sept, had no longer estate than for life in their chiefteries, *the inheritance whereof did rest in no man*. And these chiefteries, though they had some portions of lands allotted unto them, did chiefly consist in cuttings and cosheries and other Irish exactions, whereby they did spoil and impoverish the people at their pleasure. And when their chieftains were dead, their sons, or next heirs, did not succeed unto them, but their Tanists, who were elective, and purchased their elections by strong hand. And by the Irish custom of gavelkind, the inferior tenanties were partible amongst all the males of the sept, both bastards and legitimate.” . . . “ Who would plant, or improve, or build upon that land which a stranger, whom he knew not, should possess after his death? For that (as Solomon noteth) is one of the strangest vanities under the sun. And this is the true reason why Ulster, and all the Irish counties, are found so waste and desolate at this day, (the beginning of the reign of James the First,) and so they would continue till the world's end, if these customs

were not abolished by the laws of England.” . . . “ Again, that Irish custom of gavelkind did breed another mischief; for, thereby, every man being born to land, *they all held themselves to be gentlemen*. And though their portions were never so small, and themselves never so poor, (*for gavelkind must needs, in the end, make a poor gentility*,) yet did they scorn to descend to husbandry or merchandise, or to learn any mechanical art or science.” . . . “ But the most wicked and mischievous custom of all others, was that of Coigne and Livery, which consisted in taking of man's meat, horse meat, and money of all the inhabitants of the country, at the will and pleasure of the soldier, who, as the phrase of Scripture is, ‘*did eat up the people as it were bread*,’ for that he had no other entertainment. This extortion was originally Irish, for they used to lay Bonaght on their people, and never gave them any other pay.” Its notorious effects—“ First, it made the land waste; next, it made the people idle, for when the husbandman had laboured all the year, the soldier, in one night, did consume the fruits of all his labour.” . . . “ And hereupon, of necessity, came depopulation, banishment, and extirpation of the better sort of subjects, and such as remained became idle, and lookers-on, expecting the event of these miseries and evil times; so as this extreme extortion and oppression hath been *the true cause of the idleness of the Irish nation*.”

It was this abundance of pauper idlers which overflowed the only two peaceable professions open to the early Irish—Minstrelsy and Divinity, so that, at the time of the council of Drumceat, the professors of the first were so numerous as to threaten the whole island with a revolution; while the swarms of ecclesiastics who have made Armagh, Bangor, Lismore, and Glendalough famous above all the early colleges of the west, show what astonishing multitudes there were glad to embrace the severities of monachism as an escape from the unsettled and ill-conditioned state in which hereditary pride and poverty had placed them. This was the true cause of that clannish unanimity in the midst of national dissension, and of that general impotence of a nation, individually valiant, which prostrated the whole realm of Ireland, in 1180, before a handful of disciplined adventurers. This was the

true cause why, during the next four hundred years, while England's power was paralysed by her own civil commotions, the Irish never could muster energy sufficient to cut the cobweb thread which linked, but did not bind the two islands. And this, in the next century, was the true cause why vagabonds and profligates, shut out for a while, by the reformation, from their old hives of superstitious indolence, swarmed over the distracted land.

“ Idly and immoderately coshering upon the countrie, and sassing themselves, their followers, their horses, and their grayhounds upon the poore inhabitants; sometimes exacting money from them, to spare them and their tenants, and go elsewhere to their *Eaught* and *Edrough*, viz. supper and breakfast, and sometimes craving helps from them; all which the poore people dare not deny them, sometimes for shame, but most commonly for fear of mischief to be done or procured them by refusing, and, therefore, doe bear it, although unwillingly. And many times when they are scarce able soe to do, and yet dare not complain, for fear of the inconveniences aforesaid; and to that end doe make cuts, levies, and plotments upon themselves to pay them, and give such entertainment and helps, to the utter impoverishing and disabling of the poore inhabitants to pay their duties to the king's majestie, and their rents to their landlords.”—*Preamble to the act against Cosherers*, 10 & 11, c. 1. *

That the roving brotherhood received a considerable augmentation by the dispersion of new unfortunates, in the succeeding wars, we are far from denying; that their outlawry contributed to the national dissipation we admit; but we have shown that, independent of penal aggravation, there existed from the earliest times in Irish society the elements of idleness, and consequently of rapacity, vagabondism, and all kinds of intemperance.

* The preambles to two other statutes of the same session will give some idea of the humanity of Irish habits, before they were yet brutalised by the Cromwellite and Williamite adventurers:—“ Whereas, in many places of this kingdome, there hath been a long time used a barbarous custome of ploughing, harrowing, drawing, and working with horses, mares, geldings, garrons, and colts *by the taile*, whereby (besides the cruelty used to the beasts,) the breed of horses is much impaired in this kingdome, to the great prejudice thereof, &c.” “ And whereas, also, divers have, and yet do use, the like barbarous custom of *pulling off the wool yearly from living sheep*, instead of clipping or shearing them, &c.”

Let Mr. Hardiman, then, leave his historical mare's nest where he found it, and stand up to his battle, if he mean to hold his ground of patriotism, for it is our firm intention to put him under the renegade's ropes. A single rally will settle that round. Hear the Yankee:—

“ Kind and compassionate legislators continue to supply him (the Irishman) with both, (that is, both whiskey and bibles,) thus you will, at once, consult his temporal and eternal welfare, leave to the world a monument of your superior wisdom, and by thus promoting the prosperity of Ireland, and placing her above temptation, *deter America from audaciously, perhaps successfully, making love to her on some future occasion.*”

Even after three hundred years' subjection, or alliance, we can understand an Irish Roman Catholic's hatred of of England; nay, a mere Irishman, although a Protestant, may be conceived of as being sore upon the subject of English domination at times; but that an Irish Roman Catholic, even though the whole Missionary Association were pelting him with bibles, and he up to his knees in a drift of anti-popish tracts—even though his last priest were celebrating the last mass on the southernmost extremity of Cape Clear—nay, that an Irish Roman Catholic, even though Earl Roden were Lord Lieutenant, and Captain Gordon Secretary, armed with the Coercion Bill, and quoting Scripture on the King's highway, could for but a moment admit the imagination of Yankee domination, is a thought so prodigiously monstrous, that, standing stock still in pure horror, we have given him an opportunity, we perceive, of sculking out of the ring unpunished, if we except a kick from his own bottle-holder, and a loud cry of “*Shamus-a—*” from the indignant multitude.

Still there dangles from his neck something at a green ribbon that bears the likeness of a scholar's medal. We shall transmute it into the pewter badge of a Parnassian pauper, and here is the philosopher's stone—

“In this fine ode, the bard has, with a master-hand introduced the most signal interventions of divine power and mercy, such as the preservation of Noah in the deluge, and of the prophet Jonah in the deep; the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea; the patience and divine approval of holy Job: *the penitence and pardon of Longinus*; the great atonement of our Divine Redeemer, and the miraculous raising of Lazarus from the dead.”

O Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicode-

Oh! million of welcomes for thee,
Chosen bard of the fair and the free,

to Andrew Marvel's,

When I behold the poet blind yet bold.

He considers the following passage from MacDonnell Claragh equal to anything in the Iliad :—

“Begirt with hosts, a terrible array,
Blood points his track—and havoc straws his way—
The lion's courage, and the lightning's speed,
His might combines—from *each adventurous deed*.”

He is of opinion that Ovid “too often suffers his wit to rule without restraint,” after the manner of Tim O'Sullivan. To point out the vicious

mus, whom does he take the honest gentleman to be? One of the prophets? No. An acquaintance of Job? Not at all. Related perhaps to Solomon? Not in the slightest. Ah, we perceive, we perceive—Longinus was—we wonder we did not perceive it sooner—the piper that played before Moses. Let's look at the badge: it will do very well when scoured. We must fasten it to his sleeve, and set him by the muses' door to solicit extracts from Anacreon.*

Short and sweet shall be our essay on criticism, as we are all agog for his midnight, melting, conciliating love-feast of pacification. Well, then, he prefers his introductory ode beginning

character of the Nasonian style, he gives us in Irish the following effusion of *Tim's*:

“They were in-vallies, in-ladders, bright,
Her thick locks: bending, in layers extending.
Curlingly, like-a-pearl, starlike, clearly,
Like-the-dawn, in-branches, celestially, delectably,
Crookedly, and foldingly, and distilling after her
To her joints, to her feet, and to the extremity of the grass,” &c.

He allows this to remind him of something similar in Byron.

“Her hair in hyacinthine flow.”

But he makes no charge of plagiarism—far from it—no, not even in the simile of the lady and the swan. But, on the whole, no one tickles him so

hugely (after Tim O'Sullivan) as Professor Carlyle, in his translation from the Arabic:—

“Through midnight gloom my Leila strayed,
Her ebon locks around her played;
So dark they waved—so black they curled,
Another night o'erspread the world.”

* Let us be but just: Mr. Hardiman is, we believe, an admirable Irish scholar, infinitely better than ourselves.

Ah! Mr. Hardiman's critical powers are of a high order. We begin to perceive in him a certain Miltonian, nay, Dantesque sublimity of apprehension. He shall have our vote and interest to the vacant chair of Belles Lettres in the Kevin-street College.

But the love-feast cools, and the pacificator, too eager for our entertainment to attend even to this proposal, waves us on with his olive branch to the head of the table. What have we here?

"A great consolation in the reflection that the day of persecution has passed away; that the children of the tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, now mingle without distinction in the great mass of society: and that the angry passions which formerly raged with violence are generally and rapidly declining. May no untoward circumstance occur to interrupt this happy procedure; and, in the language of one of our modern bards,

'May Erin's sons of every caste,
Be Irishmen from first to last.
Nor name, nor creed divide them!'"

Very fair—exceedingly fair indeed. Sir, you shall play first fork at our jubilee dinner on the reconciliation of the Irish parties. In the mean time, we must trouble you for another cut of the lamb.

"With respect to the memories of James and William, remove the penal code and it may be fearlessly predicted, that the Irish Catholics will, unhesitatingly join their Protestant friends in commemorating the latter. In Ireland, bravery covers a multitude of sins."

Well, the penal code is removed; but we have not heard of any Irish Catholic, save Dan, pledging the Pious, Glorious, and Immortal Memory—Oh! this explains it, does it?

"The prose parts of this undertaking were mostly written before the late con-

ciliatory acts, and, if now to be done, might perhaps remain for ever so."

Was not the book published in thirty-one? What miserly treason is this! Sir, you shall not be present at our jubilee dinner. Well—we see you are ashamed of yourself, and would again propitiate us.

"In conclusion he (the writer, Mr. Hardiman) has only to add, that as his sole object was the preservation of even so much of the neglected poetry of his native land, he has presented the entire to the worthy publisher Mr. Robins, and sincerely hopes it may not prove an unproductive gift to a man whose liberal press and generous exertions in our national cause, at a late momentous crisis, deserve well of the people of Ireland."

Well, well, you are an honest fellow after all; and shall have a seat at the side table. We hope the book may pay—every gentleman of Connaught, Munster, and Western Leinster should have a copy, nor would we object to a sprinkling in Tyrone and Donegall. Marcus Costello, however, must be kept to Burn and Chitty; and we would rather see a gentleman of Mr. D'Alton's acquirements getting up a History of the county Louth—or, to speak more appositely, we would rather see the leading gentry of the county Louth encouraging Mr. D'Alton by something more handsome than half-guinea subscriptions to illustrate the history of their wars and honors, as no man could better do, or would more willingly, we believe, if not at a dead loss to himself, than Mr. D'Alton. We would rather, we say, see this than his prurient indulgence, here, in sad rhymes and petty treasonable verses.

But the pacificator has seized the opportunity of our back being turned, and is stuffing like a cannibal behind the screen. What's that you gobble up with such a gusto? Ha!

"May banishment and desolation light on him,
May the plague and pains without remedy, seize his veins and bones,
Who would wish well to the English race,
They who exiled the offspring of Ir and Hereman!"

This is most unexpected and atrocious. Sir, you shall not sit at the side-table; and, Sir, notwithstanding our expressed opinion of your critical genius, we begin to think that our good

nature has deceived us. You shall not be professor of Belles Lettres in the Cross-Puddle College; and further, Sir, we, from the first, have been annoyed by your olive branch, and will

now take it ignominiously out of your hands ; and if, as we have all along suspected, it prove, on closer inspection, to be a nettle, we shall whip you, Sir, till your back shall be blistered as if foraged by a brigade of bugs—a punishment, Sir, after the endurance of

which, it would be most dangerous to the woollack to create you chancellor. Let us inspect the obnoxious vegetable leaf by leaf. It is made up of voluntary translations from originals gratuitously introduced. Thus, on seeing an Englishman hanging on a tree :—

“ Pass on—’tis cheering from yon stately tree,
A foe’s vile form suspended thus to see :
Oh ! may each tree that shades our soil, appear
Thick with such fruit throughout the lengthened year.

“ The sternest pulse that heaves the heart to hate,
Will sink o’erlaboured, or with time abate ;
But on the clan Fitzgibbon, Christ looks down
For ever with unmitigated frown.
Did mercy shine, their hearts’ envenomed slime,
Even in *her* beam would quicken to new crime.”

This he compares complacently to the “ *Vipera Cappadocum*.” Both, indeed, carry the sting in the tail ; but he has been obliged to append one of his own to the original, which is as harmless as a drone. Here it is :—

“ There is no anger that does not abate,
But the anger of Christ with Clan Gibbon.
Small the loss, their being as they are,
Increasing in evil every day.”

Again :—

“ The wolf howls savagely, but seeks his lair,
One cub, and one alone is nurtured there ;
The choking bramble one lone blossom bears,
Tell it abroad, and let him hope who hears.”

“ The meaning is, (says he,) that the individual in question, whom the bard has designated as a wolf, from his rapacity and cruelty, had but one son. Hence a hope is held out that the ravages of the family would not be so great as if there was a numerous brood.”

individual in question had but one son. Hence a hope is indeed held out, that it were an easy matter to make an end of the family by *cutting the infant’s throat*. And this, if he understood the original, the assassin’s apologist must have known. Here it is :—

The meaning is, indeed, that the

“ The wild dog, though great his howling,
There is not with him but one whelp ;
There grows not but one blossom on the briar—
Tell this from me, to people who know it not.

Again :—

“ The world subdued—like chaff before the blast,
The host of Alexander, Cæsar, past—
Proud Tara’s site is green, and Troy’s in dust,
And England’s hour may come—remembering, trust.”

Again :—

“ With one of English race all friendship shun,
For if you don’t you’ll surely be undone.
He’ll lie in wait to ruin thee when he can—
Such is the friendship of the Englishman.”

It is evidently a nettle, but he has hidden the top pickle in his sleeve. Pity such a fine plant should be defective. We will supply one ourselves from the *Disputatio Apologetica*—“*Hiberni mei, agite, peragite, et perficite inceptum opus defensionis et libertatis vestræ; et occidite Hæreticos adversarios vestros et eorum adjutores e medio tollite!*”

But where is our antiquary, herald, historian, patriot, scholar, critic, and pacificator? Surely he cannot have been so base as to run away? He certainly has taken himself out of our sunshine; and in place of the heterogeneous spectacle he at first afforded, we now begin to discern the boys in the distance, looking grim enough, no doubt, and some of them still bouncing on the sod and roaring for the face of an orangeman; but a very few rounds, we expect, will preface the greatest shaking of hands ever seen on this side of the channel.

But to return to our Proteus, whom we observe once more in the side scenes, as the Deformed Transformed, rigged out in the promiscuous ruins of his six demolishings, still thumbing the statute-book, and still reviling “the churl Saxons,” “the festering boars,” “the fetid goats,” “the wolves,” “the impure refuse of the ocean,” and so forth; chuckling over that rare joke, how Hugh Roe burned Athenry church, where his own mother was buried, and magnanimously declared, “I care not even though she was alive in it; I would sooner burn both together than that any English churl should harbour there”—bragging how Mac

Dermott honored Mr. Ponsonby, son of the Earl of Besborough, with leave to sit in his presence; anathematizing poor Luther for drinking his stout “in Dei gloriam,” and in a fervour of pious purity declaring that “a single *English* writer, Walter Mapes, chaplain to Henry the Second, has left behind him more licentious and irreligious verses than the utmost misapplied industry could collect throughout the whole range of ancient Irish literature.”

We, as well as Mr. Hardiman, have never read that rare work,* “*Versus rhythnici, quibus (scriptor) ostendit prælaturas et bona ecclesiastica teneri ab indoctis, avaris, et ignavis ventribus,*” which is the title of Mapes’s book, published, if we recollect aright, at Rouen, about the middle of the sixteenth century; but we have read the extracts in Camden’s Remains, to which Mr. Hardiman refers for confirmation of the truth of this nasty and illiberal comparison. There are there quoted two pieces, those referred to, the first of which is just the sort of madcap canticle that any reasonable man would expect from the humorous author of “The Jovial Priest’s Confession,” another choice bit preserved by Camden, and full as choicely translated by Leigh Hunt. Mr. Hunt’s version is too good to omit, and we insert it as the best standard by which to judge of the remaining pieces; for, gentle reader, we mean to treat you to the whole licentious and irreligious remains of Mapes; but we trust you will find little cause either for blush or shudder in their perusal:—

THE JOVIAL PRIEST’S CONFESSION.

(Translated from the Latin of Mapes, by Leigh Hunt, Esq.)

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking:
Some good Christians hold for me—the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may say—when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman’s way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one’s internals;
’Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to supernals;
Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels
Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

* We are not aware of any copy in Ireland..

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in ;
 I happen to be one of those—who never could write fasting :
 By a single little boy—I should be surpassed in
 Writing so ; I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd, and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation :
 I when I make verses—do get the inspiration
 Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation ;
 It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so ;
 But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so :
 Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so,
 But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
 Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, even to saturation ;
 Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domination,
 And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.*

O, rare Wat Mapes ! O, rare Leigh
 Hunt ! Let our translator now make
 his humble essay, which he dedicates,
 with great good will, to the king of
 Cockaigne. Ah, he was no cockney who
 wrote the other day those sweet pages
 about flowers in the London Journal.

Observe now, that, in the following,
 allowance must be made for a
 licentious age, a corrupt church, and
 that latitude of expression with which
 ruder manners are ever associated.
 Observe, too, that Mapes is exposing
 the “ignavi ventres :”—

Such as for their belly's sake,
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold :
 Of other care they like reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
 And shove away the worthy hidden guest :
 Blind mouths, that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful shepherd's charge belongs—

And that it is therefore *much more likely that he speaks in one of their characters than his own.*

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION CONTINUED.

(From the Latin of Mapes.)

I upon the broad high way of youth's inclination
 Walk, involved in jovial thrall of pleasure and of passion,
 And thinking more (God help me) of suppers than salvation.
 But though my soul be sickly, my skin's in good condition.

Heaviness of heart to me a heavy wil evinces ;
 Jokes are sweet as honeycombs, delectable as quinces ;
 Sweeter still are Venus's behests ; she fills my senses
 With bright thoughts which inhabit not the dull designs of dunces.

* In the beginning of the last stanza, (says Mr. Hunt in a note.) there is one passage of an imitation, by Mr. Huddersfield, which beats any thing in this version.

Mysterious and prophetic truths,
 I never could unfold 'em,
 Without a flagon of good wine,
And a slice of cold kam.

Who's not burnt that lives the life of a Salamander ?
 What mortal man sojourning here but feels some breath of slander ?
 When Venus goes a hunting, with beauty to expand her
 Mantrap nets and engines—by Jove, I can't withstand her.

It is not our intention to defend Mapes or the church to which he belonged from the charge of very indecorous life or manners; but what could have induced Mr. Hardiman, out of the whole range of licentious Englishmen, to pounce upon one whose worst offence was the perpetration of three grotesque stanzas descriptive of the condition, either in his own person or in that of another, of a class of men against whose licentiousness and sloth his whole book is directed? The reason is very simple. Mr. Hardiman read in Camden the following passage :

“ This lusty priest (Mapes) when the pope forbade the clergy their wives, became proctor for himself and them in

these (the following) verses; desiring only for his fee, that every priest, with his sweetheart, would say a *pater noster* for him.”

Hinc illæ lachrymæ. Mapes was a heretic; and therefore, although he lived three hundred years before the reformation, he was the author of “ more licentious and irreligious verses than the utmost misapplied industry could collect throughout the whole range of ancient Irish literature.” We blush, indeed, but it is for the shameful prostration of judgment at the feet of bigotry. Let us now try whether we can admit Mr. Hardiman's monsters of irreligious profanity also without shuddering.

WALTER DE MAPES, BISHOP OF OXFORD, RESISTS THE
 POPE'S INJUNCTION OF CELIBACY.

The church's and the grammar's rule are under like suspension ;
Hic et hæc sacerdos once was the declension ;
 But of poor *hæc* now-a-days we must make no mention,
 Since to expel the feminine is Innocent's intention.

Presbyter and priest I've heard from the pulpit thunder,
 “ Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder :”
 And if I be denied my wife, whatever pretext under,
 I call the thing stark robbery and most unholy plunder.

Good heaven, what morbid misery, what sad and sick dejection,
 Were every churchman's portion in case of such restriction !
 I'll tell you what, Sir Pope, the thing is of a foul complexion ;
 Take care you die not in the sin of this accursed transaction.

Innocent ? No, by my faith, but culpable most clearly,
 Is any man, I care not who, who'd treat us so unfairly :
 Yourself once loved the marriage bed, Sir Innocent, right dearly,
 But now you're old, and we, forsooth, must likewise live austere.

“ Increase and multiply,” so said the old command of Moses ;
 And nothing contrary thereto the law of Christ discloses :
 And be he pope or cardinal my doctrine who opposes,
 There's the authority that beats the best of all his gloses.

For God has set his ordinance 'gainst any man's debasing
 Relations which from human life's great charter they're erasing ;
 So if you'd take a friend's advice, Sir priest, and gain a blessing,
 You'd get a wife, incontinent, and set about encreasing.

Are not soldiers' sons brought up to arms if we should need them ?
 Are not princes born of kings, and gotten to succeed them ?
 And arguing, "a simili," what man of sense should heed them,
 Who'd not let clerks have children too, and for young parsons breed them ?

Zacharias had a wife, of a son the bearer,
 By which son's illustrious life, the sire's fair fame grew fairer ;
 For he baptized the SAVIOUR when Jordan's streams ran clearer—
 Perish the base advocates of this unnatural error !

Paul was in the seventh heaven, sacred things discerning,
 And all about a holy life from holiest sources learning ;
 And preaching here in after times this very text concerning,
 Did he not say, " 'Tis better, Sirs, to marry than be burning ?"

For these and other reasons of doctors still more recent,
 I hold it altogether much better and more decent,
 That every man should have a wife of's own, from pope to peasant,
 Nor long to wrong his neighbour and then to cut his weazand.

For, to do wrong by neighbour, regarding wife or daughter,
 Is sin beyond the cleansing of seas of holy water ;
 But every man should have his own, and love her when he's got her,
 Lest at the final judgment he be pronounced defaulter.

Lo, then, brother parsons, my poor endeavours have ye,
 From barrenness, and sorrow, and sin, and shame, to save ye ;
 And now I pray you heartily that, for my own *peccavi*,
 Each married churchman nightly will give me a *Pater and Ave*.*

* All the versions follow the original in rhyme and construction. We give a few of the most striking stanzas as examples of Mapes' style :

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori :
 Vinum sit appositum morientes ori ;
 Ut dicant quum venerint Angelorum chori,
 Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Via lata gradior, more juventutis ;
 Implico me vitiis, immemor virtutis ;
 Voluptatis avidus, magis quam salutis,
 Mortuus in anima curam gero cutis.

Prisciani regulâ penitus cassatur ;
 Sacerdos per *hic et hæc* olim declinatur,
 Sed per *hic* solummodo nunc articulatur,
 Quum per nostrum Præsulem *hæc* amoveatur.

That the imposition of celibacy on the English clergy was an innovation, is matter of every-day history. That it was so in the Irish church also, we find abundant evidence. Take for example, this notice from the Four Masters, ad. ann. 1152 :—"A conventional synod at Drogheda, between the bishop of Ireland, under the Comorbhan of St. Patrick and Cardinal John Paprion, with three thousand ecclesiastics, monks and canons. They there instituted many rules of discipline, of which the chief was the separation of their *mna cujl* (which O'Connor renders concubines) and paramours from the clergy."

Shudder! Why, it is a hymn, a homily, a master-piece of argumentative piety, salted out of all sight of insipidity, yet free from any smack of Billingsgate. We have been rewriting a sermon of Jewell, or Jeremy Taylor, and will not foul our fingers on the revolting comparisons we meditated ere we began. So let the untranslated treats to the native reader still hide their indecencies under Mr. Robins's handsome Irish type, and come, you, hither, Sir, till you swallow your words. No shamming lock-jaw now; we will not be denied. Here—"I conceive it only due to my country to observe that——," that is enough for the first mouthful; were it your country's debt to you, a small spoon indeed would serve our purpose; gape, sinner, and swallow; cleverly done, you will bolt broadswords yet, with practice. Now for the next gulp—"a single English writer, Walter Mapes, chaplain to Henry the Second"—this is the *apple*; he will stick; we fear he will stick, but he must go down. Come, a great gape, a regular *rictus*. Shut your eyes, and imagine yourself *drinking the cow*, hide and horns, with the old abbot of Boyle. There, he is launched—he is abreast of the eye-teeth—he is clear of the palate; luff, luff, or he'll be foul of the *larynx*. Ah, you lubber, have you got him jammed at last? Let us catch him by the leg and ease him out a bit. What the deuce? This is very awkward; Mapes won't budge, and Hardiman is getting quite black in the face. This begins to be a black sort of a joke; he is going into fits! Mercy on us! we have been the death of him. We have been too severe, but we call our conscience to witness that we did not intend seriously harming a hair of his head. Good God! we shall be committed for wilful murder, and hanged for choking James Hardiman, M.R.I.A., and sub-commissioner of Irish records, with the body of Henry the Second's chaplain, Walter Mapes, by name, on or about the twentieth of October last. Is there no help? Must we undergo the extreme penalty of the law? Can we think of no expedient? Ha! yes, Turn him round; there, support him; now, then, for a dig between the shoulders—hah! another—ho! ah, thanks to Providence, that last

kithogue shot him down the Aesophagus like a rocket. Did you hear with what a *cluck* he fetched away from his foul anchorage? Now, then, now our dear friends, while he is in a state of insensibility, slip in the rest gently and in very small portions at a time, for we swear we will not again irritate this unfortunate gentleman by word or deed; and yet we would wish him to digest the words. They will do him good. It is upon a principle of humanity. Thanks, thanks, they are all down, and he begins to breathe audibly.

We protest we are heartily ashamed of ourselves. We could write "Remorse, a tragedy," much better than Mr. Coleridge at this moment; not that we would by any means disparage that lamented gentleman's abilities, but that we conceive he never, even when apologizing for "Plague, Famine, and Fire," felt more than a certain tender regret in comparison with the bitterness of our present self-condemnation. Here is a very worthy man, a most estimable person, glowing with love of poetry and country, and sacrificing time and trouble untold to their advancement, presenting to the public a totally new variety of the most interesting species of song, illustrating its translation with infinite pains and research, raking up the state-paper office, and transcribing the original privy council book of Elizabeth, (and one volume did escape the fire, which we have not seen, although we have possessed copies of most of its contents at second hand,) all for our amusement and instruction; and here have we, in a rabid frenzy, and in the most ungentlemanlike manner, in the face of a half ratified promise of pardon on the score of his pious services—here have we, we say, cuffed, tattered, choked, and almost slain him.

Still great as is our remorse for Mr. Hardiman at death's door, greater, we confess, would have been our chagrin had he, in spite of us, remained the mote on Ireland's eye. Thus, even in the lowest deep, a lower deep to comfort us by comparison of evils; and therefore, while weeping Mr. Hardiman's misfortune, we smile to behold our successful dislodgment of so formidable an eyesore, and take leave of our companion through some

months, with a sincere hope that we may meet him again in his walk of native literature, even though he should sow his path with brambles as thorny as those which we have been trying to weed away from about the Irish Minstrelsy.

We have now to redeem our promise of an appendix, containing whatever versions from the original Irish have grown upon our hands in the course of these papers. And here, even at the conclusion of our labours, we find ourselves again on the threshold of a preface, for without a *deprecatio apologetica*, we can hardly offer our appendix to readers unacquainted with Irish.

The main difficulty, and one which is in some cases insurmountable, consists in the multitude of words in the original forming a measure which frequently does not afford room for more than half the English expressions requisite for their adequate translation. This arises from the ellipsis of aspirated consonants and concurrent vowels, which frequently slurs three or four words into a single dactyl, and compresses the meaning into so small bounds, that the translator is driven either to lengthen the measure, and thus make his version incompatible with the tune of the original, if a song, and indeed with its spirit and character in any case, or else to double each stanza, and by a dilation as prejudicial to the genius of his subject as the over compression of too strict adherence, to lose the raciness of translation in the effete expansion of a paraphrase. Again, in determining the extent to which the idiomatic peculiarities of the original are to be retained, a translator has to avoid the perplexing vices of grotesqueness on the one hand, and of colloquial tameness on the other. In versions of Irish song we would suppose the happy mean—and on this subject we may be permitted a legitimate bull—to lie much nearer the extreme of quaintness than that of commonplace. Indeed we consider every tendency to the latter more or less destructive of the spirit of the original. Still in the choice of the verbal vehicle at large there remains a difficulty as great as in the extent of its burthen of particular metaphor. The classic language of Pope will not answer to the homely phrase of Carolan; but the slang of Donnybrook is

equally inconsistent with the Bard's Legacy. Here again the translator's judgment must guide him in the adoption of a characteristic style. Nothing, however, will perplex him more than the reconciliation of measure and sentiment. We do not here allude to the compressed character of Irish versification before noticed; but to the marked difference between the characters of the prosody and the sentiment, rendered still more striking where the original is associated with any of the more ancient melodies. Here, while the rhythm and music breathe the most plaintive and pathetic sentiment, the accompanying words, in whatever English dress they may be invested, present a contrast of low and ludicrous images as well as of an incondite simplicity of construction the most striking and apparently absurd. In the original this want of adaptation is by no means so apparent; but to preserve in English those almost evanescent touches which there counteract the otherwise inevitable absurdity of the piece, is next to impossible. True, the words of such songs are invariably less ancient than their music; and from being confined to the mere peasantry, may well be supposed to have acquired a corresponding uncouthness by frequent interpolations and corruptions of the original text. Poetical art is the great desideratum in all; in none, even the most grotesque, is there any lack of poetical feeling. Such have been the difficulties felt and the considerations acted on in the following versions, which have been adapted in most cases to the measure of the original, although in some the first-stated difficulty has compelled the translator to abandon that design, and choose a measure giving greater scope to the requisite expression. In a few cases also he has not been able to resist the temptation of making up for his general inadequacy by an occasional help to the more confused or less efficient passages. On the whole, however, he trusts that the spirit of the original has been retained; and as literal translations of most of the pieces versified are now before the public, it will readily be seen whether he has not been true to the sense also. Certain communications, to which we alluded in our August number, have been reserved for another occasion.

APPENDIX.

VERSIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

I.

TORNA'S LAMENT.

My foster-children were not slack ;
 Corc nor Neal e'er turned his back ;
 Neal of Tara's palace hoar,
 Worthy seed of Owen More ;
 Corc of Cashel's pleasant rock,
 Con-cead-cáhá's honoured stock.
 Joint exploits made Erin theirs,
 Joint exploits of high compeers ;
 Fierce they were and stormy strong,
 Neal amid the reeling throng
 Stood terrific, nor was Corc
 Hindmost in the heavy work.
 Neal MacEochy Vivahain
 Ravaged Albin, hill and plain ;
 While he fought from Tara far,
 Corc disdained unequal war.
 Never saw I man like Neal,
 Making foreign foemen reel ;
 Never saw I man like Corc,
 Swinking at the savage work ;
 Never saw I better twain,
 Search all Erin round again ;
 Twain so stout in warlike deeds,
 Twain so mild in peaceful weeds.

Torna I who sing the strain,
 These my foster-children twain ;
 These they are, the pious ones,
 My sons, my darling foster sons !
 Who duly every day would come
 To glad the old man's lonely home.
 Ah happy days I've spent between
 Old Tara's hall and Cashel-green !
 From Tara down to Cashel ford,
 From Cashel back to Tara's lord.
 When with Neal, his regent I
 Dealt with princes royally ;

If with Corc perchance I were,
 I was his prime counsellor.
 Therefore Neal I ever set
 On my right hand, thus to get
 Judgments grave and weighty words
 For the right hand loyal lords ;
 But ever on my left hand side,
 Gentle Corc, who knew not pride,
 That none other so might part
 His dear body from my heart.

Gone is generous Corc O'Yeon—wo is me !
 Gone is valiant Neal O'Con—wo is me !
 Gone the root of Tara's stock—wo is me !
 Gone the head of Cashel rock—wo is me !
 Broken is my witless brain,
 Neal the mighty king is slain !
 Broken is my bruised heart's core,
 Core the Righ More is no more !
 Mourns Lea Con in tribute's chain,
 Lost MacEochy Vivahain,
 And her lost MacLewy true,
 Mourns Lea Mogha ruined too !

S. F.

 II.

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW.

God be with the Irish host !
 Never be their battle lost !
 For, in battle, never yet
 Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armour, red and bright,
 May ye fight a valiant fight !
 For the green spot of the earth,
 For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand,
 Brothers of th' avenging band,
 He must wed immortal quarrel,
 Pain and sweat and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
 Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
 Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie,
 Swooping on the Saxon quarry.

What although you've failed to keep
 Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
 Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
 Or the meads of Cruachan Maev.

Want of conduct lost the town,
 Broke the white-walled castle down,
 Moira lost, and old Taltin,
 And let the conquering stranger in.

'Twas the want of right command,
 Not the lack of heart or hand,
 Left your hills and plains today
 'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah, had heaven never sent
 Discord for our punishment,

Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
 Had Clan London now to boast !

Wo is me, 'tis God decree
 Strangers have the victory :
 Irishmen may now be found
 Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den,
 Lies the chief by hill and glen,
 While the strangers, proud and savage,
 Creevan's richest valleys ravage.

Wo is me, the foul offence,
 Treachery and violence,
 Done against my people's rights—
 Well may mine be restless nights !

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
 Heads of many a warlike name,
 Redden their victorious hilts
 On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come
 Hither o'er the ocean foam,
 From the fight victorious go,
 Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
 God be with Clan Ranelagh !
 But my soul is weak for fear,
 Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in thy holy keeping,
 God be with them lying sleeping,
 God be with them standing fighting,
 Erin's foes in battle smiting !

S. F.

III.

AGNEW'S LAMENTATION.*

My heart is in wo,
And my soul is in trouble,
For the mighty are low
And abased are the noble :

The sons of the Gael
Are in exile and mourning ;
Worn, weary, and pale,
As spent pilgrims returning ;

Or men who in flight
From the field of disaster,
Beseech the black night
On their flight to fall faster ;

Or seamen aghast,
When their planks gape in sunder,
And the waves, fierce and fast,
Tumble through in hoarse thunder ;

Or men whom we see
That have got their death omen :
Such wretches are we
In the chains of our foemen !

Our courage is fear,
Our nobility vileness,
Our hope is despair,
And our comeliness foulness.

There is mist on our heads,
And a cloud chill and hoary
Of black sorrow, sheds
An eclipse on our glory.

From Boyne to the Linn
Has the mandate been given,
That the children of Finn
From their country be driven ;

That the sons of the king—
Oh the treason and malice—
Shall no more ride the ring
In their own native vallies ;

No more shall repair
Where the hill foxes tarry,
Nor forth in the air
Fling the hawk at her quarry.

For the plain shall be broke
By the share of the stranger,
And the stone-mason's stroke
Tell the woods of their danger ;

The green hills and shore
Be with white keeps disfigured,
And the moat of Rathmore
Be the Saxon churl's haggard ;

The land of the lakes
Shall no more know the prospect
Of valleys and brakes,
So transformed is her aspect ;

The Gael cannot tell,
In the uprooted wildwood,
And red ridgy dell,
The old nurse of his childhood ;

The nurse of his youth
Is in doubt as she views him,
If the pale wretch in truth
Be a child of her bosom.

We starve by the board,
And we thirst amid wassail ;
For the guest is the lord,
And the host is the vassal !

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home,
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven,
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven :

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her—
Unite! oh unite!
Or the billows burst o'er her!†

S. F.

* O'Gnimh, (Agnew, not Sir Andrew!) Bard of Clanebuy, in the reign of Elizabeth, to whose court he accompanied Shane the Proud, in 1562. In Mr. Planche's lately published dissertation on British Costumes, is a representation of the Irish, as they appeared in London, taken from a valuable print in the possession of the late Mr. Douce, and curiously illustrative of Camden's account of their appearance.

† The remainder of the original, which becomes prolix, has been omitted.

IV.

TIMOLEAGUE.

Lone and weary as I wandered
By the bleak shore of the sea,
Meditating and reflecting
On the world's hard destiny.

Forth the moon and stars ganglimer,
In the quiet tide beneath,
For on slumbering spray and blossom
Breathed not out of heaven a
breath.

On I went in sad dejection,
Careless where my footsteps bore ;
Till a ruined church before me
Opened wide its ancient door ;

Till I stood before the portals,
Where of old were wont to be
For the blind, the halt, and leper,
Alms and hospitality.

Still the ancient seat was standing,
Built against the buttress grey,
Where the clergy used to welcome
Weary travellers on their way.

There I sat me down in sadness ;
'Neath my cheek I placed my hand,
Till the tears fell hot and briny
Down upon the grassy land.

There I said, in woful sorrow,
Weeping bitterly the while,
Was a time when joy and gladness
Reigned within this ruined pile ;

Was a time when bells were tinkling,
Clergy preaching peace abroad,
Psalms a singing, music ringing
Praises to the mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel,
Tower tottering to your fall—
Many a storm since then has beaten
On the grey head of your wall !

Many a bitter storm and tempest
Has your roof-tree turned away,
Since you first were formed a temple
To the Lord of night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables,
That were once the country's boast,
Houseless now in weary wandering
Are you scattered, saintly host.

Lone you are today, and dismal,
Joyful psalms no more are heard,
Where within your choir, her vesper
Screeches the cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing,
Nettles round your green hearth-
stone,
Foxes howl where in your corners
Dropping waters make their moan.

Where the lark to early matins
Used your clergy forth to call,
There, alas ! no tongue is stirring,
Save the daw's upon the wall.

Refectory cold and empty,
Dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses,
Simple bed and frugal fare ?

Gone your abbot, rule and order,
Broken down your altar stones ;
Nought see I beneath your shelter,
Save a heap of clayey bones.

Oh, the hardship—oh, the hatred,
Tyranny and cruel war,
Persecution and oppression
That have left you as you are !

I myself once also prospered,
Mine is, too, an altered plight ;
Trouble, care, and age, have left me
Good for nought but grief tonight.

Gone my motion and my vigour,
Gone the use of eye and ear ;
At my feet lie friends and children,
Powerless and corrupting here.

Wo is written on my visage,
In a nut my heart would lie—
Death's deliverance were welcome—
Father, let the old man die.

S. F.

V.

ODE TO O'CONNELAN.

I.

Enchanter, who reignest
 Supreme o'er the North,
 And hast wiled the sole spirit
 Of true music forth ;
 In vain Europe's minstrels
 To honour aspire,
 When thy swift slender fingers
 Go forth on the wire.

II.

There is no heart's desire
 Can be felt by a king,
 That thy hand cannot match from
 The soul of the string,

By the sovereign virtue
 And might of its sway ;
 Enchanter, who steal from
 The fairies your lay !

III.

Enchanter, I say,
 For your magical skill
 Can soothe every sorrow
 And heal every ill ;
 Who hear you, they praise you,
 They weep while they praise ;
 For, charmer, you steal from
 A fairy your lays !

S. F.

VI.

MOLLY ASTORE.

Oh, Mary, dear—oh, Mary fair,
 Oh, branch of generous stem,
 White blossom of the banks of Nair,
 Though lilies grow on them ;
 You've left me sick at heart for love,
 So faint I cannot see ;
 The candle swims the board above,
 I'm drunk for love of thee !
 Oh, stately stem of maiden pride,
 My wo it is and pain,
 That I thus severed from thy side,
 The long night must remain.

Through all the towns of Innisfail
 I've wandered far and wide,
 But from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
 From Carlow to Kilbride,
 Many lords and dames of high degree
 Where'er my feet have gone,
 My Mary, one to equal thee
 I never looked upon :
 I live in darkness and in doubt,
 Whene'er my love's away—
 But were the gracious sun put out,
 Her shadow would make day.

'Tis she, indeed, young bud of bliss,
 And gentle as she's fair—
 Though lily-white her bosom is,
 And sunny bright her hair,
 And dewy azure her blue eye,
 And rosy red her cheek,
 Yet brighter she in modesty,
 More beautifully meek !

The world's wise men, from north to south,
 Can never ease my pain—
 But one kiss from her honey mouth
 Would make me well again.

S. F.

 VII.

THE FAIR-HAIRED GIRL.

I.
 The sun has set, the stars are still,
 The red moon hides behind the hill—
 The tide has left the brown beach bare,
 The birds have fled the upper air ;
 Upon her branch the lone cuckoo
 Is chanting still her sad adieu,
 And you, my fair-hair'd girl, must go
 Across the salt sea under wo.

II.
 I through love have learned three things,
 Sorrow, sin, and death it brings :
 Yet day by day my heart within,
 Dares shame and sorrow, death and sin.

Maiden, you have aimed the dart
 Rankling in my ruined heart ;
 Maiden, may the God above
 Grant you grace to grant me love !

III.
 Sweeter than the viol's strong,
 And the note that blackbirds sing,
 Brighter than the dewdrops rare
 Is the maiden wondrous fair :
 Like the silver swan's at play
 Is her neck as bright as day.
 Wo was me that e'er my sight
 Dwelt on charms so deadly bright !

S. F.

 VIII.

PASTHEEN FINN.

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright,
 Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swans on a March morn bright.
 Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
 Oro, come with me, brown girl, sweet !
 And, oh, I would go through snow and sleet,
 If you would come with me my brown girl, sweet !

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
 Her cheeks are red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen.
 Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
 Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
 And, oh, I would go through snow and sleet,
 If you would come with me my brown girl sweet !

Were I in the town where's mirth and glee,
 Or twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly.
 Then, Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
 Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
 And, oh, I would go through snow and sleet,
 If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again :
But whistle and call were all in vain—

Then, Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And, oh, I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe,
From all the girls in the world I'll go,
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never, oh no,
'Till I lie in the coffin stretched cold and low !

Then, Oro, come with me, come with me, come with me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And, oh, I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

S. F.

IX.

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn grey ;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day !

Oh, fair maid, remember the green hill side,
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide ;
Time now has worn me ; my locks are turned to grey,
The year is scarce and I am poor, but send me not, love, away !

Oh, deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl,
Oh, think not my birth was as the birth of the churl ;
Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
That noble blood is written on my right side still !

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white,
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight,
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be and lone,
Oh, I'd take her with me kindly to the county Tyrone ;

Oh, my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are,
And, oh, my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach you bear :
I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
And, oh, may no other maiden know such reproach as I !

S. F.

X.

UILEACAN DUBH O !

1.
To the county Leitrim would you roam,
Uileacan dubh O !
I'd feed you from the honeycomb ;
Uileacan dubh O !

I'd show you, from our woodland
brakes,
Fair boats through islets green that row,
Among the happy Leitrim lakes,
Uileacan dubh O !

II.

I will not go ; 'twas thus she said ;
 Uileacan dubh O !
 Fair words will bake no household
 bread ;
 Uileacan dubh O !

Far better live and die a maid,
 Than walk the dew in want and wo :
 I will not go ; 'twas thus she said,
 Uileacan dubh O !

III.

I saw her coming round the hill,
 A star through mist shines so ;
 We met and talked together, till
 We reached the park below :

I sat me down behind the same,
 And vowed a vow, that, sin or no,
 Whate'er she did I'd bear the blame—
 Uileacan dubh O !

IV.

It is my sorrow constantly,
 Uileacan dubh O !
 That I am not along with thee,
 Uileacan dubh O !
 With none in Ireland by our side,
 But at our pleasure dealing so—
 Great God, why am I thus denied
 My Uileacan dubh O !

S. F.

XI.

COOLUN.—I.

Here dwells the stately Coolun,
 The salmon of the silver side,
 The branch that blooms the fairest
 On the tall tree of beauty's pride,
 Oh, my love she is, and my fancy,
 And the light of my eyes alway,
 She's my summer in the winter,
 From Christmas to Easter day !

Oh, sweet deluding Cupid,
 Who art full of your proper wiles,
 My heart is in deadly sickness
 By the charm of her bewitching smiles :
 Take pity on me then, and tell me,
 And answer quickly give ;
 Have you doomed me to die rejected,
 Or to have my love and live ?

And, oh, fair, stately damsel,
 On whom my choice is set,
 Think not that the rich ones ever,
 Without true love, were happy yet,
 The God, who, out of dust, has formed us,
 Kind care of his own will take :
 Oh never, for the sake of cattle,
 Would I a true love forsake !

My fancy and my darling,
 My gentle and my sweet coleen !
 To whom my heart gives longing
 Beyond all girls I've ever seen,
 Live without your love, I cannot,
 For I live in the love of thee :
 And, oh, if you turn coldly from me,
 In your fair hands my soul shall be !*

* The last stanza of the original is omitted, in which the Coolun replies that, since he has got neither money, nor cattle, nor friends, he had better take care of his health, for he is like to get no cure at her hands.

XII.

COOLUN.—II.

Oh had you seen the Coolun
Walking down by the cuckoo's stree
With the dew of the meadow shining
On her milk-white twinkling feet—
Oh, my love she is, and my coleen oge,
And she dwells in Bal'nagar ;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright
From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her cheek ;
Bright beauty dwells for ever
On her fair neck and ringlets sleek :
Oh, sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
Farewell to the setting sun.

Rise up, my boy, make ready
My horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel
Where she walks on the green hill side :
For ever since our youth were we plighted,
In faith, troth, and wedlock true—
Oh she's sweeter to me nine times over
Than organ or cuckoo !

Oh, ever since my childhood
I loved the fair and darling child,
But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love defiled :
Oh, my wo it is and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the coleen bawn of my early love
Is torn from my heart away.

Sweet-heart and faithful treasure,
Be constant, still, and true ;
Nor for want of herds and houses
Leave one who would ne'er leave you :
I'd pledge you the blessed Bible,
Without and eke within,
That the faithful God will provide for us
Without thanks to kith or kin !

Oh love, do you remember
When we lay all night alone,
Beneath the ash, in the winter storm,
When the oak wood round did groan :
No shelter then from the blast had we,
The bitter blast or sleet,
But your gown to wrap about our heads,
And my coat round our feet.

S. F.

XIII.

NORA OF THE AMBER HAIR.

I.

Ah Nora, amber-coolun,
 It robs me of my rest,
 That my hand should be forbidden
 Its place upon thy breast !
 It robs me of my rest, love,
 And it breaks my heart and brain ;
 And oh that I could bear my dear
 Across the raging main !

II.

Oh valentine and sweetheart !
 Be true to what you swore,
 When you promised me you'd marry me
 Without a farthing store :

Oh we'd walk the dew together,
 And light our steps should be ;
 And Nora amber-coolun ;
 I'd kiss you daintily !

III.

Hard by the holm *
 Lives this white love of mine :
 Her thick hair like amber,
 Which makes me to pine :
 King of the Sabbath,
 Oh grant me soon to see
 My own fat cattle grazing
 Around sweet Ballybuy !

S. F.

XIV.

KITTY TYRRELL.

Discreetly to deal with each subject in place,
 Let us now sing the praises of Kitty of eurls ;
 For she's the fine flower of pleasure and grace,
 Whose equal's not seen among hundreds of girls :
 Each morning I'm longing to wander away
 'To the banks of Loch Erril, when daylight dawns there ;
 For there walks young Kitty, as I have heard say,
 With ringlets like branches, a-taking the air.

Ah would that I never had seen your bright head,
 Your little pen's writing or step light and free ;
 But if once my Lord Bishop the blessing had said,
 I'd soon have my Kitty across the salt sea :
 She's fair as the swan of the silver white down,
 Than music she's sweeter, than sunshine more bright ;
 There's never an ale-house, from this to the town,
 In which I won't drink her good health before night !

Oh that Kitty and I, with none else to take part,
 Were drinking good liquor behind the green tree !
 I think with God's help I might soften her heart,
 And coax her to come from her mother with me :
 I read your love-letter last night on the hill,
 It was sweeter than music of fairies at eve ;
 My senses have left me—my head's very ill—
 Oh, my death at your door, Kitty Tyrrell, I leave.

S. F.

* The change of measure follows the original.

XV.

MILD MABLE KELLY.

Whoever the youth who by heaven's decree,
 Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright head of thine,
 'Tis certain that he
 From all sorrow is free,
 Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
 Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree.
 Mild Mable Ni Kelly, bright coolun of curls!
 All stately and pure as the swan on the lake,
 Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
 And the youth of the land are love-sick for her sake.

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
 That she knows not to sing, in a voice so enchanting,
 That the cranes on the sand
 Fall asleep where they stand;
 Oh for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er wanting
 To shed its mild lustre on bosom or hand.
 The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray,
 More blue than her eye human eye never saw;
 Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray—
 Dear lady, I drink to you—*slainte go bragh!*

To gaze on her beauty the young hunter lies
 'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove;
 But alas, if her eyes
 The rash gazer surprise,
 All eyesight departs from the victim of love,
 And the blind youth steals home with his heart full of sighs.
 Oh pride of the Gael, of the lily white palm,
 Oh Coolun of curls to the grass at your feet;
 At the goal of delight and of honor I am,
 To boast such a theme for a song so unmeet.*

S. F.

XVI.

GRACE NUGENT.

I.
 Brightest blossom of the spring,
 Grace the sprightly girl I sing;
 Grace who bore the palm of mind
 From all the rest of womankind:
 Whomsoe'er the fates decree,
 Happy fate, for life to be
 Day and night my coolun near,
 Ache or pain need never fear!

II.
 Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
 Her radiant face the summer dawn;
 Ah happy thrice the youth for whom
 The fates design that branch of bloom!

Pleasant are your words benign,
 Rich those azure eyes of thine—
 Ye who see my queen beware
 Those twisted links of golden hair!

III.
 This is what I fain would say
 To the bird-voiced lady gay—
 Never yet conceived the heart
 Joy which Grace can not impart:
 Fold of jewels! case of pearls!
 Coolun of the circling curls!
 More I say not—but no less
 Drink you health and happiness. S. F.

* The third verse of the original being either a repetition of the first and second, anticipation of the fourth, has been omitted.

XVII.

DRIMIN DHU. A JACOBITE RELIC.

Ah Drimin Dhu deelish, ah pride of the flow,*
 Ah where are your folk, are they living or no?
 They're down in the ground, 'neath the sod lying low,
 Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.

But if I could get sight of the crown on his brow,
 By night and day travelling to London I'd go;
 Over mountains of mist and soft mosses below,
 Till I'd beat on the kettle drums Drimin Dhubh O!

Welcome home, welcome home, Drimin Dhubh oh!
 Good was your sweet milk for drinking I trow;
 With your face like a rose and your dewlap of snow,
 I'll part from you never, ah Drimin Dhubh O!

S. F.

XIX.

BOATMAN'S HYMN.

I.

Bark that bear me through foam and
 squall,
 You, in the storm, are my castle wall;
 Though the sea should redden from
 bottom to top,
 From tiller to mast she takes no
 drop,

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store!
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

II.

She dresses herself, and goes gliding
 on,
 Like a dame in her robes of the Indian
 lawn;
 For God has blessed her, gunnel and
 whale,
 And oh! if you saw her stretch out to
 the gale,

On the tide-top, the tide top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store!
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

III.

Whillan† ahoy! old heart of stone,
 Stooping so black o'er the beach
 alone,

Answer me well—on the bursting brine
 Saw you ever a bark like mine?

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store!
 On the tide top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

IV.

Says Whillan—since first I was made
 of stone,
 I have looked abroad o'er the beach
 alone;
 But till today, on the bursting brine,
 Saw I never a bark like thine,
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store!
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

V.

God of the air! the seamen shout,
 When they see us tossing the brine
 about;
 Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
 Or through and through us she goes
 with a shock!

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 Wherry aroon, my land and store!
 On the tide-top, the tide-top,
 She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

S. F.

* The soft grassy part of the bog.

† A rock on the shore near Blacksod-harbour.

XX.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
 Uileacan dubh O !
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear ;
 Uileacan dubh O !
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters fanned,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland:

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
 Uileacan dubh O !
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea ;
 Uileacan dubh O !
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
 For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground ;
 Uileacan dubh O !
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound ;
 Uileacan dubh O !
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

S. F.

THE HORRORS OF HARMONY.

“ I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ Most musical, most melancholy.”

MILTON.

I AM no theologian, but my idea of hell is a perpetual concert, or everlasting musical festival. The only music I can abide is the music of the spheres, which has this immeasurable advantage over all other kinds of melody—one never hears it ! I am of Dr. Johnson's way of thinking : a lady had tortured him, “ a full hour by Shrewsbury clock,” with the performance of some execrable sonata on the harpsichord, and when it was done somebody remarked that it was a very difficult piece . “ I wish,” said the Doctor with indignant energy, “ it had been IMPOSSIBLE !”

I have often been asked whom I considered the best and greatest king that ever sat on the throne of England, and I have always replied, Edward the First, decidedly. He made the best use of the sword of justice that ever was made by monarch ; he issued orders for a general persecution and massacre of all the bards, minstrels, fiddlers, and ballad-singers in his dominions. It was a good work, and I glorify his name for it. Could I but see the return of such days, and another such sovereign on the British throne, I should die content. Heavens ! what would I not give to be king myself for a single day ! I should not leave so much as a hurdy-gurdy player alive in any corner of the empire. I should guillotine Mr. Braham and Madam Pasta. Paganini I should break on the wheel. What a delightful spectacle it would be to see a regiment of heavy dragoons charging the Russian horn band with drawn sabres, and putting the melodious miscreants to indiscriminate slaughter ; or a battalion of guards with fixed bayonets falling upon the orchestra of the King's Theatre, and, in the middle of one of their infernal overtures, or accompaniments, dispatch the whole gang of sonorous scoundrels, from the first

violin down to the last fife and kettle-drum ! By Jupiter ! I should turn their instrumental music into vocal, and their allegros into *mæstosos*. I should make them sing for quarter louder than they ever sounded their bassoons and bugles. Then I should employ companies of light horse to scour the streets, lanes, and alleys, to cut down all stragglers, street-performers, and serenaders, with particular directions to make actual mince-meat of every creature, without distinction of age or sex found chanting “ Home, sweet Home,” “ Cherry Ripe,” or “ Oh ! no, I'll never mention her.” What I have suffered from these three “ popular songs,” as they are called, is not to be expressed by words, and nothing short of the most terrible vengeance upon all who perpetrate them would content me. They must be made *actual mince-meat* of, wherever they are met with. The police, too, should have plenty of employment, as well as the military ; I would invest them with power to break into all musical academies, boarding-schools for young ladies, and all private houses from whence a single squeak might be heard to issue ; strangle every young woman, plain or beautiful, found at harp, guitar, or piano-forte ; and take the masters and professors alive, to be put to death at leisure by the slowest and most ingenious tortures. Were I monarch for a single day, I should do all this and a great deal more—so utterly, so bitterly, so implacably, do I loathe, abhor, and abominate the whole singing, scraping, blowing, thumping, bellowing fraternity, called the musical world. Some future Gray should have cause to begin another ode with

“ Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !

Confusion on thy banners wait !”

I should have something better going forward in my reign than operas, orato-

rios, and catch-clubs. Have we no squalling children, no squeaking pigs, no venders of free-stone, no howling curs, no braying donkeys, no scolding wives? In the name of all that is pious, is there not din enough in the world, abroad and at home, without the help of barrel-organs, and ballad-singers, the aid of the Mozarts, Handels, and Beethovens? Are there not battles enough, without battles set to music, and storms in abundance, particularly in married life, without storms on the harpsichord?

Now stop—you may save yourself the trouble—I know Sir! what you are going to say perfectly well—

“The man that has not music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
&c.”—

Aye, and then comes something about stratagems, and treasons, and a long list of the like atrocities. Why, Sir, I have had that unlucky quotation dinned into my ears, I suppose a hundred thousand times. My sisters, aunts, and cousins favour me with it incessantly. There is not a boarding-school girl of my acquaintance who has got beyond the letter G on the gamut, but thinks herself entitled to exclaim, as she sees me hurrying from the room to hide myself in dens and caverns of the earth to escape her quavers and semi-quavers,

“The man that has not music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds.”

Now, there never was a worse-chosen quotation; for I will venture to say there is not that person living who has been more “moved” than I have been by what you choose to call “the concord of sweet sounds.” “Moved!” In the first place, my choler has been “moved;” I have broken the heads of three Savoyards, four Tyrolese minstrels, two Welsh harpers, half-a-dozen Scotch pipers, and kicked more mendicant vocalists down the steps of my hall-door than I could easily count. *They* can tell you whether I have been “moved” or not by their performances. But there is another sense of the word, Sir, in which music has “moved” me as often as any gentleman in the king’s dominions. I have changed my lodgings three times in the week, so “moving” have I found the powers of music. When I was in London, a few years back, I lived the migratory life of a

Tartar. Collins’ “Heavenly Maid” chased me from one part of the town to another so rapidly that some of my friends began to suspect I was engaged in some swindling transaction which made such frequent shifting of domicile a point of prudence. The German flute drove me from Russel-square to Chelsea; “Cherry Ripe” banished me from Chelsea to Camden Town; from Camden Town I fled before two hurdy-gurdys and a flageolet, and never looked behind me until I reached Cecil-street in the Strand; there the calamity took the common shape of a piano and a tambourine; I made for Brompton that very evening; I stipulated for “quiet lodgings;” my landlady pledged her salvation that not a mouse should molest me; I entered into possession; I dined—all was tranquil; after dinner I went out and walked through some of the pretty lanes about Kensington; it was eight o’clock when I returned; I ordered tea; while it was being prepared I congratulated myself on the quiet creek into which I had at length pushed my little bark, after a long odyssey of mischances; there were some voices audible from a room adjoining, which was tenanted, I had been told, by a single gentleman who was never at home except in the evenings; the voices were not loud; just the conversational key; the single gentleman had some friends to take tea with him;—what harm?—the house was as still as any reasonable man could desire, and I began to think myself in Elysium, when, just as I had finished the third cup of my favourite beverage, the maid-servant entered with a message from her mistress, who hoped—horror of horrors!—that I had no objection to music—*no objection to music!*—as Mr. Catgut—just figure to yourself Mr. Catgut!—my neighbour in the next room, who was a teacher of the violin, had some professional friends with him, and they were just going to get up *a little concert*, to help to pass away the time before supper!

Such was my landlady’s message. “Good Master Barnardine, get up and be hanged,” was just as palatable. “A little concert!”—a little devil! I struck the table with my clenched fist, broke two cups, three saucers, and

the cream-ewer ; sent for the mistress of the house ; upbraided her with her perfidy ;—she had pledged “her salvation” (you remember) that “not a mouse should molest me”—paid down a fortnight’s rent, with the price of the broken china ; threw myself, with my luggage, into a hackney coach ; ordered the coachman to drive to Islington, or the d——l ; he chose the former, and the next morning saw me on the outside of the Tallyho, making for Liverpool, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. This, I think, was being “moved by concord of sweet sounds” with a vengeance !

But I fled from Mr. Catgut to very little purpose : the first thing I saw, as we drove into Liverpool, was a grinning little Savoyard imp, with a hurdygurdy on his back and a marmot on his left shoulder. If I was king I would certainly invade Savoy and exterminate all its inhabitants. It is Savoy that produces Savoyards. Savoy is the great emporium of street-minstrels, the factory that supplies the world with hurdygurdys. There the nuisance has its source ; there and in the Tyrol, which I should visit with “the besom of destruction” also. Algiers and Tunis, with all their corsairs, are not, nor have they ever been, not in their guiltiest days, such foes to the peace of Europe as these ballad-screamers and organ-grinders of the Alps—may their own mountains fall on them !—a thousand avalanches upon their heads, is my devout prayer for their whole race. I am a literary man, and a great philanthropist ; I have had ten thousand schemes for the enlightenment of mankind and the improvement of the world, both physical and intellectual ; but I solemnly assure you that not a single one of my ten thousand schemes has *the slightest chance* of ever being developed and perfected, until strolling musicians of all kinds and countries, are put down *by positive statute!* The law cannot be too sanguinary, for in such a case mercy to the few were cruelty to many.

Why not fly from the enemy ? why not pack up my books and papers and abscond into some lone mountainous region, or desolate village on the sea-coast ? Were it not better and more humane so to do than to call for the blood of so many myriads

of innocent human beings ? “Innocent human beings !” *Innocent*, do you call them ? Innocent they are as their first parent, who was no other than *the first murderer!*

How do you make out that, Sir ?

Nothing easier ; the book of Genesis informs us that Jubal, the fifth or sixth in descent *from Cain*, was “the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.” There, Mr. Collins ! is the pedigree of your “Heavenly Maid.” Harmony turns out to be the daughter of Homicide ; this, no doubt, is the reason that music has always been found so serviceable in the field of battle. In martial music there is some propriety ; Melody and Murder go hand in hand, like sisters ; men could never be got to butcher each other in cold blood, for a shilling a day, without some demon to inspire them with fiendish feelings. This demon, Mr. Collins calls a “heavenly maid ;” in my mythology she is an infernal termagant named Alecto : Virgil informs us how admirably that lady played on the trumpet.

But to return to the question, why not fly from the enemy—why not betake myself to

“Antres vast, and deserts idle ?”

Why not put oceans and continents betwixt me and my persecutors ?

Sir ! they have the gift of ubiquity ! Sea, and land town and country, “where’er I turn,” like St. Kevin pursued by Kathleen, they are before, or behind me, or at my elbow. You may as well hope to escape the circumambient air, as escape the barrel-organ, or the bagpipes. They are omnipresent. Of all the plagues that leaped out of Pandora’s pill-box, from these alone there is no refuge, no protection. To shun the choristers of the bridge, I take the ferry : it is out of the frying-pan bounce into the fire. To cross from the north to the south side of Dublin without hearing “Maggy Lauder,” at the very least, is an impossibility. Every Charon on the river has his Mercury in the shape of a piper.

I have traversed the wildest regions in Ireland—Erris, Connemara—tracts the most uncivilized, where a six-penny loaf would be put into a museum, and there, Sir, even there, have I not been safe ; “Cherry Ripe” has invaded the isle of Achill ; and

in the very caves of Cong there was an old fiddler scratching the "Copenhagen Waltz" so lustily that, I honestly confess, nothing but the fear of the consequences prevented me from strangling him with his own neck-cloth. Is it murder to kill a fiddler? Reason and justice say no. The law, however, says yes!—nor is this the only case where law is at variance with reason and justice.

"Music has charms." Congreve! you lie! Woman has charms, an apple-pye has charms, a cigar has charms; but you may as well talk to me of the charms of a pig under a gate, or of a fishwoman's tongue, or of Lord Althorp's oratory, as the charms of music. I can as easily understand the attractions of an old lady of eighty-six, as those of a "*prima donna*." If music is a charmer, I am the "deaf adder;" she is not charming enough to seduce me. "*Il fanatico per la musica*" is no appellation of mine. I love the musical world just as Caligula loved his people. I wish they had all but one neck, that I might rid myself of the whole house of harmony at a single blow!

I am cursed with an unusually large circle of relatives and acquaintances; and my life is so embittered by the continual, incessant, ruthless persecution I undergo from practisers and performers upon a greater variety of instruments than Nebuchadnezzar had in his band, that I do not value it at a pin's fee. My tormentors spare no pains, no cost, no exertions to perfect themselves in the black art. The young ladies of my family rise with the sun, and practice ten or twelve hours a day in order to inflict their rondos and sonatas upon me as adroitly as possible. They do nothing, nothing in the world else from morn to noon, and from noon to midnight, but *play*, as they call it. It may be *play* to them, Sir; but it is *death* to me! They *never* draw, paint on velvet, embroider, work samplers, or so much as divert themselves with battle-door and shuttlecock. No accomplishment but music is of any account in my house; no book, I verily believe, but a music-book is ever opened. They might *sometimes*, one would think, take up a battle-door or a novel; but no! they never relent; there is no pause, no

respite: I lead the life of Ixion on the wheel, one eternal round of agony. The piano is never shut for a moment, nor can one of the girls ever pass it without a run up and down the keys, which runs through my poor system like a sharp pen-knife or red-hot knitting-needle. Then they have a thing called a shake,

"Siculi non invenero tyranni
Majus tormentum."

It *shakes* me, Sir, to the very centre. I feel as if a magazine of gunpowder was exploding within me. Fanny has a way of shaking which, I suppose, is actual perfection. I never see her approach the piano but I thrust my fingers into my ears. "How very odd," she says, "that Charles does not like music!"

The young gentlemen are nearly as great musicians as their sisters. All other young gentlemen play billiards, racket, ball, or some other manly game, uniting health with amusement: they shoot, hunt, or angle *occasionally*: not so with the cavaliers of my acquaintance and kindred; they play nothing the whole year round but the violin, or the German flute, or the Kent bugle; or, if not instrumentalists, they are sure to be vocalists; they warble me mad. There is Ned Nightingale, for instance; what an indefatigable songster! He sings "from morn to night," like the miller on the Dee. Solomon says, "there is a time for every thing;" but Ned Nightingale sings at *all* times; he even sings at his dinner. He has one carol about "A fine old English gentleman," which will, I fear, be the death of me. Before he is up in the morning, he is at the "fine old English gentleman;" and to make the grievance still more grievous, he frequently stops in the middle of a stave, and says to me—"Now, observe this turn!" and then on he goes again with "the fine old English gentleman," just as fresh as when he began; and I am very sure that if he was ten times as melodious as he is, he could "*find it in his heart*," as Dogberry says of his tediousness, "*to bestow it all upon me*."

But the misery of miseries, the horror of horrors is to be obliged, out of complaisance to mothers and aunts, to commend the "*execution*" of the young caitiffs! Just imagine a crimi-

nal at the foot of the gallows, compelled to compliment Jack Ketch upon his dexterity in finishing the law! That is precisely my situation, when required to praise Miss Fanny's *shake*, or Master Tom's "diminished seventh" or "minor third," or, perhaps, the performance of all "Semiramide," from overture to finale. *Execution* it may well be called! I look upon every performer as an *executioner*, and every musical instrument as an instrument of torture. Never do I see a lady at a piano-forte, or a gentleman at a violin, or bassoon, but I think of Abhorson, and the whole race of hangmen. Do legislators wish to restrain crime? Let them abolish the rope, and punish felony with harps and harpsichords. This is the only possible use that can be made of music, consistent with the quiet and well-being of society. A scale of musical inflictions might easily be graduated, according to the varying enormity of offences. Suppose the following :

Parricide	The Italian Opera for life.
Treason	A perpetual Oratorio.
Murder	Marriage to a Prima Donna.
Highway robbery	Three Musical Festivals.
Shop-lifting	The barrel organ for seven years.
Usury	The Jew's harp for a year.
Picking pockets	The hurdygurdy for a month.
Sedition	Transportation to Savoy for life.
Burglary	Incarceration for a week, in company with Mr. Catgut, or three tunes on the German flute, at the discretion of the Court.

" But blasphemy, Sir ; how would you punish blasphemy ?"

" On the blasphemer I would inflict one night at a catch club!"

" Are you done, Sir, with your tirade against harmony ?"

" Yes, for the present."

" Quite done ?"

" Yes."

" May I make one observation ?"

" Certainly."

" Well, then, Sir, let me tell you

' The man that has not music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds.'

" Oh ! oh ! oh !"



CHINESE HISTORICAL DRAMAS AND ROMANCES.—No. II.

WE return to the interesting collection published by Stanislas Julien, and proceed to an analysis of the tale entitled "Tse Hiong Hiong Ti," or "the two brothers of different sexes."

The tale commences with a description of an honest inn-keeper and his wife, who, having no children, looked upon all the distressed as their family, and never neglected an opportunity of doing good. Lieou-te, as the inn-keeper was called, lamented the want of heirs to perform funeral sacrifices at his grave, and attributed it to a cause, sufficiently strange to us western readers, but in which classical and oriental scholars will recognize the ancient doctrine of the metempsychosis.

"I have no children," said Lieou, "doubtless this misfortune arises from my not having practised virtue in my former state of existence. Heaven punishes me in the present life by depriving me of an heir, who might, after death, offer the funeral sacrifices to my ashes. What profit would a few more coins be to me? Is it not better to render unto every one his due? Such conduct is a certain pledge of prosperity."

On a very stormy day an old soldier, accompanied by a young lad, sought shelter in the inn. It was just the day in which

"The warrior puts on his winter-cloak, the prince extended on a carpet, drinks frequently from the golden goblet of rosy wine, and fair dames replenish their chafing-dishes with charcoal."

When the wearied wanderers entered the inn, Lieou and his wife hastened to provide them with refreshments, but were surprised to see that they left the best viands untouched.

"Sir," said the inn-keeper, "I suppose you are keeping fast."

"We soldiers," said the aged traveller, "have a dispensation from fasting."

"If that be the case," replied Lieou, "why do you not eat a little meat?"

"I must not conceal the truth from you," said the old man, "I have but a

small sum to defray the expenses of my journey, and therefore I content myself with rice and herbs; and even thus I fear that I shall not have enough to bring me to my native city. If we used these viands we should spend in one day our whole store; how then should we reach our distant home?"

"Lieou, seeing that he was in great distress, was touched in his inmost heart, and said: 'In such severe weather you have need of solid food to recruit your exhausted strength. Take meat and rice, they will enable you to brave the wind and cold. I beseech you, eat what you please, it shall not cost you a fraction.'"

"Sir," replied the old soldier, "do not laugh at my frankness, but I cannot believe that any one would give a traveller meat and drink without cost."

"I do not jest with you," said Lieou, "your servants do not resemble other persons of the same trade. If by chance a traveller has no money, we treat him just as well as if he were rich, and he obtains here all he wants, free of cost. Thus, since your stores are scanty, imagine that you are here as my invited guest."

After dinner, finding that the snow continued, Lieou offered beds to the soldier and his son; but during the night the elder traveller was seized with a fatal illness, and spite of all the care lavished on him by his host, died, leaving his child alone with strangers. Lieou and his wife resolved to adopt the orphan, and educate him as their own son; regarding the chance that gave them an adopted child as a special providence. They make the proposal to the orphan, Chin-eul, who accepted it with joy.

"Chin-eul placed himself on his knees between two chairs, and praying Lieou and his wife to sit down, saluted them with four prostrations as a token of his becoming their adopted child. His new parents changed his name to Lieou-Fang. From this moment he displayed the most affectionate care and attention for his adopted parents; he anticipated their

wishes, and displayed towards them all the zeal and tenderness which the most devoted filial love could inspire."

Two years after these events, a dreadful tempest assailed the barks on the river, near whose banks the inn stood. Lieou-Fang, hearing cries of distress, rushed from the house, and reached the river just as one boat was driven on shore! Among the passengers he saw a young man, about his own age, grievously wounded, and extended, motionless, on the bank. Fang brought the unconscious sufferer to his home, where, by the tender cares of Lieou and his wife, his health was soon restored. The second stranger was named Lieou-Ki. He was eventually adopted by the generous inn-keeper, having discovered that his parents were drowned during the storm, from whose rage he had so narrowly escaped.

At length the aged Lieou and his wife were seized with a mortal disease; they called their adopted sons to the bed-side, and Lieou thus addressed them:—

"My children—My wife and I were without posterity, and were condemned to be deprived, after death, of funeral sacrifices. Heaven, at length, had pity on us, and sent you to be our sons. Though merely our children by adoption, you have shown us as much tenderness as if you had been our offspring. We can now die without regret; but when we are departed redouble your zeal and efforts to render your commerce prosperous, and to preserve the little inheritance I bequeath you. When we both think on your love for each other, and

your energetic characters, we look forward with confidence, and trust to rest happy by the nine fountains that water the kingdom of the dead."

Soon after the worthy pair died, to the great grief of Lieou-Fang and Lieou-Ki.

"Immediately they prepared the coffin and winding-sheet, with all possible magnificence, and summoned several bonzes to recite the office of the dead during nine days, that the passage of their souls to the regions of bliss might be quickened. After having buried their adopted parents, the two brothers erected a magnificent tomb over their remains. Lieou-Fang brought from the capital the ashes of his mother, and Lieou-Ki from his native village the bones of his father, to share the repose of their adopted parents. When all was ready, and a lucky day had been selected, the coffin of Lieou was placed in the middle, that of Lieou-Ki's father on the right, and of Lieou-Fang's mother on the left. The three coffins were ranged in the same line, like three pearls of perfect resemblance."

When the brothers had lived some years together in perfect harmony, Lieou-Ki proposed that they should get married, but was surprised to find Lieou-Fang obstinately determined to remain single. He made several vain attempts to shake this resolution, and wearied himself with conjecture to discover the cause.

"One day he saw a pair of swallows building their nest on one of the house-beams. He took a pencil, and, to sound the inclinations of Lieou-Fang, wrote the following verses on the wall:—

'The swallows, so loving, are building their nest,
And that dwelling so frail to prepare,
From morning to evening they never take rest,
But toil on with labour and care.

'Yet mutual love makes the labour more light,
And care 's but half felt when 'tis shared;
Nor sorrow nor pain can the happiness blight
Of those who are equally paired.

'But had not the male for himself found a mate,
Such pleasures he never had known;
And at length have discovered his error too late,
When his nest was left silent and lone.'"

Lieou-Fang having seen these verses, smiling, read them several times, and

then, taking the pencil, wrote the following, to the very same rhymes:—

‘ The swallows, so loving, are building their nest,
 Sure ne’er was so happy a pair !
 They fly through the heavens, and think not of rest,
 For mutual love is their care.

‘ And nature, long since, has designed this delight,
 By two loving hearts that is shared—
 Themselves must alone be the cause of the blight,
 By which nature’s kind boon is impaired.

‘ When the female, at length, has discovered a mate,
 Her love remains hid and unknown—
 But why should the male not discover till late
 That he really has not been alone ?’

“ If I understand these verses aright,”
 exclaimed Lieou-Ki, when he read them,
 “ my brother is certainly a young girl !
 No wonder that I have so often won-
 dered at the delicate proportions and soft
 voice of my companion !”

Fearing, however, that he might have
 adopted the conclusion too hastily, he
 consulted a friend, who was inclined to
 the same opinion, but recommended
 another trial.

“ Lieou-Ki not being able to resist his
 desire of clearing up the mystery, had
 again recourse to poetry. ‘ Brother,’
 said he to Lieou-Fang, ‘ I admire the
 verses you made to my rhymes on the
 swallows’ nest, but I have not power to
 imitate your talent. May I beg of you
 to make a second set on the same sub-
 ject.’ Lieou-Fang took the pencil with
 a smile, and wrote the following verses
 to the same rhymes :—

‘ The swallows, so loving, are building their nest,
 With their happiness nought can compare ;
 For each by the object of love is caress’d,
 And soft notes show how tender their care.

‘ They fear lest Spring-pleasures, so full of delight,
 Should by them, if alone, be unshared ;
 And that no future ill should their progeny blight,
 The cradle ’s already prepared.

‘ With the diamond of Ho-Chi* no jewel could mate,
 Yet to Tsú was its value unknown—
 Oh ! why should the king, with false knowledge elate,
 Have left it dark, silent, and lone.’

“ Lieou-Ki took the verses, and, after
 having read them, exclaimed—‘ And so,
 my dear brother, you are really a woman !’
 Lieou-Fang’s downcast eyes and burning
 blushes were the only answer.”

An interesting explanation ensued ;
 Lieou-Fang and Lieou-Ki were soon
 married, and the happiness they en-
 joyed in wedded life passed into a
 proverb.

The other tales in this collection are
 “ The Mysterious Painting,” and an
 episode extracted from a romance,
 called “ The History of the Three
 Kingdoms.” They are scarcely inferior

in interest to that from which we have
 so largely extracted.

The volume concludes with some
 specimens of Chinese poetry, which
 possess more value for their novelty
 than for any other merit. To those
 who are anxious to obtain information
 on this branch of Eastern literature,
 we beg leave to recommend Mr. Davis’s
 dissertation on Chinese poetry, in the
 third volume of the “ Transactions of
 the Royal Asiatic Society ;” a disserta-
 tion equally remarkable for the display
 of extensive knowledge and refined
 taste.

* Ho-Chi having found a rough diamond, presented it to King Tsú, who being
 persuaded by his treasurer that it was a worthless stone, threw it away, and ordered
 Ho-Chi to be punished as an impostor.

Blanche et Bleue, ou les deux Couleuvres—Fées Roman Chinois, traduit par Stanislas Julien. (White and Blue; or, the Serpent-Fairies, a Chinese Romance. Paris: Gosselin)

Professor Julien states that he has translated this work as a specimen of the Chinese popular tales, designed for the lower orders, and based on popular superstition, none of which have hitherto appeared in any European language; and also as an illustration of the state of literature in China in the nineteenth century, the date of the work being recent. In both points of view, but especially in the former, we find the tale so very interesting, that we have resolved to give a copious abstract of it to our readers. The tale is founded on the Buddhistic doctrine of expiation. Blanche is a female fairy, whom Fo, as the Chinese call Buddha, has sentenced to take for ages the form of a serpent, that she may expiate the crimes committed in her previous state of existence. At the end of eighteen hundred years Buddha resolves that the luminary Wen-Sing (the star of knowledge,) shall become incarnate by means of Blanche, and shall attain the most eminent honours. To effect this object, he permits Blanche to resume her human form, and to marry Han-wen. The white fairy enters the world, and during several years is exposed to the greatest dangers, but as important destinies were attached to her life, Buddha sends an inferior deity to protect her, and even to restore her to life, when slain by the horrible Nán-Sing (the genius of the south polar star). Wen-Sing at length is born, and the destiny of Blanche is accomplished; but as she had not yet expiated all her crimes, a priest named Fa-hai is sent to bury her under the pagoda of Loui-pong. After the lapse of twenty years her penance is complete, and she is raised to the regions of eternal bliss.

The tale opens with an account of Han-wen, the destined husband of the white fairy. His father dying had left him in childhood to the care of his brother-in-law, who fulfilled the duties of a guardian with exemplary fidelity. When he grew up, he was placed as

an apprentice with Dr. Wang, an apothecary, or rather what we call a general practitioner. Han-wen, by his diligence and skill, acquired the confidence of his master, and was regarded by him as a brother rather than a servant. Turn we now to the heroine of the tale, who is thus singularly introduced:—

“In the cavern named ‘the grotto of pure air,’ near the summit of the lofty mountain of the blue city, there dwelt the spirit of a white serpent that had past many ages in the practice of virtue. The rarest and most lovely flowers adorned this mysterious cavern, thousands of plants unknown to us, but whose brilliancy and beauty exceeded all we can conceive, grew within its precincts, and charmed the senses by their odours and their colours. Peace and silence reigned in this charming retreat, which had never been trodden by human foot; it was truly the place for purifying the soul by study and meditation.* For eighteen hundred years the white serpent had dwelt in this grotto, entirely devoted to the practice of virtue, and during this period she had never injured a single individual. From the length of time that her practice of ascetic virtue had continued, she had acquired the power of working miracles.”

Blanche, in order to perfect herself more completely, resolved to seek some new habitation; she closed the grotto, mounted on a chariot of clouds, and began her voyage through the air. Ere long she encountered the genius of the north polar star, the determined enemy of the fairy race, and only escaped destruction by perjury. She then pursued her way to the city of Hang-Uheou, and resolved to take up her abode in a deserted palace; but she found that the place was already occupied by the blue serpent-fairy, who was resolved to maintain possession. After a brief struggle, however, the blue fairy was conquered, and consented to become the servant of Blanche.

About this time, Han-wen having obtained permission from his master to offer sacrifices at the tombs of his parents, resolved, as he was returning,

* The most prominent article in the Buddhistic creed is, that a contemplative ascetic life will purify the soul and prepare it for being absorbed into a deity.

to visit the lake Si-hou, celebrated for its romantic beauties. Here he met the two fairies in the shape of lovely damsels, and, as Buddha had decreed five hundred years before, fell in love with Blanche. An accidental shower of rain afforded him a pretext for addressing the fairies, and he laid the foundation of future intimacy by lending them an umbrella. Blanche, on her return home, ordered the demons over whom she had power, to supply her immediately with a hundred pieces of gold, and they stole the sum from the royal treasury of which Han-wen's brother-in-law was keeper. When Han-wen came in the morning for his umbrella, Blanche confessed her affection, proposed marriage, and gave him the stolen money to provide a nuptial feast. He went to acquaint his brother-in-law with his good fortune, the coin was recognized, he was hurried before a magistrate, and his story treated as an absurdity, especially when no trace could be found of Blanche or her servant. Han-wen was exiled for three years to a distant province; but his old master Wang gave him a letter to a physician in the place of his exile, which secured him employment.

Blanche and her servant followed Han-wen to Kou-sou, his new residence, and presented themselves before him. He severely reproached them with his miseries, accused them of being fairies, and refused to hear their defence. The artifices of Blanche, however, prevailed; reconciliation was followed by marriage, and Han-wen opened a shop on his own account.

"Han-wen put up a sign over his shop, on which was written, 'here dwells a doctor who excels in healing every disease;' but several days elapsed, and he was not visited by a single customer. In despair he consulted Blanche, who replied—'My dear lord, I have this night examined the stars that beam in heaven, and I have learned from their aspect that a contagious and virulent malady is about to spread through the province. I shall prepare for you certain pills that will infallibly cure the disease. You can sell them at a cheap rate, and be assured you will have plenty of customers.'"

This plan was followed, and Han-wen rapidly acquired fame and fortune.

One day, in a temple, he was met by a Tao-sse, or Buddhist mendicant, of a strictly ascetic order, who discovered at the first glance that Han-wen was under the influence of sorcery. The Tao informed him of his condition, and gave him three talismans for his protection; in return for which, Han-wen made him a considerable present. Blanche's supernatural knowledge enabled her to detect the conspiracy that had been formed against her peace; she tore the talisman from her husband, and speedily sought out the Tao to punish him for his interference. A singular combat ensued:—

"'Stupid Tao-sse,' said Blanche, 'have you dared to call me a fairy? Tell me what is the magic power of which you vaunt; I am anxious to determine which of us is the stronger.'

"This attack filled the holy man with indignation; he spoke a spell of dread power; and having taken into his mouth a few drops of pure water, he blew them into the air. All at once the sky was obscured—darkness, only broken by lurid flashes, covered the earth—the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder echoed through the heaven. 'Thy power is but feeble,' said Blanche; 'it scarce deserves to be named.' She then spoke a counter-charm, and pointing with her finger to heaven, cried with a loud voice—'Let the clouds disappear, let the rain cease, and let the bright luminary of day shine forth in all his brightness.' The holy man, seeing his charm broken, seized the precious sword which hung from his girdle, and raised it on high to strike his enemy; but at once myriads of golden clouds flew towards Blanche, and enveloped her head like a glory. The precious sword could not penetrate this divine veil, and only struck the air with idle blows. Again Blanche spoke a mighty spell; pointing to the sacred sword, she said with a voice of thunder—'Fall,' and instantly the sword fell to the ground. She seized it, and rendered it invisible; then, with an imperious voice, she exclaimed—'Where art thou, gallant warrior with the yellow bonnet? Hither immediately—seize that vile Tao-sse, and suspend him in the midst of the air.'"

The summoned demon obeyed her orders, and chastised the Tao so severely that he was forced to beg for mercy, which he could only obtain by giving back the money he had received

from Han-wen. But Blanche had soon to encounter a greater danger; on a particular festival the Chinese are accustomed to drink wine mingled with sulphur—and sulphur, it seems, destroys the most powerful spell that the Chinese fairies can devise. After many vain efforts to escape, Blanche was compelled by her husband to drink the medicated draught, and was soon obliged to resume the form of a serpent. In this condition she was seen by Han-wen, who was so horrified by finding his worst suspicions confirmed, that he dropped down dead. The cries of the blue fairy revealed to Blanche the extent of her misfortune, and she resolved immediately to seek the abodes of the gods and steal some ambrosia, a morsel of which would restore her husband to life.

Blanche departed in her car of clouds to the abode of the gods, but she found the gate guarded by a young genius with the head of a white ape. Having been refused admittance, she wounded the genius with a poisoned ball, and then dreading the anger of his mistress, the goddess Ch'ung-me, fled with precipitation. Ch'ung-me, being a goddess, soon overtook the white fairy.

"Odious monster!" cried the goddess in furious wrath, "whither goest thou?" and as she spoke she spread a vast net over the sky. Blanche endeavoured to fly, but she was held fast in the celestial meshes, and despite of herself was forced to assume her original form. Ch'ung-me drew the sword, which she uses to decapitate demons and fairies; she was about to smite the white serpent, when she beheld a brilliant cloud appear suddenly by her side, from which issued the words "pardon! pardon!" Ch'ung-me paused, for she recognized the god K'uan-in."

This deity informed the goddess of the high destinies that were attached to the fate of Blanche, obtained her pardon, and directed the fairy to seek the god of the southern hemisphere, and ask from him a branch of the tree of immortality. Blanche obeyed; she was received at the palace of the southern god by a genius, with a stag's head, who treated her with respect and gave her the sacred branch. On her return she met a genius with a stork's head, the genius of the aus-

tral polar star, and was so terrified by the voice of this deadly enemy of the fairy-race, that she sunk lifeless, and her body falling from the car of clouds descended towards the earth.

"The genius, with the stork's head, pursued her impetuously, and was about to tear her in pieces with his beak, but he was suddenly checked by the appearance of a genius with a white parrot's head, who stopped him and said, 'My brother, you must not slay this fairy. The danger to which she is now exposed was decreed by Heaven, but, the great Buddha, who inhabits the southern ocean, has sent me to prevent you from destroying this perverse creature, for you know not what important destinies she has to accomplish. I trust therefore that you will take pity on her, and, in obedience to destiny, spare her life.' 'I detest fairies as my most bitter enemies,' replied the genius with the stork's head, 'but since my brother has interfered by the supreme commands of Buddha, my duty is obedience.' Thus saying, he desisted from the pursuit, and proceeded to his palace at the southern pole. The parrot-headed genius then took up the body of Blanche, and seeing that all signs of life were gone, he pronounced the magic words which can raise the dead, and breathed into her nostrils the breath of life. Blanche's soul returned to its habitation; awaking from her lethargy, she prostrated herself at the feet of the genius and thanked him for her restoration."

The parrot-headed genius dismissed Blanche; she returned home, healed her husband, and having brought two real serpents into the apartment, persuaded him that his recent terror had originated in a mistake.

The wondrous cures effected by Han-wen's pills excited the anger of his medical brethren, and they, under pretence of doing him honour, chose him to make the annual offering to the presiding deity of their city. Blanche summoned the demons to her aid, and they stole some precious articles from the emperor's treasury which Han-wen offered in the temple. The theft was discovered. Han-wen being brought before a magistrate was, of course, convicted, and a second time driven into exile. The two fairies collected all the property in the house, and, disguised as men, gave it in charge to Han-wen's brother-in-law, after which they followed him to the place of his

exile. Again Blanche was reconciled to her husband, and again she supplied him with magical cures for diseases.

Still some suspicions troubled his mind, and he resolved to consult Fa-hai, a holy man who resided in the celebrated temple of the Golden Mountain. Fa-hai convinced Han-wen that Blanche was a fairy, and persuaded him to remain in the temple, for the purpose of escaping her delusions. Blanche discovering that her husband had been thus removed from her, went to attack Fa-hai, hoping to conquer him as she had conquered Tao-sse; but Fa-hai possessed the mystic vase of Buddha, and the fairy was defeated. At night, she attempted, in revenge, to overwhelm the temple and monastery of the Golden Mountain by a magic deluge, but Fa-hai's superior power repelled the waters, which, rolling down the mountains, destroyed a village at its base. Terrified at the crime they had committed, the two fairies resolved to retire from the world and do penance in "the grotto of pure air."

After some time Han-wen was permitted to return to his native city, and hither Blanche hastened to rejoin him; she was now pregnant, and her appeals to paternal love, joined with fervent protestations, induced her husband to believe that he had been deceived by the priest of the Golden Mountain. The happiness of the pair thus again united, continued to increase, and Blanche received a convincing proof of Buddha's favour by his sending the parrot-headed genius to her aid when attacked by a malignant demon, whom the Tao-sse had sent to revenge his former disgrace. At length Wen-sing became incarnate in the person of Blanche's son, and the decrees of destiny were accomplished.

When the boy was a month old, Fa-hai received orders from Buddha to receive the soul of Blanche in his mystic vase and bury it beneath the pagoda of Loui-pong. Presenting himself at Han-wen's door, he persuaded his old disciple to take the vase into Blanche's presence; she ran to meet her husband, but on the instant red clouds burst from the vase and encircled her frame. Perceiving that her time was come, she related to the family the events of her past life,

and recommending her son to the care of her sister-in-law, disappeared. Han-wen, overwhelmed with grief, bade adieu to the world, and retired to the monastery of the Golden Mountain.

Mong-kias, the son of Han-wen, was educated by his aunt and uncle as their own son. When he reached the age of ten years, he was insulted by his school-fellows, who called him the son of a fairy, and this led to his discovering the secret of his birth. Grief, for the misfortunes of his parents, produced such an effect on the boy's mind, that he was seized with a disease which threatened to be mortal; but Buddha was unwilling that the incarnate Wen-sing should thus perish; he sent an inferior deity to heal the boy, and to inform him that when his literary success should procure for him the highest academic degree, he should be permitted to see his mother, and enjoy the satisfaction of telling her, that his success had opened to her soul the gates of paradise. Mong-kias, inspired by this hope, devoted himself ardently to study; when the time for examination came he obtained the highest rank at the provincial university, and was honourably sent to the imperial academy, which alone has the privilege of conferring first-class degrees. Here his success was equally decisive, and he was proclaimed "first of the first." Instead of asking any favour for himself, he besought the emperor to bestow honours on his unfortunate parents, a request which was readily granted.

Mong-kias now went to the monastery of the Golden Mountain and made himself known to his father. Han-wen resolved to return to the world to witness the marriage of his son and his niece, to whom Mong-kias had been betrothed by Blanche in his infancy; but before he had completed his preparations for departure, Fa-hai appeared to gratify them with a sight of the long-lost Blanche. It would be useless to describe the affecting interview, let us pass to the conclusion of the scene.

"Fa-hai, when there was a pause in the conversation, called Blanche: 'The measure,' said he, 'of your misfortunes and sufferings is this day completed. You shall no longer remain in this corrupt world. I shall now remove you to

the celestial abodes.' He then took a piece of white silk, and spread it upon the ground. 'Blanche,' he cried, 'step on this piece of silk, I am about to raise you to heaven!' Blanche, after having prostrated herself before the holy man, did as she was commanded. Fa-hai then pointed with his finger to the white silk, and pronounced aloud the words of the sacred spell. At once the silk was changed into a luminous cloud, which gently embraced Blanche, and raised her up to the ninth heaven, all radiant with brilliancy and glory.

"Fa-hai then took a piece of blue silk, and having extended it on the earth, summoned Hân-wen: 'My wise disciple,' said he, 'step on this piece of blue silk, that I may raise you to the abode of the gods, to share the happiness of your spouse.' Han-wen having prostrated himself, did as he was commanded; the spell was again spoken, and the blue silk became an azure cloud, which embracing Han-wen raised him majestically through the air. At the same moment brilliant vapours, exhaling balmy odours, were spread over the sky, and the two groups of luminous clouds that bore Hân-wen

and Blanche, floating toward the west, gradually disappeared."

The fate of the remaining personages of the tale may be briefly told. The blue fairy retired to "the grotto of pure air," where she still continues, preparing herself, by the practice of virtue, for eternal happiness. Mong-kias married his cousin, and proved, by his eminent wisdom, that he was the incarnation of Wen-sing, (the star of intelligence.) He became the father of a numerous family, and all his descendants, by their virtuous conduct, proved themselves worthy of their celestial origin.

We feel grateful to Professor Julien for having introduced us to a new and interesting class of fictions; and we claim, as a proof of our devotion to the cause of literature, and of our zeal to provide at once instruction and amusement for our readers, that the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has been the first periodical to bring the popular literature of China before the British nation.

THE SPECTRE OF THE LOG HUT.

"Thy bones are marrowless ; thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."—MACBETH.

WE know that all belief in supernatural appearances is scouted by the intellect of the age, as a weak and childish superstition ; the tales of the ghost and the spectre have been banished even from the nursery ; the reign of terror, of goblin and hobgoblin is past ; and those spectral appearances, which walked abroad in the gloomy darkness of a benighted age, have fled before the dawning of the day of knowledge. The churchyard yawns no more to send forth the sheeted dead, and the departed repose peaceably in their graves. We do not intend to set ourselves in opposition to the incredulity of the age—we mean to state a narrative of simple facts, and leave every one to form his own conclusion. For the truth of the facts, we think that we can vouch : the circumstances are drawn from the letters of parties concerned, which still exist in the possession of their relatives and descendants.

Our tale is of the western frontier of civilized America, where whole days' journeys of waste forest and prairie are scantily relieved by the log huts, scattered at distant intervals. At the period of our narrative, this solitude was far more gloomy and unbroken than at present, the country being more thinly peopled, and the traces of the power of man far more narrowly confined to the line extending down the eastern coast. Many vast tracts of wood and waste were then wholly untracked, and without trace of human foot ; for the red man, the native of the wilderness, glides, noiseless as the panther, through the tangled cane brake and cotton wood, leaving no path behind. No wonder then, that to the regiments in the English service, who visited these deserts in the prosecution of a war which all true Englishmen deplore, these woods seemed "ancient as night," and filled with the unbroken gloom of primeval solitude.

To keep up communication between the Canada frontier and the line of march to the southward and west, as well as to hold intercourse with friendly tribes of Indians, who assembled at given rallying points, picquets were often pushed far into the woods, for a short time, and then withdrawn to the main army. These outposts soon learned from the people of the country their habit of building temporary log huts, in place of lodging under canvass ; and one of those log huts, long deserted by the original framers, sheltered the party who are concerned in our narrative.

The melancholy of unbroken solitude may fall upon a solitary mind with deep weight ; but if that mind be a strong one, cannot crush nor bend it. There is a fulness of sensation approaching the pleasure derived from devotional ecstasy—the dominion of reverence which is unmingled with the abject crouching of slavish fear. At no moment do we feel more forcibly, even in the very holiness of the unbroken stillness, the utter feebleness of man in the hand of Him who made the night ; nor can we wish that feeling broken by aught that lives or moves ; for in the pride of our strength, and the mad bustle of mankind busied in nothings, these thoughts are rare, and seldom, indeed, comes their power over us. But there are times when the loneliness of night and nature, far from awakening sensations which the heart receives gladly, are merely the heralds of deep and mournful solitude of mind. This solitude is the more insupportably painful from being of mind only, for these times are when we are with those to whom the full voices of nature that pierce our own heart speak not. Perhaps there is no desolation more entire than the neighbourhood, at such times, of created beings who dream not of the glory of the heavens until their cur-

tains are parted as a scroll, and the broad lightning bursts from them with death upon its wings. These were nearly Henry Sherwood's feelings when sitting in a lonely log-house, near a pine forest on the Canada frontier: vainly did his friend and sole companion, Captain William Dromond, a gallant Irishman, the most thoughtless of the gay, and in danger foremost amongst the headlong, try to arouse his friend to his own pitch of buoyant cheerfulness. It was a clear moonlight night, and the cabin (one of the deserted picquet log-houses before described) was built so loosely that the bright beams of the moon streamed through a dozen open places between the logs, and clearly shone upon the small table in the outer room, at which these two friends were sitting; a smaller inner chamber was all the further accommodation of this log-hut; and in this they had laid their loose equipments, and made such arrangements for sleeping as the nature of the place rendered practicable. The two officers were bound southward by west from the Canada frontier, to hold a palaver with friendly Indians, from whom they were yet a long day's journey distant, and for the last two days they had bivouacked in the woods, and journeyed on without meeting a single living soul. But this was nothing to two men experienced in *camping out* and the arts of a woodland life, and who knew these woods thoroughly well; so that the dreariness of solitude, which might, in one less used to it, have accounted for Lieutenant Sherwood's melancholy, was to him an every-day companion. But this dreariness seemed to brood over their night's lodging-place in an uncommon degree, and might almost be *seen* in the clear, silent moonlight, whilst the howlings of a panther every now and then, scarce heard in the vast distance, merely shewed how great a change the very slightest sound could make in utter stillness.

There was, moreover, something in the officer's mind which aided these impressions, and every sally of the merriment of his frank companion, only drew his thoughts farther back upon the friends he had left in England; those who had been long unheard of, or others dead for years. It is hard, even for a disposition like

Dromond's, long to keep up the ball of merriment against the melancholy of a companion, which only becomes deeper the more he seeks to enliven it; and after half humming a song to himself, he sank gradually into a kind of waking reverie, which was uninterrupted; for Sherwood had long been silent.

The door of the smaller room of the hut was exactly opposite to the outer door of the larger room in which they were sitting, which outer door was the only entrance to the cabin. To avoid the blast, which eddied keenly between these doors, the table was drawn as much to one side as possible, close to the remains of the old hearth, on which they had piled a heap of blazing logs. This fire, and the moonbeams streaming in, lighted the whole room, though very unequally. In this position they sat for some minutes in silence, when the outer door opened, and a tall figure, in officer's uniform, entered with steady but noiseless steps, and approached the fire-place. No sign of his approach had been heard, though even a hare's foot would have sounded far in the deep stillness. The figure was of a young man, and the countenance pale and wasted as if by long sickness. The features, in health, would have been finely moulded; but they wore an expression which might make even a stout heart shudder. It was the anxious, hopeless distress of madness, mingled with so much of the malignity peculiar to maniacs, that had not their souls felt the chilling certainty, that nothing of material substance stood before them, Sherwood and Dromond would have sprung to their arms; but both of them have often since declared, that they were spell-bound by the look which was rivetted upon them, and which entered their very souls. They have said that the agony which they endured under that glance—freezing utterance, but holding their eyes chained to the unearthly face, exceeded what they could have imagined sensation capable of. After looking thus steadily upon them for some moments, the figure slowly raised some weapon, upon which the moonshine glimmered, gazed on it, laughed inaudibly, with the revolting demoniac joy of insanity, and passed into the inner room.

The instant that they were relieved

from the presence of the apparition, Dromond's presence of mind returned so perfectly that he thought all had been a dream, and starting up, flew into the inner chamber to see if it really contained any one. Nothing was there but bright moonlight and silence, and he would have reasoned the matter away, (for he was a confirmed sceptic in all supernatural appearances, and had held many arguments with his friend on this question,) had he not found Sherwood, upon his return into the outer room, looking upon vacancy with fixed eyes of horror, wholly dead to all around him. With some difficulty he restored him to consciousness; and the strong effort necessary to do so, recalled all his own impressions of terror.

Lieutenant Sherwood, quivering with horror, (though a man as brave as ever lived,) told his friend that he was sure his elder brother had cut his own throat in a fit of delirium. Dromond had never seen Captain Richard Sherwood, to whom his brother was attached with an affection rare even amongst brothers; and he asked eagerly, "Did you know that fearful form, did you see how it departed? The inner room was empty when I reached it." "The form," replied Sherwood, "was my brother, and from that inner room I saw the figure slowly return just after you had entered. The throat was severed, and blood streamed all around. It must have covered the floor."

No further light could be thrown upon this appearance. All was silent, and

bright in the moonlight as before. Far as the eye could reach from the hut door, over a wide plain of many miles around, not a form, not a shadow could be seen on any side.

After a few minutes, the sense of loneliness and terror grew so strong upon the travellers that, though tired with a long day's march, they again set forward and walked all night, nor could they think of halting to rest until the sun was high above the tree-tops.

On returning, a short time afterwards to the frontier of Canada, they found letters from England; which conveyed the mournful intelligence that Captain Sherwood had destroyed himself at Cheltenham, in the delirium of a brain fever. This intelligence was only what his afflicted brother had expected; nor was he surprised to find the time correspond as nearly as could be ascertained to the visit of the figure to the log hut.

Long after this occurrence, when Dromond and his friend Sherwood were walking in the park, the former suddenly cried to his companion, "By Heaven, Henry, there is the man we saw near Three Rivers that dreadful night!" "This is," replied Lieutenant Sherwood, looking, with a sigh, at the officer his friend pointed to, "a most remarkable proof of the truth of that awful apparition. That man is the most striking likeness of my poor brother Richard that ever one man was of another."

HIS MAJESTY'S PROMISES AND HIS MINISTERS' DEEDS.

ON Tuesday, the 4th of February, the second session of the reformed parliament was opened by the King in person. At no period that we recollect, was the anxiety of the public mind in Ireland more highly excited—never was more earnest, more general solicitude awaiting the royal speech. The caterers for the public appetite exceeded, on this occasion, all their former efforts; and the anxiously expected document arrived in Dublin in the incredibly short space of twenty-two hours after it had been dispatched from London. Upon its arrival, all other topics, however interesting to the general reader, were soon passed over, and attention exclusively confined to the announcement of the intentions of government with regard to Ireland—that problem in legislation which we now acknowledge Clarendon* to have been perfectly right in declining; and which, we regret to say, seems further from a chance of solution, in the hands to which it is at present intrusted, than at any former period of our history. This excitement will not appear extraordinary, when it is considered that the aspect of affairs irresistibly forced the question upon every man's mind,—“Is Protestantism to be extinguished in Ireland; and consequently the separation of the two countries to be effected?” Deeply interested, then, in this question, we read that part of the King's speech relating to Ireland with earnest anxiety, and hailed the announcement of the ministerial intentions with delight. We thought, notwithstanding all the diplomatic ambiguity in which such documents are

generally worded, and which almost justifies the shrewd observation of the French wit, “that language is given to man for the purpose of *concealing* his thoughts,” that there were *two* passages which stood out in such bold relief from the general flatness, and displayed such honesty of purpose, and firmness of character, that the best results were to be expected.

The passages we allude to were the following:—

“I have seen with feelings of deep regret and just indignation, the continuance of attempts to excite the people of Ireland to *demand a repeal of the Legislative Union*. This bond of our national strength and safety, I have already declared my fixed and unalterable resolution, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to maintain inviolate by all the means in my power. In support of this determination, I cannot doubt the zealous and effective cooperation of my parliament and my people. *To the practices which have been used to produce disaffection to the State, and mutual distrust and animosity between the people of the two countries, is chiefly to be attributed the spirit of insubordination, which, though for the present in a great degree controlled by the power of the law, has been but too perceptible in many instances.* To none more than to the deluded instruments of the agitation, thus perniciously excited, is the continuance of such a spirit productive of the most ruinous consequences; and the united and vigorous exertions of the loyal and well-affected, in aid of the government, are imperiously required to put an end to a system of excitement and violence, which, while it continues,

* Clarendon tells us that though ever ready to offer advice to Charles II. on all questions of state submitted to him, he made one request of his royal master, viz. that nothing concerning *Irish* affairs should ever be laid before him. Even in more ancient times, we learn from Spenser's Dialogue on the state of Ireland, that an opinion prevailed “that no counsels for the good of that land could prosper; which whether it proceed from the genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this *unquiet state still, for some secret scourge unto England*, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared.” We would recommend this passage to the attention of our English readers.

is destructive of the peace of society, and if successful, must inevitably prove fatal to the power and safety of the United Kingdom."

The second passage was—

"I recommend to you the early consideration of such a final adjustment of the tithes, in that part of the United Kingdom, as may extinguish all just cause of complaint, *without injury to the rights and property of any class of my subjects, or to any institution in Church or State.*"

Such were the passages which, we confess, led us to hope that brighter days were dawning upon us ; and that this wretched country was to be no longer a "by-word and term of reproach" amongst the nations of the earth. This speech, as might be expected, was bitterly assailed by Mr. O'Connell. He is reported as pronouncing it to be "as *unmeaning* a pack of drivelling nonsense as ever was concocted." Now certainly, at a first hearing, the speech does not seem to merit this character ; particularly the two passages we have just quoted. The first lays before the House the wretched state of Ireland—the spirit of insubordination and violence which, it is confessed, even the most rigorous laws could not effectually control. It points to *the one grand cause* of this unhappy condition ; and calls for the cooperation of the legislature in checking an evil, destructive of the peace of society, and fatal to the power and safety of the empire. The second speaks in a tone of blended justice and paternal feeling (such as well suits the high authority from which it proceeds) on a question affecting the property of a large class of individuals ; it professes a hope of such an adjustment between the contending parties, as may on the one hand remove all complaints with regard to exaction or oppression, while on the other it does not infringe upon the rights of any *individuals* ; nor even the rights of any *community* of which such individuals are but life members. These passages, we repeat, would never have appeared to us, on a first hearing, to be a pack of drivelling nonsense, and we think, that plain "household understanding" persons might be pardoned for thinking that

they contained a great deal of *meaning*—that they announced intentions which, if acted on, must lead to very important results. Mr. O'Connell, however, characterised the speech as above ; and the question *now* is, was he right ? We have now the proceedings of the whole of this noisy session before us—ample data from which to draw a conclusion. Those proceedings, then, we have minutely examined—we have drawn our conclusion ; and it is with deep regret we say, that the inference irresistibly forced on our convictions is, *that Mr. O'Connell was perfectly right* ; and that in applying the term "*unmeaning*" to the speech, he applied one, the propriety of which every subsequent event of the session has justified. Whether it was from superior acuteness, or, as some suspect, from sharing more fully the confidence of the wire-drawers behind the scenes, that he was enabled to make the discovery, and laugh to scorn all the terrors of the Royal Pageant, we pronounce not ; but certain it is, that never was there an instance of such "bloated promise and lank performance"—never an instance in which the prologue bespeaking attention "for us and for our tragedy" was followed by such broad, we hope we may not have reason to add—tragical farce. In proof of what we have just alleged, we shall consider the changes made in the two important bills regarding the affairs of Ireland which occupied the attention of Parliament for so long a period, and which were evidently referred to in the King's speech—the influence by which those changes were effected—and further, certain very intelligible indications in the quarter exerting that influence, which have *since* appeared, and from which we may be enabled to judge what prospect there is of saving the Protestant church, if not the Protestant population of Ireland, from extermination ; and consequently what chance there is of preserving the integrity of the British empire, by preventing a repeal of the Union.

The circumstances with regard to the changes in what is vulgarly called the coercion, but, in strict truth, the Protestant* protection bill, are, we firmly

* It is the fashion nowadays to assail, with the charge of bigotry, all those who contend for the superior civilizing effects of Protestantism to Popery ; a fashion

believe, without a parallel. The literary world has been largely supplied, for some years past, with the Secret Memoirs of the Crimes of Cabinets, and the feeling generally excited by their perusal, has been, that it is difficult to say whether the Roman satirist would have pronounced them more fitted for the study of a Democritus or a Heraclitus; whether they are more calculated to raise our laughter at that "foolish compounded-clay-man," or to excite a deeper feeling, a mingled one of melancholy and surprise, at that mysterious procedure of Providence which leaves the happiness or misery of millions dependant on the capricious impulses (they cannot be called counsels) of the most feeble and most worthless of mankind. In reading such memoirs, however, we have been always glad to listen to any point saved in arrest of judgment against our unfortunate race. We have willingly admitted any suggestion that might be offered, to prove that the gentry of the back stairs are not always the most "honest chroniclers," and that we should be slow in believing that some of the most important public events have arisen from personal causes of the most frivolous description; that Europe has been deluged with blood in consequence of some high-spirited dame having had her new brocade stained by a cup of coffee, or not having a miniature set in a bracelet according to her directions. But there is, in the *present* case, no plea (however gladly we might be inclined to receive it) for withholding judgment. The parties are "taken in the manner," and we challenge all the annals of cabinet intrigue, public or private, to produce anything to equal, for degrading and dastardly imbecility, the exposé laid before the house on

the ever-memorable night of the *explanation* between the Secretary and the *Member for all Ireland*.

Let us call to mind the circumstances connected with the changes made in the protection bill, during the last session, and then fairly ask ourselves whether our language be too strong. Before doing so, however, let us consider the causes that led to the original passing of that bill. It had been introduced for the purpose of protecting the Protestant population of Ireland, from the most frightful oppression that perhaps any portion of a civilized community ever laboured under. We are quite prepared for a sneer at this statement, not only from the agitators, who are chuckling under a well-dissembled conviction of its truth, but also from the "Vulfenii ingentes," the Gullies, the Gillons, the Kentuckian deputies, the polished representatives of political unions, who give and borrow light from the members of the "tail," like Milton's spirits "mixing irradiance." But still we are prepared to maintain our assertion—to maintain that, if ever there was a system which combined every variety of oppression—which combined the despatch of a Turkish pacha with the ferocity of a Bushman tribe, and left its proscribed and unfortunate victims no escape from insult, persecution, plunder and assassination, the system under which the wretched Protestants of Ireland were suffering, was *that one*. Such a frightful state of affairs could only be met by strong measures. To talk of the suspension* of civil rights, in such a case is, (if it be not artful clamour,) to evince either gross ignorance of the particular facts, or equal ignorance of the grand principles on which all laws should be framed. "Quid leges, sine moribus

which has extended even to those public journalists who affect to be perfectly disinterested in discussing the affairs of Ireland. It may, therefore, be right to apprise those profound enquirers, that, in coupling the word "Protestant" with the protection bill, we do not mean to use it in an invidious spirit of exclusion. We are free to admit that there is a large portion, Romanists in creed, but Protestants in habits—persons who (we are inclined to believe) are as strenuous advocates as ourselves for the unmutated protection bill, if they could dare to raise a whisper against the system of oppressive espionage which besets them at their own doors, watching and reporting their every movement.

* The *late* Mr. Henry Grattan, ("stat nominis umbra!") said he voted for a former coercion bill "in order to secure to Ireland a *reversionary* interest in the British constitution."

vanæ, proficunt," says a man who, though a lyric poet, seems to have known something of the laws of civil society, as well as those of metre. Lenity, we admit, is one of the perfections of human law—that unsuspecting mildness which seems slow in anticipating the commission of the crime it yet guards against—that merciful præjudicium which disposes to the acquittal of the accused, whilst it throws technical difficulties in the way of the accuser, which seems to entangle the latter in the folds of mercy's robe, while it admits the former within its shelter; all these, we grant, are the characteristics of good laws—but such laws presuppose some moral elements in those for whom they are framed; and that all the common instincts of humanity have not been banished by savage ignorance, national hatred, and ferocious superstition. But talk of such laws in Ireland!!—talk of the refinements of the British constitution—of the pure administration and majesty of the existing laws in a country where the most experienced law-officers of the crown are baffled in all their proceedings—where they are obliged to apply for a change of venue, from the difficulty of finding a jury honest or firm enough to convict on the clearest evidence. Where a witness,* though only deposing to a fact of which he was a casual observer, cannot leave the table without loud menaces against his life, or, if he himself should escape, without vengeance being wreaked even on those remotely† connected with him—where the

'primer switchers,' as they are called, boldly come forward, take the Bible of God in their hands, and make statements which nine-tenths of their hearers *know* to be false, and for which they are hailed with enthusiastic acclamations by those very hearers. Talk of the due execution of the laws, where large bodies of police are massacred in open day—where, if a magistrate dares to do his duty, in protecting life or property, it is at the risk of encountering some vexatious and ruinous prosecution, supported by subscription; or of being exposed to the more galling insolence of some association orator, sent down from head-quarters, to convene a rabble meeting, and mob him at his own gate. Talk of the protection of the laws, where if a Protestant farmer, together with his family, should escape the wholesale destruction of the midnight conflagration, he has still to sustain the houghing of his cattle, the turning up of his lea ground, the levelling of his fences, the firing of his turf-stack, the ferocious assaults upon himself or his children, when returning from the fair, or the market; or, if he should escape these, has yet to endure what the poor fellow himself calls "the more wearing and break-down" annoyance arising from exclusive dealing, and the various other petty devices suggested by a mean and malignant bigotry.

There could be no doubt (though attempts have been made to disguise the fact) as to the cause of all those horrifying atrocities. We are ready

* At the Kilkenny spring assizes, one Malone was tried for murder. It was stated by Mr. Scott, counsel for the prosecution, *that no surveyor could be got to draw a map of the place where the murder was committed, without a promise being given to him, that he should not be called on the table to swear to it!!* At the same assizes several shopkeepers, decent persons in appearance, of that class from which jurors are taken, came forward to give a character of the prisoners, and admitted that they had entered into a general subscription for their defence. The judge, (the late Mr. Jebb,) said he considered their conduct very disgraceful. For this shocking offence against judicial impartiality, he was denounced by the Dublin scribes, who spoke in high terms of "the sublime and majestic vengeance," (we quote their own words,) taken by the Irish people on their oppressors; and he was scarcely laid in his grave when, with something of the ferocity we thought peculiar to the hyena tribe, his memory was assailed by the most infamous and scurrilous invective.

† This feature of atrocity, viz., murdering the relatives of the offender, seems peculiar to that spirit of "wild justice," which distinguishes "the finest peasantry in the world," and is probably derived from the spirit of a religion whose sentences of excommunication involve *all the members* of the offender's family.

to admit that *predial* agitation (as the new phrase runs) led to some one or two instances ; and that the sufferers were Roman Catholics ; though even in these cases it will be found that the unfortunate victims had committed the crime of being on too good terms with their Saxon neighbours ; or had learned the abominable Saxon practices of aiding in the enforcement of the law ; or telling the truth when sworn in a court of justice. But we contend that even these instances (were they ten times more numerous) form no exception to our assertion, that political agitation and political *alone* was the great and original cause which led to all. It surely is not very difficult to prove this to those who have ears to hear. When the peasantry of a country are taught to believe that though not *de facto*, they are *de jure* the possessors of the soil—when they are told that some centuries ago their forefathers were robbed by a band of foreign invaders, who have ever since kept them in a state of unequalled slavery—that their pure and holy religion was denounced by those invaders, who planted their own execrable heresy in its stead—that the island of saints has never since enjoyed prosperity, and never will until “the abomination of desolation spoken of by *Daniel* the prophet” shall be banished from the holy place,—when such topics, we say, are continually presented to the imagination of the peasant, it is easy to conceive the change effected in his character. He at once becomes an idler, a vagabond, a drunkard. He thinks no more of going home to the bosom of his family after his day of healthful and useful labour ; he goes to the shebeen to hear the last new speech of the *Counsellor* read by the hedge schoolmaster ; (a gentleman of whose multiplied accomplishments even Lord Brougham, with all his “march-of-intellect perfectability,” has but little notion.)—His earnings soon go in drinking potations pottle

deep ‘to the Liberator’s health and the first gem of the sea.’ Rent-day comes round : all the money has disappeared. It has gone either, as we have just said, in drinking to the *Counsellor’s* health, or again, to pay his share of the *only* rent he has been taught to acknowledge, viz. the tribute necessary for keeping the ‘*Counsellor*’ in Parliament while removed at such a cruel distance from the wife of his bosom and his “callow nestlings of domestic bliss,” or again—for this modern minotaur quite distances the ancient in the variety of his swallow for the public tribute—it has gone to *fee* the ‘*Counsellor*’ for undertaking the defence of some brother whiteboy, who is entitled to the eternal gratitude of his country for freeing them from some such monster as Parson Whitty. Well then there is no rent forthcoming. The landlord, some audacious Saxon (like Lord Limerick or Westmeath) is unreasonable enough to think that *all* should not go to the ‘*Counsellor*,’ and accordingly issues orders to distrain or eject. The poor wretched peasant is thrown on the world. To be sure, he has the comfort of hearing that the ‘*Counsellor*’ has given it to the Saxon lords—aye, and in the House too—that in describing his case he actually dissolved his hearers in tears—that even Joe Hume, “albeit unused to the melting mood,” was seen “distilling his medicinal gum,” and the Honorable Member for Pontefract heard to declare, that although there may have been a few *fib*s in it, yet, take it all in all, it was the most *striking* description he ever heard. The poor wretched sufferer, however, finds that this is all talk, and that the eloquent advocate of his wrongs wont hear of a poor law,* or any provision for his necessities. Maddened as he is by despair he of course turns upon the person who has succeeded to his farm ; and joins in that atrocious system to which the classical agitators of the day (by a figure of speech called *meiosis*) have given

* What an invariable trait of character in every trader upon public disturbance this habitual indifference to the *real* sufferings of the poor is !

“ I give thee six-pence ! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance ;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded
Spiritless outcast ! ”

the gentle appellative, "*Predial agitation*."

If any person not well acquainted with the history of Ireland for some years past entertains a doubt as to the true character and origin of those frightful disturbances, let him read the speech (a statement not more characterized by eloquence than by truth) of Mr. O'Sullivan, at the Conservative Meeting. But we forget; we must look for some other testimony beside that of a Conservative in the present times.—It is to be supposed that the late Premier, the Chief Governor of Ireland, the cabinet in general, took some pains to inform themselves as to the real state of this wretched country. We have the Premier's express declaration, when speaking on the subject, "that the evils of Ireland were mainly, if not exclusively, to be ascribed to *political agitation*." The Lord Lieutenant states, in his Report of last April, "that they are inseparably cause and effect; nor can he, by any effort of his understanding, separate one from the other in that unbroken chain of connexion;" and it is to be presumed that the same opinion was held, if not unanimously, at least by the great majority of the cabinet, when the passage we have already quoted *was put into the King's lips*—a passage which drew down the unmeasured invective of the radical press in both countries, on the ground foresooth of its being unbecoming to direct the Royal indignation against any solitary individual. But, to put the matter beyond doubt, have we not that very individual so pointed out, making his glory in his shame, and boldly telling the ministers that they might make up their minds to encounter agitation, and

all the evils attendant on it; until his demands were complied with.

Well, then, such is the state of the country, such the admitted cause, government perfectly aware of the nature of the evil, and determined (the protection bill being about to expire on the first of August) to reenact the only measure that had been found efficacious in procuring for the persecuted portion of the people of Ireland some little respite from their sufferings. Unfortunately at this moment a vacancy occurs in the representation of an Irish county; a Repeal candidate starts—some man with an unpronounceable name, at least a name that we can no more venture on in plain prose than Horace could attempt to "hitch" in *Equotuticum* into his hexameter. The great leader himself cannot go over to Wexford; he must remain at his post to take care of the Irish clergy; but his *Alecto* blast goes forth, and the unpronounceable man is first on the poll: ministers take fright; the secretary for Ireland—the official accuser of Baron Smith!! after consulting (we quote his own words) with friends on whose judgment and discretion he was wont to confide, sends for Mr. O'Connell to wait on him at the Irish Office—states his regret at his letter to the people of Wexford—assures him of his own abhorrence of the clauses of the coercion bill *relative to public meetings*, and of his strong conviction that those clauses would be abandoned on its reenactment, &c. What followed is fresh in the recollection of every one; the open contradiction between the Secretary and Mr. O'Connell, and the indignant* abandonment of office by Lord Grey—perhaps we should add the

* This was the second split in the ministry, during the session occasioned by Irish affairs. Indeed the Emerald Isle may take to herself a species of Falstaff praise. "She is not only quarrelsome in herself, but is the cause why quarrels are in others." Lord Grey, however, has said at the Edinburgh dinner, that "he has descended, not fallen." This Edinburgh dinner, by the way, is so extraordinary an event, that we must have a long note on it, though not immediately connected with our subject. Swift tells us that "O'Ruark's noble fare will ne'er be forgot, by those who were there, or those who were *not*;" and we venture to say, in a similar manner, that those who were *not* at the Caledonian banquet, have full as much reason to recollect the flavor of the viands as many of those who *were*. Only think of a general clearance of all the dishes before ever the noble guests appeared! Ah, Sawney, Sawney! As to Earl Grey—a thorough gentleman certainly, whatever his political faults may be—the pride of his "order" enabled him to bear the insult with something like placidity. But as to Brougham, how the features must have been twitched at this premature assertion of

equally fervent, but, at the same time, unnecessary avowal on the part of Lord Brougham, that, let what might befall, *he* had a good place, and he'd keep it."

As to the contradiction between Mr. Littleton and O'Connell, it is assuredly paying no compliment to the former, to express our decided conviction that the truth lay at his

popular rights. Only think of having to get through the evening's drinking, and such a weighty undertaking, upon an empty stomach. It is needless to add, that a "browner horror was heathed" over Durham's interesting features at witnessing this "beggarly account of empty dishes." This calamitous event will probably account for the ill humour that prevailed during the evening; and yet surely if ever there was an occasion on which a little *contretems* of the kind might have been overlooked, and all private differences kept from public view, it was this: here was a great civic feast, intended to be given to the great advocates of reform—to Grey and Brougham, the Pandarus and Bitias, who, relying on their own strength to keep out the mob, flung open the gates of the constitution, "*ultroque invitante mœnibus hostem.*" It might then be supposed that on such an occasion all would be festivity and harmony; at all events, that the mimes, who were merely employed to fill up the procession, would not be for turning the principal personages out of the triumphal car, and filling it themselves. Yet let us hear the evening's proceedings. Lord Grey makes a speech in his usual tone of calm and dignified eloquence, enlarging upon the necessity and benefits of the reform measure, but regretting that, like every other in which human passions are excited, it had been accompanied with certain evils which, it was to be hoped, would soon pass away. Lord Brougham rises somewhat higher. He seems dissatisfied at the small share of praise that the ex-premier has claimed for his party, enters into a long enumeration to prove no ministry had ever done so much, and sneers at the impotent malice of those who assert they did nothing. Nothing! Why what can those asinine objectors mean? Do they call the conflagrations at Bristol, Nottingham, Derby, &c. nothing? Do they call the plunder and assassination of the Protestant clergy in Ireland nothing? Do they call the intended march of the 100,000 Brummagemites, "*steel-clad warriors true,*" to London, in order (like Dan O'Connell's Kildare boys) to give the imperial parliament instructions how to legislate, nothing? Most sincerely do we concur with his lordship in denying the truth of *this* charge. But the night's proceedings do not end here; a new candidate for applause starts up in the person of Lord Durham, "*a currier wiser than both these together.*" He boldly tells them nothing has been done, and *calls them over the coals* for their manifold omissions!!! Now, we certainly are not quoting any expression of this person with a feeling of alarm, because we cannot, bad as the times are, contemplate any situation of affairs in which such an opinion would be likely to have any practical influence, but we merely bring it forward as an evidence of the levelling tendency of your thorough reformers, when such a person as this could get up in a public assembly to read Brougham and Grey a political lecture! Whatever may be *their* peculiar views on political subjects, they are both men of great *talents* and *information*. What, then, must be their feelings when "*an affectioned ass, who cons state without book,*" could rise up and sneer at all that had been already done by them? As to Lord Brougham, we believe it is well known what his sentiments are as to that quarter. We believe it is one of the few instances in which thorough contempt gets the better of his otherwise irascible temper; and we have no doubt that he had recourse to the only remedy a truly wise man can adopt on such occasions, viz.—that he filled his glass, and looking at the peer with the same expression of contempt that honest Sir Toby Belch eyed the coxcomb Malvolia, exclaimed with him—"Hang him, foul COLLIER." But as to Lord Grey, we may form some idea of the pressure brought to bear on him in private life, when even on such an occasion no respect for affinity, if not for superior powers of mind, could prevent such an outbreak. Lord Grey, however, says "*he has descended, not fallen.*" We do not wish to wound the vanity peculiar to aged statesmen, perhaps the most irritable specimen of that common infirmity; but truth compels us to say *he has fallen*. Let him muffle his robe with what dignity he may, no one can mistake his compulsory fall for a voluntary descent: aye, and what is more, while he has been prostrate on the ground, the chariot wheels of those closely connected with him have been driven over him. Let him read the account of Servius Tullus.

side, and that the facts of the case were as *he* stated them. But what a deplorable situation for any gentleman to be placed in! to receive the most public, the most insulting denial of the truth of what he has just uttered, and to be so situated that even the establishment of what he has averred scarcely betters his condition, but saves his veracity by admitting his meanness and his utter unfitness for the station he occupies. The most striking result, however, of this celebrated *explanation*, was the high ground which it enabled the agitator to take. He absolutely (incredible as it may appear) rose to something like moral dignity in the conflict. Such was the vantage ground he was placed on by the strange infatuation of his antagonist, that he was enabled to spout forth the most lofty sentiments, which, to do him justice, he delivered with as much spirit (Mrs. Quickley would say) as any "harlotry player that ever we see." "Did I send for him? Did I ever solicit his favour or indulgence? Did I ever ask for place or appointment?" This was all fine. "We could have hugged the greasy rogue, he pleased us so." But why? Because, though uttered by this "simular of virtue," it was all true, and the undeniable facts of the case gave a solemn and serious effect to what, at another time, coming from such a person, we should have called the mock heroics. There was one passage certainly that we could have wished away, seeing that "the secretary stood alone," "deserted in his hour of need," only that clemency to the prostrate is not the forte of the Liberator; viz.—"He talks of indiscretion, but he is not so young as not to be able to understand what he is about!!!" Certainly, Edward John Littleton, as Irish Protestants, we owe you no respect or gratitude; but we must have been devoid of the common sympathies of our kind, if our hearts did not bleed for you when this was

uttered. We can conceive some antiquated dame, whose rose was long "withering on the virgin thorn," falling into the snares of some gay Lothario, upbraiding him with his heartless perfidy, and receiving for answer that concentrated bitterness which, whilst it wounds the unfortunate creature's vanity, proclaims the contempt and disgust of the sated seducer. "Was it *my* fault? Surely you were old enough to take care of yourself." One word more to Mr. Littleton before we quit this subject. We doubt not he entertains, from this specimen of confidence so *honorably* kept, an unfavourable opinion of the Irish character. But let him not conclude too hastily. There is an Irish gentleman to whose acquaintance we would wish to introduce him, as we fear his works are not to be found in the study of Mr. Littleton or of any of his colleagues—Mr. Edmund Burke—a gentleman, a scholar, a statesman, and (as the following passage, which we offer to Mr. Littleton's attention proves,) a philosopher who had examined human nature:—

"There are cases (says this great man) in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions than they would be by the perfidy of others. But when men whom we *know* to be wicked, impose upon us, we are something worse than dupes. When we know them, their fair pretences become new motives for distrust. There is one case, indeed, in which it would be madness not to give the fullest credit to the most deceitful of men—that is, when they make declarations of hostility against us."

Such, then, is an outline of the extraordinary proceedings with respect to the Protestant protection bill. The chief offender—the man indecorously (as some contend) pointed at in the King's speech as the main cause of the

He says himself he is at that time of life when other studies besides those of politics must engage his attention. We are sincerely delighted to hear it. But it will be no great interruption of those studies to read the above-mentioned history—nay, an *humbled* spirit is the best preparation for such studies. Let him read it, and then say whether the High-street of Edinburgh through which he was drawn, in what he mistook for a triumphal procession, has not been the Vicus Sceleratus that has witnessed the disgrace inflicted on him by his own family.

wretched state of Ireland—the man so vain of “that bad eminence,” as boldly to take the allusion to himself; *he* is courted by the individual chiefly entrusted with the government of Ireland; he is the same as consulted on the measure of infliction he would recommend; and accordingly the bill comes forth stripped of all the clauses that could possibly affect *him*, whilst the meaner criminals remain coerced by the same strict enactments as before. Dennis (in his Critique on Cato) very naturally says—

“How comes it to pass that Bully Sempronius is allowed to exclaim, ‘take those factious monsters; drag them forth to sudden death?’ How is it that instead of being hanged up with the rest, he remains secure in the governor’s hall, and there carries on his conspiracy against the government itself?”

But Dennis was a bungler in his trade, as all the world knows, and had he lived in our days, he would have acknowledged that Addison was a better judge of dramatic verisimilitude than himself. “Now joy to old Chaos; let confusion reign.” When those valuable state documents (the letters to Lord Duncannon) are finished, and “the shells of joy”* are no longer sent round in the hospitable halls of Darriane, we shall have a general conflux of the party to Dublin about the 1st of November, that being the time when the “rint” is gathered in with greatest ease. We shall have, as before, a regular *convention* when those Irish “lords of articles” shall arrange beforehand the whole plan of their parliamentary proceedings during the coming session, and agree upon the measures that ministers *must* introduce, if they wish to hold their places. We shall again have to endure samples of

that oratory for which amongst our other merits we are rising into such high estimation with our neighbours, those various missiles with which the lowest miscreants of all trades and callings are allowed to pelt every individual, no matter how high by station or character.

But we are not done with Mr. Littleton yet. We proceed to the consideration of the tithe bill, in which, as before, Mr. Littleton is the principal actor. We have seen what was the announcement in the King’s speech, with regard to this ‘*quæstio vexata*,’ viz. that he hoped for “such a final adjustment of the tithes in Ireland, as might extinguish all just causes of complaint, without injury to the rights or property of any class of his subjects, or to any institution in church or state.”

Let us see, then, how this intimation has been followed up by ministers. We shall consider the bill, both as it appeared at the *commencement* and at the *close* of the session. Previous to the opening of the session, much surprise was felt at the announcement of any new bill. By previous enactments all the parishes in Ireland were, or should have been, under composition on the 1st of November, 1833. Thenceforth the landlords had it at their option to agree with the incumbents for the payment of *all* the tithes of their estates, receiving, as a bonus for so doing, fifteen per cent., or, if they declined this offer, they were rendered responsible for all their tenants *at will*; the far most numerous and turbulent class—persons, however, who though (from their numbers, and the consequently small shreds into which payment is divided,) very troublesome to the *clergyman*, are (from the great competition for ground in Ireland) the very serfs of the *landlords*,† and,

* We do not mean to say that the Liberator indulges largely in the pleasures of the table. He can descant on the wrongs of “ould Ireland” without such excitement, and unlike the fat knight, “can speak in King Cambyzes vein without the cup of sack to make his eyes look red.”

† “Every Irish squire is, almost to a man, an oppressor of the clergy, a rucker of his tenants and a jobber of public works.” Such is Swift’s strong description. The times are certainly greatly changed, for we think there are not many landlords of the present day to whom the description is applicable. *Some there are undoubtedly.* Persons, too, who affect to stand quite aloof from the tail, and even to be (what is no very high praise) the “*gentlemen*” of the party—many of these, though their own war rents are unreduced, complain of the exactions of the clergy, and think it

consequently, very unlikely to afford them much trouble in collecting, along with their rent, the tithe which they had advanced to the clergyman. With such comparative facilities, and with such a bonus, there was every prospect of the landlords contracting for *all* the tithes on their estates; and the instances in which they held back might be fairly explained from the circumstance, that the four months, from the first of November, 1833, (the period allowed for lodging an appeal with the privy council against the amount of composition,) not having expired, they were not willing to come forward and enter into any final arrangement until that time had elapsed. Long, however, before the expiration of the four months, Mr. Littleton's intentions were announced in the public papers, and immediately all pending arrangements between landlords and incumbents were abandoned, and anxiety of no ordinary description excited to know what was this crowning measure, which was to effect such desirable but difficult objects as were announced in the royal speech. In the debate on the speech, Mr. Littleton, in reply to Mr. O'Connell, adverted to the state of Ireland, and in doing so used (as he is reported) an expression, which though it conveyed no distinct idea of the measure in contemplation, yet conveyed enough to fill the minds of the tithe owners with considerable dismay, viz: "that if the measure he intended to bring in was not satisfactory, he considered the *case of the people of Ireland to be desperate*." A modest avowal, in the first place, of his own estimate of his political wisdom! The case of the people of Ireland desperate! What did the secretary mean? If he had used the word *clergy* instead of *people*, it would have been at once intelligible. But what was meant by saying the case

of the *people* of Ireland was desperate? Did he mean by the word "desperate," melancholy or deplorable. Why the *people* of Ireland—as they seem now to be exclusively called—would not desire anything better than their present state, as far as regarded tithes. They had succeeded, for four years past, in exonerating themselves, by a system of fraud and violence, from a demand which the highest law authority in the realm had declared, though not equal in quantity, to be as legal in its character as that of the landlord to his rent. The only opinion then we could form as to the expression was, that it was used in the *medical* sense—that his friend Dr. Huine—he who so feelingly complained to the house that he was not allowed to exhibit his medical skill upon his constituents, and administer quack medicines with the same success that he practises state amputation—that *he* had infected the secretary with his dispensary metaphors—that the latter meant that the people of Ireland were labouring under what might be figuratively called a moral disease, viz., a *religious* abhorrence of paying their just debts, and that if *his* nostrum did not succeed, he feared they were incurable. This we conceive to have been pretty nearly the same as an open declaration that if the "boys" did not become sweeter tempered, he did not see what could be done to maintain the rights of property, and was well calculated, as we have just said, to fill the minds of the tithe owners with dismay.

To proceed to the consideration of the bill. On the 21st of February Mr. Littleton laid before the house the particulars of his plan, the main design of which was, to commute tithe into land. In effecting this he stated that from all the enquiries he had been able to make, and all the data laid before

would be a just and wise measure to saddle them with the support of the poor. Time does not suffice at present for exposing certain very gross instances of this conduct. The age is really become so farcical that a man need not *now* hesitate at asserting anything, and assuredly this is of a piece with the proposal of that humane and polished gentleman, the bailiff in the Goodnatured Man, "Humanity is a jewel, Mr. Honeywood. No man values it more than I do. There's my follower, little Flanagan, with a wife and four children; a guinea would be more to him than twice as much to another, and as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg you will do it for me."

him, it appeared that the *real* value of tithe might be taken at four-fifths of the same *nominal* value in landed rent, i. e. 100%. tithes would not in the market (if an advowson was to be sold) bring a higher amount of purchase money than the fee simple of 80% in rent. From this he inferred that the clergy might consider themselves very well off if they got 77l. 10s. 0d. for every hundred of tithe (two and a half in addition being struck off their income to cover the costs of collection). Such was the main feature of the bill. As the unnatural parent, however, seems to have abandoned it shortly after its birth; and transferred all his affections to the *changeling* that Dan O'Connell contrived to fling into the cradle, it perhaps is entitled to but few observations. We shall only offer two, the first designed to shew the fairness of intention towards the Irish clergy displayed by Mr. Littleton; the second, to shew the powers of accurate reasoning which the secretary exhibits in eliciting a general conclusion from particular facts.

It is, we believe, fresh in the recollection of all interested in such subjects, that in the session of 1833, when Lord Althorp introduced the church temporalities bill, he announced his intention of laying, even on *existing* incumbents, a taxation varying from five to fifteen per cent, averaging (when the greater number of the small livings is considered) about seven and a-half per cent. on all. It is, we suppose, equally fresh in recollection, that the infliction of this taxation on *existing* incumbents, (particularly when, by Mr. Stanley's bill, fifteen per cent. was already given to the landlords) was received with general indignation, and that even several members of the tail took credit to themselves for magnanimously forgetting the wrongs of the clergy and the *church's* robbery! Spirit of Tom Parsons, where art thou? thou that couldst so well unmask the treacherous ambiguity of that most sly of all the *grammatical cases* whether disguised by inflexion or preposition. But, to cut short our apostrophe, the proposition of Lord Althorp was received with such marked disapprobation that he immediately consented to drop the clause; and yet, with this

fact fresh in the recollection of the house, Mr. Littleton comes forward to propose the very same amount of reduction on livings of all descriptions, great and small, viz., twenty-two and a-half per cent. and this too by way of keeping the promise virtually contained in the royal speech which professed a hope of such an adjustment as might be effected "*without injury to the rights and property of any class of his majesty's subjects.*" So much for Mr. Littleton's fairness towards the clergy. We now come to examine the correctness of his reasoning. Admitting then the accuracy of the data submitted to his examination, and admitting further, (and it is no small bounce,) the perfect disinterestedness of the friends he consulted, we still deny that the difference of market price between an advowson and fee simple of equal nominal value, justifies the proposal of insisting that the clergyman shall take 77l. 10s. 0d. for every 100% where he has been in the habit of receiving 95%. An advowson of the tithes, which amount to 1000% per annum, will sell for less than the same amount of landed rental certainly, and for a very obvious reason. The former cannot be held by a person residing in Florence or Naples, or at least, if he does so, without having a very sufficient excuse and paying pretty smartly for the indulgence. There are certain services to be rendered which must be performed, either in person or by a paid deputy. It is a fact, although it may astonish Joe Hume and other legislators of the same calibre, that such services are frequently performed, aye, and in Ireland too, and even that there are persons dupes enough to set a value on them. These services also must be performed not by what would answer Joe and the advocates of the cheap church system as well viz. a "colt." They must be discharged by an educated qualified person, approved by the bishop of the diocese, and as it may not always be possible to find in one's own family a person so qualified, and at the required time, there is such an occurrence as a lapse of presentation.

All these circumstances well account for the difference of market price, and we are only surprised that it is not much more. Mr. Littleton's proposition then would be fair, if he was pro-

posing to dismiss the clergy from their livings altogether, and sending them out on pensions ; but as we believe he still means to insist on such services, it is rather too bad that *that* item should be struck out, in making up the balance account between tithe and land. It is not necessary now to advert to some other observations with which Mr. Littleton prefaced his bill, and which, such are his qualifications for his high office, were continually cutting the ground from under himself, viz. the miserably minute sums in which tithe had been paid, owing to the smallness of the holdings ; a circumstance which (as it was caused by the landlords themselves, subdividing the ground for political purposes, and converting certain *gooseberry-bush** proprietors into voters,) was strangely advanced as a reason for increasing their bonus on the tithes from fifteen to forty per cent.

We pass now to the end of the session, when a bill (still called Mr. Littleton's bill) was sent up to the Lords—or perhaps we may with more propriety on this occasion, adopt the new appellation for the upper house, viz. the *Obstructives*—at which their lordships started, as well they might, as it is our belief that since the night on which the awakened Trojan was horror-struck at Hector's ghost, “with twenty trenched gashes on his head,” never was there such a transformation as the Secretary's bill had undergone from the plastic hands of Daniel O'Connell. This bill, of course, actually passed the commons ; and though we are no great admirers of the present constitution of that assembly, still we are of opinion that it never would have received the support it did, if the members were at all aware of its monstrous injustice. The truth is, that between Littleton's inventions, O'Connell's improvements, and, worse than all, Althorp's *explanations*, it had become such a tangled mass, as more fully than any other bill we ever remember, to come up to old Jeremy Bentham's sour but strong de-

scription, viz. “Uncognoscibility being the end of all such enactments, voluminousness, indistinctness, and confusion, are the means.” We shall, however, attempt to give some idea of the changes effected in the bill as it was sent up to the Lords.

In the first place, the principle announced as the main leading one of the former bill, viz. the commutation of tithe into land, was abandoned. On what ground, do you think ? This—that it would give the Protestant clergy too much political influence to make them landlords. But how could this happen ? According to the original plan the whole landed property was to be vested in an ecclesiastical corporation, and the different incumbents to be paid their incomes in the shape of salaries. How then was the political influence to arise ? We should be glad to know whether the Fellows and Scholars of Trinity College, who receive their salaries from the rents of the college lands, have any political influence in the counties in which those lands are situated. But suppose the plan of a corporation to be abandoned, and every rector to be made a landlord. The amount of tithe is at present certainly not more than the twenty-fifth part of the rental throughout Ireland. By the proposed reduction, (arising from the low rate of redemption allowed, and the increased price of land arising from the quantity of purchase money that would be brought into market,) it is certain that the amount of ecclesiastical rental would not be more than the fortieth part of the whole. Would this be likely to lead to an influence so dangerous as to outweigh all the advantages arising from such a plan ? But why argue the point on the question as to the greater or less proportion of tithe to rental ? Can we trust our ears, when we hear a *Secretary for Ireland*—an *Englishman*—a *Protestant*, gravely expressing an apprehension of the political power of the Protestant clergy !! Why, at this mo-

* Lady Morgan, in her “France,” tells us that such is the love of proprietorship among the French peasantry, that many of them at their deaths divide the proprietorship of a single apple tree. Her ladyship's hint was not lost on some of our Irish members, who have contrived to make a gooseberry bush answer the same purpose ; and then loudly talk of the majesty of the people, when they have been returned by “these very commoners of nature.”

ment, the Romish priesthood dispose of—and boast that they dispose of—* the representation of three-fourths of all Ireland. That no landlord, be his character however amiable, his residence however long, his family however ancient, can stand against them; and it is no vain boast. It is a shocking but undoubted fact. The Irish peasantry are at this moment forced, like droves of cattle, to the hustings; they are under a thralldom, combining the most fearful elements for moral subjugation, that ever bowed down the free spirit of man—a thralldom which combines all the seditious excitement of the Roman tribune, with the mysterious ascendancy of the Celtic druid. And yet, with such a fact before our eyes, the Secretary is filled with horror at the thought that any share of political influence should be given to the educated, enlightened, Christian ministers of the Church of England—that any counterpoise should be raised to a power so noxious, so unappeasably hostile to all thoughts of Saxon connexion.

But to proceed; three-fifths of the tithe are now to be paid by the landlord, *volens volens*—two-fifths to be sacrificed. Instead of the twenty-two and a half per cent. reduction contemplated by the bill in its first shape, the clergy are now to lose forty-two and a half. “Gonneril’s abatement of the old dis-crowned king’s train,” was nothing to this. But no, it is said, this is a vile exaggeration. We do not intend taking more than *one fifth* (as before) from the clergy. We intend that the *second fifth* shall be paid to them out of the Perpetuity Fund, created by the Church Temporalities Bill. Now we protest, we think this the most impudent humbug that ever was attempted under the exterior of justice and fair dealing. When we consider too the menaces held out to the clergy, and their friends for rejecting it, we are of opinion that it is (to borrow a phrase of the Abbe de Pradt, when speaking of Bonaparte) the grossest instance of the “*ruse doublée de force*,”

the cunning lined with violence, that ever a deliberative assembly was insulted by; and we again express our decided conviction, that if the great body of persons who voted in support of the bill, had any idea of its palpable injustice, they would not have agreed to it; at least if they would, it is the most awful sign of the times we have yet seen, and leads us to think that we shall soon have “*the cant about faith with the public creditor*” again put forward by its respectable originator, and better received than it was during the last session, when the indignant eloquence of a great man covered it and its author with contempt and execration. Let us examine this proposal. The clergy are to receive one-fifth of the amount of the tithe from the perpetuity fund. But this fund was intended for building new, and repairing old churches, and for meeting the salaries of parish clerks, sextons, &c. and the various incidental expenses connected with public service. Well then, in some five or six years the churches are going to decay—roofs falling in—timbers rotting, &c., no one to perform the inferior but necessary offices, there being no salary forthcoming. The probability is, that the unaccommodated parishioners, or some starving sexton, with what Windham called “a fine face for a grievance,” draws up a petition to the house. This is exactly what is wanted. The petition is probably intrusted to the “greatest man in the house,” or if he will have nothing to do with heretic complaints, to that great redresser of human wrongs, Joe Hume, the Caledonian Las Casas, whose ample soul “has stomach for them all,” and whose honeyed accents, “though not breathing the *sweet South*,” “can waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole”—or perhaps on this occasion, as it is a subject for fine declamation, Dick Shiel may be called in. “What counsel have you employed?” says a fellow in the dock to a brother culprit. “Oh! as to that I’m iligant off; I have Counsellor Macanally for the *points*, and Square Beechel

* At a late election for the county of Monaghan a reverend agitator, whose name we could give, publicly boasted, “that the Catholic clergy could bring a man in a sack to the hustings, and return him for the county!” We wish our friend Sergeant Perrin joy of the prospect of being bagged.

for the *passions*." Accordingly Dick takes the matter in hand. Then for the "drowning the general stage in tears;" then does the "lean and flashy song grate on the scrannel pipe." Dick refreshes his biblical recollections by a peep into a concordance, in order to cull and string together every passage relating to falling battlements and priestly pride, and we are accordingly treated to a rich display of scriptural visitations, viz., Eli and his sons sticking the flesh-hook into the pot and leaving nothing for the sacrifices—the bloated Levites robbing the Nethinims, and poorer servants of the temple, of their share of the offerings, &c.* It is quite obvious that none but a deep and long-sighted enemy of the Protestant church could have devised this plan—one calculated to accumulate upon its ministers all the odium connected with selfishness and rapacity, and, consequently, to produce lasting disunion between them and their flocks.

But further, if even the clergy could with propriety lay hands on this fund, the amount of the deficit of tithe (one-fifth) is about 120,000*l.* there was no chance of the perpetuity fund in twenty years reaching the half of this. What were the clergy *then* to do? Oh, in

that case there was a complete provision for them; they were to apply every year to parliament! they were to encounter every year the violence and the sarcasms of the above-mentioned fair and highminded legislators, the Humes, the O'Connells, the Shiels—to take them in the order in which Horace has placed them, the "*pharmacopolæ, mendici, mimæ*." Joe would move an amendment "to paustpaun the consideration of the question" to the Greek calends, or probably propose a provision for them out of the *Greek bonds*. Daniel, soul of "high thoughts seated in a brow of courtesy," would proclaim the blood-suckers; whilst the dramatist would get up, and, in a neatly pointed speech, declare that he always knew the Protestant clergy to be pleasant fellows but that they sometimes carried the joke too far, and that for his part (if they would listen to his advice) he would recommend to them not try the patience of the house too much, but to be content with what they had already got, and like Dogberry, "give God thanks and make no boast." Such would be the reception the application would meet with; and it is no very improbable conjecture that it would be flung back as a monstrous instance

* In alluding to Mr. Shiel's biblical studies, we by no means intend to bring him under the censures of Holy Mother Church. We are sure he retains all the impressions of a Stoneyhurst education too vividly, to think, for one moment, of violating that undeviating submission which she requires in her children, by presuming to think for himself on such subjects. We do not, therefore, mean to insinuate that he has consulted the bible, for the very undutiful purpose of forming his *theological* tenets, but merely, that like all men of high poetical powers, he has studied it as a rich storehouse of imagery; and for this he has very high authority. Milton tells us that when Satan stole into Paradise, he perched upon the *Tree of Life*

Nor on the *virtue* thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For *prospect*, what well used had been the pledge
Of immortality.

Now, in venturing on this simile, of which we confess we are exceedingly proud, we must, beforehand, deprecate the prosing dulness of those matter-of-fact sort of people, who will exclaim loudly against the atrocity of comparing any Christian man to the "foul fiend" we have just mentioned. We must remind those very "uncomparative" persons of Sterne's observation, viz.—"that similes are not always intended to run on all fours," or to be exact in every particular. We certainly could not possibly think of comparing, in this way, Mr. Shiel to that dark spirit, who was "in *shape* and *gesture* proudly eminent." By no means; on the contrary, when we consider the classical ornaments of his style, the martial spirit of which every phrase is redolent, and see the spruce and tiny form that stands before us, we are much more strongly reminded of the little warrior, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, popping his head through the frosted and candied piecrust.

of the “*doggedness*” * of the Irish clergy in asking for support.

But we are not driven to conjecture on the point, we are at no loss to discover what chance the clergy would have in any future application to the house. Whilst the bill was actually in committee, Colonel Davies moved, and carried by a large majority, a resolution to the purport, viz. ‘That it would be inexpedient to apply any part of the consolidated fund to make up the deficit of the Irish tithe!’ and with this fact fresh in their recollections, ministers (though Lord Althorp had announced that the new amendments had totally changed the original character of the bill) contended loudly for its enactment when it was sent up to the Lords, asserting that it was only by private cabal it was opposed—that it was the most advantageous for the clergy that ever was devised, and that it was absurd to reject a bill so highly beneficial merely because it was drawn up by Mr. O’Connell!

But we are not done with the bill yet. There was another clause which (if any thing was wanted to prove the intention of its framers with regard to the church) must have done so, viz. ‘*That all the compositions in Ireland might be reopened,*’ and consequently the whole scene of confusion, fraud, perjury, and violence, to be re-enacted. Amidst the abounding abominations of the measure, this clause did not come in for its full share of reprobation, and yet we hesitate not to say, that for the purpose of disturbing the repose of Ireland—for the purpose of setting up the “*Christianos ad leones*” cry, and demanding a new sacrifice on the part of the Church, it was perhaps the most effective and insidious. Let us only state the facts of the case. All the parishes in Ireland were settled by commissioners before the first of last November—*by commissioners appointed by government themselves*—those com-

missioners empowered to demand every kind of document, book, receipt, agreement, &c.—obliged to take the most minute personal inspection of every titheable acre in the parish, obliged to give the most full and public notice of their proceedings to the parishioners as to the specific charges they were laying on, and finally their determination both of aggregate value, and particular allocation, open to an appeal to the Privy Council for four months after the first of November. Well then, notwithstanding all those provisions to insure a fair and satisfactory valuation; notwithstanding the fact, that there was scarcely one appeal out of a hundred cases, and even out of the few that were lodged, scarcely a single instance successful; *all without distinction* are to be ripped open again, at the solitary unsupported suggestion of Mr. O’Connell! And this is the bill which Lord Brougham blames the clergy for not accepting. Lord Brougham! he that bandies compliments with the agitator, of which compliments, unfortunately for his lordship, we cannot say that there is any reciprocity since the Liberator (whose good manners are on a par with his gratitude) has told him, in very plain terms, that he is “a buffoon, who sticks the fool’s cap over the chancellor’s wig.” Lord Brougham, we say, tells the clergy they are infatuated—that the “*timeo Danaos*” is a most absurd principle for them to act upon, and that they ought not to spurn such an invaluable boon, even though coming from a decided foe. The design of the clause was quite apparent. Once throw the country again into confusion. Create a necessity for more commissioners and more troops, and the Liberator’s colleague Joe, was at hand to put the question, viz. Whether the house was ever to have done with the Irish parsons—and whether the already overburdened people of England were to pay for troops to cut the throats of

* A Mr Gisborne, in one of the debates on the tithe question, is reported as saying that there was no prospect for Ireland as long as the clergy were so ‘dogged’ in demanding their tithes. As this word, when *printed*, might be taken either as a participle or adjective, we were in hopes the gentleman meant the former, and alluded to the well-known cry of mad dog, by which the Liberator actually hunts down all those obnoxious to him; but the remainder of the speech undeceived us. Gisborne! This is a good name—it is coupled in our recollections with a *gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian*—can there be any connexion?

the Irish peasantry, at the bidding of the Protestant clergy?

We fear we have been tedious in our discussion of this bill, but we must make one further remark. We must see—for this was the main cause of any legislative interference—how this bill would have been likely to work, in tranquillizing Ireland, by *relieving the suffering part of the population*. The landlord was rendered responsible for three-fifths of the whole tithe dues upon his estate. If *all* his tenantry were leaseholders, the hardship on the landlord was monstrous; if they were all *tenants at will* there would be no relief to the peasantry. Such is the competition for ground, that the landlord (instead of the three-fifths) might lay the whole amount on the occupying tenant, and be certain that the land would not be thrown up. Perhaps the latter would pay it with less reluctance now that the odious name of tithe was abolished—just as the sailor said, he liked *bleeding* well enough, but would not hear of their damned *phlebotomizing*. Perhaps he might. But we think that Pat is not so easily imposed on, that he would, in time, discover that “that we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” and that after such a premium as has been already held out to resistance, he might take some time to consider before he paid the new impost. Suppose again that the landlord's tenantry (as is generally the case) were of both descriptions, it is certain, that he would relieve himself from the burden forced on him on the part of his *leased* tenants, by throwing it on those who held at will, and thus, the latter class (the far most wretched and destitute portion of the peasantry) would be forced to pay for the leaseholder as well as themselves.

Such then is a faint outline of this celebrated bill, which was, in the words of the King's speech, “to extinguish all just cause of complaint, without injury to the rights and property of any class of his subjects, or to any institution in church or state.” And if we wanted a practical comment on its tranquillizing effects, we have it in the declaration of one of the tail the moment the amendments were carried. As we have before called the Royal speech the *prologue* to the play, so we may call this the *epilogue*. The “Tritagonistes” of

the party threw himself into a theatrical attitude, assumed a Cassandra look, and prophesied fresh woes still awaiting the “gorgeous nuisance”—“that forty per cent. was very well, but that it would never do as an *ultimate* measure, more bishops must yet be sacrificed, and the church reduced to its fitting dimensions!!!”

In the preceding account that we have given of the changes effected in the two bills, however open our *arguments* may be to refutation, we challenge the most minute investigations as to the *facts*, and we now repeat the question which we put before viz.:—Was O'Connell right in his view of the King's speech? To any one who knows him it is scarcely necessary to say that it is a fact—a fact too which he does not conceal; that his speeches, though made in parliament, are intended for the *mob*. Hence his unrelenting fury against the *Times* and other Newspapers for not reporting him fully,—for their unpardonable indifference to the fame of British parliamentary eloquence in spilling a drop of the precious contents of the blacking pot.—When O'Connell then characterised the King's speech as he did, it was with the view that it should reach the mob, and give them an assurance that all its menaces were vain. The forms of the House, to be sure, manacled him a little, but it was precisely the same in spirit as if he had said at the Corn-Exchange, in his usual classic style, “You've all heard the King's speech, boys; great cry and little wool, as the devil said, &c. Ministers speak very big, to be sure; but nabocliah, don't I know you Nell Doyle.” The opinion expressed, then, with regard to the speech, was, we repeat, an assurance to the people of Ireland *that the determinations then announced were never intended to be acted on*, and the result of the whole proceedings of the session, has confirmed us in the opinion we advanced before, viz., that he was perfectly right; and consequently is either a man of great acuteness, or very accurate official information.

Having now considered the changes effected in the bills, and the influence by which such changes were effected, it remains for us to consider certain indications which have occurred since the close of the session, from which we

may be able to gather what further prospects are awaiting us.

Mr. O'Connell on his arrival in Ireland announced himself a ministerial partisan. He had succeeded in defecating the "base, brutal, and bloody" party of the Whigs of all its impurities. Stanley, and Graham, and Grey, and Richmond, and Ripon, had successively fallen beneath his assaults; and this rectifying cabinet distiller (as well as porter-brewer to the mob) at length announced that he is satisfied with the state of *proof* to which he has brought his materials. It was true that that mountebank Brougham had been making some foolish speeches over a hotch-potch dinner in Scotland, and talking of preserving the House of Lords for a year or two longer; but he is a weathercock, and can be soon brought to his senses by a little castigation. On the whole, however, he patronized the present cabinet; and in the same breath announced that he was a *supporter of the ministers*; and that the *union must be repealed*.—These are two ominous declarations to go together and are well worthy of attracting the attention of our *English* neighbours, at least that portion of them who (bad as we are) are not for letting us go altogether. To *their* consideration, and we trust that though not the most clamorous, they are the most numerous and intelligent, we would earnestly refer the matter. It is a subject which (whether they wish it or not) must shortly be forced on their attention. The public journals—we speak not now of our home productions in the *Liberator's* interest—those guides of public taste and opinion, whose facts in Irish history are taken from the *Milesian*, or *Watty Cox's Magazine*; and whose classical facetiæ are culled from *Grose's Slang Dictionary* and *Scott's Elocution*; but of those of whose information and powers (though frequently misapplied) England may well be proud. Those journals (we say) have now openly asked the question, "Why should not the ministry throw themselves on Mr. O'Connell, and be guided by his advice in everything relating to Ireland, seeing his unbounded influence with the Irish *people*." To the announcements of such a person we cannot be indifferent. Some persons, more sanguine than profound, have laughed at his pro-

jects, and professed contempt for his threats. But it will scarcely be denied *now* by such persons, that there is no Quixotry in his projects, no gasconade in his threats—that he seems to possess some mysterious power of flinging vacillation, and division, and dismay into those counsels to whose wisdom, firmness, and union the country looks for guidance and protection; that the few men of "light and leading" in the cabinet are retiring from a task hopeless as it is disgusting, and committing the destinies of this great empire to others who wish to magnify the difficulties opposed to them in order to screen their own dastardly dereliction of public duty, who have come back to us with the report that "there are giants in the land;" who in a tone half of whining apology for failure; half of fulsome deprecatory compliment to the foe, say, "What could we do when we were opposed by the greatest man in the House?" We will tell them what they could have done; we will refer them to the words of the great Roman orator when *he* arrested the miscreant course of the agitator of his day. It is true *he* also stooped to implore the traitor "muta jam istam mentem, Catalina mihi crede, obliviscere cædis atque incendiorum." But what does he add, "Teneris undique, luce sunt clariora nobis tua consilia omnia; et vives, ita ut nunc vivis, ne commovere te contra rempublicam possis." If then we had been mean enough to deprecate his hostility, we would at least have convinced him of our determination not to abandon those protections by which we were secured against his designs. We would not have vented our fury on the smaller fry whilst we let "this Triton of the minnows" escape. We would not have rung the curfew-bell in the ear of the wretched misguided peasant, without closing up the shop where the miscreant proprietor sells (and at no small profit) his intoxicating and maddening draughts; we would not have checked the midnight murderer without at the same time laying our heavy hand upon the noonday gang assembling under the very eye of the executive; and sending forth their manifestos of outrage and spoliation, and murder, and disloyalty throughout the land. In a word, we would not have mutilated the protection bill of its only important

clauses. Nor again would we in the nineteenth century have so far belied the assertions about the progress of the human race, as to offer up the Protestant Church of Ireland as a holocaust at the shrine of the darkest and (as recent events abundantly prove) the most unchangeably intolerant, perfidious, and exterminating creed* that ever enslaved any portion of the human race. We would not have consented to the degradation and plunder of a Church to whose enlightened, laborious and residing ministry, Ireland is indebted for any little patch of moral verdure she exhibits amidst the general waste ; amidst the unvarying aspect of filth and ferocity, and disloyalty. Such would not have been our conduct, but different counsels have prevailed, and the ministry was, but a little while ago, the special object of the agitator's praise. It is true, he has quarrelled with them about the late law appointments ; but this is but a sham fight, got up to raise the rent ; and, when that end is answered, he will forgive the Whigs even for having made Mr. Crampton a judge.

But let us see what is the nature of Mr. O'Connell's present demands—what are the wages he requires for having the power of pacifying Ireland ; the enquiry is an important one ; for, we say it in sober sadness, unless a vigorous policy be adopted, we will place no confidence in the ministry, that they will refuse him anything that he asks. First, he requires that, to the present incumbents, no compensation should be given ; and this, after having sworn and resworn that he would sooner have the establishment maintained in all its iniquity, than be

guilty of the monstrous injustice of interfering with the life interests of the clergy. We need not comment upon this ; let us pass to his demand for Mr. Blackburne's dismissal.

This is another of those propositions which, as we said before, several persons are tempted to laugh at, from its inconceivable audacity. It is true too, that it has been for the present complied with. But let us not be too confident—“ *Il rit bien qui rit le dernier.*” The Liberator has singled him out as an object of his special invective ; and in the present times there is no knowing what may be the consequence. He has attacked him in parliament ; he has returned to the attack in his rescript to the Secretary for the Home Department. Now of all the men, in our recollection, who have lived in troublous times, and risen to high distinction in a profession which is ever more or less connected with politics, Mr. Blackburne is the man (as we conceive) least open to the charge of being a violent political partisan. We do not mean to say that he is “ *nil nisi leguleius quidam cautus atque acutus.*” We are of a very different opinion ; but we do hold that he is a man, who from the first day that he entered upon his arduous and honourable profession, has devoted the powers of an acute and solid mind to its difficulties, with an intensity of application that we believe has been but little affected by the perturbing force of politics. It is true *he has* his politics ; we should think very meanly, indeed, of him, if in such times he had not. And, further, we believe that those politics are of the conservative school. In fact, all those elements which naturally lead to the holding of conserva-

* We must here again enter our protest against that confusion, whether silly or intentional, which would represent us as indulging in language of the most bigoted and unchristian character. We certainly are far from meaning to apply the observations we make on the Romish *creed* to all its *professors* without distinction.—We can in truth say, we have known and “ entered on our list of friends” many of the latter, persons of the most high and honorable principles ; but still no degree of respect for the characters of certain individuals can close our eyes to facts. However we might have been inclined to esteem much of what is written in the “ old almanack” as antiquated scandal, we cannot resist the evidence before our eyes ; we cannot refuse to believe that in this country the two great leaders, lay and ecclesiastical of that party, declared on their solemn and publicly recorded oaths, that the passing of such a bill as that of 1829, would be the signal for immediate and sincere reconciliation of the Roman Catholic population to the Protestant Church, and yet the ink was scarcely dry on that bill when, &c. &c. &c. !!!

tive principles are to be found in Mr. Blackburne. He is an educated gentleman—a man of the highest University distinction—an exemplary private character—a conscientious Church of England Christian—a first rate-lawyer—a man of large property, obtained in the fair field of professional exertion. With such elements of moral stability, it is impossible to think that he must not look with contempt on the shallow, conceited, and wicked coxcombs, who would tell us that every thing in morals, in religion, in government—in every thing that holds civil society together—has been all wrong until their time ; and that their system of radical reform is the *novum organum* that is to lead to new discoveries of light and benefit to the human race. We are, therefore, quite satisfied that the Attorney-General is a person of conservative politics ; but that he has ever *obtruded* those politics—that they have ever interfered with his “clearness in his high office,” we utterly deny. But need we deny it? Let us hear what the foul accuser has to bring against him. His first charge brought forward in the house was, that though the Attorney-general voted, at the Dublin election, for the reform candidate, some third or fourth cousin of his voted at the opposite side!!! Mr. Blackburne, forsooth, (beloved as he is in private life,) does not sport a tail like the Liberator, which he can trail after him, no matter how dirty this graceful appendage may be, from the sludge and filth through which it is dragged ; and he is accordingly denounced as unfit for the office of Attorney-General. The next charge is, that Mr. Blackburne once made a speech at a bar-meeting. When do you think, gentle reader? Only so far back as the year 1806. Well done incomparable cyclic orator!! “*Gemino ab ovo orditur*”—just as he sometimes takes us back to the days of Partholan, the giant, in order to give us a brief *exposé* of Saxon outrage and oppression. Well, but after all, what was the purport of this speech for which

the Liberator's antiquarian research is entitled to such commendation? Simply to say, that he did not feel himself called on, as a member of the Irish bar, to return thanks to ministers for the appointment of Mr. Curran to the mastership of the rolls ; the same Mr. Curran having disclaimed, in his celebrated letter to the Whigs, any gratitude for such promotion ; openly declaring that it was one for which he was utterly unfitted ; and, to quote his own remarkable expression, “that it was a bad reward after fighting all their battles, to be stuck up in a garret window, merely to gaze on their triumphal procession.” These two charges will be allowed, we believe, to be of a novel description. But what are we to think of the third and crowning one? Hear it ye men of England—hear it Protestants of all denominations—Church of England men, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, &c. Hear “the milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,” speaking through the lips of Mr. O'Connell—“So little able is Mr. Blackburne to conceal his atrocious bigotry, that he has absolutely had the audacity, though the King's Attorney-General, to attend a meeting of the Bible Society!!!!” We are only surprised that, with that felicitous ingenuity with which he rakes up every thing however obsolete, and presses it into his service, it did not occur to him that the very nature of Mr. Blackburne's office, made his offence one of a deeper dye : and that it was monstrous for the King's attorney-general—for him who in the olden time was called the *Regis Diabolus*, to show his face in such an assembly.

But if Mr. Blackburne be a person of the character and principles we have described, it may be asked how has he contrived to excite this “gross lust of hate,” on the part of the Liberator? Simply in this way, viz., that in the calm and steady discharge of his official duties he has displayed the knowledge, and exerted the authority of which he is possessed, so effectually

* The Liberator, though very original in his conceptions, is not ashamed to borrow a hint now and then ; and this charge against the Attorney-General, was, in all probability, suggested by a decision of some Connaught magistrates, a few months ago, in which a man was pronounced guilty of a *breach of the peace* for quoting a *passage out of the Bible*, to a Roman Catholic priest.

as to be an entire overmatch for the blustering wiliness of the latter; that, on the one hand, he will not suffer him, under the pretence of discussing the mere abstract merits of a political question, to issue forth his mandates for the separation of the two countries; nor, on the other, will he allow him to pledge his legal reputation to a deluded and infuriated peasantry, that they are keeping within the strict letter of the law; and, *on the day of trial, advise them to plead guilty.* “*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*” As the first law-officer of the crown, he has done his duty fearlessly and honestly. He has encountered this modern Wat Tyler on the very steps of the temple of justice. He has proved to him that he shall not dare to insult the majesty of British law—that he shall not send forth his pandects of robbery and rebellion, and tell his dupes that such is the law of the land—such the privileges allowed by the constitution. He has contrived a knot sufficiently strong, to hold this Proteus whilst “tempesting the brine,” and he has brought the matter to this dilemma—that this *patent-of-precedence* counsellor must be either a decidedly bad lawyer, or a decidedly mischievous knave. Such are the offences of Mr. Blackburne.

But it is in a subsequent letter to the same high official authority, that the Liberator discloses his views more fully, and gives us a thorough insight into the system of Irish government, which alone can give *him* satisfaction. At any other time, as we have said before, we might be disposed to laugh at this undisguised demand for investing *him* with the most absolute despotic power; but being apprehensive that there are some influential persons in the present cabinet, who may be disposed to say, like bluff Harry, when speaking of Kildare, “you tell me all Ireland can’t rule this earl; why, then, I am determined that this earl shall rule all Ireland;” and to think that turbulence and effrontery are very choice qualifications for an Irish governor, any tendency, on our parts, to laughter is checked by a serious and well-grounded feeling of apprehension. It is said, and the men who say so would (as Johnson said) set up the cry of *fire! fire!* in the time of the deluge—but it is, however, frequently

said by the advocates of the present ministry, in justification of their deference to Mr. O’Connell, “that the latter has been the means of rescuing Ireland from the ascendancy of the Orange faction; and that the outcry at present raised, is nothing more than the last groan of an expiring party!” Be it so, still we venture to say that the annals of orange ascendancy have nothing to produce, for one moment, comparable to the call contained in this letter, for an absolute and unconditional surrender of all the powers of the executive; and when it is considered that the Orange faction!! are bound to England by every tie of interest and affection; whilst the Liberator continues to call for separation, in a tone as loud and unmitigated as ever, it may be judged which of the two parties is best entitled to make such a demand upon an English ministry. He virtually demands, in this letter, and in part of the preceding, that no one appointment, of any description, shall be filled up without his approbation. He goes through every variety of office, from the viceroy himself to the turnspit in the kitchen—from the lord chancellor down to the police constable. Before, however, entering upon his enumeration, he treats us to two passages well worthy of the attention of our countrymen at the other side of the channel. They will convey some idea of the affectionate feeling with which he regards *them*, and also of his gratitude for past services. The first is a declaration that, “had nature placed our lovely and fertile island one hundred leagues distant from England, she must have been the most prosperous country in the world.” England, it would appear from this, has been to Ireland what Laputa was to Ballinarbo (a very Irish name, by the way). It is the island which, according to Dan’s veracious prototype, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, “has been kept hovering over us, whereby we have been deprived of the benefit of sun and rain; and, consequently, afflicted with dearth and diseases.” The second is one of his usual grateful reminiscences of his quondam friends, viz. “Earl Grey actually appears to have governed Ireland as if the principles of his management were hatred

and contempt of the Irish people!!" What think you of that, Earl Grey? Are you prepared to swallow and digest that? We suspect it is a larger mouthful than the Dandie Dinmonts left you of the haggis, after your appetite was whetted by the breezes of the Calton hill. You have been now before the public upwards of forty-five years, and you certainly must be a deceiver of no ordinary description, for we were under the impression that never did Wilberforce or Buxton exert themselves with more ardour to knock off the chains of the miserable *black* slaves, than you did to enfranchise "those souls of mute and uncomplaining woe," the *white* "boys" of Ireland. But it's well that you have been found out, at last, and exhibited in your true colours.

On he proceeds—the Chancellor—Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—Chief Baron, never should have been where they are, and we must no longer hear of such disgraceful appointments. No specific* reasons are stated; but we suppose it is because the latter individual is all that is estimable and virtuous, and because the two former are rank emancipationists! The lord lieutenancies of counties, too. There must be no such appointments, or at least they must be better filled up. "This was one of the plans of that presumptuous shave-beggar Stanley, and, of course, as bad a measure as

could possibly be." Why? Because of its creating a *local authority*! Now, only listen to this. Here is a political charlatan actually pocketing 15,000*l.* a-year, a sum very little short of that intolerable burden that set all Ireland in a flame, the vestry cess, and pocketing it, too, upon the pretence of advocating a measure which, if passed, should, on all fair principles, restore to Wales its privileges as a principality—to Cornwall as a duchy—to Chester and Durham as palatinates—not to speak of the claim that the ancient kingdom of Kerry might put in for its original independence and the restoration of the Ivreagh dynasty to the throne of their ancestors—contending for it, too, on the ground that such are the multitudinous wrongs of Ireland, that the imperial parliament cannot devote sufficient attention to them, and that consequently there *must be a local authority*—and yet this same person contends against the appointment of lord lieutenants of counties, on the ground of the evils arising from local authority, contends that the chancellor of Ireland is the only person fit to be intrusted with the discharge of a duty requiring the most minute local knowledge for its proper and judicious exercise, and that the sweet temper, the "*mitis sapientia*" of Lord Plunkett, poor, dear, overburthened man! is to be disturbed while studying Ovid in his classic retreat

* The Lord Chancellor is no favourite of ours. He has done more than any other living man, with the exception of O'Connell himself, to injure Ireland; but take the Liberator's attack on him, as a fair specimen of popish gratitude. Curran once bitterly attacked Sir Boyle Roche, in the Irish House of Commons. "I am surprised, Sir, at the honourable and learned gentleman's attack; and for this reason, that I never did him a service;" was Sir Boyle's laconic, but cutting, reply. Services done to their cause, are the sure means of bringing on an individual the hatred of the popish party. As to the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, we can account for his attack upon *him*. It has been frequently matter of doubt, whether the Liberator gives his friends or foes the preference, when he is in for a full fling of Billingsgate. But, however that may be, it is certain that Mr. Doherty has the double claim;—first, as having been an emancipationist;—secondly, as having exposed (with the plaudits of the house) his atrocious misrepresentations with regard to the crown prosecutions. Any other person, after receiving such castigation, without being able to say one word in reply, would have been silent ever after; but not so Dan. He first sets the Dublin mob upon a man who, we firmly believe, has not an enemy, except in the very dregs of society; and then returns to the attack, at a time when his subsequent conduct on the bench has won golden opinions from men of all parties, at the bar. But so it is. Ovid tells us there was no use in dragging Cerberus into the light of day; for, that his vomit then became the deadly henbane, and his poison more foul than before.

at Old Connaught, by listening to the symphonies of some squireen magistrates all the way from the harony of Inishowen, or Macgillenduffies Reeks, "*intervalla humane commoda*!" There is, it is true, one mode of obviating the many evils that must otherwise arise from such appointments, viz.—a careful selection of persons to fill the office. Let us have lord lieutenants and deputy lieutenants, who will *prende at repeal meetings*, where the blessings of separation are held forth, and the Protestant clergy proscribed, and then the magistracy of Ireland will be as it ought to be, particularly when, in addition to this, another direction from the same high authority is obeyed, viz.—all heretics excluded from the ranks of the constabulary, and no man admitted, even as a private in that body, but one who has previously distinguished himself in the ranks of the "Liberator's police." But all these concessions even are not enough. We have read of the Puritan member of the long parliament, who said "he would not allow a popish dog to bark, or a popish cat to mew about the royal palace." Dan thinks his turn is now come for revenge. There are *pensioned* and "smiling pickthanks" about courts: there is, (and Heaven knows *Protestants* wont deny it,)

"The *whisper* that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps still vibrates on the Viceroy's ear."

All these must be removed, and accordingly he breaks into the precincts of the vice-regal household. However, as this is too mean quarry to engage the Liberator's attention, he leaves it to his friend, Whittle Harvey,* (who is not yet a lawyer; "but *still*, could he help it? a special attorney,") to send them a *latitat* in due time. Then, when the Augean stable is perfectly cleansed out, when the members of the tail are made gentlemen at large—when Feargus O'Connor is master of the revels, and Billy Finn or Pat

Lalor gentleman usher; then there may be some chance of an honest man appearing at court, and the Liberator may possibly honour the vice-regal dinners with his presence!! These will we believe, be allowed to be tolerable specimens of the mild and impartial regime we are to look forward to. But there is another demand remaining, which, we protest seriously, distances all the rest, viz.—that a Protestant government shall not dare to appoint a Protestant bishop without his permission. This great advocate for liberty of conscience, this anti-vetostical orator, who spurned every offer of civil privileges when accompanied by any interference with the discipline of his pure and holy religion, exclaims against their daring to appoint even a Protestant bishop without consulting him. "It is not the least," he says, "amongst the *faults, follies, and crimes* of the base, brutal, and bloody Whigs"—the orator delights in those triads, "*rasis librat in antithetis*"—"that they have raised Dr. Kyle to the episcopal bench!!" a man whose academic station, not to speak of his character and attainments, pointed him out as the proper person for such promotion—whose faithful and pastoral, though unostentatious discharge of his high duties—whose disinterested and discriminating exercise of his patronage have, ever since his elevation, endeared him to the zealous and enlightened body of clergy over which he has been placed. But we are absolutely sick of pursuing this subject, because the circumstances of the times impart too serious a character to it, and raise apprehensions of too painful a nature at this monstrous exhibition of buffoon bigotry thus running riot. We shall therefore end this article, which, we fear, has been already extended too far, by calling the attention of our English fellow-subjects to a brief recapitulation of what we have been urging, and in doing so, will premise that we are ready to admit, for argu-

* Whittle! What an awful prænomen (we can't call it a Christian name,) for an attorney! We only recollect to have met the word once, viz., in a song ascribed to that redoubted champion of popular rights and practical Owenism, Jonathan Wild—

"Come all ye brave boys, whose courage is big;
Come sharpen your *whittles*, the purses to snig."

ment's sake, that all that has been advanced against the Protestant faction (as it is now called) is true—that the Hernando-Mendez-Pinto statements of the agitator, as well as the more dangerous misrepresentations of the ministerial organs are established, and that we have been the most selfish, rapacious, and unprincipled colonists that ever ground the aboriginal inhabitants of any country; still, we ask, is *that* the pressing question that should at the present moment engage the attention of those who are anxious to prevent the separation of the two countries, and all the awful consequences likely to follow from such a measure. If any fair-minded Englishman should be of this opinion, let him read the statement which we have been giving, of the *facts* of which we challenge contradiction, and of which the following is a brief recapitulation: Mr. O'Connell has now succeeded in inducing the ministry to abandon all the important clauses, at least all that could affect *him*, of a bill which was virtually declared in the King's speech to be necessary "for the peace of society, and the power and safety of the united kingdom." In the course of the proceedings connected with that bill, *he*—the person avowedly pointed at in the King's speech as the main cause of the disturbances which the bill was intended to suppress—he, we say, has been closeted with, and consulted by, the most influential member of the cabinet connected with

Irish affairs, and the result has been the disgust and retirement of the premier, the popular benefactor, as he is hailed, in England. The same Mr. O'Connell has induced the ministers to abandon their own tithe bill, and in violation of the whole spirit of the King's promise, to accept and advocate another which virtually confiscates two-fifths of the property of the Irish church. He has announced himself a ministerialist, not in gratitude (he spurns such a feeling) for their compliance with his wishes, but with the avowed design of aiding them (as he presumes to anticipate their intentions) against *one* of the branches of the legislature, and consequently breaking up the whole framework of the constitution; he has continued to call as loudly as ever for the separation of the two countries; he has virtually demanded that the whole executive authority in Ireland, the appointment to every office, place, situation, legal, ecclesiastical, ministerial, &c., shall be lodged in his hands; and lastly, and what is most alarming of all, he has the ministerial journals proposing that he shall be consulted on everything regarding Ireland; in fact, so completely identifying him with the measures of the cabinet, that, to the various appellatives which have been given to ministries of late days, we may fairly add one more, viz.—"The O'Connell Ministry." Therefore, again we say, look to it men of England.

THE CHOICE; AND THE STORY OF THE MINISTER'S ANNIE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

LADY Frederick Ker had one only son when she was left a widow by her husband's untimely death. The boy's name was William, and he was high-spirited, but amiable and affectionate, and his mother's darling. So, one day, he came into her in the parlour, with a wooden sword in his belt, a peacock's feather in his bonnet, and riding on a great stick, with a queer head, something like that of a horse; when, after taking a hearty laugh at her son's uncouth equipage, the following dialogue ensued between them, which I think worth recording:

Mother.—Now, my dear little William, before I remove you to another school, you must make a positive choice of a profession.

Son.—O, that is all settled, Mamma; quite determined on; so you need not give yourself any more trouble about that.

Mother.—What is settled, my boy? or who has assisted you in making this momentous choice? I am quite impatient to hear what occupation my William has fixed on.

Son.—Why, then, I am determined to be either the driver or guard of a mail-coach.

Mother.—Oh, peace be with us! Alas, my boy, what a choice you have made! Either of these are posts of danger, of low dissipation, and disgrace. What could move my son, the heir to a title and an estate, and the scion of an illustrious race, to make such a choice as this?

Son.—O! I have thought how grand and majestic a thing it would be, to be daily flying through the air, like an eagle of the firmament, sounding my trumpet with a rending tone, commanding every one to stand out of the way, at their peril. And then, to hear all the boys hurraing me as I passed, and getting a lash with a long whip, if they dared but to touch my royal and splendid vehicle, with one of their hands.

There is both a grandeur and sublimity in the very idea; and, whenever I think of it, I feel as if I would fly through the air in this way—(*flinging up his spread hands.*)

Mother.—I am forced to smile at your extravagance, my dear boy; and, yet, it is not an unnatural fancy for a boy to conceive. Velocity of motion has a thrilling charm to the young and buoyant mind. But, in short, that is an occupation to which you must never think of stooping.

Son.—O, neither I will. I'll ascend to it—mount up to it, like a fiery dragon; *tout, tout*, goes the bugle, and off we go like thunder and lightning. O, that I were a man, that I might be able to be the guard of a mail-coach, to cleave the robbers' heads, right and left, this way, and this way. Now, Mamma, you are not to hinder me from being the guard of a mail-coach.

Mother.—You will come to a different way of thinking, my dear Willie, once you have a little more sense and knowledge of the world. I am far from desiring that you should be brought up in idleness, as a mere country gentleman; for these people seem to consider themselves as born to do nothing save to eat, and drink, and ride about. They do no good to the poor, and they uniformly get themselves involved in debt, if not in utter ruin. No, no; you must study one of the four learned or genteel professions, which, even though not practised, make a man more respectable.

Son.—Well, describe them, Mamma, and I shall soon make a choice. I hope a guard of a mail-coach is one of them.

Mother.—No, no. There is, first, the surgeon. These form a very useful and respectable body of men; but there are, to my eyes, some great drawbacks attached to that profession.

They have such bleeding, blistering, and cutting off legs and arms, with a thousand other revolting operations, which cannot be named, that I cannot help entertaining a woman's natural aversion to one of the most useful studies, by which many men have arisen to great wealth and eminence. And, moreover, there is that horrid system of dissection, in which every young surgeon must be engaged for a long period, in the very outset of life ; the cutting up of bloated corpses, dragged from their graves, the poor-houses—or, perhaps, got in a worse way than either.

Son.—What, Mamma, bleeding, and blistering, cutting off legs and arms, and carving of dead folks. Is that like a business for a gentleman ? or one to be compared with a mail-coach, cleaving the wind like an angel messenger ?

No more of that if you love me, William, but note what I am saying. Then, there is the lawyer. The most genteel profession, perhaps, of any other ; and which often conducts men to the offices of state. Nevertheless, however respectable they may be as gentlemen, as lawyers they are accounted men of quirks and quibbles, of encouraging animosities, jealousies, and heart-burnings, among their clients ; and often multiplying words without wisdom.

Now, Mamma, you have instructed me all my life to tell the plain downright truth ; how, then, can you propose a business to me, in which I cannot get the truth told, but when it becomes my duty to lie ?

It is very well answered, my boy. Well, then, there is the soldier, who is a brave man, and fights for his king and country ; and the divine, who is a good man, and teaches mankind the way of salvation.

Nay, hold there, good Mamma, for I'll be a soldier. Goodness, I am sure, is very amiable, and I love and reverence the ministers of the gospel ; but I would not harangue the people as they do, for anything ; one wearies so terribly of them. I'll tell you of what I always think in church, Mamma—and you are not to be angry at me, for I cannot help it—from the moment I enter the church, I think of nothing but when I am to get out

again. So I wont be a divine, but a soldier ; and, then, I shall get trumpets, and drums, and noise enough.

But, my dear boy, in one thing you err ; for every soldier is not a brave man, nor is every divine a poltroon, or a coward. On the contrary, there is often heroism manifested by the latter, in the forgiveness of injuries, resignation to the Divine will, and all the higher virtues of the soul, of which the man of the world is incapable, and which fashion forbids him to exercise ; and, think you not these are more estimable in the sight of God, of angels, and of good men, than the rash and careless adventuring either our own lives, or the lives of others.

As I told you, Mamma, I admire bravery ; but then I did not know there were any sorts of bravery but one—that of battling most tremendously. Pray let me understand what you mean, by an instance or two.

I shall give you an instance in a transaction, to the whole of which I was a witness. I was boarded for some years in the house of a respectable clergyman, not overburdened with his annual income. There were four boarders of us, and his daughters officiated as our teachers. They were beautiful and accomplished women, without fortunes—a delicate and dangerous situation in which to be placed, and more particularly at this village, where there was both a depot and barracks. But, to make a long tale short, after a great deal of wooing and flirtation, the oldest was, most unaccountably, induced to elope with a captain of dragoons. Her sisters kept it from their father for a while, on false pretences, and pretended to be quite uncertain with whom she was gone. But I was sure of it, and thought it my duty to go and tell her father, which I did. He was in the deepest distress about his beloved Annie, whom he accounted the staff of his age, and who was, indeed, one of the most beautiful, sweet-tempered, and kind-hearted beings I ever knew.

The old parson followed the regiment, and overtook it, but found nothing of his Annie, for she was secreted somewhere else ; and the suspected officer, to whom he applied, denied all knowledge of the lady whatsoever ; answering the distressed parent

in a very flippant style. He said he was sorry for Miss Anne's imprudence, very sorry, indeed—she was a good girl—very good girl, indeed, and very obliging—hoped matters would not be so bad as the parson supposed. But, at all events, there was no help for it—no help whatever—women would not be hindered from taking their own way—would *not* by *any* manner of means.

The worthy old divine, hearing nothing from this quarter, was obliged to return home again, with a heavy heart, and crushed with regret to the very soul ; and though resigned and pious as ever, it was manifest that there was a weight of grief that weighed down his heart to the dust.

Years came and passed over, and no word of "the minister's Annie," as she was familiarly called by all the parish, until one night late, the wife of a poor manufacturer came to the front door, with the skirt of her gown drawn over her head, and earnestly requested a word of the minister. She had once been a servant in the family, and had acted as child's maid both to Annie and her sister Elizabeth, and was, therefore, a sort of favourite with the family. The parson, not having at hand any private apartment to take the woman into, walked out with her to the end of the stable. I instantly followed, for there was something so raised and concerned like in her appearance and manner, that I could not resist going to listen ; so springing to the loft, from the open window close above them, I heard the following dialogue, which, on the woman's part, was carried on in a fervent whisper :—

"Thou must coom awa dooan to our house, Sir, directly, for thou dooast little know how mooach there be one needs to see thee yonder."

"Certainly. I shall go with you instantly. Is it to see a person in distress ?"

"Indeed so, Sir. Indeed so. In distress enough, God knows. And thou must know too, Sir, though it will break your heart, that there is more than one of them, Sir—more than one, indeed, Sir. O alack, and woe is me, that ever I should have seen the day. Indeed there is, Sir ; there is more than one of them. And what is to become of them, poor souls !

Heaven only knows what is to become of them, for it is unknown to me."

"Esther, I beseech you to moderate your vehemence, and tell me, in plain terms, the circumstances of this case, which affects you so much."

"O I can't, Sir. Indeed I can't tell you in plain terms, nor any other terms ; for dost thou not know, Sir, that there are some things so very bad that men or captains will at times do, that there are no terms for them, at least none that are known to me."

This abstruse hint went to the old pastor's heart like an arrow. He could not utter a word, but stood and gazed at his old servant with an unstable and paralyzed look, while she went on. "Why, it is no wonder thou be struck dumb with surprise. But had thou seen, it ! O, had thou seen it—it would have broken thine heart into crumbs ; where art thou going, poor woman, says I, with thy two pretty babies, so late ? Dost thou not know me, said she ? No, I does not, said I, how like is it that I should know thee, poor body ? Why, I be's the minister's Annie, says she. You, the minister's Annie, says I ! Then, out upon my old eyes, that did not know you. But, O ! that they had both been closed in death before they saw this sight ; the minister's Annie going a-begging, with two pretty, half-naked babies. And, then, I screamed out this way, and fainted."

The woman's cries then became so loud and vehement, that I hastened to them, and found her lying, in a sort of fit, and the pastor upon his knees beside her, leaning his brow against the stable wall, pale and speechless ; but, after uttering sundry heavy groans, and inly praying, for a short period, he ordered me, sharply, away ; so I betook myself to my old berth, and heard all that passed. "I see, I see, how it is, Esther. I know all now, and may the Lord support me in my affliction, and forgive my poor, erring child ; but I cannot yet see her, nor can I bring her home among my other daughters, and these other ladies of rank ; but be kind to her, Esther, and I will requite you."

However, the good man never closed his eyes till he went down and embraced his lost child, and forgave her. He then laid his hands on the heads of the two little girls, kneeled

between them, and blessed them in the name of the Lord. The mother also kneeled, holding one babe to her bosom and the other by the hand, weeping incessantly ; and perhaps there never was a more fervent prayer poured forth at the footstool of grace. The minister went home that night cheered in spirit ; for he heard from his daughter's own lips that she had been married to her betrayer, and, as she believed, solemnly married in the sight of God and man, else she never would have deserted her father's house. He perceived then that she had been betrayed by the most atrocious measures, which greatly extenuated her error, and from that time forth the old man's manner was once more changed into his former cheerful and contented frame of mind, and there was no one in the vicinity better provided for than was the minister's Annie.

As he kept the secret in his own breast, thinking that no one knew of it but himself, I thought proper to do the same for a space, though I hate all keeping of secrets in a family ; so, having plenty of spare gowns, I chose out a proper one for Annie, and made two frocks as privately as I could for the children, and hasted down to my once dearly-beloved friend. She was in great agony when I went in, and embraced her ; but I wept much more bitterly than she did. I got her and the babies all rigged out and clean, and, save that she was a little paler, she looked as lovely as ever ; indeed, it rather added to her beauty, for before that she was too rosy. I then went home, and told Eliza that I had found her sister Annie, down in the house of Hamilton, the weaver, where she was waited upon by her old nurse Esther with great care and kindness. Elizabeth cried exceedingly when she heard of the two bonny destitute babies ; but she soon went away and saw her ; but I did not go for fear of marring the natural flow of their loves and sorrows.

It now happened providentially, but painfully, that the dragoon regiment to which Annie's husband belonged, (for as such she still regarded him,) were ordered from Ireland, where they had been from the time Annie had been deserted, to the same barracks beside the village where the two first fell

acquainted, and there they arrived in little more than two months after Annie made her appearance. The minister waited on the captain to demand reparation for the injury done to his family. The captain was evidently much embarrassed when he perceived who it was that had called him out ; but being determined to face the kind pastor down by that bold and haughty deportment which licentiousness so often assumes, although his face was flushed with shame, he took the first word and began—

“ Well, Mr. Curate, what are you coming to talk about ? No more wenches in the charge, I hope ! I know you will be supposing that I have done you a small piece of injury, or so ; but you know there is no help for that now—no help at all. If we have done wrong, each party must abide by the consequences. But I am quite ready to give the satisfaction of a gentleman ; quite ready, I assure you. A gentleman can do no more, you know, nor can an old faggy of the church desire any more of a gentleman. Quite ready. Nothing, but to name your friend.”

He then took snuff, and was turning to go away, when the parson stepped before him and said—“ Young man, I must speak with you further before you go. I know my duty better, as a Christian teacher and a parent, than either to throw away my own life, and leave my child without a father, and my flock without a pastor, or send you to your account with the blackest of crimes on your head.”

“ I thank you, my old boy, (*bowing very low*,) greatly obliged to you for your gracious kindness ; but never mind my crimes. Quite ready to give you satisfaction. Can ask no more, you know.”

“ Yes, Sir, but I can ask more, and shall have more too. And, in one word, you shall either acknowledge my daughter as your wife, which she is in the sight of God and man, else I know where to find both friends and redress.”

“ What ! eh, my wife ? Where ! Ha-ha-ha ! That is very good, old one. Eh ! I think I never heard any thing better than that. And as for redress, take what redress you can, old Willy. You will apply to the law I know, but we, military gentlemen, care very little for your law, or gospel either by —”

"Sir, that is not the way in which I am accustomed to be spoken to, neither by old nor young ; and if you had the least portion of the spirit of a man, you would not insult an injured father in that manner. But, in the first place, I shall go this very forenoon and acquaint your colonel with every circumstance, and if I do not there meet with the redress I expect, I know the law of my country will see my child righted."

"O, law as much as you like, old dad, but not a word to the colonel. For your life, mention no such thing to the colonel. I shall, perhaps, see the girl again, and come to some proper understanding, but not a word of the colonel."

But it so happened that the colonel and the major called at the parsonage that very day, just shortly after the heroic captain had parted with the minister. It was to invite the ladies to a ball that they called, and wondered at being refused ; for there were seven of us, all alike fond of dancing. This led to an eclaireissement, and the whole of the captain's atrocious conduct and insolence were fully developed. The two officers were highly indignant, and said to the parson, that Captain Herkes should either do him justice, or be disgraced for ever. That very evening the major brought the matter before the whole mess, in the following way :—
"I appeal to you, hon. colonel, and gentlemen, of what do you think that gallant officer is deserving, who, by a forged license, and a sham marriage, betrayed the daughter of a reverend divine, and then abandoned her to poverty and disgrace : and worse, when her father came to ask redress, he insulted him in the grossest manner."

"The dog, the scoundrel," exclaimed the colonel. "Why, he deserves to be hanged. But hanging is too good for him. He should, in the first place, be flogged at the cart's tail, set on the pillory, and drummed out of the regiment. What ! did he refuse the reverend father all redress and satisfaction whatever ?"

"He did, indeed ; all, save the grossest contumely." A groan of disapprobation went round the mess, on which Captain Herkes, unable to contain himself any longer, started up, with his face on flame, and cried, "It is false, Sir. I offered him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and since you take such an interest in him, perhaps, you might supply his place, if you durst."

"I might refuse your rude challenge, captain, in consideration of the rascally behaviour of which you stand accused, but I scorn to take advantage of such a subterfuge. Go and bespeak your friend."

The seconds chose the ground at the back of the minister's garden, that being the most retired place in the vicinity of the mess-room ; for they were quite unaware of the particular circumstances which occasioned the duel. When the captain came to the spot, and saw the house, his heart smote him, and he seemed writhing under the most intense feelings. He was shot through the left shoulder, close to the breast, at the first fire, and the wound pronounced mortal. The surgeon who attended, like the rest, ignorant of the circumstances, caused the dying man to be carried into the parsonage, where he dressed his wounds, and left him in a state of total insensibility, giving charges that he should be kept quiet, as, without that, there was no chance of his life whatsoever.

The parson being informed of the circumstances, and who his guest was, marvelled greatly at the singular visitation of Providence ; yet, contrary to the advice of some of his family, in the true spirit of Christianity, he forgot all the injuries and insults he had received, and wept over the fate of the imprudent and precipitate young man, praying over him in the most earnest manner, as a person seemingly dying. He fevered, and continued delirious ; and the surgeon, who visited him twice a-day, having ordered a nurse to be procured, at the colonel's earnest request the parson engaged his own daughter Annie, who, poor woman, for all the injuries she had received, attended him day and night, nursing her little baby all the time, and occasionally sleeping on a pallet at his bedside. Lovely, tender-hearted sex ! where are the circumstances to be found on earth to which her benevolent heart is inadequate.

The captain continued in a most perilous state for the space of six weeks, but youth and a good constitution prevailed, and at length a favourable change began to be observed. All this time he was unable to be removed, but was attended to in the parson's house with all the care and concern that he could have experienced in the house of his father and mother, and every day the

old minister prayed over him, both for his recovery and forgiveness.

The first thing that he appeared to take any notice of was those prayers of the good man which seemed to strike his bewildered fancy with undefinable astonishment. He next began to fix his unstable eyes very frequently on Annie, but, from his imperfect utterance, it was manifest that he conceived it a dream or a vision. "Ay, there she is again, there she is again," said he one day, "lovely and kind as when I first saw her! And, I declare, one of her babies at her bosom. This is dreadful! I wonder when or where they died." The old divine now perceiving that his daughter's presence distressed the sufferer so much, caused her to leave him, and not come into his sight any more. And when he came to his senses, and learned where he had been attended for the last two months with such care and attention, which had been mainly instrumental in saving his life, he was smitten to the heart, but still refused to leave his lodgings for the barracks, and in all his demeanour appeared a humbled and repentant man, attending to the parson's prayers most devoutly, and joining in the responses.

One day he said to his attendant, old Esther, "My good woman, I wish to ask something of you. A vision which I had some time ago never ceases to haunt my imagination with images the most harrowing to my soul; but, now that I know where I am, I have some hopes that the impression so powerfully made may have been real. Pray, can you tell me any thing of one whom I have not power to name?"

"Indeed so, Sir, indeed so, and that I can: she has nursed you night and day for seven weeks, poor soul, and many are the tears she shed over you; ay, and dost thou know many were the kisses she impressed on your lips as long as she thought you were dying, and all the while nursing your little sweet Harriet at her bosom. Oh, indeed, Sir, I would not have the heart to use somebody as somebody has done—no, not if you made me lady of all our town: but that is between somebody's conscience and his God, and somebody must answer for it some day."

The captain then begged to see his Annie once more, and away ran Esther, dizzy with delight, and getting her dar-

ling Annie rigged out in her sister's best clothes, and the two little misses in the suits which I made for them, she led them all away into the sick officer's chamber, a proud woman indeed. She entered with three low courtesies, and a great confusion of vehement expressions, alluding sometimes to the captain, sometimes to the lady and babies, and sometimes to them altogether; but as no one could understand her speech, so as few regarded it, for those concerned had other matters to think of.

The meeting between the captain and Annie was, on her part, humble, submissive, and affectionate; on his, fraught with repentance and returning affection; while Esther stood blubbering and sobbing behind, and speaking without intermission. The captain then desired the minister's presence, and declared to him, that he being the only man he had ever insulted and injured, and who yet had proved his warmest friend in affliction; not only so, but both by precept and example, had opened his eyes to the true character of a Christian soldier—and a man so to atone for his errors, he was now resolved to unite himself with his family, and claim him as his father for ever. A few days after that, the reverend father joined their hands in holy wedlock, legally, and they are still living happy and contented. That wedding brought on other two; for Miss Elizabeth was married to Captain Colburn, and I to your father, then Major Ker, all of the same regiment. But there is one thing I forgot to tell you, my boy. The captain had only two sons, and both of them are studying for the church, thus making choice of their grandfather's profession instead of their own father's, the equanimity of the one life, and the perturbation of the other, being contrasted before their eyes."

"Well, dear mother, I would do any thing to please you, and I too shall study for the church, if you insist on it; but I think there will be plenty without me; for I am terrified for fear of setting the people a yawning and falling asleep, as our parsons do. Therefore, if you will not let me be guard to a mail-coach, I shall be a sailor, for I find that velocity of motion is necessary to my existence."

"A sailor, then, you shall be, William; for Admiral Lord Keith is my near relative, and under his auspices I can safely entrust my darling boy."

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

OUR CRITICAL TABLETS.

Arundel's Travels in Asia Minor. 2 vols. 8vo.
London: Bentley. 1834.

We commence our tablets by noticing a most able and interesting work, to which, for many reasons, we are anxious to pay particular attention; not only because of the merit with which the work is executed, nor yet the interest attached to the scenes and countries it describes; but also, because the estimable and talented writer belongs to a class of men for whom we entertain the deepest respect—those ministers who are engaged in the most noble work that can occupy the powers of man—that of bearing the blessings of the Gospel to the dark places of the earth.

It is an observation almost too trite for repetition, that Anatolia, or Asia Minor, is, from various recollections connected with it, the most interesting portion of the earth's surface. Greece may have more attractions for the classical, and Syria for the biblical scholar; but for him who unites both these characters, who at once delights in the details of Homer and the Gospel, Asia Minor is the country above all others where he will find, on the same spot, each source of gratification. He may visit, at the same moment, Troy, where heroes fought, and the Troad where apostles travelled; Sardis, where Cræsus lived, and where one of the first great Christian churches was established—places, in fact, which always bring with them a twofold remembrance, and present to him, at the same view, the most interesting memorials of both profane and sacred history. That this country should be eagerly visited by travellers is not to be wondered at; our surprise is, that so small a portion of it, after all, is so little known at the present day. Notwithstanding the zeal and assiduity of enterprising and intelligent men who have tried to explore it, so many impediments are thrown in their way, that their journeys are as much circum-

scribed as their information is curtailed. The exceeding barbarism of the present inhabitants of this once polished region, often stops him on his way; and the destruction which the hand of violence has brought on every thing which bore the stamp of ancient art, has so totally changed the face of things, that there is no longer any certainty where the most celebrated cities once stood. Not like the dilapidations which time and ignorance have caused in Europe, where the Colosseum still marks the grandeur of ancient Rome, and the Parthenon attests the taste and splendour of Athens; the exterminating hand of Asiatic barbarism has not only dilapidated, but obliterated, and the very ruins of antiquity have perished. Nothing can mark more strongly the impracticable state of this lovely region, than the difficulty and danger encountered by our own enterprising countryman, Captain Beaufort. He sailed along the southern coast of Carimanu, where St. Paul was born, and Cleopatra displayed her splendour—where Dionysius, the historian, wrote, and Artemisia erected her Mausoleum; and in this once populous and highly polished district, which the foot of civilized man had not pressed before for many centuries, he discovered the sites of many places lost to modern research; but when he ventured a short distance from the sea shore, he was attacked and wounded by the wild and ferocious inhabitants, like a traveller in the deserts of Africa: but more fortunate, because nearer help, he escaped with life, to give the world some interesting details of ancient places, long forgotten, and at the time utterly unknown, though in the immediate vicinity of great European and commercial intercourse.

Mr. Arundell, who for many years has dwelt at Smyrna, as officiating clergyman to the English residents, made excursions into the interior of this interest-

ing region, and collected much information which his predecessors had not been able to obtain. He first visited the seven churches of the Apocalypse, of which he formerly published an interesting account; and he has now examined other places equally connected with sacred and profane history—some of which had not been noticed, or had escaped the research of others.

There is nothing which creates more confusion in the minds of careless readers, than to find the same name given in ancient writers, to many different places. Olympus and Ida were appellations by which various mountains were known, but often confounded together. In the same way were cities mistaken; the Phœnician Hercules gave his name to many towns which he built in his voyages, and Alexander to others in his conquests. The successors of Alexander followed his example. There were two distinguished cities called Antioch, one in Syria, well known as the place where the disciples were first called Christians, which is a flourishing city at this day; the other, in Asia Minor, often confounded with the first, but of which not a trace was supposed to exist. It, however, as well as the other, was distinguished in the sacred writings; when Paul and Barnabas were separated by the Holy Ghost, in the former, to go abroad and preach the gospel, they proceeded to the latter, which was situated in the province of Pisidia, in Asia Minor. Here they offered salvation to the Jews, but being rejected by them they turned to the Gentiles. It was in this second Antioch, therefore, that the universality of the gospel was established, and the whole world embraced within the pale of Christianity. To visit this city, so consecrated by the expansion of the word of God, and so dear to all the human race, was one of the first objects of our author's journey. He proceeded thither, accompanied by some friends as zealous as himself, ascertained its almost obliterated locality, and has illustrated it in the work before us, by a very distinct and well-executed view of its scanty remains.

All that remains of the edifices is the ponderous remnant of an aqueduct, and what might be the ruins of a church; and all that exists of the Gentile converts, a solitary Greek who attends the khan.

“Not a church, nor any priest to officiate where Paul and Barnabas, and their successors, converted the thousands of idolaters to the true faith.” Besides Antioch, he visited and ascertained the site of Apamea, the occasional residence of Cicero, explored Logalassus, and made a second visit to Laodicea and Ephesus, two of the seven churches, through which it would exceed our limits to accompany him in his book.

The exploring of these ruins is not sometimes very free from danger, not so much from the malaria which some travellers, with reason, complain of as generated, nor for the banditti that conceal themselves in them, but from the wild animals which make them their abode. It is not “the fox that looks out at the window,” as in our deserted dwellings, that the oriental traveller may expect to see, but he walks, at every step, with apprehension of breaking in upon the wolf and the hyena. Our author says, in visiting the ruins of Logalassus:—

“My apprehensions, while in the dark vaulted passages of the corridor, were not altogether fanciful. Mr. Dethier heard a rustling in a thicket near him, and had the agreeable sight instantly after, of a wild boar within six feet; the long, curved, ivory tusks, displayed with full effect upon the black, bristly coat. Fortunately the wild boar, unless attacked, does not alter the line of his march, and, therefore, though Mr. D. was so near him, he only gave a horrible grunt, and then moved on.”

Mr. D., it seems, fired small shot after him, which, we think, he had better have left alone; it rebounded from off the tough hide of the animal without his feeling it, for he passed by another of the company without turning on him.

A poor camel broke its leg, and it was necessary to kill him. The travellers wished for a steak, which, it seems, is considered a luxury, but they were not gratified. An extraordinary circumstance, however, is quoted of the use to which a dead camel is sometimes applied:—

“One that is poisoned being put into the belly of a camel newly killed, is helped thereby, the heat thereof dissolving the poison, and strengthening the spirits.”

A similar method has been tried, we know, to extract the poison of serpents; and it is not unusual to split a fowl and immerse the wound of a person bitten by a rattle-snake, in the warm entrails; but we remember to have seen the practice tried on a human subject in the south of Ireland. A gentleman who had made a large fortune in the East Indies, returned home with a constitution broken by the climate; and after labouring for some time under its effects, it was given out that he died rather suddenly. It was said that he suffered from poison administered to him in his illness, and some of his oriental attendants advised that he should be immersed in the warm entrails of an animal newly killed. A camel could not be had, so they killed a cow, and the body was actually laid in the open belly. The man certainly recovered after the experiment, and we remember to have seen him walking about after it had been reported he was dead and buried.

Among the miscellaneous matter recorded in the course of their journey, is some that is interesting as the most recent news of events not well understood as yet in Europe. Among these was the approach of the Egyptian army which crossed the path they were then travelling. We have heard it assigned as one reason why the army made so rapid and decided a progress was, that the Greek landholders were disgusted and disaffected to the sultan. The principal of these was Cara Osmyn Oglow, who is long known as the most extensive territorial proprietor in Turkey in Asia, and whose good deeds, particularly his attention to the comforts of travellers, are the theme of many a traveller's panegyric. He was reported to have favored the progress of the Egyptians with all his influence. We have had occasion to combat this opinion in a former number, and we now add Mr. Arundell's account to confirm what we said:—

“Kutoieh was for a long time the head quarters both of Tamarlane and Ibrahim Pasha. It was here the latter erected a tribunal for reforming the abuses of the sultan's government. The sultan's officers were displaced and his own appointed in their room. At Smyrna the Egyptian rule was of very short duration. The moment the news reached Constantinople, orders were sent to strike

all the consular flags, a measure immediately followed by the restoration of the former governors, and the flight of the other to the camp of Kutoieh.

“Cara Osmyn Oglow, though obliged to fly from his government of Gozel Hiscar, was so fortunate as to escape with his life, though he suffered severely in his estates, from the excessive exactions of Ibrahim. His uncle, the musselim of Magnesia, and his venerable preceptor, the Aga of Cassaba, were not so fortunate, both being thrown into prison, and charged with being accessory to the deposition of Ibrahim's government at Smyrna. A large sum of money was fixed by Ibrahim as the penalty for their offence, and given to the aga of Cassaba as a commutation of the sentence of death. It was in vain for the unfortunate man to protest either his innocence or his inability to raise the required sum. He engaged to pay it, on the solemn assurance that his life should be spared.

“The time allowed for raising it was so short that it seemed almost impossible; yet so great was the interest his hard case excited, that the whole sum was promptly procured—a merchant of Smyrna, known to the writer, furnishing a proportion of it, amounting to 40,000 piasters. The money was ready and paid before the time stipulated—the bags were unsealed, the mahomoudies and dollars counted, declared to be right in amount, a receipt given, and instantly after, the body of the venerable old man, strangled by order of the governor of Magnesia, was thrown into the streets of Cassaba.”

These were the invaders who were said to be received with open arms by the subjects of the sultan, from their hatred of his cruelty and oppressions, and their love of the humanity and justice of his enemies.

Geoghegan's Greek Testament. Dublin. W. Curry & Co. 1834.

ANY work intended to facilitate the acquirement of Biblical knowledge is, from its design, if properly executed, eminently calculated to be useful. The work before us contains the five historical books of the New Testament, illustrated and explained by a very full and, in general, a very satisfactory body of critical and philological notes.

The editor represents his labours as designed only to assist the junior classes of students; but we by no means form the same estimate of

their utility. There are very few readers of the Greek Testament, who will not derive much valuable instruction from Mr. Geoghegan's comments. We have been particularly pleased with the introductions prefixed to each book, in which there is presented to the reader, in a compendious shape, a condensation of the results of historical research, on points very necessary to a full understanding of the sacred writers. We are sure that the work will be found a very valuable aid to those who are preparing for the examination—the very strict examination that precedes admission into holy orders.

Mr. Geoghegan has, however, fallen into an error, which perhaps in the execution of such a task, it was very difficult to avoid—an error to which we feel ourselves the more bound to notice, because it is not by any means confined to the writings of the Biblical critic, but has also become too common in the pulpit. We mean the practice of explaining, or, to speak more properly, getting rid of difficulties, by suggesting new and ingenious interpretations for the passage in the original. With regard to classical commentaries in general we believe that the very fact of an interpretation being ingenious, is *primâ facie* evidence against it; and, in the sacred writings, we always look with suspicion on any, even the slightest departure from the authorized version—a version which should by no means be brought, however remotely, into disrepute, upon light or trivial grounds, as it is the only version in the hands of the unlearned: it is wrong to diminish, by groundless alterations, their confidence in its correctness. The authorized version is, besides, the most faultless translation that has ever been performed; and though many ingenious commentators have exercised their skill in endeavouring to amend it, we have never been fortunate enough to meet with a proposed alteration, which would have been an improvement. Take one of Mr. Geoghegan's, for instance. His note on the word *δυσιδαιμονιστρους* in the 22nd verse of the 17th chapter of Acts, is as follows: "This word is sometimes taken in a good sense, and sometimes in a bad one. The context and the circumstances require that we take it in the former, i. e. more

than others, attentive to religious matters; as Schleusner explains it, adding that Paul would of course use a word which could not irritate the Athenian mind; and that so he judged this fittest for that purpose, and yet to convey a tacit reproof of their superstition." Now, the fact is, that the word "superstitious," by which our translators have rendered *δυσιδαιμονιστρους* is perfectly correct. St. Paul had perceived but one solitary altar dedicated to the supreme Spirit of the Universe, while innumerable shrines arose every where around to those false deities, those *δαίμονες* whom the folly of paganism had placed between the Father of the world, and the adoration of his creatures. And the word conveys a rebuke to that childest folly, which had created these imaginary demigods, while the Apostle subsequently offers to explain to his hearers the nature of that mysterious being, whom they now worshipped in ignorance. "Superstition" is, perhaps, the only single word in our language, that would give the force of the original—superstition literally implies that slavish fear which casts down the human mind in prostrate subjection to imaginary terror; whether it be the fear of the hobgoblin of modern ignorance; or of the more poetic Demon—the Neptune or the Mercury of the mythology of the Greeks.

This however, although it be an error, does not interfere with the usefulness of Mr. Geoghegan's book—a book which we heartily recommend as one of the most useful that has for some time issued from the press. Our observations, indeed, on the practice to which we have alluded, have not been so much directed against the few instances of it which occur in the volume before us, where it is comparatively, if not altogether, innoxious, as against the introduction of it into the pulpit, where we have heard crude and at best unnecessary emendations of the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, proposed by men whom, as ministers, we cannot but respect. But surely before a general congregation, all such displays of erudite ingenuity, may indeed shew off the critical acumen of the preacher, but can only tend to unsettle the minds, if not disturb the faith of those among their hearers, whose want of classical knowledge obliges them to take the authorized version upon trust.

OUR POLITICAL TABLETS.

WELL! the changes consequent upon the lamented vacancy in the court of King's Bench, have been completed: and speculation, and guesses, and intriguing—the writing up by the journals of particular candidates, and the hurrying to and fro of the candidates themselves—are all, for the present, terminated. Mr. Crampton, the late Solicitor-General, has been made a judge; and Mr. Michael O'Loughlen succeeds as Solicitor-General; and Mr. Green, the son of the late recorder of Dublin, a pro-Popish lawyer, of good character in every respect—unless his being a protegee of Lord Plunkett's—is appointed Sergeant, instead of the Popish Sergeant, who has been made Solicitor-General.

Mr. O'Connell laboured hard to get the Attorney-Generalship for Sergeant Perrin; if the manœuvres connected with this could see the light, there would be some strange discoveries. We believe, however, the following account is substantially correct:—Mr. O'Connell sent down an envoy extraordinary, on a diplomatic mission to Monaghan, to persuade the liberal club of that county to pledge themselves to support Sergeant Perrin's re-election; and in the face of all their protestations about repeal, in the teeth, too, of their pledges to poor Mr. Westenra, who had humbled himself at their feet, they came to the desired resolution. There was, however, still the apprehension that the Protestants of Monaghan would be too strong for the liberal club, and Mr. O'Connell offered to Lord Duncannon to secure Mr. Perrin a seat in parliament, if that gentleman should be appointed Attorney-General! in case he was thrown out of Monaghan, Mr. John was to vacate Youghal!! and his Majesty's Attorney-General to be returned as the agitator's nominee!!!

Lord Duncannon acceded to this arrangement, but Lord Melbourne put his veto on the disgraceful transaction, and so Mr. Blackburne continues Attorney-General.

The Protestants of the county of Down are about to meet, on the most numerous and respectably signed requisition that has ever been sent forward to the public. The name of the Marquis of Donegal is attached to this document; he may therefore be looked on as having followed the noble example of the Marquis of Downshire, and having given in his adhesion to the Conservative cause.

The Conservative Society are pursuing their steady course with spirit and vigour. On Tuesday, October 14th, Mr. O'Sullivan delivered a beautiful speech in reply to the calumnies of Mr. O'Connell and his gang.

The landlords of Ireland are laying the axe to the root of sedition, by taking on themselves the payment of the tithes on their estates. There is now no doubt that the entire of the property of the Church will be realised without any disturbance or the employment of any force. The government have declared war against our persecuted clergy, by announcing, in the most insolent manner—through Edward John Littleton, that most insolent of men—their intention of enforcing the immediate repayment of the tithe loan. We will wait until we see if a single Protestant clergyman is consigned to a jail, because the guilty negligence of the government has left him without means to repay.

We regret to be obliged to record the utter ruin of both Houses of Parliament by fire, on the night of the 16th. Various feelings have been expressed on the subject of this melancholy catastrophe. Whatever may have been the architectural faults or inconveniences of the buildings, we confess that we cannot but feel regret at the destruction of those ancient monuments of England's greatness and England's freedom.

9, Upper Sackville-street, Oct. 22d.

A. P.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1834.

VOL. IV.

CONTENTS.

	Page
REVIEW—CROLY ON A STIPENDIARY ROMISH PRIESTHOOD . . .	593
THE ROMANCE OF DON GAYSEROS—From the German of the Baron de La Motte Fouqué	622
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.—Chaps. IX. and X.	625
THE RED CROSS OF BURGUNDY—Chaps. I. II. III. and IV.	646
SONG. By Robert Gilfillan	671
SONNETS—I. II. and III.	672
SONG—Paraphrased from the German of Höltz	673
HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS—THE FIRST NIGHT	674
THE DOWNSHIRE MEETING	691
OLIVER'S ADVICE—ADAPTED TO THE "TIMES THAT BE"	700
DOWNFALL OF SAUL	702
THE BELOVED ONE—From the German of Heine	703
DISMISSAL OF THE WHIGS	704
ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK	707
<hr/>	
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE	712

DUBLIN :

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1834.

VOL. IV.

A STIPENDIARY ROMISH PRIESTHOOD.*

WOULD it be wise or politic to give a state provision to the Roman Catholic clergy? That is the question which the pamphlet before us discusses, and, we would add, *decides*, although the decision to which *we* must come is very different from that of the writer. We are obliged to him for his premises—his facts are invaluable—but we must take the liberty of forming our own conclusions.

Mr. Croly treats the question almost entirely with reference to the prejudices of his own party. He gives a most deplorable picture of the internal condition of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland. Its priests he describes as a species of sturdy beggars, alternately bullying and wheedling the people; finding it necessary to resort to the most degrading meanness to obtain the means of subsistence; and perpetually disgracing the sacred cause in which they are engaged, by the most disgusting insolence and brutality. Although our own experience fully bears out the Rev. Gentleman's statements, and we are perfectly persuaded that, if he "nothing extenuates," neither does he "set down aught in malice," yet they are, we confess, statements which we should not

ourselves have ventured to make; as we could scarcely hope that they would be implicitly received by even our most unprejudiced readers. The simple truth we have long known; but the simple truth appeared so like extravagant falsehood, that, coming from a Protestant witness, it must needs have passed for one of those party exaggerations which could only do discredit to those by whom it had been disseminated or believed. "Come," our English friends would say, "this is really too bad. O'Connell and his tail may draw the long bow a little in describing their priests as the most excellent and exemplary beings upon the face of the earth, but you, surely, do them less than justice in thus confounding them with publicans and sinners." And such an impresssion would be most natural. But, happily, the subject has been taken out of our hands, and it is a Roman Catholic priest who himself discloses the facts, which in any other hands would appear to transgress even the laws of fiction, and induce the cautious reader to exclaim—

"Quodcunque mihi sic ostendis, incredulus odi."

The object of the Rev. Gentleman is, to shew the inconveniences attend-

* An Essay, Religious and Political, on Ecclesiastial Finance, as regards the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, &c. &c. By the Rev. David O. Croly, Parish Priest of Ovens and Aglis.

ing the present dependent condition of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and to reconcile his *own laity* to the measure for a state provision, against which, for factious purposes, they have hitherto made loud objections. For this purpose he goes into a statement of "the ways and means" at present employed in his church to raise the sums requisite for the maintenance of the clergy; and has thus been led to make disclosures by which the more intemperate of his persuasion have been grievously scandalized. We shall make a few quotations for the amusement and the edification of the reader.

"The mode of exacting clerical dues is quite arbitrary and capricious; fixedness and uniformity are out of the question. Almost every thing depends upon the temper and disposition of the clergyman. There are salutary regulations in every diocese respecting church dues as well as other points of church discipline, put forth by episcopal and synodical authority. Specific sums are laid down as the remuneration to be demanded and paid for the performance of such and such religious rights—for the celebration of marriage, or the oblation of the mass, or the half yearly administration of the eucharist. These authorised exactions, as may be supposed, are moderate enough, and would not be at all adequate to supply the wants of an aspiring priesthood. *Every priest, therefore, looking to his peculiar necessities, or to self-interest, makes the most he can of his ministry, and multiplies his exactions without any reference to statute law or episcopal authority.* Owing to this departure from fixed rules, the strangest discrepancy prevails, even in the same diocese, as to the church demands made upon the people. Some priests, in consequence of their extravagance or their avarice, are much more severe in their exactions than others. They make high demands for christenings, for weddings, for masses, for confessions, for funerals. It is a fact, also, that the exactions are continually on the increase, and that the main attention of the clergy appears to be directed towards the enlargement of their incomes. The dues are now double what they were thirty years ago; so that, strange as it may appear, amid the decay of trade and commerce, agriculture and manufactures, the revenues of the Irish Catholic Church are in a constant, steady, progressive state of improvement."

With respect to the decay of trade, Mr. Croly is mistaken. He has, we suppose, taken for granted the assertions of the popish demagogues, whose anti-English views it suited to represent Ireland as a kind of "unfortunate Miss Bailey." But their falsehood has been so fully shown in the late repeal discussion in parliament, that we are surprised a gentleman of the intelligence and candour of Mr. Croly, could, for a moment, lend them any countenance. This, however, is an inadvertency on his part, all things considered, natural enough, and to be accounted for by the obvious fact, that great as has been the increase of Irish prosperity, both trading and agricultural, the increase in the incomes of the popish clergy has been still greater; so that a phenomenon has been presented somewhat similar to that which is exhibited at sea, when a vessel, sailing *with* the tide, so far outstrips its speed, that the current *seems* to run against it.

That the increase of clerical exactions is no more than reasonable, Mr. Croly thus proves:—

"In former times the Catholic clergy lived in the most homely style. In their dress, their manners, their dwellings, their tables, they stood little higher than the common farmers. With a few exceptions, they had no idea whatever of high life—*of being clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day.* They needed not, therefore, such an amount of revenue as is necessary for the more consequential and more expensive clergy of the present times. The state of Catholic society and of the Catholic Church in Ireland, is considerably altered. The humility or the obscurity of former times has entirely disappeared or is forgotten. *The country priest now copes with the country squire, keeps sporting-dogs, controls elections, presides at political clubs, and sits 'cheek by jowl,' at public dinners and public assemblies, with peers of the land and members of parliament.* Would the former humble standard of church revenues be adequate to the expenditure of men of this aspiring and consequential description? The extraordinary exactions, therefore, that are so much complained of, are the necessary consequences of the extraordinary change of circumstances; and if the people, in their savage obstinacy, refuse compliance, what follows but that the present system of finance being unsuited to the times, yet still espoused

by the inconsiderate multitude, the matter should be taken entirely out of their hands, and a new system substituted which would be fully adapted to meet the alteration that has taken place in the religious and political world."

But it is when he descends to particulars, that Mr. Croly is chiefly edifying. The following account of the mode of collecting confession-money will not a little astonish the simple reader :—

"The priest selects one or two houses in every plough-land in the neighbourhood, where he holds, according to appointment, 'stations of confession;' and it is required that the families of all about should meet him when he comes among them on these occasions, should make their confession, receive the holy sacrament, and finally pay the customary dues. It sometimes happens that this business is not transacted quietly. If increased dues are demanded—a thing of occasional occurrence—disagreeable and sometimes scandalous altercations ensue. Similar scenes occur when individuals attend and crave time for payment; while such as absent themselves, *unless they send the dues as an apology*, are generally made the subject of public abuse and exposure. *All these things take place in connexion with the celebration of mass, and the administration of the sacraments, penance, and the eucharist, or supper of the Lord!*

"The custom on the face of it bears an unholy complexion. It transforms religious rites into merchantable commodities; *which the priest prices and turns to his own advantage, in the best manner he can.* He gives and he gets *quid pro quo.* This is the appearance of the thing; and the common people do imagine that they pay their money in lieu of getting confession and absolution. So deeply indeed is this persuasion engraven on their minds, that they consider themselves exempt from the obligation of payment, unless they actually get absolution and the holy sacrament, that is, *value for their money.*"

The scenes which take place at Roman Catholic marriages are then described. Mr. Croly tells us :—

"The first thing done when there is question of marrying a couple, is to make a bargain about the marriage money. This sometimes causes a considerable delay. The remuneration or stipend

prescribed by the diocesan statutes is never thought of for a moment. Indeed, all statutes respecting money matters are a mere dead letter. *The priest drives as hard a bargain as he can, and strives to make the most of the occasion.* Marriages are sometimes broken off in consequence of the supposed exorbitancy of the demands. All this is in opposition to the intention of the Church, and the spirit of religion. It is simony to all intents and purposes—that is, selling a sacrament or spiritual thing for money, and putting on it a worldly value according to the dictates of avarice or caprice, without any reference to fixed rules and regulations. But this is only a preliminary proceeding. Demands of money are made upon such as are present at the marriage—at least, upon the male portion of the assembly. This gives rise not unfrequently to a new and unhallowed scene. The transaction may by chance pass off quietly; that is, when every one contributes according to the wishes and expectations of the clergyman. But this does not always happen. In general the demands are considered unreasonable, and the priest is disappointed in his expectations. Some endeavour to evade the payment of any contribution; others give but little; and the few that please the priest are mere exceptions to the general rule. The clergyman, after begging and intreating for some time to little purpose, gets at length into a rage, utters the most bitter invectives against individuals, abuses perhaps the whole company, and is abused himself in turn; until at length the whole house becomes one frightful scene of confusion and uproar; and all this takes place at the administration of one of the sacraments of the Roman Catholic church!"

Now we soberly ask the intelligent reader, could any caricaturist of rustic life in Ireland, venture, even in fiction, to present to the public so extravagant a picture as this? And, yet, that it is strictly agreeable to matter of fact, is well known to all those who are familiar with the workings of the Romish system. What a comment does it furnish upon the "Traits and Stories" of our admirable countryman, Carleton! How fully does it bear out, how much does it even go beyond his lively and graphical descriptions! Carleton's volumes, as much as they are admired, have not, as yet, had their full praise. No writer has ever depicted

the virtues and vices, "the lights and the shadows" of life, as it is exhibited amongst our peasantry, with a more exact or felicitous adherence to nature. Indeed, an intelligent reader may learn more of the moral and political state of Ireland from an attentive perusal of his interesting pages, than he could glean for himself from a ten years' acquaintance with the country, or gather, by any effort, from any other writings with which we are acquainted. Not the least valuable portion of his labours is that which shows his profound and accurate acquaintance with the character and the workings of the church of Rome; and we would earnestly advise him, when he prints again, not to lose the opportunity of verifying, by quotations from the tract before us, the almost literal correctness of his representations.

The practice of anointing the sick gives rise to some scandalous abuses. What can be more shocking than the following plain description of what takes place?

"The rite is often administered under most distressing circumstances—amid sickness, lamentation, destitution, and want; yet money is demanded in most cases, particularly in the country; and instances occur of payment being demanded before hand, *and even of money being pocketed by the priest, which was given as alms for the relief of the dying.*" "Often when the money is not to be had, bitter words take place in the very hearing and presence of the dying person."

Alas! Alas! can this be *religion*? Are such the worthies upon whom O'Connell and the tail bestow their inflated eulogies? The meek self-renouncing disciples of Christ, whose moderation and gentleness is such a reproach to the greedy and rapacious established clergy! But this delusion cannot last much longer, and, whatever may have been the object of Mr. Croly in writing his pamphlet, to him, undoubtedly, it will be owing that things will very shortly begin to be called by their proper names.

But it is not the laity alone whom the Romish clergy seek to circumvent:

"They are constantly endeavouring to overreach and undermine one another.

Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all covenants or agreements, expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest to the curate; nor the curates, where a number is associated, to one another. Every man gets in what he can; and seems to think that he would be justified in appropriating the entire to himself. But this he cannot do; for he must make *some* return of his receipts; and this he does; but an arbitrary return, maimed, docked, and curtailed. There is no lack of refined casuistry in this matter. The curate says he labours more than the parish priest, and therefore that he is entitled to more than his allotted proportion of the dues. The parish priest, perhaps, will say, that the curate is too well paid, and that he himself should have a larger dividend; and where there are several curates together, one will say that he is the senior, and that he should not be placed on a level with the others. Sometimes they assign a sweeping reason for this clandestine abstraction from the common revenue—namely, that the dues being in themselves indeterminate, and a sort of arbitrary exaction, *they are at liberty to make an arbitrary return!* The consequence of all this is, that church revenue has become a mere scramble—every one striving to seize upon a larger share, and deciding for himself in the appropriation."

Such is the picture which this worthy gentleman, in the simplicity of his heart, gives of the church of Rome in Ireland! Such are the evils which he exhibits and deplores, with a view to convincing his own party of the necessity for a state provision for their clergy. He writes as if he feared that the demagogues of his persuasion were utterly averse to any such measure; but we know them a little better, and can assure him, on good grounds, that, however they may affect to bluster, no such hostility on their part need be seriously apprehended. The liquorish leer with which the sacerdotal agitators look upon the revenues of the establishment, while they affect to cry "sour grapes," can now deceive no one. They feel that their present position is disagreeable; they know that it is insecure; and gladly would they accept of any alternative which held out to them the prospect of a comfort-

able independence. Glad and fain would they be to get the means of "keeping sporting dogs, controlling elections, presiding at political clubs, and sitting cheek by jowl at public dinners and public assemblies, with peers of the land and members of parliament," without the necessity for resorting to the invidious and disagreeable expedients which Mr. Croly has so well described. If government should only press the provision, in a handsome manner, and upon public grounds, although a little make-believe coyness may, at first, be exhibited, the splay-footed gentry are far too wise in their generation, to persevere in an ungracious resistance. In fact, there is now no concealing the fact, that the "night is far spent, and the day is at hand;" and the Romish clergy well know that *their* hay is not to be made when the sun shines.

We will, therefore, set it down as an axiom, that there is very little, if any, difference of opinion between Mr. Croly and his confreres, upon the subject of state provision. *They* are quite as anxious as *he* is, to be relieved from their present humiliating position; and, instead of being *obliged* to their own people for a precarious subsistence, to lay the government of the country under an obligation to them *for accepting*, in lieu of it, a permanent stipend, which may render them easy and independent.

They feel, moreover, that the interest of the order is at stake. It does not require a moiety of their sagacity to perceive, that, if things continue much longer upon their present footing, "the craft" will be in danger. The very warfare which they have been instrumental in raising against the established clergy, is already beginning to tell, with a fearful reaction, against themselves. Alecto or Tysiphone could not readily take upon them the appearance of angels of light; and just as little can the sponsors of the passive resistance system—the patrons and encouragers of the merciless tactics of Captain Rock continue to personate the meek and gentle-hearted ministers of the Gospel. When the pastoral crook has been converted into a sword, and when the word of God is never referred to, but for the purpose of drilling false witnesses in the swearing of an *alibi*,

they may be tolerated as so many sleeping partners in that dreadful conspiracy which is at present arrayed against the property of the church, and which, if successful, will soon be felt to be fatal to all the other Protestant property in the kingdom. But to suppose that the same men can ever be respected, in their purely spiritual character, as religious teachers; and that, when the objects of their hatred and jealousy have been removed, they will be able, still, to tax the credulity and the pockets of their flocks, for the expensive maintenance of a system of gainful delusion; to suppose this, would be to fall into an error by which, we may be perfectly satisfied, *they* are not deceived; and, accordingly, there is nothing they so earnestly desire, as that their adherents should be relieved from any onerous contributions.

At the present day, popery contains nothing which could render it, in this country, properly self-subsistent. It is *buckramed*, as it were, into an ostensible erectness and vigour, by the violence of the democratic principle and the hatred of our Protestant institutions. Whatever hold it may have upon the superstitions of the vulgar, by the demagogues it is regarded and used as a political engine; it is looked upon less as an end, than as an instrument; and as soon as its work of destruction is accomplished, it will, itself, be disregarded. The high-priests of popery see this, and with their usual foresight, would fain provide against it. Never were men who more strikingly exemplified the wisdom of this world, or who exhibited more of practical adroitness in regulating their conduct by the signs of the times. As long as agitation could serve their purposes, it was "agitate, agitate." When a peaceable demeanour became the more advisable course, the disguise of sheep's clothing was always at hand. At one time, when an obnoxious establishment was to be overturned, they scorn any stipend which could, even for a moment, detach them from the people, that they may the more effectually "ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm" of democratic violence, against the mild pastors of that holy religion, by which their senseless superstitions are put to shame. At another, in the full anticipation of the success of their schemes,

they would fain make provision against that period when the angry passions of the multitude will have subsided, and when a regium donum would be a most comfortable succedaneum to the diminished alacrity and the declining zeal of their adherents! It would, to be sure, be a most happy consummation if, just when their own people were about to *let them down*, the government were to *take them up*; and that when the former began to regard them as *not worth their cost*, the latter should consider them as *altogether invaluable*!

But it will be for the sixteen millions of Protestants, who compose the strength and the wealth of the British empire, to say whether there is any good reason why popery in Ireland should be thus far patronized. It has, of late become fashionable to refer to Scotland, in which presbyterianism was established, in compliance with the wishes of the majority of the people, and to ask, why should not popery in this country receive a similar consideration? WHY SHOULD IT NOT BECOME THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION? These are bold words;—but they may be very simply answered, because men who fear God, DARE not do that which would directly tend to extinguish the light of the gospel. That is why popery may not be established in a Protestant state, and never can be established without bringing a curse upon the nation. We take no account at present, of any doctrinal peculiarities, but content ourselves with simply stating, that the mere circumstance of withholding the Scriptures from the laity, constitutes a distinction between the church of Rome and all other reformed churches, as wide as that between darkness and light, and which must render it impossible for consistent Protestants for *any conceivable political objects*, to be consenting parties to the perpetuation of a system in which human devices are substituted for the divine word, and by which the commandments of God have been rendered of none effect by men's traditions. In point of doctrine, the Scottish church differs not materially from the church of England. The members of the former are predestinarians; those of the latter rejoice in the more liberal spirit with which their spiritual mother

regards a matter difficult to be understood; and submit their understandings reverently to all that is edifying, while they eschew all that is perilous in the consideration of God's unfathomable councils. But both agree in protesting against the gross abuses and the monstrous usurpations of the papal church; and both agree, also, in referring to the Scriptures alone as the rule of faith. The agreements therefore are generic and radical, the differences slight and circumstantial.

Here we make no secret of our predilections. The episcopal church is that which appears to us most agreeable to primitive antiquity, and to the letter as well as to the spirit of holy scripture. Others conscientiously differ from us, and they are fully entitled so to do. We only claim for ourselves what we willingly concede to them, the credit of perfect sincerity in our persuasions. The reader need not apprehend that we are about to enter upon the discussion of the "*multum vexata questio*" of ecclesiastical regimen. But this we will observe, that the church of Scotland appears to us to have answered a providential purpose; and that its discipline has been so admirably regulated, that *we* might not do amiss if we in some measure followed its example. Our Scottish brethren will, we are sure, bear with us when we venture to tell them, that their system of church government would not be *worse*, if, in addition to its present excellencies, it could lay claim to a traceable connection with primitive times, and were calculated to act upon the higher class of society by circumstances of more external advantage. And willingly do we concede, that what we must call our more orthodox church would be benefited by some infusion of that pervading vigilance which has been found such an admirable preservative of national faith and morals amongst our neighbours. If they could superinduce our orders and our endowments upon their own discipline, as far as church government is concerned, their system would be almost perfect.

But we must not digress any further from our proper subject. The church of Scotland furnishes no "*point d'appui*" for those who contend for the establishment of popery in Ireland.

The one is but a variety of protestantism, the other is its opposite. The one is merely a different species of wheat, the other is of the nature of tares. While, therefore, we may lament that the former is not the very best of its kind, that furnishes no argument whatever for the proposition that the other is entitled to cultivation. The wise husbandman will neither indiscreetly cherish, nor rashly extirpate them. He will not do the former, lest they should choke the good seed, nor the latter, lest, in rooting up the tares, he should root up also the wheat with them.

And this brings us, at once, to the true distinction between establishment and toleration. A Christian government should feel it to be a bounden duty to provide for the religious improvement of the people. That form of divine worship, which it believes to be most agreeable to the word of God, should be authoritatively established; and so far aided by circumstances, as that all men might, if it so pleased them, avail themselves of its consolations. Other forms, differing very widely from this, may be permitted, but no direct encouragement should be given to them, other than that which they may enjoy from the preference and the zeal of their adherents. A wise government will not interfere, by any penal enactments, with the perfect freedom with which such adherents may worship God according to their consciences; provided they do not plead conscience as an excuse for disturbing social order; but neither will it encourage them to persevere in what it believes to be an erroneous judgment. It will content itself with multiplying, as far as in it lies, the aids and the assistances by which they might be brought to take a juster view of what concerns their eternal interests, and trust, for their gradual improvement, to the influence of time, and the progress of reason. Their first care will be to cause the light of true religion "so to shine before men," in the persons of its votaries, "that they may see their good works, and glorify their Father, who is in heaven."

Now, in proportion as the established religion is agreeable to the word of God, and congenial to the requirements of full-grown human nature,

this plan is sure to be ultimately successful. A dissent from such a system is always caused either by an erratic zeal, or a hoodwinked understanding; and must, in the nature of things, diminish, according as the real grounds upon which it was based, become the subject of enlightened and dispassionate consideration. What dire animosities were excited in the Protestant community, by such simple matters as the band or surplice, in the times of our forefathers! Who could *now* think of regarding them as any very grievous cause of offence, or making them an excuse for sowing strife, and causing divisions amongst Christians? No one, truly. A Presbyterian church we have, indeed, in this country, at the present day; but one the pastors of which are so little tinctured by sectarian prejudices, that many of them have no scruple in dedicating their children to the ministry of the church of England.

The truth is, that, of all such forms of dissent, compared with such an establishment as we have supposed, it may be said, it "must increase," while they "must decrease." They shine but by a reflected lustre; and that only in the absence of the orb of day. Let but the latter arise in its effulgence, and they will speedily become invisible. But, if this be true of the various modifications of Protestantism, which originated in the eccentricity of well-meaning individuals, it is still more true of that system of darkness and superstition, which is built upon the subjugation of the human mind. That cannot, by possibility, co-exist with a state of intellectual advancement. If it be probable that, had the regium donum never been conceded, much that is Presbyterian at present, would have merged into the establishment; it is morally certain that, had Maynooth never been endowed, Popery, in this country, would, ere this, have been extinguished. Its priesthood are an expensive article. They require a tedious process of preliminary preparation. Ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, years must elapse before they become tattooed into the habitudes, and accomplished in the mysteries of their calling; and all this requires pecuniary resources which they are rarely able

to furnish for themselves. So that, had government not kindly stepped forward in their behalf, and established a royal seminary, to which they flock from the highways and ditches, and where they are plentifully fed, and frugally educated, *gratis*, O'Connell would want collectors of his rent, and the "finest peasantry in the world" politico-spiritual advisers.

There is this difference between dissenting and Roman Catholic teachers, the former can create a congregation for themselves, the latter require a ready-made congregation. The influence of the former consists in their power of moving the feelings, that of the latter in the skill with which they can darken the understandings and foster the prejudices of the people. The dissenter can thrive in the midst of privations, and oft times feels abundantly compensated for much of worldly inconvenience and distraction by the sweet consciousness that he is doing the will of HIM who seeth in secret, and will yet reward him openly. The modern Irish Roman Catholic priest is too much addicted to the practice of fasting to know anything of the habit of abstinence, and could never content himself with such meagre fare as locusts and wild honey. In fact, the good things of this world would seem indispensable to them, as a kind of pledge and foretaste of the good things of the world to come.

As yet, all these have been abundantly provided. The government have fed and educated the aspirants to the Romish ministry; and they, as soon as they have entered into holy orders, by uniting their religious with their political character, have been able to make themselves of some importance. But this is a happy state of things which they are very conscious cannot continue much longer. They already make loud complaints of their gentry for not coming forward liberally for their support; and the poor, amongst whom the schoolmaster has not been idle, begin to feel the heavy contributions that are levied from them an almost intolerable burden. Just imagine, then, how desirable it would be, if what was formerly done for the candidates for the priesthood, in the instance of Maynooth, should now be *done* for the priesthood itself by a

provision for the clergy, which should levy, upon *Protestant* property, the funds for their maintenance, and, by relieving their flocks from all pecuniary responsibilities, withdraw from them *one* prompting stimulus to pry too narrowly into their spiritual pretensions. For, the government may be well assured, that Ulysses never watched with a more feverish anxiety the slumbers of Polyphemus, than the Romish priesthood in this country are this moment watching for the awakening reason of their people; and *that*, in the full persuasion, that, as soon as their eyes are wide open, their own contumelious dismissal will be inevitable.

For their influence is altogether founded upon authority: upon the belief they, *and they alone*, are the commissioned ministers of the most high God. This it is, and this only, that sustains their spiritual pretensions. Their power is altogether different from that of the dissenting clergy, who frequently command the admiration of their flocks by their talents and spiritual qualifications. The influence of the one is official, that of the other personal; so that while a suspected flaw in his orthodoxy will not always greatly diminish the estimation of the latter, if once a suspicion is seriously entertained that the high claims of the papal priesthood are founded in error, the whole fabric will be endangered.

Now, nothing is more likely to sharpen the sagacity of the Irish peasantry than the inordinate voracity of their spiritual guides. These gentlemen cannot much longer continue to repeat their demands, without giving rise to questionings which beget a shrewd suspicion that they are not quite so indispensable as is pretended. Every year the burden of their maintenance is paid with more and more reluctance; and the swarms who are annually thrown forth from Maynooth, find it more and more difficult to extract the means of their subsistence. Blessed be the munificence of our Protestant government, if popery should go down in Ireland, it will not be for want of a good supply of Roman Catholic priests. The fable of Tityus has been again realized; and, if the peasantry should only be complaisant enough to present their livers to be devoured, the government

have taken excellent care that there shall be no lack of vultures to devour them. But Paddy is beginning to learn "a trick worth two of that," and will soon have no love whatever for the beaks and the talons of his ghostly advisers. What an ungrateful monster! After all the pains that have been taken to keep him in a state of wholesome darkness, it is feared that the leaven of Protestantism is beginning to ferment within him; so that, strange to say, it will soon be incumbent upon our rulers so take some extraordinary means for the purpose of procuring congregations for the priests, after having been so meritoriously occupied in furnishing priests for the congregations!

And one great step towards this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, will be, a *state provision for the Romish clergy*. At present it is all up-hill work with that class of persons. They are climbing against a steep and almost impracticable ascent, and, aided as they have been by factious influences, they find it hard enough to maintain their ground. But let the political steam-engine be removed, and they would find it utterly impossible to make any progress. Now, a state provision would remedy all this, by taking them off their present slippery ground, and placing them upon a kind of theological rail-road, upon which they may move without let or impediment from the murmurings or suspicions of their flocks, and calculate for the continuance of their system upon the "*vis inertię*" of an unawakened conscience!

It is the appointment of Providence that error should be transitory, and truth alone eternal. "*Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturę judicia confirmat.*" And Popery is a system of delusion which, in Ireland, has, of late years, exhibited many symptoms of being sick at heart. But state physicians have been employed to prescribe for it, by whom its constitution has been renovated; and legislative enactments have taken place in its favour, by which the course of nature herself has been counteracted. If it were only left to itself, it must speedily perish. But, what it could never have hoped for from its friends, its infirmities have been diminished

and its spirit, resuscitated by the officious tampering of those who were reputed to be its enemies. We know very well that they intended nothing less than to do it any real good. But the narcotic by which they hoped it would be paralyzed, has turned out to be an "*elixir vitę*."

It is a fact that, amongst the Romish clergy themselves, a very considerable number is to be found who resemble Mr. Croly in the moderate view which they take of the differences between the two churches. This gentleman does not hesitate to use the following language:—

"The Catholic and Protestant religions do not differ so much from each other as some people imagine, who do not take the trouble of making the necessary enquiry, or who are not competent to the task. The fundamental principles of both are the same—the belief in God, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divinity of Jesus Christ. The respective liturgies—the missal and the book of common prayer—bear a striking resemblance to one another; there is a remarkable correspondence in the selection and arrangement of the respective collects, epistles and gospels for the year. The practice of confession is also recognised in the Protestant liturgy, as well as that of fasting and abstinence. The three creeds, or main standards of orthodoxy, are common to both. The celebration of the Lord's Supper retains all the essentials of the mass; and the essential condition required for the worthy reception of the holy sacrament, purity of conscience, is the same in both churches. Both agree that it is a great sin to receive unworthily; but that the virtue of the body and blood of Christ, or a superabundance of divine grace, is conferred on the worthy communicant. The difference as to the exact nature of the sacrament or its invisible contents, turns principally on metaphysical questions relating to certain attributes of matter called substance and accident. If we except extreme unction, the Protestants admit all the other leading rites of the Roman Catholic church, though they do not give them all the name of sacraments, of which they only admit two, properly so called, baptism and the Lord's Supper. This makes the dispute rather verbal than otherwise. The church of England concurs with the church of Rome in admitting three essential orders of the

hierarchy—bishops, priests, and deacons. Catholic divines acknowledge the subordinate orders to be only of ecclesiastical institution. The dispute concerning papal discipline is more a question of church discipline than of faith. The supremacy of the Pope, as to jurisdiction over the universal church, must be allowed not to be very extensive; for, what extent of jurisdiction did he ever exercise over the Patriarchates of the east, Constantinople, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch? The celibacy of the clergy is admitted on all hands to be a matter of discipline, and could not, by itself, form any ground for quarrel between the two churches. Add to all this, the sameness or identity of their morality as contained in the sacred volume, common to both—the Holy Scriptures; and in their respective liturgies, homilies, sermons, and authorised books of religious instruction. The decalogue forms the common substratum of their moral code; for the dispute concerning image making and image worship, if properly considered, is a matter of little importance.”

Why have we quoted these observations? Is it because we agree with the writer in thinking the differences between the two churches are slight or unimportant? By no means. No. But because we would exemplify to our readers the tendency in the minds of enlightened Roman Catholics to move off from the church of Rome. This, we believe, exists to a much greater extent than is apparent, and many are induced to remain in the bosom of Popery more from a persuasion that salvation *may* be found in it, than from any conviction that it might *not* be found amongst the members of some Protestant communion. Now what effect would a regium donum, or a state provision, have upon such as these? Simply this, that they would stop precisely where they are, and endeavour, like Mr. Croly, to lick their monstrous dogmas into shape. They would take them, for better for worse, for the sake of the dowry that would be annexed, and be reconciled to them as the Israelites were to the odious bondage of their taskmasters, by the comforts which they enjoyed from the flesh-pots of Egypt. This is precisely the effect which the regium donum would have upon them. It would say to them, almost in so many

words, “thus far have you come in your approach towards Protestantism; but *we* are resolved that you shall proceed no farther.”

With respect to the lower classes, a regium donum, or state provision for the clergy, would operate upon them like a lullaby. It would relieve them at once from the pressure of the priest, and arrest the incipient impulse to examine into the grounds of their belief. The melodrame would be better got up, the scenery and decorations of a more attractive kind, and, instead of a door-keeper, to demand admittance-money, they would be all invited to enter and see the show without expense. Could a better expedient be devised for prolonging the influence of a tottering system?

“Well,” it will be said, “all this may be very true; but still it is very important that the Romish clergy should be paid by the state, as such a circumstance must incline them to favour the views of government, and, by rendering them independent of their congregations, enable them more effectually to assist in preserving the public peace.” Such is the manner in which mere politicians reason; and if we consent to bestow some attention upon what they say, let it not be supposed that we at all concede the principle, that any political advantage would not be dearly purchased, by the continuance of a system of spiritual delusion. Shelter in a storm is, no doubt, a desirable thing; but any exposure to the elements would be better than such a shelter as might be afforded under the deadly night-shade.

But we will, for the present, take the proposition as its advocates have stated it, and bestow upon it a little calm consideration. In the first place, it is to be observed, that the individuals who would compose the Roman Catholic priesthood, in case of an endowment, could not differ materially in habits and character from those by whom it is composed at present. A regium donum could not present much attraction to many in the rank of gentlemen; so that the quality of the body would not be materially altered. It would still consist of the children of cottiers and small farmers, whose sympathies would all be with the class from which they sprung, and who would be

just as prone as they are at present, to entertain and to act upon anti-Anglican predilections.

It will be said, that this is but our supposition. True; but may we not reply to our opponents, that the notion which we combat is but theirs. The Romish clergy will know full well, that any stipend which they may receive will be conceded to them, not because they are loved, but because they are feared; and that their importance must depend upon still making themselves felt to be formidable. The respite which their people will receive from pecuniary exactions, will enable them to exercise a greater influence over their minds, which none but the infatuated can suppose will be exercised for any but their own advantage.

They are a very peculiar class of men. They are just raised above the vulgar, without being identified with the genteel portion of society. In manners and habits they are very little, if at all, distinguished from the one; in position they are approximated to the other; and they never cease to feel an uncomfortable consciousness, that there is something of ridiculous contrast between themselves and their pretensions.

By their own gentry they are very much neglected. *Liberal* Protestants, who have electioneering purposes to answer, find their account in paying them some attention. But, while they are quite ready to accept of this attention, it never detaches them for one moment from the interests of their order, nor induces them to abate one particle of the rancour with which they habitually regard our Protestant institutions. Every advantage which has as yet been conferred upon them, has been actively employed against the Established Church. And any further advantages that may be conceded, we may be well assured will be similarly exercised. By a state provision their circumstances would be improved, *but their nature would not be altered.*

And if they were disposed to forego their hostility to British interests, and to discountenance repeal agitation, there are not wanting those by whom their places would be supplied.

"The Catholic clergy," Mr. Croly tells us, "are divided into secular and regular; the latter, commonly called

friars, in whose hands religion assumes peculiar features altogether. The devotional exercises prescribed by them are very different from those prescribed by the secular clergy, who for the most part agree with Protestants in attaching little value to habits, scapularies, cords, agnus dei's, and the bread of St. Nicholas. No doubt, the ignorant and vulgar attach much importance to this consecrated trumpery; but the secular clergy, and the well-informed of the laity, turn it into ridicule, and yet do not on that account cease to be orthodox."

Now, if the priests, in consequence of a state provision, should cease to apply to the people the accustomed political stimulants, this is the body by whom they would be administered, and that with an energy proportioned to their hatred of Protestantism, and their eager desire to outdo their clerical rivals. But we are persuaded the seculars would not so far put themselves in their power; but, on the contrary, avail themselves of their new position to exhibit an undiminished zeal in the cause of misrule and agitation.

If the clergy were paid in the manner proposed, O'Connell could securely calculate upon a permanent body-guard of devoted retainers in every county in Ireland, by whom his wildest wishes would be regarded as law, and would hold themselves in readiness to cooperate with him in his most destructive projects. He would be the individual to whom they would feel themselves indebted for their provision, which would be justly regarded as a reluctant tribute to democratic power; and the influence of the crown was never half so carefully employed for strengthening the monarchy, as this stipend, extorted by sedition and violence, would be in the furtherance of democratic objects.

"But are they not at present the instruments of his power, and how could matters, in that respect, be worse by giving them a provision from the state?" Because the evil would be thereby perpetuated, of which we may hope, if Popery be let alone, at no very distant period to see the end. They find it necessary to *mortgage*, as it were, their spiritual, for the purpose of increasing their political influence; and the bank of public credulity, upon

which they have hitherto so largely drawn, will very soon begin to dishonour their bills ; so that if we only had a steady and vigorous government, every succeeding day would witness a progressive diminution of their importance ; and the demagogue, who disports himself at present in such a full tide of popular power, would very soon be very like a stranded whale.

But we must not omit to cite a passage or two in which Mr. Croly makes some most just and forcible observations upon the manner in which agitation is "got up" in Ireland. Having truly stated, that many of the better classes are driven by terror to join the ranks of the disturbers, he proceeds,

" May we not still go a little further in this delicate work of abstraction? May we not venture to make a selection, to cull and pick even from the very multitude, even from the very 'people'? From the handicraftsmen, from the farmers, from the labourers? Have they all with one mind rushed into the arena of politics, and confederated to remodel or to upset, in spite of every opposition, the laws and institutions of the empire? A great many of these poor people never bestow a thought on such matters. Many, particularly among the comfortable farmers, are only sorry that they were dragged upon the public stage and forced to mingle amongst the turbulent—many, who, if left to themselves, would have attended to nothing but their own private affairs. They joined the crowd under the influence of terror. They had fears for their lives and property, their baggards and dwelling-houses. Let us abstract this class also, and send them to the right about. Who then are the people; or those who would arrogate to themselves the paramount rights of legislation—and who would legislate, too, in a very summary manner—designate, sentence, and execute? *A noisy, daring, desperate, organized faction, numerous, to be sure, and to be found in all quarters; employed with singular dexterity, by skilful leaders, to bring into play the mass of the common people: which task is executed at all hazards—at the expense of justice and social order; for to effect their purpose they make no scruple to set at defiance all laws, both social and divine, leaving no man at liberty to decide for himself, nor any alternative to the timid and peaceable but either to enlist under their banners, or to be visited by their ven-*

geance. In short, a faction, the common disturbers of the public repose, and foes to the wealth, industry, intelligence and virtues of the country—a mere section of a sect, enemies to the Protestant population, to the aristocratic population, Protestant and Catholic, and to the peaceable and well-disposed among all classes of the community."

The precise nature of what is called "public opinion" by the repeal agitators, is thus accurately ascertained :

" A parish meeting is called, say in the parish chapel, to petition parliament for a repeal of the legislative union. Some forty or fifty persons assemble; unless the meeting be called on Sunday, immediately after public prayers; when want of other employment, the convenience of attendance, or curiosity, might cause a larger assemblage. The meetings in the country parishes have been always most part thinly attended even on Sundays. But to the matter in question. Every meeting is graced by the presence of two or three well-trained hackneyed orators—individuals generally of neither means nor character, but glib of tongue and abounding in brass. These active gentlemen concoct every thing, propose every thing, dictate every thing, carry every thing, and conclude every thing. No one indeed would have the hardihood to oppose them.

'The rustics hear, and gaze, and say, Amen.'

The resolutions and petitions are signed, sealed and delivered, and so the business is done. The opinion of the itinerant orators is the opinion of the persons assembled by chance or otherwise; and the opinion of these is the opinion of the parish at large. Such is a sample of the scenes generally acted on these occasions; and as is the sample so is the sack, *ab uno disce omnes*. Even in the cities, at the different parish meetings, we find the same batch of orators constantly figuring away, and always making sure of a competent number of uproarious backers to drown all opposition. Thus the audience, whether consisting of a few simple folk in the country, or a multitude of the working classes in the city, give indeed no opinion of their own, but merely a sort of undefineable assent to what is proposed, under circumstances that leave them no other alternative. The generality of those who give their hearty assent on those occasions, have nothing but a vague idea,

that what is proposed may be for their good, without knowing anything of the why or the wherefore. What is their opinion, therefore, if opinion it is to be called? It is the opinion of a few flip-pant political missionaries, who are employed industriously in the hazardous work of political agitation, which, communicated and recommended to a portion of the ignorant people got together by design, *the great body keeping aloof*, and, in some sort of way reflected back upon the busy propounders, is bandied about, and lauded, and proclaimed as the genuine, deliberate judgment and opinion of the people at large. In a word, these gentlemen managers contrive to wrap up their own bantling in the swaddling clothes of the public, and then characterise the clandestine brat, as the offspring of the community."

Bravo! David O. Croly! you are worth your weight in gold! What from us would sound like extravagant caricature, coming from you will be recognised as a faithful portrait. In truth, never was anything more perfectly descriptive of the worthless, meddling, shallow, unprincipled, and mischievous insignificants, to whom this unfortunate country has been so long abandoned. Can anything further be necessary to prove that government have only to act with vigour, and their career of disorder would be instantly arrested? For there is scarcely any considerable class of persons, either Protestant or Roman Catholic, by whom they are not felt to be a grievance. It is true, the reform bill has given them very considerable power, and it would be proportionately more difficult to deal with them now than before its enactment. But still there is a substratum of good sense in the country, sufficient to make the generality of men feel the importance of maintaining the public tranquillity; and that is so obviously incompatible with the views, and the interests, of agitators, by trade, that we are tempted sometimes to believe our democratic government will, sooner or later, be provoked to undertake a more summary suppression of them, than would be readily contemplated by any ministry under the more happily balanced constitution that has been overthrown. Of this we are sure, that it might be done, not only

with impunity, but with applause. France, in the person of the reigning sovereign, affords an example of what violence may be done to personal liberty, by the professed friends and patrons of constitutional freedom. And Ireland, if we mistake not, is destined to furnish a similar lesson, for the instruction of the neophytes of revolution. Nor will it be before it is wanting; for the tyranny of the lawless has been proved to be more formidable than the tyranny of any laws. At least, this we do not hesitate to pronounce, that if some effectual means be not taken to render life and property secure, the government may as well, at once, renounce their functions, and hand the country over to the tender mercies of O'Connell and the priests, who may, peradventure, deal more gently with us poor Protestants, when we are bound, neck and heels, at their feet, than they might be provoked to do, while we are encouraged to make a vain resistance. At all events, as soon as *their own* objects were attained, there would be no want of a vigorous government in Ireland.

But, whatever may be done by our rulers, no more fatal error could be committed than to attempt an alliance with the priests, by means of a state provision. It would not improve their quality; it would not remove their prejudice; it would not abate their rancour; it would not enlarge their minds. While they were "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," at the expense of government, they would still be ready, as the Americans say, "to go the whole hog" with O'Connell and the tail; and the wise and moderate men, amongst them, who, like Mr. Croly, whether with or without a provision, are desirous to take their stand on the side of social order, would soon be made to feel that the inquisition itself had no terrors more formidable than the vengeance of a brutal and bigoted democracy. The candid and honest man, whose pages have constituted our text, and who appears to us to have written with the sincerest desire to improve the condition of the Roman Catholic church, has already felt that it was not safe to apply a salutary caustic to its proud flesh, or to uncover the abuses which, like har-

rowing ulcers, were eating into its heart's core. *He has been suspended by his bishop, and persecuted by his congregation.* And such would, inevitably be the case, in every instance in which a priest was suspected of being drawn off, by any interested motive, from the cause of "the people." If a state provision detached him from them, his influence would be paralyzed, and he would himself become odious; if, notwithstanding the provision, he continued devoted to them, the government would be only furnishing a rod to whip themselves. In the one case, it would be only so much money thrown away; in the other, it would be so much misemployed in the counteraction of their own objects. The Popish religion would be put upon a more enduring footing; and, as it is in Ireland but the steam-engine of politics, whatever favours its continuance, must only enable the agitator to act against British interests with the more advantage.

We forget the real nature of the question if we omit the consideration of the characteristic differences between Popery in ancient and in modern times. Formerly the sect created the party—now the party continues the sect. The same use which the dogmatists of the Vatican, in old time, made of their political partizans, the anarchists and the new-light disciples of democracy make at the present day of the adherents of Popery. It is, as it were, *the forty-horse power*, by the aid of which they hope to accomplish their objects, viz.—the separation of church and state, and the establishment of republican institutions. Politics were formerly ancillary to Popery, Popery is now ancillary to politics; and as there was no extreme of despotism, which, in the times of James the Second, would not have been advocated by papal politicians, provided only the ascendancy of the infallible church could thereby be effectually secured; so there is no extreme of licentiousness by which the views of the radical party may be promoted, that will not, at the present day, be advocated by political Papists. Let this be exemplified by a passage from the pamphlet before us, which alludes to the conduct of the late Dr. Doyle.

Mr. Croly is describing the view of his own church respecting the reasonableness and the legality of tithes.

"The Protestant church system is nothing but a continuation of the Catholic church system on a less extensive scale. The tithe system, in the transition, and in the course of time, underwent a curtailment. If the reformation had not taken place, or been introduced into the country—if the monarchs of Great Britain had remained obedient children of the holy father, how would the case stand at the present day? Would Dr. Doyle have denounced the tithes as a devouring impost, or put up his famous prayer that 'the hatred of the people to tithes may prove as lasting as their love of justice?' Would he have preached up the doctrine of passive resistance, and in the effervescence of his anti-tithe zeal, given occasion to such shootings, hangings, massacres, and outrages without number, and of the most revolting description? Would he, to accomplish his purpose, HAVE ASSISTED IN LOOSENING THE BONDS OF SOCIETY, AND MAKING RELIGION ANCILLARY TO DISORDER AND INSUBORDINATION? Would he have made war upon his own revenues, denounced the property of the church, and set himself in opposition to the Christian world? We opine not. Otherwise he would have reaped the fatal consequences of his perverse singularity. He would have brought the sovereign pontiff about his ears—been classed with Wickliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and the Vadois, stripped of his episcopal dignity, and ejected from the pale of the church; he would have been deafened by the thunder, and blasted by the lightning of the Vatican."

But of Dr. Doyle it might be said, indeed we have some recollection that he said of himself—

"Tempora mutantur, et nos cum illis mutamur."

The period had long gone by when the thunder or lightnings of the Vatican might be apprehended. He could afford to sport with its dogmas much more safely than with the favourite political paradoxes of his patrons and admirers at home; and while his orthodoxy remained unimpeached, notwithstanding his startling departure from some of the opinions and maxims of the sagest doctors of his church, the slightest hint from which it might be collected that he preferred the

ascendency of his order to the interest of his party, would have annihilated his political importance.

Poor Dr. Doyle! It is believed that the latter period of his life would, *if all were known*, present him in very full contrast to the character in which he appeared while he was possessed by the spirit of agitation. It is understood that a posthumous work of his is at present in the press, from which some interesting disclosures are expected. He was a man of some learning and much sagacity; of an ardent spirit and an enquiring mind; and it would surprise us much if he did not feel occasionally the bondage of spirit under which he must have suffered in that church, the service of which is *not* perfect freedom. Carleton's affecting story of the priest's funeral may have but described his fate by anticipation!

Such being the altered character of the popish religion in this country, nothing could be more preposterous than the notion that its clergy could be converted, by a state provision, into an instrument of good government, or induced to lend even a passive acquiescence to the promotion of British or Protestant objects. They may, indeed, aggravate the storm which causes the troubled ocean of Irish politics to heave with such frightful commotion, but they cannot pour oil upon the waves; they may assist, and they have assisted, in raising the evil spirit, but they cannot lay it—and they have only raised it to become its slaves. The rider who has got mounted upon an unbroken or vigorous young horse, and who is willing to let him *have his own way*, may, for a time, *appear* to have the management of him; but let him only apply the curb, or attempt to bend him out of his course, and the mistake will immediately be apparent: the animal will kick and fling, and the discomfited rider will soon find that he must either be unseated with disgrace, or submit to be run away with.

A state provision! Why, if the government were charitably disposed to build hospitals for decayed ecclesiastics of the Romish persuasion, the thing is intelligible; but if they expect any service in return, any *quid pro quo*, never were politicians more egregiously mistaken. The Romish clergy

could not, even if they would, assist them; for they cannot serve two masters, and they are indentured to the demagogues for a term that will, in all probability, outlast the predestined duration of their church. But they would not assist them, even if they could; for a hatred of Protestant England is imbedded in their heart's core; and if they consent to receive its pay, it will only be because it increases their power of mischief. They may conceive that a government stipend is best employed in the promotion of agitation, as the lower classes, in the liberty of this city, when they get drunk upon the alms of the benevolent members of the church of England, are in the habit of excusing themselves by saying—"Oh, sure a Protestant's money is good for nothing but buying whiskey!"

Canada has often been referred to as a country that strikingly exemplifies the policy of providing well for the Roman Catholic priesthood; and if we did not know individuals of very considerable attainments who have been deceived by the fancied precedent, we should say that it was one of those false analogies by which none but the most superficial could be led astray.

Canada was a French colony, which became ours by right of conquest. It submitted to the British arms upon condition of retaining the language, the laws, and the religion to which it had been accustomed. Its priesthood, therefore, were never disturbed in the possession of their ecclesiastical immunities, but continued to enjoy, under British protection, the same customs, rights, and privileges, to which, under the mother country, they were entitled. Whether this was a wise arrangement, or one which was justified by the necessity of the case, we will not at present stop to enquire. Suffice it to say, that it presents us with a very different state of things from what we are invited to contemplate in Ireland. All that can be fairly inferred from it is, that the Canadians got from us all that they could desire, and they have not been discontented. Their religion has been established by law; tithes have been secured to them; their prelates take their seat in the councils of the government; the debates are conducted in the French language; property is re-

gulated by the complicated and inconvenient system of the old French law; and, as long as no innovation has been attempted in any of these particulars, wherein they enjoy such peculiar and exclusive advantages, the *Bonet rouges* have been good subjects. Wonderful, indeed! Is it proposed to carry conciliation to a similar length before a similar result is to be looked for in Ireland?

But that, we are told, is not all; Canada is remarkable for the absence of religious animosity. Protestants and Catholics mingle together upon terms of the kindest intimacy; and one never hears of the strife and discord with which this unfortunate country is infested. The statement is very true, and the fact would be very pleasing, if we were perfectly satisfied that it did not indicate quite as much of religious indifference as it does of Christian charity. But be that as it may, while we are ready to admit, that the establishment of the Roman Catholic church in Canada has not been attended with any disastrous political consequences, we would reason inconclusively if we, therefore, maintained that a similar experiment might be safely tried amongst ourselves.

In Canada the population were all royalists; they were attached to kingly government, and were repelled rather than attracted by the republican institutions of their neighbours. When, therefore, their laws and their religion were secured to them, they had nothing further to desire. In Ireland, in modern times, religion has become the mere stalking-horse of politics; and there are few who would be rash enough to affirm, that the views of the demagogues are confined to merely ecclesiastical objects. We believe it may be said, without much exaggeration, that there is amongst them no very ardent attachment to royalty, and no very violent antipathy to republicanism; and that they would not be very greatly shocked, even if it were clearly proved, that their measures must lead to the dismemberment of the empire. So that which was the *resting-place* in Canada, would be but the *starting-post* in Ireland. Privileges which ensured tranquillity in the one country, would be but the precursors of discord in the other. But little evil need be ap-

prehended from endowing a priesthood whose politics were *with* the government. But little good could be expected from endowing a priesthood whose politics were *against* them.

These considerations sufficiently evince that the case of Canada is not one in point; and that those who refer to it, make no better use of history than if it were an "old almanack." They are misled by a resemblance as vague as that which Fluellen discovered between Monmouth and Macedon; and totally overlook the important, discriminating features, which would prove to more discerning observers that, what, in the one case, was a wholesome medicine, might in the other, be a deadly poison.

If Canada were a country in which experience demonstrated that the people were repeatedly stirred up to sedition and revolt by religious considerations; if this was so to such a degree as to necessitate the infliction of civil disabilities, from the proved incompatibility between the profession of the Romish religion and the safe enjoyment of constitutional privileges by Roman Catholic subjects; if the people were accordingly, for more than a century, deprived of political power, until many of their descendants began to forget the offences by which the penal enactments were justified, and only to feel their severity and their degradation—if a struggle then commenced for the reassumption of what they conceived to be their rights, which set them at variance with their more favoured fellow subjects; if this contest was carried on, on both sides, in a spirit that partook largely of religious and political bitterness; if a feeling were thus generated in the Roman Catholic community, by which they were held together, and enabled to subsist *as a party*, long after they might have fallen *asunder as a sect*; if that amelioration in the spirit of their religion, which time and the progress of reason has produced in other countries, were thus arrested; if the combination of these circumstances render them peculiarly susceptible of infection from doctrines which were calculated to sap the foundation of social order; if, in process of time, religious gave place to political objects; if the influence formerly possessed by the

priest, were transferred to the demagogue; and if the priest, in order to retain any influence, found it necessary to become either an active or a passive party to a system of seditious agitation; if, as a concession to the most insolent and outrageous violence, the disabilities were at length removed, and the parties thus relieved, in violation of the most solemn pledges, made the first use of their new privileges to attack the established religion; if it clearly appeared, that the priests were more influenced by the wishes of the people, than the people by the wishes of the priests, and that while the latter were powerless for good, they were powerful for evil; if this abuse of their sacred calling, together with the diffusion of scriptural information, had disgusted many of the more respectable of their former adherents, and that such was the indifference with which they were beginning to be regarded, it was morally certain their order could not be continued, had not a royal college been founded by government for their eleemosynary maintenance and education; if a description of individuals were thus brought into the ministry at the public expense, whose habits and qualifications unfitted them for intercourse with the higher classes, and who eagerly identified themselves, on every occasion where it was safe or politic to do so, with the ringleaders of sedition and the fomenters of civil discord; if all these circumstances, together with the arts and the violence to which they were obliged to have recourse for the purpose of procuring a subsistence, were gradually undermining the papal system, so that, humanly speaking, it could scarcely survive another generation; if Canada were a country which might be thus described, it will be readily granted that it would present a very striking analogy to the state of Ireland; and if it were found that, under these circumstances, a state provision for the priests would not arrest the decline of popery, and would both induce and enable those who enjoyed it, to act the part of good subjects; *that it would reconfer upon them all that moral influence which formerly belonged to them as the priesthood of a sect, and divest them of all that political rancour, which, in latter times, characterised them*

VOL. IV.

as the leaders of a party; if a state provision could do all this; if it was proved by experience that it could thus change the nature of man, and alter the established connexion between ignorance, and bigotry, and violence, and discord; if the Romish clergy, upon receipt of it, ceased to be demagogues themselves, and were found efficient in controlling the spirit of democracy in others; if all this were thus exemplified in Canada, there would be no good reason for declining to make the experiment in Ireland. But until some such case is made out, let us not be insulted by the stupid and disgusting sophistry of the charlatans, who would delude, or the pitiable ignorance and imbecility of the sciolists, who are themselves deluded.

We have dwelt at so much length upon this view of the subject, because it is one that has been often insisted on, as forming an irresistible political inducement for paying the Romish priests in this country, and will, in all probability, in the ensuing session of parliament, be again employed for the same purpose. Indeed it is sickening to be obliged to endure the flippant ignorance which, now-a-days, passes for political wisdom. Absurdities which, in any other place, would stamp indelible disgrace, are in our senate the passports to emolument and distinction! As if politics were the only study which was destined never to rise to the rank of a science, and as if, while in any of the other liberal professions, a severe strictness of reasoning were required and exemplified, in that which ought to be the very highest and most ennobling profession of all, it were *illiberal* not to suffer the most unfounded analogies to hold the place of legitimate argumentation! Does not this indicate a deficiency in the system of our universities, which should call for the immediate application of some remedy, by which the minds of those who legislate for us, might be placed more upon a level with their important duties than they are at present?

In reality, what does the example of Canada prove, and how far is it valuable? It proves, that, in a country where there was no cause of political strife or bitterness between the subjects and the government, the professors

of the Roman Catholic religion might be safely permitted to enjoy extensive political advantages ; that, where the political prejudices of the people were in favour of the government, and against pernicious innovation, the religion was harmless ; that a priesthood who have every thing they could desire in greater security and fuller enjoyment than their brethren, in the most favoured Catholic countries, were attached to a government by which they were thus cherished, and were not moved or seduced, by any spirit of religious bigotry, to throw off their allegiance. It certainly proves all this ; and we make the Irish demagogues and the English liberals a compliment of this inference, if they think that it can serve their purpose. But it also proves something more ; it proves, at least to our apprehension, that the establishment of the Romish religion in Canada, has enabled it to resist the progress of spiritual improvement. It has given a certain degree of fixedness and permanency to a system of error, by which, as far as it has any influence, the spirit of the gospel must be obstructed.

This will be deemed, by many of our opponents, but a very little matter, and one which should never be insisted on, to the prejudice of arrangements by which great political objects might be secured. We are, we confess, too old-fashioned for this. Our antiquated prejudices in favour of Christianity, are too strong to allow us to entertain the notion that the truth of God ought to wait upon human convenience. We could not bring ourselves even to a passive acquiescence in the principle, that an enormous system of spiritual error ought to be cherished and perpetuated, merely because it may serve the purposes of the minister of the day. Such would, to our minds, involve a fatal dereliction of our bounden duty ; nor could we, in any case, without being guilty in the sight of God, extend to any such system, anything beyond the most perfect toleration. We will also add, that it is our belief, that those who acted on the opposite principle, and sought to attain temporal ends by the sacrifice, or the neglect, of true religion, would, in the long run, find themselves disappointed, and that, if they "sowed the wind,"

they would, assuredly, "reap the whirlwind."

But, we will be told, whatever may be our opinions, such are not those of the British government, which has already, in its treatment of the Roman Catholics, proceeded a great deal beyond the most perfect toleration. It will be right, on this part of the subject, to let Mr. Croly speak for himself ; he is arguing with the zealots of his own persuasion, in the favour of a state provision, and pleading the example of all the rest of Christendom, on behalf of a permanent endowment.

"The dependent state of the Catholic church in Ireland, is an exception," he says, "to the general rule ; the necessary result of untoward circumstances ; and opposed to the wishes, as well as the discipline of the universal church. The anti-establishment gentlemen go in the teeth of all this, and would fain change the discipline of the church altogether, would dethrone the pope, annul the general councils, destroy the prescription of 1500 years, and, in defiance of reason and order, turn the exception into the general rule. The disciples of Socinus, or the semi-Christians who would place the church upon a new foundation, may venture to proceed to such extremes ; but Catholics, or persons calling themselves Catholics, cannot do so without transgressing the rules of logic, and overstepping the limits of orthodoxy. But let us go into some particulars respecting the actual state of the Catholic church in Ireland, immediately touching this matter. Is it totally severed from the state, and totally dependent upon the alms of the people ? Such is not the case. The great seminary that recruits the priesthood, is a government establishment. *What was this but to lay the foundation for the alliance so much deprecated ?* This treaty of amity and alliance was also entered into at a time, when the penal code existed almost in full, upon the statute book, and the government was, essentially, anti-Catholic. No doubt, if the new system of political agitation happened to be fashionable at that period, if the priesthood were yoked to the chariot-wheels of domineering demagogues, this regium donum would have been reprobated, would neither have been solicited nor accepted ; and the hierarchy, who, left to themselves, received with

thankfulness the bounty of the legislature, would have been necessitated to keep aloof on the occasion, and to abandon the interest of the Catholic religion. But agitation was then only in embryo, the bishops were at liberty to act, and the Royal College of St. Patrick, at Maynooth, was established. To this royal endowment should be added the jail, and other chaplaincies; which are nothing more or less than legal, or government, appointments. May we not also include the parochial schools every where established, or in course of establishment, under the new board of education, with the concurrence and cooperation of the Irish Catholic hierarchy? *All this shows that the great work of church and state alliance, amid all the uproar against it, has made some progress, and is not likely to retrograde.* But let us not confine ourselves to this portion of the British dominions. Catholic church establishments are in existence, and in the way of formation in other parts of the empire. Canada—that great colony—had always an establishment of the kind upheld, now for a long period, by British power and British law. A Catholic church establishment has been formed for the Isle of France, and other dependencies in that quarter; and one is in the progress of formation for a section of Hindostan. What will our noisy separatists say to all this? Will they demand the suppression of the Royal College of Maynooth, the dismissal of the jail chaplains, or that they must depend for their subsistence upon the offerings of the poor prisoners; the subversion of the church establishment in Canada; the revocation of the pension paid to the bishop of the Isle of France and his subordinate clergy; and that a stop should be instantly put to the formation of the new establishment in India? Let them, if they wish to be consistent, demand all this, as necessary for the purity of religion and the preservation of civil liberty. But if they make no such demand, if they acquiesce in the progress making toward the completion of that very system they pretend to combat, what remains but that they acknowledge their error; that they unwittingly undertook a task of an unseemly description—a task inconsistent with their own admissions, and at variance with the religion they profess—a task that neither can nor ought to be accomplished."

It must be allowed that Mr. Croly

pleads well, and that the gainsayers of his party will find it hard to reason consistently against his statements. Indeed we have before intimated our persuasion, that the rev. gentleman has here undertaken a work of supererogation. For the demagogues know very well, that a state provision *would not* have the effect of taking the clergy out of their hands; and *that* is the only consideration that can influence *them* to object against it.

We can only lament that the case should be as he describes it; and that our government should have done so much more for the stability and permanency of the Roman Catholic religion, than, in the present enlightened state of public opinion, *Roman Catholics would have thought of doing for it themselves.* It was a species of culpable mispolicy, the evil consequences of which are already sadly apparent, and of which, it is much to be feared, we have not as yet seen the end. As Mr. Croly states, the government by whom these boons were conferred, was a strong, anti-Catholic government; and one which strenuously resisted the measure of emancipation. And yet, had emancipation been then granted, in its fullest extent, it could not, by possibility, have done more mischief; nay, there are many wise and good men who firmly believe, that if Maynooth had never been endowed, the decline of popery would have been accelerated by the complete removal of civil disabilities at the time of the union.

It was, we believe, imagined by the politicians of that day, that the Roman Catholics would have been grateful for the indulgence thus extended to them, and that their priesthood would become attached to a government by which they were so graciously regarded. The guilt and the mischief of perpetuating the spirit, and recruiting the missionaries of a corrupt and degrading superstition was overlooked. It would have been deemed bigoted and illiberal to advert for a moment to such considerations. Important political benefits were expected from the measure, and every thing else was a matter of indifference to our statesmen. But how awfully has Almighty God made the natural consequences of this insane proceeding its own punishment! Have

not the Roman Catholic priesthood ever since been thorns in the sides of the government? Have they not been the passive promoters, at least, of a system of seditious violence, by which the church has been all but overthrown? How far have they sought to counteract the madness of the multitude in their desire for a repeal of the legislative union? How far have their efforts been available for the repression of that system of mid-day assassination, by which life and property have been rendered so perilously insecure? Let what is known of the writings of Dr. Doyle—let Mr. Croly's description of the conduct of many of his brethren—let the late resolutions of the Roman Catholic bishops (*late indeed,*) forbidding the temples of God to be *any longer* converted into theatres of sedition, and calling upon the Roman Catholic clergy to avoid, *for the future*, mixing themselves up with politics, and becoming the high priests of high treason—let, in a word, THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND answer these questions; and it will then be seen how far Maynooth has accomplished the intentions of its founders. It will then be seen how far its establishment was a politic measure, and how far the liberal disregard of sectarian prejudices, which was therein manifested, has contributed to the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

But there is one point in which this subject must be viewed, and in which it appears to us that our rulers have contracted a responsibility of which they little dreamed when this institution was founded. It has been already observed that its establishment took place at a time when the progress of knowledge was beginning to produce its natural effect upon the Roman Catholic gentry. The liberal professions had been thrown open to them; and although no great noise was made about conversion, yet they were every day, quietly and unostentatiously, coming over to the established church. It was not, therefore, from *their* body that the candidates for the ministry could be expected. In point of fact, there were few Roman Catholic gentlemen who would not as soon have thought of making their sons conjurors, as of making them priests. This object of ambition was, accordingly, abandoned

to the very humblest classes of the Roman Catholic peasantry, upon whom it naturally operated as an additional bond of attachment to their church; the parents viewing, with increased partiality, a system which promised, in so many instances, such a desirable provision for their children. Of these, some entered heartily into the views of the most thorough-going zealots of popery; and the pulpit and the press, the committee-room and the hustings, bear ample evidence to the manner in which they have been enabled to act upon the religious, the national, and the hereditary antipathies of an ignorant, a susceptible, and an imaginative people. Thus it was that the government had their reward. But there were others who were somewhat differently affected. These entered the seminary sincere believers in the doctrines of popery; but, in process of time, doubts arose, by which inquiries were suggested, which have led, in the end, to more enlightened persuasions; but not, it may be, until the unhappy student *has been irretrievably implicated in ordination vows*. What, under such circumstances, is he to do? If he openly departs from popery, he encounters a degree of obloquy and persecution of which none but those who have witnessed it can form the least idea; and which it requires the utmost fortitude to confront and to endure. If he remain in the Roman Catholic church, his conscience must be offended, and he must carry about with him a weight of secret guilt by which his peace of mind must be destroyed. He will try, perhaps, to take refuge in infidelity, and his last end may thus be worse than his first. But can those who, professing to believe popery to be a system of delusion, nevertheless placed before him the glittering prizes by which he was drawn into this deplorable condition, *in which nothing but the actual guilt of apostacy can save him from the execrations which follow an apostate*; a condition in which, if he fears God, he must prepare to encounter the utmost malice of men; and in which he can only escape human obloquy *by deservedly incurring divine vengeance*; can they, we ask, be wholly blameless? Have they not put a bridle in the jaws of the people, *causing them to err*? Have they not

contributed thus to draw a hedge of thorns round the path of those, who might have found some way of escape from the grievous errors in which they had been brought up, had they not been thus circumvented? And have they not created a conflict between duty and conscience, which, no matter how it terminates, must involve its unhappy victim either in misery or sin? Such we believe to have been the case in hundreds of instances. And we cannot contemplate a Christian government continuing thus to multiply stumbling-blocks of iniquity, without the most painful apprehensions.

Now, all this has proceeded from the utter forgetfulness of the plain distinction between establishment and toleration. Popery was at one time treated with, perhaps, an unjustifiable severity; at another with a most capricious indulgence. Like the half-witted traveller in the fable, our government at one time overloaded the donkey, and at another attempted to carry it upon their back. Now, truth was rendered invidious by the persecution of error; again error was rendered triumphant, by the neglect or abandonment of truth. Whereas, if the government had proceeded quietly and steadily, neither repressing by undue severity, nor aiding by extravagant indulgence, things would have taken their natural course, and the light of the day does not more certainly dispel the clouds of night, than popery would have gradually melted away before the progress of reason.

But, just as the injudicious tampering of the quack often converts an *acute* disease into a *chronic*, so has the empiricism of blundering politicians given an almost incorrigible fixedness and persistency to popery in Ireland. It now actually rejoices in the protection and patronage of the state; and makes what has been done for it from compassion, in the day of its humiliation, *the first fruits, as it were, of that insatuated liberality by which its wildest ambition is to be ultimately realized.*

If any reader doubts respecting the national guilt that has been incurred in the establishment of Maynooth, let him only consider whether he would feel himself justified in establishing upon his estate, a seminary for the education of Roman Catholic ecclesi-

astics, which should have the effect of drawing the lowest of his tenantry into studies intended to confirm them in the dogmas of popery, and nevertheless excite such doubts of the truth of the religion in which they had been brought up, as must cause a serious conflict between their reason and their faith, and end either in the insincere profession of an unscriptural dogma, or such a renunciation of it as must produce the most violent and unrelenting persecution; let any reasonable and considerate *Protestant* say whether he would, willingly, be the instrument of all this; and if not, can he hesitate to pronounce, that that which would be unjustifiable in the individual, cannot be justifiable in the nation; and that he should not assent, as a legislator, to an act, which he could not sanction, for one moment, as a sincere Christian or an honest man?

In matters relating to temporal concerns, the absurdity of such a proceeding would at once be seen. The children of this world are, proverbially, wiser in their generation than the children of light. If it were proposed to any of the Protestant patrons of Maynooth to endow an institution for the purpose of counteracting the progress of knowledge and improvement in any of the arts or sciences, they would scout the proposition with disdain. Nothing could induce them to be consenting parties to the establishment of a club, the objects of which should be to encourage the prejudice against vaccination, or to augment the senseless outcry against the use of machinery, which prevails to such an extent amongst the working classes. And why is it that *that* is considered allowable and even reputed liberal in the case of religion, which would be stigmatised as folly, or punished as wickedness, in any thing concerning the civil or social interests of the kingdom? Can it be from any other cause than that the one are regarded as realities, and the other treated like fictions?

In India, the Brahmins still persevere in preferring the Ptolomæic to the Copernican theory of astronomy. All their calculations, respecting the celestial phenomena, proceed upon the principles of the former. And if the government were to establish a college for

their education, in which the domination of cycles and epi-cycles was to be restored, and the principle of gravitation rejected, it would be but a counterpart of their conduct in this country, where they have endowed a seminary for the purpose of teaching a system which eclipses the Gospel.

There are some who affect to believe that a state provision would be the surest and the speediest mode of causing the decline of popery. Sapient legislators! They have failed to extinguish it by severity, and they would now fain kill it with kindness! Their gifts are intended to resemble Dejanira's present to Hercules; or, at least, Popery is to be surfeited with such a profusion of good things, that it must ultimately be smothered in its own fat. Such is the benevolence with which it is regarded! All this, of course, is to be buried in profound concealment; so that the modern Gamaliels may not have the slightest suspicion of the perils that await them. They are still to be unbounded in *their gratitude* towards their hospitable entertainers, and not to harbour a single thought that evil is before them, while

"Pleased to the last, they crop the flowery food,
And lick the hand just raised to shed their blood."

But it is just possible that these gentlemen may overrate their own sagacity, and underrate the shrewdness of the Roman Catholic priests. They may depend upon it, that that class of men are not so easily *done* as they imagine; and that instead of any such result as that to which they look forward, being produced by their measure, the fable of the biter bitten is much more likely to be realized.

They forget that in Popery the *office* of the priest is of more importance than the *character* of the man. Like charity, it can cover a multitude of sins. Sporting Father Maguire, of well-known notoriety, is, probably, at this moment, the most popular priest in Ireland. They forget, that the religion is, essentially, a religion to engage the senses—that gorgeousness and splendour are powerful auxiliaries to it—and that a supply of tinsel is absolutely indispensable to enable it to sparkle and glisten in the eyes of the people. Popery, they may be perfectly

secure, will bear a great deal of pomp without being encumbered by it, and will never take harm from any thing that enables its clergy to appear to advantage. There is this important distinction between a religion of faith and a religion of works, that the former affords no countenance whatever to that system of *compensation* that obtains in the latter, and which allows the individual who has duly performed a regular routine of prescribed duties, to indulge pretty largely in worldly enjoyments. The priests, therefore, will find no manner of inconvenience in any increase of personal comfort that may enable them to appear respectable in the eyes of their people without putting them to expense. Riches might, indeed, prove a snare to a reformed clergy, to whom worldly advantages do not usually bring with them any increase of estimation. But to their reverences of the church of Rome, they are quite another thing. To them they would be the implements of their trade, and the certain means of increasing their importance; the element in which they might disport themselves, not only with pleasure, but with profit, but in which their less buoyant rivals would only find a watery grave—

"So have we seen, from Thames' fair brink,
A flock of geese plump down together—
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather."

But if the experiment of Maynooth has not convinced the government that no good result is to be expected from endowing the Roman Catholic clergy, we have nothing more to say. Expectations precisely such as those now entertained, were then with equal confidence put forward, and experience has proved them all to have been unfounded. And this was at a time when the Romish clergy by no means took the decided part in politics which they do at present. Now they are men largely invested with political power, and identified with that party by whom the country has been agitated. They are the muster-masters of the squadrons by whose aid the repeal battle is to be fought; and if any funds which may be allocated for their maintenance

be employed in the service of the arch demagogue, rather than in that of those by whom they were granted, we will not have to complain so much of *their* treachery as of *our own* infatuation.

But, it will be asked, if they are so powerful, is it not dangerous to neglect them? Ought they to be left in the hands of the people? We answer, it is much better that they should be in the hands of the people, than that the people should be in their hands; for, depend upon it, if we suffer them to press, as they have hitherto done, upon the Roman Catholic community, they are a burden that will not be borne much longer. And, with respect to their power, if the government are not prepared to vindicate the authority of the laws, it is idle to talk of legitimate government in Ireland. A *black mail* is a melancholy resource; it is a confession of weakness that can only cause contempt; and of this we are persuaded, that by any tribute which may be thus conceded, while their inclinations would not be improved, their power would be perpetuated and augmented.

Whatever the established clergy might be made to the government *de jure*, *they* would be to those who must now be called the government *de facto* of Ireland. Their spiritual have long since merged in their political functions. They are the satellites of a fierce and turbulent democracy, and however British munificence may gild them with its beams, they will continue to revolve in the circles determined by the laws of political gravitation, till nature herself shall change. When Saturn may be unsphered by a legislative act, then, and not until then, may *they* be expected to shine with a benignant aspect upon the destinies of Ireland.

It is certainly most preposterous in the government to exhibit so much anxiety to sooth and to gratify those who never can be conciliated, who will still employ all the favours and benefits which they receive, in the service of those who are enemies to the peace and the weal of the country, while so much is done to discountenance, and even persecute the enlightened and suffering clergy of the established church, whom scarcely any neglect can alienate, or any injuries render resentful. They

are, confessedly, the mildest of landlords. They did much to supply the places of an absentee gentry; and had they but experienced the ordinary support to which every loyal subject in this free country is entitled—nay, had not the system to which they have been exposed, been not merely connived at, but encouraged by those by whom it should have been suppressed, they would have been as popular as they were useful. Theirs was a faith which worked by love; and its benignant influence was felt far beyond the limits of their own communion. In how many instances do the Roman Catholic peasantry, this moment, deplore the absence of those amiable evangelists who have been driven from their homes, and who, as long as they had a home, were sources of blessing and benefits to their neighbours! Their hearts were ever open to the cry of distress; and it was well known, and universally acknowledged, that no sectarian jealousy ever narrowed the range of their Christian charity. It was, literally, like the “sun which shineth upon the just and upon the unjust: and the rain which falleth upon the evil and upon the good.”

Alas! it is through tearful eyes we look upon some of the pictures which now arise before us; for “we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen,” although a hardened and incredulous generation may not “receive our witness.” Reader, the martyred Irvine Whitty was our friend. How often have we witnessed that mild good man, in his rounds of pastoral duty, dispensing comforts and consolations to all around him, without any reference to their respective creeds; counseling the disorderly, admonishing the imprudent, instructing the ignorant, and reproofing the profane! How often have we been able to trace the secret alms by which he caused gladness and rejoicing in the solitary cottage,

“Where the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude.”

And how often have our hearts been melted by the sight of the stream of applicants who came continually to his house for counsel or for assistance, and no one of whom was ever sent empty away! If ever there was a

man to whom the beautiful description in the book of Job was strictly applicable, it was this meek and gentle minister of the Gospel. "When the eye saw him, it blessed him, and when the ear heard him, it gave witness unto him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he made the widow's heart to sing for joy." But what was his earthly reward? Ruthless and savage murder! The dark assassin scowled upon him, and he fell! And his blood is still unavenged! And his murderers walk abroad in perfect liberty! "How long, O Lord! holy and just, how long?"*

But these are themes that overpower us; and were we to dwell upon them, our pages would be converted into elegies and epitaphs for our martyred clergy. They have, indeed, been called to the fellowship of suffering; and that they may prove equal to the mighty conflict in which they are engaged with the powers of evil, and pass purified through their fiery trial, should be, with every good man, a subject of fervent prayer. We believe the instances are few in which they have not exhibited a Christian fortitude and resignation that have touched the hearts of even their bitterest enemies.†

It has been often said that it was a hardship to compel Roman Catholics

* The following sketch of Mr. Whitty's character, written by the Rev. Henry Woodward, is at once so just and beautiful, that it is impossible to avoid introducing it in this place:—"Mr. Whitty was what, in the very best days of the Church, would have been considered a genuine portrait and happy exemplification of the character of a Christian pastor. His habits, his disposition, his religious views, and the peculiar temperament of his piety, were precisely suited to the office of a parish minister. The crowded meeting and commanding platform (much as he loved and honoured those who pleaded for his Master there) were nevertheless not his element. His study, his home, and his parish, these were the scenes most congenial to his calm and heavenly mind. In his study he conversed with his Bible, with his own heart, and with that God in whose bosom he now reposes.

"Mr. Whitty was in his family the most amiable of human beings. It was his constant study to win the affections of its several members, in order that he might draw their minds by the gentlest cords into all the good he wished them. In forbearance and patience with the frailties of those around him, he was perhaps unequalled; and such was his constant flow of Christian cheerfulness, that he could shed throughout the domestic circle that truly innocent gaiety, so often talked of and so seldom found.

"In the wider circle of his parish and neighbourhood, Mr. Whitty was precisely what a clergyman ought to be. To his superiors he had the happiest art of making his office acceptable. He had an unfeigned respect for every ordinance of God. His deference to rank was the result of true humility, and a full contentment with his own estate; easy and affectionate in his address, because he loved their souls, he nevertheless was faithful and undaunted in placing before the great, the high responsibilities with which they are entrusted, and in charging them, where necessary, with their negligences and crimes.

"To his equals, it is needless to repeat, what this faithful pastor appeared, for he was precisely the same to them as to his own family. But this could occasion no offensive freedom; for to his domestic circle he always preserved the most perfect politeness. But it was in his intercourse with the poor that this meek and charitable man most resembled his Divine Master. His fine talents, his fertile imagination, and delightful manners, shone forth as if in their native element, when surrounded by the little ones of the lowest of his flock. He was all life and exhilaration when he spoke to them. What he was in scenes which others shun, in the abodes of destitution and in the house of mourning, will best be known upon that day when all secrets are disclosed—that day of triumph to the friend of the fatherless and the husband of the widow."

† We are here reminded, by the present state of Ireland, of a passage in a visitation sermon preached before the archdiocese of Dublin, by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, in the year 1828. It was delivered in the cathedral of St Patrick's, the year before the emancipation bill passed, and appears to us so prophetically

to support an establishment of which derive no advantage. This is one of they disapprove, and from which they those gratuitous statements, which, at

descriptive of almost all that has since taken place, that we make no scruple to lay the following extract before the reader :—“ Fix it then well in your minds, (if you admit that it is true,) that there is an animosity to our church which may not be propitiated ; that whether it assault with daring violence, or with secret virulence seek to undermine, it will always endeavour her overthrow. I am not apprehensive that my words shall be misinterpreted as if I meant to designate human enemies. Among those who seem opposed to us in religious belief, are many whose hearts are not adapted to their cause, and who would be among the first victims to the power they had been instrumental in setting up. Of their hostility to the church I do not speak, nor should I fear it, but for the virulence of that unseen and unmitigable principle or power, to which it has become an unconscious auxiliary. There is a spirit upon this earth to whom her aspect will ever be an offence. Not, it may be, Eden in primeval innocence could have more power to harrow up within him harsh and bitter thoughts, than the appearance of a well-ordered community under a rule of wholesome and edifying discipline. Be assured that the spirit, whatever it be, which sustains what we esteem most evil in the church of Rome, will never patiently endure, that our church shall be here to suggest a comparison between the corrupt and the reformed institution. He knows that should a tranquil season be permitted to suspend strife, and should men begin to examine with reference to Scripture and reason the institutions which respectively appealed to them, the propriety of our discipline, the scriptural foundation of our doctrine, the moderation and the fidelity with which, under circumstances of temptation or discouragement, our pious reformers adhered to their Divine Master's commands, must produce a powerful effect on candid minds, and set in very unfavourable contrast whatsoever is superstitious or unscriptural. He knows too, that the church of Rome has not recommended herself to the understandings of her people ;—that many among her apparent members are discontented with various of her practices and tenets—will it be acceptable to him to feel that they must be exposed to the hazard of beholding, in our church, the purified representation of every one of those rights which they would not altogether forsake, but, in the framing which, as set forth in the church of Rome, they feel that Scripture and right reason have been to a great extent forgotten. Adversaries of our church have called her an image of the Roman—an image, we may be well assured, such as the spirit against which we are to seek protection, cannot wish to see compared with her ; and even though the institution, which in opposition to her, he would sustain, were enriched with all honors and possessions, and we were destitute of earthly aid, and our church covered with sackcloth, the very existence of a pure scriptural ministration, under any afflictions, however grievous, would sting him, and enjoyments and honours, all would avail him nothing, so long as he saw the object of his hatred and his fears, even in the guise of sorrowing Mordecai—sitting at the gate.

“ This we may say, without imputation of seeking to take a part in the civil concerns from which it is supposed that we should hold ourselves excluded. Upon the propriety of such exclusion I offer no remark ; but this may be said, that no man should refrain from speaking what conscience dictates, and what may be (or what he believes may be) serviceable in warning or exhortation, because his words can possibly be supposed to bear an interpretation which he did not mean to give them. Of matters belonging to our legislature I pronounce no opinion. Far be it from us to prejudge what statesmen may devise as necessary or expedient. We do not incur their responsibility—we do not sit in judgment on their measures. But a very solemn and a peculiar responsibility devolves on us,—that we do not injure or prejudice a holy cause by unworthy instruments, and thus, holding the faith in unrighteousness, make wreck of our souls. It is the duty of civil rulers to calculate and conjecture with respect to future contingencies, that they may, if the power be given to them, avert or moderate approaching evil. In our ministerial capacity, we are not pledged to this anxious and oppressive occupation ;—but we have our own clearly defined, equally momentous duty, and that is to *expect*, if we be placed in difficult circumstances, what may befall, that the evil day may not find us unprepared ; and looking forward under these impressions, not calculating, nor conjecturing, only keeping in remembrance the opposition which our church maintains against all that is unscriptural, and the animosity to which it consequently becomes exposed, I have

the present day, passes for a great deal more than it is worth, simply because it is the wish and the interest of one party to believe it, and the other does

no doubt our wisdom will be, to have it well fixed in our minds, that, whatever the sagacity of statesmen may contrive, and however they may adjust or endeavour to adjust those great questions on which the political world are divided—we should expect and prepare for a continuance, and an exasperation of hostility against the church in which we minister.

“ And how shall we prepare—shall we send to the enemy while he is yet at some distance, lest we, with our ten thousand men, may not be able to resist him with his twenty thousand? Shall we go back disheartened from the honourable post which we have not feared to occupy, and which many have maintained to the glory of God in the salvation of souls? Shall we adopt new principles, and assume an altered port, and shrink from the work to which the word of God has called us, to which, by our ministerial engagements we are pledged, and say with the slothful man, there is a lion in the path, we may not cast ourselves away unprofitably. No, brethren, we have set our hands to the plough—the time for looking back is past. We have engaged ourselves in the service of a church founded in the blood of Christ and his Apostles—restored through the instrumentality of men who sealed their truth in death; we have ministered in its holy ordinances, and been blessed by its precious counsels, and enjoyed that edifying tranquillity of life to which its servants are invited. If the time has come when unequivocal proofs of our fidelity and gratitude are demanded, we may not refuse to afford them. We know that the cause in which we are engaged is holy;—we may not dishonour it by the unworthiness of its supporters. All who have entered on the work to which we are summoned, should have fully counted the cost of their undertaking, and embraced the duty because it was dearer to them than life. Our qualifications should be befitting their work, who are to be champions for divine truth against all its enemies. Our exertions should not be the transient ebullitions of unthinking men. We must not be contented with sending out rash and unsustained activities which may appear with promise of summer days, and droop their wings and die when the dark hour is at hand. We must be prepared to sustain ourselves through the storm, and against it. We must cultivate a patience which provocation cannot overcome, and must confirm ourselves in a resolution which, in the midst of strife and peril, shall remain undaunted. Where our voice may not be heard, our faith, and hope, and endurance should be seen; and where we are heard, and our words regarded, we should imitate the divine example of Him who arrayed the strongest truths in the gentlest language; so that even the stern of heart, touched by our grave remonstrance, shall abandon their purpose of scornful reply; and though they may not be convinced, shall respect.

“ We have indeed already chosen our parts.—We have kept well fixed in our minds the distinction between the spirit of the Church which is opposed to us, and the individuals who are its members. The genius of the system is one thing; the souls of those who embrace it of quite a different nature. With the former we can have no fellowship, but—for the souls of men—Christ's blood has been shed—his mansions in heaven have been purchased—his Church on earth has been founded and preserved; and we in latter days have not been slow to warn his redeemed and erring children against the dangers of an unscriptural system, and to call them within the sphere and sound of the saving Gospel. It has pleased the Lord to send down a blessing on our endeavours,—to satisfy us by happy proofs that there are no moral fetters from which the truth cannot set free, and to hold out to us the encouragement, that, of the numbers who now throng the courts of an impure worship, many may come forth who shall support the cause of true religion, and adorn it. And, shall we, with encouragements of this nature, be dissuaded from our duty—shall we be overcome by hearing that prejudice is too stubborn, and hatred too fierce, and the times too disorderly to allow of a rational hope that our exertions may be useful? No. If we are thus addressed, we may demand—whether the prejudices which stand in our way are more massive or more fixed than the deep-rooted mountains? Is the hatred which menaces our Church of more fell malignancy than the evil spirits who cried out unto the Lord, What have we to do with thee Jesus, thou Son of God? The devils, in Christ's name, were subject to his Apostles; we have his assurance, that, if they spoke in faith, mountains would remove, and that even

not take sufficient pains to show that it is altogether unfounded. The Roman Catholics, as such, support no Protestant establishment. The monies which are paid to those who may be called ecclesiastical landlords, would not remain in the pockets of the payers, if tithes were altogether done away, but must go, in the shape of so much increased rent, into the pocket of the lay landlord. All the tenants are concerned with, is the agreement upon which they have conditioned to hold their land; and if there be any thing in that agreement against which their conscience revolts, the time to object would be before they consented to enter into it. But having taken their land upon condition of paying tithe, and having received an abatement of rent in one shape, in lieu of what they pay in another, nothing can be more barefaced or dishonest, than

to continue to keep possession of their ground, and enjoy the advantages of the leases under which they hold, and yet plead conscience in bar of their solemn engagements!

But, to do our peasantry justice, they now see into this, and laugh at the man who proposes to befriend them, by robbing the clergyman for the purpose of enriching the landlord. They perceive, clearly, that that is a transaction in which they have no interest at all; and if ulterior objects were not in prospect, which lead them to consider the plundering system valuable *as a precedent*, and to regard the landlords themselves but as *the trustees* of the spoil and pillage by which they were enriched, at the expense of the proscribed and persecuted clergy, no love of adventure of which they may be supposed possessed, could induce them to throw

the trees—emblems as they were of his blessed kingdom—would (not cast away but) plant themselves amid the waves of the unfruitful sea, if the voice of faith commanded. And with these words written for our learning, ringing in our ears, shall we dread that the holy cause to which we devote ourselves can be deserted? Never—We may be unfaithful—we may forego the most honorable duty to which we have as yet been called, and renounce our part in the work of maintaining Christ's Church—but that Church will not be forsaken—other defenders will be found, other instruments will be raised up, and when the hearts of men have been tried, and the unsound have been made known, the adversity which tried them shall give place to a serene and joyous season, and the thanksgivings of those who were faithful to the end shall arise from a Church which no evil has befallen. This is the unconquerable assurance upon which our constancy may sustain itself. Identified, as we ought to be, with the Church, we expose ourselves to no real hazard—we are not as those who encounter difficulty with a resolution to try fortune, with a hope that their wisdom may prevail, and endeavour to endure with fortitude the evils to which discomfiture may expose them. We cannot be discomfited, for we know, whatever be our own estate, the cause to which we are attached is safe from the calamities whereby we suffer. Our duties are on the earth, but our support, and our direction, and our encouragement, and our cause, are not placed amid this earth's contingencies. Are we stripped of worldly goods? Perhaps the spirit with which we contend is of the kind that "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Are we lost to the world's eye in the deep obscurity to which neglect and poverty may consign us? Perhaps the word of faith by which huge prejudice is to be removed, must be spoken in the central caverns of the mountain. And—should a more awful proof of fidelity be required—this is a thought which belongs to our meditations and our prayers—it may not be made a subject, even here, upon which it is fitting to discourse; but this may be said,—the blood of a righteous man, in a righteous cause, never yet was shed unprofitably;—and—a better father, a better protector than we can be, will guard the cherished objects of our tenderest care, if, in our adherence to the cause of divine truth, we be called upon to give them up. Of this we may be fully assured, in whatsoever circumstances or station we are placed, we have been conducted thither by a wise and merciful Providence, and are appointed to perform a work, in which the interests of mankind are deeply concerned, and (if such considerations can influence us) in the performance of which, if we be supported, by a true, lively faith, we shall experience all the happiness of which our condition on earth is susceptible."

away so much of their time upon those perilous marauding expeditions, where there is so little profit, and no little danger. This is a subject upon which we shall not at present enter; suffice it to say, that matters are occurring every day which must make all who are reflecting, amongst our proprietors, feel that the system which they have encouraged against others, may yet recoil with a fatal reaction upon themselves. They may yet be made to disgorge more than *their own* share of church plunder.

We are, however, glad that the oppression of the Roman Catholics, in being obliged to pay tithe to a Protestant establishment, has been alluded to; inasmuch as it has given rise to one of the most interesting and valuable documents that has ever appeared in Ireland. We alluded to the returns produced by Mr. Martin's motion in the Conservative Society, of the property held, respectively, by Protestants and Roman Catholics, together with the amount of tithes to which they are liable. By these, as far as they have as yet gone, it appears that, beyond all proportion, the bulk of the property is in the hands of the Protestants, and that they are the individuals who are chiefly responsible for the payments which are made to the clergy.

From a return of twenty-three parishes from the diocese of Kilmore, it appears that the acres in the possession of Protestants amount to 357,254; those in the possession of Roman Catholics, only to 6,573. And that the tithe composition paid by the former amounts to 7,921*l.* 19*s.* 4½*d.*; while that paid by the latter amounts to no more than 107*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*

It appears, from a return of seventy-three parishes in the diocese of Leighlin and Ferns, that the acres in the possession of Protestants amount to 439,618; those in the possession of Roman Catholics, to no more than 14,477; while the composition paid by the former amounts to 20,655*l.* 0*s.* 11½*d.*; and that by the latter, to no more than 331*l.* 3*s.* 5½*d.*

It appears, from a return of forty-two parishes, of different dioceses, produced on the fourth of November, that the number of acres in the possession of Protestants is 274,703; those

in the possession of Roman Catholics, no more than 9,439; and that the composition, payable by the former, amounts to 14,537*l.* 8*s.* 3½*d.*; while that paid by the latter amounts only to 728*l.* 1*s.* 5½*d.*

It appears, from a return of thirty-two parishes, from different dioceses, made at various periods, that the acres in the hands of Protestants amounts to 368,781; those in the hands of Roman Catholics, to 16,194; while the composition paid by the former amounts to 11,349*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.*; and that by the latter, to no more than 274*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*

It appears, by a return of seventy-one parishes, made from different dioceses, upon the 11th of November, that the acres in the hands of Protestants amount to 532,396 2*r.* 7*p.*; those in the hands of Roman Catholics, to 24,716 1*r.* 37*p.*; while the composition paid by the former amounts to 28,117*l.* 12*s.* 1¼*d.*; and that by the latter, to no more than 395*l.* 10*s.* 8¾*d.*

"Such," observes Mr. Martin, "are the five great and corresponding results to which we are clearly led; and now, by combining all these results together, we have a grand return for two hundred and forty-one parishes in Ireland; presenting the result exhibited in this simple statement, viz.

Landed property in two hundred and forty-one parishes.

	a.	r.	p.
Protestant.....	2,023,257	2	7
Roman Catholic.....	71,404	1	37

	£.	s.	d.
Protestant Tithe Composition.....	82,531	9	10½
Roman Catholic do.....	2,337	2	5½

Let the reader now say how far the assertion is borne out by the fact, that the Roman Catholic population are burdened by the support of a Protestant establishment. We may add that, in any case where the Roman Catholic considers tithe a grievance, he may get rid of it even so easily as by surrendering his lease.

But, as the result of every inquiry, parliamentary or otherwise, into the nature of church property, in this country, has only tended to establish the moderation of the clergy, so the doctrine and the discipline of the

establishment, the more they were examined and considered, the more they approved themselves to men's minds. Mr. Croly's pamphlet abundantly shows the manner in which educated and reflecting Roman Catholics were beginning to regard the articles and liturgy of the church of England. Indeed, our church only required fair play, and our services, that common justice should be done them at the hands of our ministers, in order to their speedily becoming universally acceptable and engaging to the people. But just as they were about to take root, and to flourish, they are to be cut down and destroyed. And, just as superstition was about to stop payment, when a docket of bankruptcy was about to be struck against her, her exhausted finances are to be recruited *from Protestant property*, and her influence restored! Such is the wisdom, and such the virtue, of those to whom the destinies of this great empire are, at present, entrusted!

But we will not despair. There is in Mr. Croly's pamphlet much that must awaken the serious attention of our rulers. Superficial men may collect from it that there will be no peace in Ireland, until the Romish priesthood are paid by the state. Our inferences have been very different. The grounds upon which we have formed them are now before the reader, and of their soundness he must judge. But we *will* be disappointed if he should consider them the result either of religious bigotry or political resentment. Our feelings towards the Roman Catholic

community are those of charity and peace; and it is because we love themselves, that we are compelled to oppose their system. That system appears to us fraught with the gravest moral and political evils; and, while it exists, it is, in our judgment, vain to expect a healthful state of public feeling in Ireland. Base, therefore, and derelict, in our duty, should we be, if we did not strenuously lift up our voices against it. Mr. Croly proposes the only plan by which its influence can be perpetuated. In him, as a sincere Roman Catholic, all this is meritorious. But *he* cannot be more anxious for the continuance of his church, than *we* are that it should be removed, and its place supplied by something better. Indeed, in his view of the matter, the value of his measure must appear, from the very earnestness with which we have resisted its adoption. It is perfectly natural in him to desire that which must tend to the prosperity of what he believes to be a system of truth; we can have no such wish, as our convictions respecting its nature and tendency are very different; and, although we would not raise our little finger to persecute Popery, neither would we build a buttress for the support of it, now that it is tottering to its fall. It is one thing to endure, it would be another, and a very different thing, to perpetuate an evil; and, as Swift observed, long ago, we are perfectly aware of the difference between suffering the thistle to grow amongst us, and wearing it for a posie.

THE ROMANCE OF DON GAYSÉROS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

I.

“ Don Gayséros, Don Gayséros !
Flower of youth and chivalry,
Lo ! I leave my castle-chamber,
Led from thence, beloved, by thee.

“ Don Gayséros, Don Gayséros !
Sunset gleams on hill and grove.
See me now, my knight, beside thee !
Whither shall our footsteps rove ?”

“ Donna Clara, Donna Clara !
Thou art mistress—I am slave ;
Thou the sun, and I thy planet,
Fairest one, thy will, I crave !

“ Tow’rds the cross on yonder mountain—
Thither, then, beloved, we speed,
Where the pilgrims’ chapel rises,
And return along the mead.”

“ Ah ! but, wherefore nigh the cross, and
Wherefore near the chapel stray ?”
“ Knight ! and wherefore dost thou waver ?
Saidst thou not thou wouldst obey ?”

“ Yes, I go ; yes, yes, I hasten—
In thy will I breathe, I move.”
Hand in hand, so wend they onward,
Whispering sweetest words of love.

“ Don Gayséros, Don Gayséros !
Nigh the cross behold us now—
Bowest thou not thy head before the
Lord, as other Christians bow ?”

“ Donna Clara, Donna Clara !
Could I lavish look or gaze,
Save on thy sweet hand of whiteness,
As among the flowers it plays ?”

“ Don Gayséros, Don Gayséros !
Wherefore hadst thou no reply
When the holy brother hailed thee—
‘ Peace to thee from Christ on high ?’”

“ Donna Clara, Donna Clara !
 Could mine ear to aught incline
 With this deep, deep echo ringing
 In my soul, ‘ My heart is thine ? ’ ”

“ Don Gayséros, Don Gayséros !
 Glittering in the waning light
 See the vase of holy water—
 Come and do as I, my knight ! ”

“ Donna Clara, Donna Clara !
 Blinded must my vision be—
 Dazzled by thine eyes of brightness,
 Thee and thee alone I see ! ”

“ Don Gayséros, Don Gayséros !
 If my knight, obey me now :
 Dip thy finger in the font, and
 Sign the Cross upon thy brow ! ”

Don Gayséros, shuddering, shrinking,
 Fled away beyond her call—
 Donna Clara, sad and thoughtful,
 Wended tow’rds the castle hall.

II.

Midnight falls : the wonted fingers
 Wake anew the tinkling strings :
 Where he oft hath sung at midnight,
 There to-night the warrior sings.

Hark ! the casement opens : Donna
 Clara downwards bends her view.
 Fearfully her earnest glances
 Pierce the glooming mist and dew.

While in lieu of gentle whisper,
 Lisped-out speech and flattering tone,
 Thus she speaks—“ I here adjure thee !
 Who art thou, mysterious one ? ”

“ Swear, by thy and my affection !
 By thy soul’s tranquillity !
 Art thou Christian ? Art thou Spanish ?
 Dost thou worship God as we ? ”

“ Lady ! strongly thou compellest—
 Hear me answer faithfully :
 Lady ! seest in me no Spaniard,
 Seest no Christian knight in me.

“ Seest in me a Moorish monarch,
 All on fire for love of thee—
 Great in power and rich in treasure—
 First among the brave and free ! ”

“ Golden shine Alhambra’s castles,
Bright Granáda’s gardens bloom—
Lo ! the Moors await their empress ;
Fly with me through midnight’s gloom.”

“ Hence ! thou darkling soul-destroyer !
Hence ! false—” *fiend*, she would have said ;
But the word, unheard, unspoken,
On her ashy lips was dead.

Round her fainting form a silver
Net the Moorish monarch threw—
Swiftly then to horse he bore her,
Through the midnight gloom and dew.

III.

Laughs the rose-red cheek of morning—
Glance the sunbeams bright and fair ;
Ah ! but blood bedews the meadow,
And a barb, of rider bare,
Roams affrighted o’er the pasture—
Knights are by with brows of care.
Moorish king ! thou hast been slaughtered
By the valorous brother-pair,
Who, in dark-green forest lurking,
Saw thee thence the damsel bear.
O’er thy corpse Clara is kneeling—
Loosely trails her golden hair ;
As thy love her bosom ponders,
In its depths is dark despair !
Priests are preaching, friends beseeching—
ONE alone her gaze can share.
Suns are sinking, stars are winking,
Storm and sunshine play in air ;
Earth and ocean all are motion—
Clara only moveth ne’er.
Till the all-too-faithful brothers
Rear a church and altar, where
Day by day, and year by year, her
Sand of life runs out in prayer ;
And her sighs and tears are offered
For her loved and slaughtered there.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAPTER IX.

EPISODICAL BUT PERTINENT.

“ Poor Wight ! he little weened how hard
For poverty to earn regard ! ”

Queen's Wake.

AMONG the other emigrants at Algoa Bay, was a young man named Rowley Neville, who, from his urbanity and gentlemanly deportment, was extremely popular among the officers of the *Hesperus*. Of Captain Morley in particular he was a great favourite ; and the circumstances of his having served several years in the navy, together with the peculiar nature of the events which induced him to leave his native country, and seek an asylum in the land of the stranger, probably strengthened the interest which the worthy commander felt in him.

Neville's father was a cadet of a good family ; but as frequently happens with English “ younger sons,” his only patrimony was his untarnished pedigree and an ensign's commission in the army. While yet holding a rank no higher than that of lieutenant, he chanced to spend the merry weeks of Christmas at the seat of a worthy baronet who was a distant connection of his mother, and an extensive landed proprietor in a western county of England. This gentleman had an only daughter, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, for the honour of whose hand and fortune several of the neighbouring squires held an eager rivalry. But the pensive Emma could find no pleasure in the society of those gentlemen. Neither in taste nor in habits were they at all fitted for the witching sphere of “ lady's-bower.” That nice delicacy of deportment and winning refinement of manners which alone find favour with a high-minded woman, formed none of their qualifications. Scorning all the lighter and more elegant accomplishments of their sex, they devoted themselves exclusively to the sports of the field and the pleasures

of the bottle ; and, accordingly, as old Hal Wharton expresses it,

Were only fit to drink and sleep
By their own fire ;
And when awake were only good
To whoop and halloo in a wood.

One after another she rejected their suits, and in doing so gave great offence to her honest father, who told her “ she was a foolish toad ; and whatever she might think to the contrary, ten thousand a-year and a handsome establishment were not matters to be sneezed at.” Emma, however, persisted in rejecting the addresses of her suitors, and the old gentleman ceased to press the point for the present ; consoling himself with the reflection that his daughter was yet young, and that a few more years would teach her more discretion.

At this juncture Lieutenant Neville arrived at the hall. Young, handsome, and accomplished, with all that polished refinement of manners and chivalrous devotion to “ the fair ” which distinguish the officers of the British army, was it strange that Emma thought him infinitely superior to the rude fox-hunting class she was in the habit of seeing at her father's board ? or even that she looked upon him as approaching somewhat near that ideal standard of perfection by which seclusion and Richardson had taught her to estimate the qualities of the rougher sex ? As for Neville, he had often heard his mother talk of Miss Sharman as a very pretty girl, but he was by no means prepared for the blaze of beauty that burst upon him when he was presented to “ cousin Emma.” At first he gazed upon her timidly and at a distance, as a devotee gazes on the image of his

idolatry ; and it was not till after an acquaintance of some weeks, that he ventured to express his admiration even by the silent and unobtrusive language of the eye. Emma read his looks with prophetic exactness ; and although for a time she encountered his earnest glances with an embarrassed blush, she gradually became accustomed to them, and at length even ventured a responsive glance of her own. Thus a silent, though perfectly intelligible correspondence was established between them, by means of which they communicated to each other all those tender feelings, hopes and wishes, which are so inadequately expressed by the language of the lips. Without the use of words everything was arranged and understood ; there needed no promises and protestations to bind the agreement ; it was a compact of the heart, and in the generous bosom of either lover the generous passion with which they were mutually inspired, was already sufficiently recognized.

Accordingly, when the time of Neville's departure drew nigh, and he ventured on a formal declaration of his love, he found the candid Emma quite prepared to listen to him, and he received with rapture her whispered acquiescence, provided he could obtain the consent of her father. But here, exactly, the difficulty lay. It is true the good old baronet was extremely partial to Neville ; he liked him for the frank manliness of his manners, and the fine soldier-like independence of his bearing—he liked him because he was a finished sportsman, and managed his horse in the field with admirable grace and adroitness ; and, although he could not compete with the other guests, in the use of the bottle, he made up for this by cheering them over their liquor, with an excellent song. But, then, he was a young man without fortune ; and this, Neville well knew, would be an insuperable objection with the good baronet, if he appeared in the capacity of a suitor for his daughter's hand. Nevertheless, urged by the ardour of his passion, he determined to run all risks and declare himself ; which he accordingly did one snowy morning, when the hounds could not hunt, and the baronet was confined to the desperation of

his easy chair, and a hit at backgammon. Having first put him into good humour, by allowing him to win a few games, Neville took advantage of a pause, and opened the matter by a long and appropriate speech. The baronet listened to him with great attention, without being able to comprehend the drift of his oration ; but, when he at last concluded, by formally asking the hand of Emma in marriage, the good old gentleman threw himself back in his chair, and burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Woo-o-oo!" he cried, as soon as he was sufficiently composed to speak, "here's a pretty trail to come upon of a dewy morning! God bless thee, lad, hast lost thy senses, or dost take my girl for a fool? *Thou* marry Emma! Lord love the boy, dostn't know that she has refused ten thousand a-year ; and dost think she would take up with a man that hasn't a farthing! No offence, Harry, but thou know'st as well as I do, that thou'rt little better than a beggar. Come, come, lad, no more of this nonsense ; set thy men, and let's have another rubber. Emma! bless thy silly heart—the throw's mine—how she would laugh if she knew of this story! But, come, away, never be frightened ; I won't tell her a word about it."

Neville, however, was by no means in a humour to be ridiculed out of his design ; he pressed the point with much warmth ; and, at last, fairly told the baronet that, as far as the young lady was concerned, he had nothing to fear, as he had already obtained her consent. This declaration roused all the latent fire of old Sir Rowley. He started from his chair, dashed the dice-box on the ground, and, confronting Neville, with an enraged look, "Tods and badgers, Sir," he cried, in a loud and angry tone, "didst dare to slip thy ferret in my warren without leave! D——n it, if I had my rattan here, but I'd beat thee soundly for thy impudence! Tramp, Sir! tramp, I say! leave the hall this instant, and never let me see thy face again!"

Too proud to remain till this injunction was repeated, Neville, with great apparent coolness rose, bade the baronet a good morning, and walking out of the room with the stiff stride of offended dignity, forthwith left the

house, ordering his servant to follow him to the village inn, with his trunk.

As he considered that the baronet had fairly thrown down the gauntlet, and defied him, he thought he would now be fully justified in taking up the pledge, and out-mancœuvring the old gentleman, if he could. He accordingly fixed his residence at the Sharman Arms, in the village; and, having suborned the services of Emma's sou-brette, at the expense of the greater part of his existing funds, he established a close correspondence with his fair; and, at last, succeeded in prevailing on her to elope with him. One night, when Sir Rowley and his son were abroad at dinner, having procured a chariot for the purpose, he carried her off to the house of a young friend of his, a clergyman, where they were duly married.

The rage of the baronet when he learned what had happened was fully commensurate to the provocation he had received. He raved and swore at Neville, for an arrant knave, and at his daughter for an ungrateful baggage; and vowed that "she should never darken his door again, but that as she had chosen to run off with a beggar, she must e'en stand the consequences of her disobedience and imprudence." To this determination he rigidly adhered. It was in vain that Emma wrote to him in a style of extreme penitence, craving his forgiveness; her letters were never answered, and generally returned to her unopened. At last the pride of Neville took fire at what he conceived these repeated insults, and he forbade his wife to expose herself in future to such indignity. She therefore ceased to write to her obdurate parent; and having hired a small lodging in the neighbourhood of quarters, the imprudent couple continued to live as they best could on love and lieutenant's pay.

Nearly eleven years passed on in this manner, during which time Neville was promoted to the rank of captain, but not the slightest intercourse was held with the family at Sharman Hall. It was about this period, that the great Peninsular war broke out, and the ——— regiment was ordered abroad on active service. Emma insisted on accompanying her husband on this expedition; but he knowing the difficulties and

dangers she would encounter in following the camp, prevailed on her to remain at home, assuring her that the campaign would not probably be of long continuance, and that he would speedily return.

Almost immediately on his arrival in Portugal, Neville was engaged in the famous defeat of Laborde at Roleia, where he displayed great gallantry, "reaping the iron harvest of the field" with the most dauntless courage in the very thickest of the fray. It chanced that while he was thus engaged, he observed a young officer of cavalry dismounted from his horse, and fighting at great disadvantage against five or six assailants. Rushing instantly to his assistance, he arrived just in time to save his life. One of the enemy had struck down the officer's sword, and another was on the point of cleaving him to the ground, when Neville interposed and warded off the blow. A keen contest ensued in which British bravery triumphed over French numbers, and the assailants were ultimately either cut down or dispersed. The victory achieved, the two conquerors, the preserver and the preserved, dropped their reeking swords and regarded each other for a moment.

"This is no time for idle ceremony," said the young officer, addressing Neville; "you have saved a soldier's life and earned a soldier's gratitude;" saying which he seized his preserver's hand and shook it with heartfelt cordiality. Neville on his part declared that he considered the event fortunate which had given him an opportunity of serving so truly gallant a comrade.

"There will be hot work in the field to-day," replied the officer, "and we may probably never meet again. Allow me before we part to offer you a small memorial of my gratitude;" and he drew a gold signet-ring from his finger, and slipped it on the blood-stained hand of his preserver.

"I shall esteem it," said Neville, "as a memorial of the gallantry of him who gave it."

They then separated, each engaging with renewed ardour in the combat, which terminated, as every one knows, in the triumph of British arms.

The opening of the Portuguese war was no holiday work for our gallant troops. On the 17th of August, the

the battle of Roleia was fought ; on the 18th Sir Arthur Wellesley advanced upon Vimiera. Here he was met by the well-disciplined host of the atrocious Junot. One of the bloodiest days in the annals of the war ensued. The British troops, whose well-known maxim is Victory or Death, fought as brave men fight for honour and their cause, and they were opposed by the impetuous ferocity of the French, who fought as demons fight for carnage and spoil. In the very hottest of the contest, the gallant Captain Neville was seen at the head of his division, urging on his men by word and example, and bearing down the column of the enemy with that insuperable ardour which the justice of his cause ever inspires in the breast of the soldier. While he was thus bravely opening up with his sword the bright path to honour and fame, he was struck by a musket shot from the enemy's lines. He staggered, and fell into the arms of a brother officer who was combating at his side.

"The wound is mortal!" he said with great composure, in answer to the enquiring looks of his comrade.—"Barnard!" he continued, "if ever you reach home, commend me to my wife—give her this ring, and tell her to preserve it as a memorial of her unfortunate husband." He spoke these words in a voice so faltering as scarcely to be audible ; and when he had placed the ring—the same which he received from the cavalry officer at Roleia—in his comrade's hand, he sunk back on his arm and expired.

The ultimate history of the battle of Vimiera is well known. The total defeat of the redoubted Junot—the wise policy proposed by Sir Arthur Wellesley—the fatal opposition of Sir Harry Burrard, and the unjustifiable convention of Cintra, are circumstances engraven on the memory of every Briton.

The distress of the bereaved widow, when she received intelligence of her husband's death, may easily be imagined. It was conveyed to her together with the ring by Neville's comrade Barnard, who having lost an arm and been otherwise grievously wounded in the action, returned home in the same ship with the recalled generals. When the first burst of grief had subsided, her thoughts natu-

rally reverted to her present forlorn condition, left as she was with two children entirely dependent on the scanty pittance of a widow's pension. Her father, old Sir Rowley, had died some time before, having been killed by a fall from his horse while hunting, and his estates were now enjoyed by his only son, Sir Hugh. This gentleman was an exact counterpart of his father,—a good-natured, kind-hearted, easy man, who loved his sport and his comforts, and whose only ambition was to possess the best hounds, the best stud, and the best claret in the country. The sudden nature of the old gentleman's death had prevented him,—as such was probably his intention,—from making any settlement in his daughter's favour, and he died without leaving her a farthing. Frequently since that event, she had purposed writing to her brother, but was invariably prevented by her husband, who said he could not permit her to expose herself to insult and indignity by applying to a quarter where she had hitherto met with so little sympathy. But she now considered it a duty which she owed to her children as well as to herself, to apply to her brother, who was the only person from whom she could with propriety seek protection in her present destitute condition. She accordingly wrote to him a long letter, narrating the particulars of her husband's death, and explaining the nature of the circumstances in which she was left. She told him of her two children, and how entirely dependent they were on her for support, and concluded by intreating that all former coldness might be forgotten, and that he would receive her again in her native home—now the only place on earth where she could seek an asylum.

When the day arrived on which an answer to this letter became due in course of post, she went with a beating heart to the village post-office. But there was no letter for her there. Two days more elapsed without bringing the desired answer, and she was beginning to think that her application had met with the same fate as those she had addressed to her father, when, on the third day, the following characteristic epistle, sealed with a huge blazonry of the Sharman arms, was put into her hands :

"Sharman-Hall, Sunday.

"DEAR SISTER,—I got your letter last Friday when I came in from the hunt, and would have answered it sharp, only I had Squire Stiles, and some of the neighbours, to dine with me, and they well-nigh drank me blind. The squire's a mighty deal worse nor when you was here, and never stops under four bottles. Then on Saturday, I had to be astir betimes, for the hounds were to meet at Horsley : we broke cover in the thick furse at Underlyn, and had a glorious run all the way across the common to Horndean, and there the fox earthed, so we lost him. Then at night I had to dine with Squire Stiles, and had the coach up to fetch me home, for the squire's dinners are always woundy wet. So I could not write you that night, being very tired; but, this being Sunday, I have more leisure on hand, and am sorry to hear of the captain's being killed. You know I always liked Harry, and thought father a main deal too hard on him; but you know I always gave the good gentleman his own way, and never contradicted him; as, indeed, where was the use, seeing he never minded a word I said an old whip-cord. But that's just the worst of being a soldier; for then, as the Vicar says, there's no respect of persons. However, it can't be helped now, only I'm sorry for it, poor fellow. Bless your silly heart, Emma, what is it you speak about coldness: you know, girl, I always loved you, though be father set me up a bit both against you and the captain. But there's no use talking. I've given orders to have your rooms all made ready as before, and the sooner you come to the Hall, the better I'll like it. Now I think on't, I'll send up Dick, with the coach, to fetch you down. I can easily spare it, as I never get into it, only when I'm dining with Squire Stiles, or the like; and it will be more convenient for you and the little ones. I would have come up for you myself, only the hounds are to be out every day this week, and we expect some spanking runs; so you see I'm main busy. I must now stop; for we have a prime haunch this afternoon, and I have some of the neighbours to dine with me.

"Your affectionate brother,

"HUGH SHARMAN.

"P. S. Old Joe, the huntsman, is

always asking for you, and when I told him, yesterday, you were coming home, the old chap began to blubber like a child. Father let your flower-garden run all up with weeds, and as to the bower, there was no poking your nose into it for the creepers; but I've ordered Sims to have it all cleaned, and the woodbine cut, and he's to have some prime new-fashioned flowers in it by you come home. So keep up your heart, my little Emma, and come as soon as you can. I'll send off Dick to-morrow morning; you never saw such a prime team of bays as I've got for the old machine—only dont put yourself in a quandary, or hurry yourself—only I'm longing to see you and the little ones. Is Rowley anything like father? he was a main good man father, though be he had his own ways, and was always over hard in your affair. But there's no use talking. If you could come on Thursday, I shall have no one here, and we can chat together about old things, only dont hurry yourself; but keep Dick as long as you like—only I'm keen to see the little ones, above all, Rowley. I've a smart little pony, that I got from Scotland, that'll just suit him. I've no use for it, only I never liked to sell it, seeing I got it from an old school-fellow, that's now a great man in those northern parts. It's a regular cream, and a prime one to trot. I've been a-bargaining yesterday about a bay filly for you: I'm sure she's a good one, for she's out of father's old mare that he used to ride when you were here. You recollect old Die—a prime one in the field, wasn't she? I'll send up a handful of notes with Dick, in case be you have any scores to settle where you are: so come soon, only dont hurry yourself—only be here on Thursday, if you can.

"Your affectionate brother,

"HUGH SHARMAN.

"P. S. Your old cocker bitch is still alive. Father ordered Sam, the keeper, to have her shot; but I told Sam not to hurt her, but keep her quiet in his own house; so she's all alive and hearty, and I'll have her up to the Hall by you come home."

It would be superfluous to describe the pleasure which Mrs. Neville derived from this quaint, but truly affectionate, epistle. Her little arrangements were

soon made, and in a few days she was once more an inmate of the hall of her fathers. Here she found everything arranged according to her fondest wishes. Sir Hugh conducted himself towards her with true fraternal kindness; whatever he thought would please or humour her, he did with alacrity, and even carried his complaisance so far as to absent himself from some of the county-club dinners, in order that she might not be left alone. For occupation, she was never at a loss. Her brother committed to her the entire superintendence of his household affairs, and declared that in this capacity "she was a perfect God-send to him; for, though the housekeeper was a main honest woman in her way, yet still she was a housekeeper." Nothing was done by the baronet, either in or out of doors, without the advice of his sister. He never even purchased a horse, but he had it paraded in the lawn, that she might pass judgment upon it; "for Emma," he would say, "knows a Barb from a Fleming, and is as good a judge of horse-flesh as ere a squire in the county."

But the chief object of her care was the education of her daughter Maria, a charming little girl, about eight years old, who promised to emulate her mother in beauty of person, as well as in amiability of disposition. Emma's extensive accomplishments qualified her well for the office of an instructress; and the aptitude of her daughter's talent rendered her task truly delightful. As to the boy, who was a fine manly fellow of ten years, the care of his mental culture was entrusted to the curate of the parish, while the baronet took upon himself the task of instructing him in everything that came within the range of his own accomplishments. The curate was a scholar, a gentleman, and an amiable man. Under his care, little Rowley made rapid advances in polite literature, and, what is of much more importance, imbibed pure principles of moral rectitude, and an habitual veneration for the sublime truths of our holy religion. The baronet's range of instruction was more limited, and was founded, unknown to himself, upon the renowned principle of the ancient Persians. He taught his nephew exactly what the Persians taught their youth—"to ride, to shoot, and speak the truth."

In instilling into his pupil a just regard for the latter of these, which he considered the great mainspring of honour, morality, and everything else, he was extremely scrupulous, and he sometimes even went the length of holding an edifying lecture on the subject. "Look ye, Rowley," he would say, whenever the detection of a falsehood among his domestics, or any other circumstance, gave him an opportunity of launching forth on his favourite topic—for in morals this might be termed the baronet's hobby—"I'll tell you what, my boy, I wouldn't give the crack of a bit of old whip-cord for any man that didn't always speak the truth. There's no use talking, but mark my words—the man who can bring himself to tell a falsehood, would cut his neighbour's throat, if he dared. No matter what it's about—it's the principle, Roe', it's the principle—never lose sight of that, my boy, or, if you do, you'll be hanged as sure as you are your mother's son. There's no use talking, but mark my words!"

In the other accomplishments which his uncle taught him, Rowley soon became a great proficient. He managed his angling-rod with superior skill, and could throw thirty yards of line with ease, making his flies fall light as thistle down, exactly on the spot where he wished to drop them. In shooting, he gained the approbation of his uncle; and, in riding, he would dash at everything, and seldom met with a fall. It was with pride that his fond mother beheld his improvement in these manly exercises, which only kept pace with his advancement in his studies; and both his instructors had thus every cause to be satisfied with the attainments of their amiable pupil.

Under such circumstances, what could be wanting to render Mrs. Neville completely happy? With the kind attentions of a fond brother to soothe, and the smiling looks of her charming children to cheer her—surrounded by every comfort and luxury she could desire—dwelling amid scenes fitted to recall the fondest recollections of her infancy and childhood, could sorrow ever intrude to cloud the sunshine of her peaceful days? But, alas! strange as it may seem, Emma was not happy. Cheerful, indeed, she endeavoured to appear; but though she

never obtruded her grief upon her friends, she indulged it to the full in her hours of solitude. Sometimes her children would surprise her in tears; but she would dry her eyes and smile as they approached—a languid smile—a solitary ray of gladness struggling through heavy clouds of grief. The kindness of her brother she endeavoured to repay by sometimes even appearing lively in his company; but an experienced eye could still trace in her beautiful features the silent sorrow that rankled at her heart, and endiademed her once smiling forehead with the cincture of woe.

What could her grief be? Those who have loved as Emma did, with all the intense warmth of a first and devoted passion, and have seen the idol of their dearest affections snatched away by an untimely death, can best answer the question. No occupation, no change of scene, no fascinations of society, could ever banish from her thoughts the memory of him whom she had lost—of him in whom all her warmest affections had been centered, and in whose grave her most fondly cherished hopes were for ever entombed.

He who believes that human life is never sacrificed at the shrine of human affection—who considers that “the broken heart” has no existence but in the fevered fancy of the poet, knows little of the intensity of ardour with which fond woman loves. Deep in her very heart of hearts the all-engrossing passion is enshrined; *there* she nourishes and fans it with the enthusiastic devotion of an idolater; and when aught occurs to blast the sacred flame, the altar and the worshipper sink together in the dust. And so it was with Emma Neville. Her health gradually became affected by the intensity of her grief; like some fair summer flower drooping in the sunshine, she gently faded away—meek, patient, and resigned—

“With, all the while, a cheek whose bloom
Was but a mockery of the tomb;
Whose tint as gently died away,
As the departing rainbow’s ray.”

When sensible that her end was near, she summoned her children to her bed-side, and blessed them; and

having drawn from her finger the ring which her husband had sent her, she placed it in the hand of her son.

“It is a memorial of your father, Rowley,” she said; “let it be a memorial of your mother also:” and having commended the orphans to the care of her brother, she kissed them, sunk back, smiled, and died.

About a year had passed away after this sad event, and the hand of time had already done much to heal the wounds of the bereaved, when one morning Squire Stiles presented himself at the hall. The squire was a sadly altered man. The burly rotundity of his person had shrunk into the most meagre spareness—his once plump cheeks were pale and livid—and the jolly, rubicund tint of his face had settled in a deep purple round the region of the nose.

“Whoo-o-oo!” cried the baronet, as soon as his friend was ushered into the room; “glad to see thee a-field again, squire. Blown a bit, however, eh?”

“I’ faith, you may say that,” replied the squire; a pretty chase I’ve had on’t these six months! Would you believe it, Sir Hugh, I’m not allowed to taste a drop of any thing stronger than home-brewed? But that’s not the worst on’t. What think ye? The doctor says I’ll die, and no redemption if I don’t take a run for a couple of months to Cheltenham, to drink their infernal rot-gut waters! Odds rattans! a pretty pass it’s come to—die quotha!”

“Then I’d advise you to go,” said Sir Hugh; “if you don’t, you’ll die as sure as your name’s Stiles—if the doctor said it.”

“Well, that’s just what I’ve been thinking,” replied the squire. “Now, look ye, Sir Hugh—if you’ll go with me, I’ll go; but I’ll be whipped if I budge a step to such an outlandish place alone. Say done, and tip me your hand on’t, and all’s right: if not, I may just die and be d—d; for, burn me if I go alone for all the doctors in Christendom!”

This was an appeal to the friendship and good nature of the baronet which he could by no means resist; indeed, upon his acceding to the squire’s proposal, the life or death of the latter might be said to depend. Accordingly,

they shook hands over it—the bargain was concluded; and the children having been duly committed to the care of the housekeeper, the two friends were in a few days wheeling along, for the far-famed Cheltenham, as fast as four post-horses could drag the somewhat cumbrous chariot of the worthy squire.

Who is he who can boast of having put a spoke in the wheel of Fortune, or of having read the riddles in the book of Fate? While Sir Hugh Sharman “rolled along the turnpike,” snugly ensconced in the corner of the well-padded chariot, and snoring in harmonious concert with his intellectual friend, little did he dream of what his destiny was preparing for him.

Those who have resided in Cheltenham know what a motley group of human beings the attractions of that celebrated place yearly congregate. Chocolate-cheeked, asthmatic old Indians, endeavouring to patch up their broken constitutions, and to *enjoy* the riches so dearly earned by the sacrifice of health; the heirs and heiresses of these “weak old men,” in the persons of some half score of dashing nephews and nieces, impatiently watching the progress of their “dear uncles” towards the grave, comfortably assured, that they cannot by any possibility survive much longer, and that there is every chance of their being suddenly carried off by an apoplectic shock, or at least a severe fit of asthma; gouty aldermen paying the earthly penalty of too free an indulgence in “the good things of this life;” gentlemanly fortune-hunters laying their gins for some fair matrimonial prize; young ladies endeavouring to coquet themselves into the possession of husbands; mothers seeking a suitable market for their rosy-cheeked daughters; buxom widows who are tired of their state of single blessedness—together with an infinite variety of sharpers and rakes, whose sole object is gaming and dissipation, annually make the use of the waters the pretext under which they prosecute their various designs. Daily may the public walks and the pump-room be seen crowded by this incongruous assemblage—each occupied with his own affairs and paying little attention to his neighbours, except in so far as he may consider them useful to his purposes.

The arrival of Sir Hugh Sharman, however, caused at first a sensation, such as every man causes who drives up to the principal house with four horses in his carriage. Who was he, and what could have brought him to the wells? He was too robust to be an invalid, and too careless in his habits to be a valetudinarian; his look was too honest and open for a sharper; he was too old, and somewhat too corpulent, for a lover; he spent his money too freely for a fortune-hunter, and was by far too hale and vigorous for a debauchee. But it was not long till his rank, name, and fortune were sufficiently known, and from that moment he became an object of particular attention, particularly among the ladies. Mothers who had marriageable daughters, fawned upon him and flattered him; the young ladies displayed their sweetest looks in his presence, and all seemed anxious to captivate the substantial baronet and his snug thousands a-year.

Among the rest was a certain Mrs. Western, a young widow lady of considerable personal attractions, who had come to the wells for the health of her son, a great, lubberly, pampered-looking boy of about fifteen. The husband of this lady having been, in the words of the song,

“An oily soap laborator,
And also a Whig orator,”

she was by no means admitted in those aristocratic, earl-greyless days, into the society of “the exclusives” of Cheltenham. She moved entirely in the lower circles; but there, from her talents at whist, and her unrivalled collection of the ruling scandals of the day, she was considered a person of no small note. The ostensible object of her visit to the wells was the health of her son—her real one, the laudable purpose of endeavouring to find a suitable successor to her “poor, dear Western,” in the person of any substantial, middle-aged gentleman whom her juvenile charms might chance to captivate. As soon as she saw Sir Hugh Sharman, and became acquainted with the particulars of his rank and fortune, it occurred to her that he was the man, of all others, made, as it were, to her hand. She had few opportunities, indeed, of meeting him in society,

for Sir Hugh moved in a totally different circle; but whenever she encountered him in the public walks or at the pump-room, she played upon him with the whole artillery of her full dark eyes. At first the baronet took no notice of her glances; indeed he was not sufficiently skilled in the tactics of the sex even to be aware that they were intended for him; but after repeated attacks, and several well-managed blushes on the part of the lady, when Sir Hugh chanced to encounter her enamoured eye, the honest gentleman began to think that she was really extremely pretty, and one day went home and told Squire Stiles that, "might he never take another brush, but Mrs. Western was a deuced fine woman." In the mean time, the wily widow played her game with the most consummate dexterity. She was sure to meet the baronet accidentally wherever he went, and on such occasions she took care to betray a sufficient quantity of amiable embarrassment. If she encountered him in the public walk, she never failed to gaze on him intently, till his glance, wandering over the multitude, chanced to meet her's, when she instantly sunk her eyes to the ground with a due degree of blushing trepidation. In the pump-room, if he were present, the glass of waters which she was conveying to her lips was sure to tremble violently in her hand, and when he looked at her it trembled still more. All this Sir Hugh could not avoid observing; and though he had no means of ascertaining the real character of the widow, he insensibly became more and more convinced that she was "a very superior woman." Still, however, he never dreamed of carrying his admiration beyond mere empty ceremonial, till one day, after their acquaintance had been sufficiently matured, the pretty widow took occasion, during a stroll in the park, to ask him why he had never married.

"I wish," said she, "you had only seen how happy my poor dear Western was! Poor, sweet man—he loved me so!"

Sir Hugh cast a glance on the "full, voluptuous, but not o'ergrown form" of his companion, and thought it was very natural for her poor dear Western to love her. "To be sure,"

she continued, "I was always very kind to him, and did every thing I could to make him comfortable; and then I never interfered with any of his little ways, poor dear man, and never contradicted him, but just let him do what he liked. But, indeed, that's my way, Sir Hugh; I never *can* interfere with other people's little hobbies, though poor Western had his full share of them, it is true."

"What a sweet-tempered, amiable creature!" thought Sir Hugh.

Perfidious woman! would that your dead husband could have started up to charge you with your falsehood!

The trenches being thus opened, to use a military phrase, it would be needless to follow the intriguing widow through the whole progress of her amorous siege upon the heart of the unlucky baronet. Suffice to say, that the strong hold at last capitulated, and in three weeks Sir Hugh led her as his blushing bride to the altar, where they were duly united; and after the customary honey-moon excursion, took up their residence together at Sharman Hall. Lady Sharman's son, George Western, or "Georgey dear," as she used to call him, formed, of course, one of the party.

The heart of the *ci-devant* widow rose high within her, when she beheld the fine old baronial residence of which she was now mistress, and traversed, in company with her husband, the broad acres of the estate. She contemplated, in perspective, the death of the good old baronet, and the succession of her son to the splendid demesne; she thought of the important figure she would cut in the county, as the dowager lady of the hall; and she had already planned a variety of alterations and improvements which should be completed in that event; for she knew that "Georgey dear" would give up everything to her direction.

In the meantime she commenced a regular system of domestic and economic reform. All the old servants and retainers of the family were dismissed, and an entirely new set introduced. She declared that Sir Hugh lived far too extravagantly for his income; and the honest baronet was, accordingly,

forced to part with half of his stud ; and, at length, even to dispose of his fox-hounds. The garden, which was extensive, and maintained at considerable expense, was found to be unnecessarily large, and two-thirds of it were forthwith ploughed up, and laid off in grass. The baronet's hunting-stable, over the stalls of which were painted the proud names of his ancestors' favourite horses, was converted into a cow-house, where the lady kept a number of those useful animals, for the laudable purpose of trafficking in butter and cheese. In one word, the reins of government were completely transferred from the hands of Sir Hugh to those of his wife, and the once omnipotent baronet could scarcely even be said to possess a vote in his own cabinet. Whatever he proposed met with the keenest opposition ; and, before a year had elapsed, Lady Sharman and "Georgey dear" ruled supreme.

In one thing, however, to the great chagrin of his lady, Sir Hugh was immoveable. He had made a settlement of his estate in case of his dying without children, in favour of his nephew Rowley Neville ; and his wife used all her rhetoric to no purpose, in endeavouring to prevail on him to alter this arrangement, and substitute her own son George. Sir Hugh was perfectly obdurate ; neither threats nor entreaties could move him ; his nephew was, as he deserved to be, a great favourite, and the very sight of "Georgey dear" was loathsome to him.

Finding all her efforts in this affair fruitless, Lady Sharman changed her tactics, and resolved to effect her purpose in another way. She saw how affectionately her husband loved his nephew ; and she saw, too, that independent of his relationship, it was the fine, manly, honourable character of the boy, that had raised him so high in his uncle's esteem. She, accordingly, laid her plans with all the art of an intriguing woman, to undermine the character of the boy, in the eyes of her husband ; and, for this purpose, she suborned the services of her domestics. It would be endless to repeat the innumerable stories that were now daily related to the unsuspecting baronet, to the discredit of poor Rowley, or to describe the incredulity

with which the fond uncle at first listened to them. "Constant dropping, however, wears the hardest stone." Sir Hugh, by degrees, became shaken in the confidence he had hitherto placed in his nephew ; he next began to be suspicious of him ; and every one knows that suspicion is apt to throw the tint of guilt over the most innocent actions. Sometimes he openly charged the boy with his misconduct ; and, when Rowley manfully maintained his innocence, Lady Sharman had always some of her domestics at hand, who testified loudly against him. This was the worst of all. To be guilty of falsehood was, in Sir Hugh's eyes, the most heinous of all offences ; and, after repeated instances of this kind, he became so enraged against his nephew, that, for several days, he would not permit him to sit at table.

Still, however, the boy was the son of his beloved sister, and he was unwilling to cast him off entirely. He was anxious to give him some opportunity of regaining his character, and for this purpose, with the advice of his lady, who lamented sadly the defection of the boy, he procured him an appointment in the navy, and sent him off to sea. Rowley, glad to escape from the hall, where his life had of late been rendered perfectly miserable, entered on his new profession with the most eager ardour, and during several successive voyages conducted himself much to the satisfaction of his superiors. Meantime he was never permitted to revisit the hall. No sooner did he return from one cruise, than he found himself again appointed, and ordered to sail upon another. On board he was always a great favourite, his generous temper and daring reckless disposition gaining him the esteem of all the officers under whom he served.

It so happened, however, that on board of every ship in which he sailed, there *chanced* to be a confidential friend of George Western, who wrote from time to time to the hall, giving a shocking account of poor Rowley. Each letter contained some fearful instance of his pusillanimity, his treachery, or his want of faith ; and as this correspondence was regularly shewn to the baronet, the good gentleman became

at last so enraged, that he declared "the boy was not his mother's son, that he would never see his face again, and that he would cut him off in his will with a shilling." This was exactly the point at which Lady Sharman wished to arrive. She expressed herself extremely sorry for the poor boy, but at the same time applauded her husband's resolution in discarding for ever so disreputable an outcast.

Rowley had arrived from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, and having first dispatched a letter to his uncle intimating his return, and requesting him to get him appointed again as soon as possible, put himself on the top of a stage-coach, and proceeded to the lovely village of Eastcourt, which stands, as every one knows, in a wood-embosomed valley on the borders of Kent. In one of the most delightful cottages of this delightful place, resided Lieutenant Harwood, the father of one of Rowley's earliest messmates. Though now well advanced in life, this gentleman had been obliged, on account of his wounds, to leave the army when very young, and had since lived with his wife and daughter in his present place of abode. Whenever Rowley was on shore, Harwood's cottage was the place of his earliest and most frequent resort. The lieutenant was the father of his dearest friend, and Julia Harwood was one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in England. With the consent of her parents he had paid his addresses to her, and it was agreed that they should be united whenever his promotion should render such a step prudent. He had already gone two voyages as first lieutenant, and he hoped soon, by the influence of his uncle, which was considerable, to obtain a command. He, accordingly, waited impatiently for Sir Hugh's reply to his last letter; and on the fifth or sixth day of his residence at Eastcourt he received the following:—

"Sharman-Hall, Sunday.

"SIR,—I got your letter, and write to say that in consequence of your late disgraceful conduct, you need look for no farther countenance or support from me. There's no use in talking; your own conscience must tell you what I mean; and had I nothing else

to complain of, the unblushing manner in which you tell me to address this to the house of your paramour would be sufficient. Never let me hear of you again—if you write, your letters shall be returned unopened.

"Your abused Uncle,

"HUGH SHARMAN."

The first part of this epistle was utterly unintelligible to Rowley, but as he perused the latter part he trembled with agitation.

"Would to heaven," he cried, as he tore the letter to shreds, and trampled it beneath his feet in a paroxysm of rage; "would to heaven, he were not my uncle, that I might call him villain, and with my sword wrest the vile lie from his heart! But no," he continued, when he became more calm, "his relationship protects him; and so farewell for the present to Julia and promotion."

As he uttered these words Lieutenant Harwood entered the room; and, the circumstances having been explained to him, with the exception of the imputation which the letter contained on the character of his daughter, he endeavoured to convince his young friend, that his uncle must be labouring under some mistake, and advised him to write and ask for an explanation.

"Never!" cried Rowley, stamping with rage, "I would sooner cut my hand off."

Finding that he could not persuade him to adopt this course, Harwood next asked him what he meant to do. But Rowley had not the slightest idea of what he meant to do, till, at last, by the advice of his friend, he determined to apply to the Admiralty in person, and state his services as the ground of his application. He, accordingly, set out for London; but, after hanging on in attendance at the Admiralty for several months, he found there was not the slightest chance of his succeeding; and he, at length, gave up the pursuit in despair.

At this juncture the British government were offering a handsome bounty for the colonization of Africa; and, as this seemed to afford a promising investment for the small sum he had saved from his prize-money, Rowley determined to take advantage of it; and, after having increased his little store as much as possible, by trade, to

return and fulfil his engagement to Julia.

I have already said that he was among the emigrants entrusted to the care of the *Hesperus*, at Algoa Bay. The peculiar nature of the circumstances in which he was placed excited an extreme degree of interest in his

favour ; while the elegance of his manners, and the frankness of his general deportment, gained him the good will of all who knew him ; especially of our worthy commander, whose eyes were ever open to merit, as his heart was ever alive to misfortune.

CHAPTER X.

A CHASE.

“ But soon—too soon—we part with pain,
To sail o’er silent seas again.”

Moore.

The time at length arrived when we were destined to part from our good friends of Canvass Town ; and when all those little ties of intimacy or of love, which had been formed during our brief residence together, were to be rudely, and for ever, snapped asunder. Those there are who consider it the happy privilege of a sailor’s life, that he glides on, from port to port, untrammelled by any of those “ bonds of the affections ” which bind other men ; and that, however intimate or sacred the ties which he forms, the first weighing of the anchor severs them in an instant, as effectually as if they had never existed. If the value of friendship consist in the briefness of its duration, and if there be pleasure in winning hearts, merely to break them, such persons may be right in reckoning this a privilege. For my own part, I have never been the disciple of so cold a philosophy ; and, though the natural ardour of my temper, and sociality of my disposition, have led me, from time to time, to form intimacies both close and tender, I have ever looked upon the fate which compelled me to break them off, as one of the greatest curses of my profession. The reader may perhaps smile when I confess that, notwithstanding the seaman’s proverbial levity, I have never parted from the friend whom I esteemed, or the girl whom I loved, without experiencing a bitter pang. He may call it

romantic, if he will, and if it be romantic, I glory in the epithet ; I glory in the reflection that love and friendship have never been with me the conveniences of an hour ; that the sacred links have never been severed but with pain ; that I never looked a last adieu with callous indifference ; and that, in the language of the poet,

I never spoke the word farewell,
But with an utterance faint and broken ;
An earth-sick yearning for the time
When it shall never more be spoken !

The requisite conveyances having been duly prepared, and a sufficient number of draught oxen provided, the emigrant’s were, at last, reluctantly compelled to exchange their comfortable tents in Canvass Town, for the dreary deserts of the African forest ; and the hospitable kindness of their friendly entertainers, for the ferocious hostility of the Caffres. It was arranged that, for their mutual convenience and safety, they should travel in a body ; and the day of their departure was already fixed. Dull and mournful were now the once merry dinners at the Blue Boar ; and Captain Morley exerted himself in vain to promote even the appearance of cheerfulness. No songs were sung, no lute was heard ; all seemed engrossed with the dismal prospect of their journey, and even the laughing face of the beautiful Emilia was clouded with

sorrow. His battles and campaigns were no longer the topic of the good major's discourse ; he was for the most part silent and moody, and when he did speak his theme was "home." The venerable Mr. Settler looked forward to his ultimate destiny with growing concern ; he never quitted Captain Morley's side for an instant ; he seemed to hang upon him as his last earthly friend, his sole support on this side of the grave. The officers of the *Hesperus*, too, shared in the general depression ; and all seemed to look forward to the breaking up of the Cauvass-Town establishment with regret.

In the conduct of our first lieutenant in particular, there was a marked change. His supercilious arrogance had given place to a constrained submissiveness of demeanour, and he appeared to be humbled, as he well might, by the thought of his own misconduct. Indeed his situation of late must have been at best extremely uncomfortable. Ever since the disgraceful scene at Simon's-Bay, the intercourse which his messmates held with him was cold and distant, and Captain Morley never spoke to him, save on matters connected with the business of the ship. Although no open marks of disrespect were shewn by any, he could not but feel that he was despised by all—a dreadful feeling, even to a heart the most hardened and indifferent. A man may bear with the erect and dignified front of conscious rectitude, the bitterest malice of his fellow-men, but where is the panoply of proof that can resist the poisoned dart of merited contempt.

One morning shortly before the final departure of the emigrants, the now submissive first-lieutenant, desirous, perhaps, to escape from his present truly uncomfortable situation, came to Captain Morley and told him that he was anxious to accompany his father into the interior for the purpose of seeing him safely settled ; and that as he had of late been labouring under a disorder the chest, which, as the doctor could certify, was of a most malignant nature, he hoped there would be no objections to his being invalided and left behind. Captain Morley having satisfied himself that the poor man was actually labouring

under the complaint to which he alluded, and being willing to afford him an opportunity of repairing in some measure the deadly injury he had already inflicted on his venerable parent, agreed without much reluctance to his proposal, and he was invalided accordingly.

This arrangement necessarily caused an important blank in the ship's books, and several of the youngsters were looking forward with much satisfaction to the prospect of temporary promotion. But the active benevolence of Captain Morley had other views ; and as soon as the necessary formalities had been observed, he sent for Rowley Neville.

"Well, Mr. Neville," he said, now that the time of your departure is drawing near, do you still look forward with pleasure to the prospect of your settlement in the interior of this desert country ? I should have thought that a youth of your disposition would have preferred the haunts of civilized men."

"Indeed, Captain Morley," replied Neville, "I *do* prefer them. My being here as a wandering emigrant is the result not of choice but of destiny. There was a time when I looked to the broad blue sea, and not to the bleak desert, as the scene of my future career, and I vainly dreamed of ending my life in the service of my country. Events, however, of which you are already aware, have frustrated these fondly cherished hopes. It was not indeed without a pang that I relinquished them, but I *did* relinquish them ; and for some months before my arrival here I had habituated myself to bow with submission to my destiny. But the sight of your gallant ship, the society of yourself and your excellent officers, have revived within me all my dormant enthusiasm for my profession, and I confess that I have of late looked with a repining eye on the fate which has torn me from it. Oh ! the sea, the sea, the broad blue sea, the element of my love and my adoption ; I would sacrifice all I possess to float once more upon its briny bosom ! Yes ! willingly would Rowley Neville serve before the mast—but—there is one whom he would not wish to make the wife of a foremast-man. Forgive me, Captain Morley ; these are vain regrets ! My path is a dreary one, but it is

lighted up by the bright star of love, and I shall go into my exile with a sorrowful heart indeed, but not as one without hope."

"In a young man of your disposition, Mr. Neville," replied captain Morley, "I was prepared for this burst of enthusiasm, and I have a proposal to make which I trust will meet with your acquiescence. My first lieutenant has been invalided, and is to be left behind us here. If you choose to accept of an acting order from me to fill the vacant post, it is most heartily at your service. Of course you are aware that the appointment is entirely of a temporary nature, and that you will be superseded when we communicate with the admiral; but the appointment will at least bring you into notice, and if you are willing to trust your fortunes with me, I think my influence with the Board at home will be sufficient to prevent your remaining long without a more permanent situation."

The dark eye of Rowley Neville flashed with delight and astonishment as he listened to this unexpected proposal. He grasped the hand of the excellent commander, but did not speak.

"If you have any scruples, Mr. Neville," continued Morley, "I trust you will reject my offer with the same candour with which it is made."

"Scruples," cried Neville, as he wrung his benefactor's hand; "to agree with your generous proposal is to gratify the fondest wish of my heart. But, captain Morley, I am a poor man, and can never reward you for this unmerited kindness."

"The approval of his own conscience, Mr. Neville, is the most enviable reward to which man can aspire. But do not suppose that I have taken this step entirely without selfish motives. We are going on a cruise which will require much vigilance and activity, and I know that in you I shall find an able and experienced officer. Besides, in serving you, I serve an old and valued friend. Lieutenant Harwood and I were engaged together in the Mediterranean?"

"You know Harwood then?" said Neville.

"I have reason to know him," replied Morley; "he received the wounds which caused him to retire from the service in a gallant and suc-

cessful attempt to rescue me and some of my brother officers from the hands of the enemy, under very peculiar circumstances. But of this another time. Meanwhile have your traps conveyed on board; tomorrow I shall introduce you to my officers as acting first lieutenant of the *Hesperus*."

May a rewarding Providence shower down its choicest blessings on thy head, benevolent Morley! To do good has ever been the chosen maxim of thy life!

The day fixed for the final departure of the emigrants at length arrived. Every thing that could tend to promote their safety or comfort during their arduous journey was provided, and they set forth a mournful company attended by the best wishes of those they left behind. As soon as they were gone, Captain Morley gave orders to strike the tents; and before the shades of evening closed upon the landscape, not a vestige remained of the once lively and bustling Canvass Town.

No time was now lost in getting the *Hesperus* under weigh, and we were soon once more ploughing "the glad waters of the dark blue sea." Our destination was the Mauritius; and after a prosperous passage of about three weeks, we made that delicious island. As we ran between Gunner's Quoin and the shore, every glass was pointed in the direction of Amber Island, which the rich fancy of Saint-Pierre has rendered memorable as the spot of the ill-fated Virginia's shipwreck. The whole of the appalling scene, as described by the graphic pen of that accomplished writer, was at the moment vividly pictured in my imagination. The black clouds that enveloped the tempestuous atmosphere; the white foam of the agitated sea as it rolled its enormous billows shoreward, tearing asunder plank by plank the sparless hull of the stranded *St. Gerand*; the solitary female figure standing on the poop, stretching out its arms in the attitude of supplication; the thrilling cry of the spectators "C'est Virginia!" the vain struggles of the gallant Paul to reach the wreck; the mountain-like billow by which the vessel and the figure were finally engulfed; the shriek of horror from the shore that pierced even the roaring of the tem-

pest—all was painted in vivid colours on my fancy. But there was nothing in the scene before us calculated to remind me of this dreadful storm, of which I had often read the description with such thrilling interest. The surface of the bright blue water was gently curled by a perfume-laden breeze; and the beach, which had ever been associated in my imagination with black clouds, howling winds, dashing spray, and the mangled bodies of wrecked mariners, was now cheerfully lighted up by the glad rays of the mid-day sun. A soft, summer-day stillness invested the whole scene; and had it not been that the dangerous reefs which extend round every part of this coral-bound coast were easily to be traced by the change of colour visible in the surface of the water, Amber Island might have seemed the very haven of safety and peace. It is these hidden reefs that make the approach to the Mauritius so perilous, and render it necessary for the watchful mariner to be ever on his guard. Many stately ships have met their death by trusting to the treacherous stillness of the water—

“ ——— floating darkling down the tide,
Unconscious of the rocks o’er which they
glide.”

After a tedious warp up from the Bell Buoy, we moored the *Hesperus* in the Trou Fanfaron, or inner harbour, where the ships of war usually lie during the hurricane months, or for the purpose of refitting. Here we had ample opportunity of looking about us, as, after six o’clock each evening, Captain Morley granted a general leave to such of the officers as were not on duty, and to a third part of the ship’s company. And certainly there are few spots that can vie with this delicious island, for beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate: indeed, were it not for the severe hurricanes by which it is occasionally visited, it would be a terrestrial paradise. From the ship, as we were running along-

shore, the *coup-d’œil* which it presented was lovely in the extreme. The gently undulated water rose and fell on a smooth beach of the whitest sand, which was lined on its landward side by an extended turf of the most brilliant verdure. Beyond this, numerous clusters of small, cheerful cottages, denoting the fishing stations of the richer planters, peeped out from beneath the shade of graceful cocoa-nut trees and umbrageous palms. The canoes of the fishermen, as they glided on the inner edge of the coral reefs in search of shells or bait for the sport of the evening, contributed greatly to the general effect of the picture.

On shore I spent my time delightfully. The general on the station chanced to be an acquaintance of my father, and learning, by some means or other, that I was on board the *Hesperus*, he sought me out and introduced me to his family. Through his kindness I also became acquainted with the worthy governor, Sir R——t F——r, and many were the happy hours I spent at Reduit and Mont Plaisir.*

But it was not to dream away the time in harbour that the *Hesperus* was sent to the Mauritius. In consequence of the inactivity of the ship which previously occupied the station, the slave trade had increased to an alarming extent, and the most energetic measures were now requisite for its suppression. Encouraged by the inaction of the government cruiser, vessels of all countries had engaged in this nefarious traffic, which they carried on with the most dauntless effrontery. It is true that, besides the British ship, several French colonial men-of-war cruisers were employed, off Bourbon, in the preventive service; but the commanders of these vessels had, for the most part, friends or relations connected with the contraband trade, in the interests of which they had little scruple of tacitly engaging, as Trapbois says, “for a consideration.” Accordingly, for several years there had been scarcely any check on the slave

* This is not the only occasion during life on which I have experienced the benefit of being “the son of a worthy sire.” My honoured parent! would that I could boast of having merited, for my own sake, the many kindnesses that have often been conferred on me for your’s!

trade, and the seas in the neighbourhood of this station were considered the fairest field of illicit enterprize in all the eastern ocean.

Captain Morley, however, determined to let those "free-traders" know that the——frigate no longer occupied the station, and that in the jolly *Hesperus* they had another sort of customer to deal with. Shortly after our arrival at the Mauritius, he planned a cruise in search of slavers, during which he proposed to visit Bourbon, Madagascar, and the Seychelles. It was necessary, however, in order to defeat any attempts that might be made to put the slave ships on their guard, to keep our intended route as secret as possible. Accordingly, though Madagascar was the ostensible place of our destination, and was generally understood to be such on shore, we had no sooner run past Bourbon than we shaped our course for the islands of Providence and Coitive.

As we were running round the Isle de Bourbon, we were hailed at different parts of the island by three small French cruisers. But though these vessels were engaged in the same service as ourselves, Morley thought it imprudent, for the reasons above stated, to confide in them, and gave them all different answers as to our route: so that, in the space of twenty-four hours, we were spoken to "coming from Madagascar," "going to Madagascar," and "coming from the Seychelles." This, we afterwards found, was by no means an unnecessary precaution, as the commanders of these very craft were actually, at the time, in constant and friendly communication with vessels engaged in the contraband trade.

We had passed Jean de Nove and Providence, and were within about two hundred miles of Coitive, when one morning, soon after day-break, the look-out at the mast-head, announced, "A sail right a-head!"

"What does she look like?" cried Morley, who was on deck at the moment.

"She seems a rakish sort of a brig, Sir, under topgallant sails—courses down."

"Which way is she standing?"

"The same as we are, Sir."

"Captain Morley having gone to

the mast-head, and examined the craft through his glass, again descended and called the first lieutenant.

"She looks suspicious, Mr. Neville," he said; "yet her canvass is white, and she appears too tant for a slaver. She must either be a Yankee, who has no business here, or one of those idle French cruisers; but whatever she is, we'll overhaul her. Pipe all hands, make sail, Mr. Parsons; and, Mr. Neville, set every stitch of canvass that will draw."

The prospect of a chase was delightful, and in a few moments all was life and activity. The wind chanced at the time to be extremely light; but as it was upon the beam we were in a fine position for a stern chase. Under the influence of the additional canvass, the *Hesperus* mended her rate considerably, and bounded gallantly away. The brig evidently had either not observed us as yet, or had assumed the appearance of carelessness in order to lull our suspicions; for she still continued steering on the same course and under the same easy sail as before. With a little more wind, we should certainly have come up with her, hand over hand. But the breeze continued tantalizingly light, and baffled every attempt we made to increase our speed beyond the rate of ordinary sailing. All looked anxiously to windward, to ascertain if there was any prospect of a breeze; and Mr. Black fidgeted about the deck, seeming very much inclined to break through his own rule and whistle. He, however, contented himself with the less noisy mode of invoking the fickle element, giving the mizen-mast, each time he passed it in his walk, a friendly scratch with his finger. "Oh! for a stiff breeze!" was the general cry of us youngsters, "and we'll let her see the *Hesperus* walk!" But it was all in vain; the wind continued provokingly light, and we could get no more out of the lazy ship than a scanty six knots an hour. Still, however, we were evidently making on the brig, as she had not as yet set an additional inch of canvass, or adopted any other measures to mend her rate.

We had gained upon her, perhaps, about a mile without her having given any symptoms that she was aware of our design. At last, however, seeing us steering straight for her, she appa-

rently took alarm and made sail, keeping away a point or two to let her studding-sails draw. She now mended her rate considerably, and it was not without difficulty that we held our own with her. The wind, meantime, as is often the case in those seas, continued extremely variable and unsteady, coming and going in short gusts, each of which, after remaining with us for about fifteen or twenty minutes, would pass onwards and leave us for the next half hour nearly becalmed. The same breeze that had carried us forward for some time at a tolerable rate, having suddenly left us almost motionless, would ripple the surface of the ocean as it passed along, and soon filling the sails of the chase, run away with her in a most tantalizing manner. Having favoured her for an equally short period, the inconstant gale would again resume its onward course, and leave her, like ourselves, nearly becalmed. Then once more the sails of the *Hesperus* would fill with a fresh gust, and away she would bound, bearing rapidly down on the now nearly motionless brig, till the coquetting breeze again forsook us, and hurried forward to woo once more the favour of our opponent. Thus it seemed to be altogether a matter of chance which should gain the superiority, and the crew of the *Hesperus* gave ample symptoms of genuine nautical impatience.

Towards ten o'clock in the morning, however, it blew steadier, and from that time till four in the afternoon we were going seven knots, and evidently making on the chase. The distance between us continued gradually to diminish, till it amounted to little more than three miles, and every one seemed certain that she would be ours before dark. But, alas! for the inconstant element! Towards evening the wind got back to its old tricks; and in spite of trimming ship, by slinging shot in the hammocks, hanging up chests, shifting guns, and so forth, when sunset arrived we had not gained an additional inch. Now came the ticklish period, as an hour's darkness, or rather more, must intervene before we could be favoured by the light of the moon. The probability was that the chase would take the usual advantage of the obscurity, and alter her course; in which case we must inevitably lose

her. As we were considering what it would be advisable for us to do, in such an event, the sun sunk suddenly behind the horizon, and total darkness speedily closed around us.

Every night-glass was now put in requisition; but, so complete was the obscurity that, not a trace of the brig could be discovered. In the imaginations of the anxious lookers, indeed, she was occasionally descried; but it was too certain that it was only in their imaginations. The most practised eye could discover nothing in the darkness; and the repeated assertions that "she was here," and "she was there," were soon suffered to pass unnoticed. To one man only, who had the reputation of being able to discover objects at night, farther than any of his shipmates, Captain Morley seemed inclined to pay some attention. This man, after looking long and anxiously through a night-glass, declared that he saw the chase quite plainly.

"Where is she?" said Morley.

"Right off the spritsail lee yard-arm, Sir," replied the man.

"The d——l, she is!" cried the captain, "then she must be bearing up; and, if we don't follow her example, she will undoubtedly give us the slip."

Morley proceeded aft, apparently with the intention of giving directions to bear up; but, instead of doing so, he privately desired the quartermaster to alter the ship's course, a point or two, by which means he hoped to ascertain whether or not the man were deceived in his assertion. When the vessel had materially shifted her position, he returned to his informant, who still kept prying cagerly through his night-glass.

"Where is she now?"

"Right off the spritsail lee yard-arm, Sir," was again the reply.

By another private hint to the quartermaster the course of the ship was altered still more, so that the position of her head was now entirely changed. The night-seer, meantime, unconscious of any alteration, kept steady to his glass.

"Where is she now?" enquired Morley.

"Right off the spritsail lee yard-arm, Sir," once more replied the man.

"Keep the ship to her course again,"

cried Morley to the quartermaster ; " we might as well be chasing the jib-sheet block, if we listen to the assertions of these nocturnal prophets." The ship was accordingly brought round to her former position, and the outwitted night-glass-man slunk away considerably abashed.

The moon at length made her wished-for appearance ; and, as she gradually shed her light over the surface of the water, we discovered the brig, to our inexpressible pleasure and surprise, exactly in the same position which she held when we lost sight of her at sunset. What her reasons could be for not taking the usual advantage which darkness affords in such cases, we were at a loss to conjecture ; unless, perhaps, it might be that she placed such implicit reliance on her sailing qualities, that she felt quite sure of walking away from us.

The wind was now as variable and unsteady as ever ; and, all night long, we continued, in a most uncertain state, gaining one half hour, and losing the next. Towards morning, however, the breeze continued so long in our favour that we crept up with the chase, and contemplated firing a gun at her. But our good fortune was of short continuance. Suddenly, from a steady seven-knot rate, we were reduced to a comparative calm, and away went the brig, her sails filled by the very breeze which, a few minutes before, had sighed through the shrouds of the *Hesperus*. In the course of scarcely half an hour, she regained her old position of two or three miles a-head.

The chase was now getting serious. I had not left the hammock-netting for ten minutes, at a time, since we first got her within sight of the sextant ; and I was perfectly tired of watching our progress, now gaining, now losing. At ten A. M. it was acknowledged that the *Hesperus* was only holding her own with her ; which, of course, was equivalent to being beat ; and from the long faces of the officers and crew, it was evident that the hope of catching her was fast ebbing away.

Noon came ; and, from our observations, it appeared that the tables were so far turned that, instead of our creeping up with the chase, the chase was slowly creeping away from us.

This was truly tantalizing ; for, as we had already crowded every stitch of canvass that would draw, and had trimmed, in every possible manner, we were satisfied that we could not now mend our rate of sailing. But the worst of our ill-fortune was to come. While we were exerting ourselves, in vain, to hold our own, the wind suddenly fell, and left us almost becalmed. The brig being somewhat to leeward, continued to hold the breeze after it had forsaken us, and away she went, dashing through the water at a most enviable rate. We watched her with extreme impatience, as she scudded rapidly along, while we ourselves were lying with hardly steerage way, and totally incapable of following her up.

She had already, to our inexpressible chagrin, increased the distance between us to somewhat more than four miles, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, we saw her sails, which had hitherto been sleeping, begin to flap ; the breeze had once more forsaken her, and there she lay becalmed like ourselves.

" All hands out boats !" was Captain Morley's instantaneous order, " call the boats crews away, Mr. Parsons."

" Ay, ay, Sir," answered the portly boatswain from the bottom of his chest ; and immediately his shrill call sounded the appropriate note through every corner of the ship.

In less time than most landsmen would be inclined to credit, every boat in the vessel was manned and armed, and off they started for the brig, which now seemed ours to all intents and purposes. Strangway had command of the expedition, and I was in great hopes that I should be allowed to accompany him, but Morley would not permit me to leave the sextant, so I was sent back to my old seat in the hammock-netting. The crews pulled lustily along, and the boats were already within about two miles of the brig, when fate, which seemed determined to baffle all our exertions, again interfered. As we were anxiously watching the progress of the boats, a breeze sprung up—not such a breeze as had hitherto been teasing us, but a fine, fresh, rattling, eleven-knot breeze. In one instant the sails of both vessels were filled, and away scudded the brig

leaving our unfortunate "small craft" to follow her at their leisure.

"Confound the boats!" cried Morley, what could tempt me to hoist them out! Steer straight for them, Mr. Neville, and let them be hoisted in again with all dispatch."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" responded the first lieutenant, shaping the course of the vessel as he was directed; and when we had overtaken the boats, and hove to to recover them, we had the satisfaction of seeing the chase walk unbidden away.

When we were once more ready to make sail on her, the brig had got a long start of us, and from our observations with the sextant she seemed very much inclined to keep it. She crawled away more regularly than she had hitherto done since the commencement of the chase; and as she still continued under the same canvass as before, we were a little at a loss to account for her mended rate; the breeze apparently favouring us both in an equal degree.

"They've altered the trim of that craft, Sir," said Black to Morley; "and I'm blessed but I think they have been playing with us all this time."

"They shall find it odd play," was the captain's only reply, "if this wind hold, and the sticks will stand it!"

Notwithstanding all our exertions, however, she was evidently leaving us rapidly; and if she had altered her trim, as the master maintained, she had certainly done so to some purpose. Morley watched her anxiously for some time; and after repeated observations, being satisfied that she was every moment getting a-head, he at last seemed to give up his chance of success as hopeless.

"Come, Mr. Neville," he said to the acting first lieutenant, "let us go down below, and have a bottle of La Fitte. We are going to be well beat, and I for one don't like to see it. Keep a bright look-out, youngster," he continued, addressing himself to me, "and if we *do* gain on her let me know."

So saying, he descended with his lieutenant to the cabin; and no sooner was he gone, than the cluster of mid-dies on the forecastle, relieved from the restraint of his presence, began to vent their spleen—cursing and swearing heartily at "the little black brute that

dared to take the shine out of such a dipper as the Hesperus."

"Strange!" said Strangway, who had been observing the brig carefully with a sextant, and found from each observation that she was increasing the distance between us, "at the commencement of the chase we seemed her superior in sailing, and latterly we have been at least equal to her—but *now*, the devil's in't if we can hold our own with her!—D——n me if I can understand it!"

"Understand it!" said Black, who piqued himself on his superior nautical skill, and thought it impossible that any manœuvre could be practised of which *he* had not a most complete comprehension; "understand it, Sir! why it is all owing to her trim! I'll lay my life she has not been idle either above or below for the last hour. Ay, ay, Sir! see what trimming ship does!"

"Trimming d——l!" replied Strangway, in a peevish tone, "haven't we been trimming, too, and what have we made of it? I'll be d——d if it is not all chance, and our own ill luck, blast her!"

"Well, well, Sir," said Black, "you must, of course, know more of these matters than I do, though maybe I'm the older sailor of the two, for all that;" and he raised his glass with an air of self-importance, to his eye, as if to put an end to the altercation.

The indignant master continued to examine the brig, for some time, carefully, through his glass; and a smile of triumph played round his lips when he, at last, lowered the instrument from his eye, and handed it to Strangway.

"I suppose, Sir," said he, in the self-satisfied tone of a man who has unexpectedly found some irrefragable argument to support a favourite position; "I suppose, Sir, you'll maintain that she's not trimming now."

"By heaven!" cried Strangway, when he had raised the glass and contemplated the chase for a moment, "they are cutting away an anchor from her bows!"

"Ay, ay, Sir," said Black, in a tone half of derision, half of triumph, "*see what trimming ship does!*"

Every glass was now pointed in the direction of the chase, and she was

distinctly seen to cut away from her bows, first one, and then a second, anchor.

"He is a knowing fellow, that," said Strangway, "and I suppose she now intends to leave us, and nothing else."

"Ay, ay, Sir," reiterated Black, with the same triumphant smile, "SEE WHAT TRIMMING SHIP DOES!"

The sextants were now laid aside in despair, no one being anxious to watch the progress of what was, at last, considered our certain discomfiture. I still, however, kept mine upon the chase. My first observation was, that by cutting away her anchors she had *not* mended her rate. She did not continue to gain on the *Hesperus* so rapidly as she had previously done; on the contrary, she rather lost way. After a few minutes had elapsed, this was still more apparent; and the *Hesperus* began gradually, but decidedly to gain upon her. Having repeated my observations several times, with great care, in order to satisfy myself that I was not deceived, and still finding that we were making on her, more and more, I jumped out of the netting and ran down to the captain, brandishing the sextant triumphantly in my hand.

"Well, youngster," said Morley, "what's in the wind now?"

"We are coming up with her, hand over hand, Sir," I cried, in ecstasy. "She has cut both her anchors from her bows, and seems to have spoiled her trim!"

Up started both captain and lieutenant at this unexpected intelligence. and, having first made me swallow a glass of wine "for luck," we all hurried together on deck. As soon as we were above, Morley snatched the sextant from my hand, and, at a single glance, satisfied himself that my statement was correct. We continued gradually to overhaul her; and the breeze remained as steady as we could desire. Towards six P. M. we had diminished the distance between us to about a mile.

"Give her a shot with the long nine," cried Morley; and immediately the report of the piece rung through the rigging. At this salute the chase made a movement that led us to suppose that she was rounding to. In this, however, we were deceived.

She, on the contrary, put her helm up again, and kept more away than she had hitherto done; hoisting, at the same time, French colours. On this new point, her starboard lower studding-sails drawing, she, for some time, seemed to hold us a better tug. But it was all in vain; the *Hesperus* had got the breeze she liked, and would not be denied. The distance between us was still gradually diminishing.

Sunset again approached; but as the chase was now but a short way ahead, we had little fear of her escaping under cover of the darkness. One circumstance was particularly in our favour for a night run. We had a mass of dark clouds behind us; and before her the sky was bright and clear; so that, long after we should be completely hidden from her view, her spars and rigging would be distinctly visible to us, standing out in relief against the horizon. Not reckoning upon this important difference in our situations, when darkness set in, the brig seemed to conclude that she was as much hidden from us as we were from her. Accordingly, by the assistance of our night-glasses, we soon observed her cut away her stern boat; and, placing a lantern in it, let it go adrift. The object of this manœuvre was to lead us astray; for, no sooner was she clear of the boat than she immediately bore up several points, and set her larboard studding sails. But it would not do. We merely ran up to the boat to ascertain if any unfortunate negroes had been turned adrift in her; but, finding it empty, we again followed close on the chase.

It was now towards nine o'clock in the evening, and as we were at the time within little more than half a mile of her, we fired a few muskets at, or rather near her.

"Well, Black," said Morley, "which of us do you think is playing with the other now?"

"It was all owing to her cutting away her anchors, Sir!" replied Black, unwilling to give up the point of the "trimming," on which he had in a manner staked his nautical credit.

"To be sure it was," chuckled Strangway, who chanced to be at the master's elbow unknown to him;—"SEE WHAT TRIMMING SHIP DOES!"

The disconcerted master struck his

clenched fist against the palm of his hand, and shuffled off to another part of the deck, muttering between his teeth his usual emphatic clencher of an argument in which he was worsted—"D——n this!"

We continued popping away at the chase for some time with our muskets, but she did not pay the slightest attention to them.

"Give her the long nine again!" cried Morley: and no sooner was the gun discharged than down came her studding-sails so rapidly that we fancied some of the spars had been shot away. She now hove to, and the old *Hesperus* was speedily alongside of her.

"What brig's that?"

"La Fortune."

"Where from?"

"Zanzibar."

"Where bound?"

"Bourbon."

"What cargo?"

"Les Noirs."

We were now all right. Strangway was ordered to board and take charge of her, and I was one of three midshipmen appointed to accompany him. We started in the gig of which Wolfe was coxswain, to take possession, while the men intended for the prize

were getting their hammocks and so forth in readiness. As we neared her, the fetid smell she exhaled was insufferable, and from the crowded appearance of her decks she seemed to have a good cargo. She proved to be a fine raking brig, pierced for fourteen, but carrying only eight carronades. Besides her own complement of twenty-five men, exclusive of officers, she had on board three hundred and forty negroes; and she must have been intended for many trips, as she was provided with ample stores for four years. She was fitted out at Nantz, from which port she had sailed only a few months previously.

We had chased her for upwards of forty hours, during which time we had run nearly two hundred miles, and throughout the whole run we were never more than five miles distant from her, for the most part not much above two. Completely worn out with constant watching during so protracted a period, as soon as the preliminary arrangements were made, I wrapped my cloak about me, and throwing myself on deck, managed, with the assistance of a cigar and some genuine Nantz, to overcome the filthy effluvia with which I was surrounded, and to obtain a little refreshing sleep.

THE RED CROSS OF BURGUNDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning sun shone cheerily on the boulevards of the good city of Paris, and a few of the populace, hurrying to their daily avocations, gave indication of the incipient bustle and movement of the capital. It could scarcely have been later than seven o'clock when a small troop of horsemen issued through the Porte St. Antoine, and slowly took the road to Vincennes. At the head of the cavalcade rode two individuals, some distance separating them from the rest, who belonged rather to their suite than to their company; and who, with marks of unequivocal respect, regulated the speed of their impatient steeds by the pace which the leaders had adopted. The personage to whom his companion had ceded the right of the high road, was mounted on a handsome Spanish mule, whose smooth and regular amble seemed the result of careful training, and well accorded with the evidently enfeebled health of the rider. The latter, through the severity of his physical and moral sufferings, might have been pronounced much older than his years; which, in reality, scarcely exceeded forty-nine. Such was his confidence in the meek and well-disciplined animal on which he was mounted, that, from time to time, he abandoned the bridle, and pressed his forehead between both hands, with a convulsive motion which had grown into a confirmed habit. In spite of the cool morning air, and even of a slight mist which extended, like a sheet, over the plain, the invalid had suspended his hat from his saddle-bow, imprudently exposing his bare head to the dewy vapour which hung, in drops, from the few grey curls that shaded his temples. Far from incommoding him, the chilling moisture apparently afforded some relief to the fever of the brain, which, at every instant, forced him to renew the involuntary movement of his hands to his forehead. His costume

was such as befitted the gravity of an elderly nobleman of his time, which, as we should previously have informed the reader, was about the year 1417, the thirty-eighth of the reign of Charles the Sixth, surnamed the Well-Beloved. He wore a sort of black velvet robe, open in front, and trimmed with white ermine, and as its wide sleeves floated loosely in the wind, the divisions at the seams occasionally exposed to view the tight sleeves of a doublet of gold brocade, the faded splendour of which evinced that the garment had rendered some service to the wearer. At the bottom of this long robe, and emancipated from the usual restraint of stirrups, were barely visible the feet of the cavalier, dangling to and fro, in a pair of furred and pointed boots. This somewhat ungraceful freedom of action, by exposing the flanks of the mule to the frequent and periodical visitations of the rider's heels, might have severely tried the patience of the complaisant beast, but for the foresight of some cautious attendant, who had disarmed the afore-said boots of the sharp and gilded spurs which, at that epoch, formed a distinctive appendage to the high-born Seigneur's costume. As our description, were it prolonged even to the tediousness of a thrice-told tale, would scarcely convey an accurate idea of the rank of the personage to whom it refers, we shall briefly add that the illustrious cavalier was no other than the sovereign himself, Charles the Sixth of France. Having been seized with insanity during a journey to Brittany, in 1392, the monarch remained, from that period, unvisited by the light of reason, save at intervals "few, and far between;" and which became still fewer, and still more distant from each other, as the hand of time pressed more heavily on the royal maniac's head. Benighted as were the faculties of Charles, his consort, Isabelle, long exercised a power-

ful ascendancy over his affections. The queen's ordinary residence was at Vincennes, where, as on the present occasion, she was frequently visited by the king, attended by an inconsiderable suite; his majesty having, of late years, evinced much distaste for courtly pomp and etiquette.

On the left hand of Charles, and nearly on a line with him rode a cavalier of colossal stature, armed from head to foot, and with some difficulty repressing the ardour of his mettlesome war-horse. His armour was rather serviceable than elegant; nevertheless the superiority of its workmanship was attested by the perfect case and freedom which its various joinings allowed to the movements of the warrior's limbs. From his saddle-bow, on one side was suspended a mace of terrific weight, which had once been richly damasked in gold, but which, doubtless from its frequent contact with hostile casques, had lost much of its ornament, though nothing of its solidity. On the left side of the saddle-bow, and by way of pendant to the mace, hung a weapon equally formidable—a sword, the blade of which, broad at the top, gradually diminished to a point, like that of a stiletto, and on the scabbard of which an abundance of fleurs-de-lis, designated the owner as the Count d'Armagnac, constable of France, governor-general of the city of Paris, and commandant of all the fortresses in the kingdom. Both of these respectable weapons were for the moment paraded, rather through precaution than necessity: their master indeed seemed to regard them as tried and trusty servants, and accordingly exacted their presence night and day. The physiognomy of the herculean soldier, appeared sombre in the extreme; perchance his vizor, which shaded his dark eyes, lent additional harshness to his features. His aquiline nose, his complexion bronzed by the wars of Milan, and above all, a deep scar which cleft, as it were, his cheek in twain, extending from his arched and bushy eyebrow, to his grisly beard;—in a word, his whole personal appearance denoted that his soul was not less impenetrable or unbending, than the iron envelope within which it was incased.

The two cavaliers of whom we have thus attempted a faithful portraiture,

had hitherto pursued their ride in silence from the gate of the Bastille, to the junction of the two roads, one of which led to the convent of Saint Anthony, the other to Vincennes. All at once the king's mule abandoned, as we have already intimated, to self-discretion, stopped short in the midst of the highway. Charles had been wont to turn the animal's head, sometimes towards Vincennes, whither he was that day bound, and sometimes towards the convent of Saint Anthony, where his majesty frequently performed his devotions: accordingly the docile creature stood motionless, in expectation of the customary gesture or indication on the part of the rider. The king, however, who was in one of those moods of abstraction, which rendered him wholly insensible to surrounding objects, remained stationary on the spot where his mule had judged it advisable to halt, and seemed even unaware of his sudden change from a state of motion, to one of absolute quietude and repose. Hoping to recall his majesty's self-possession, the Count d'Armagnac addressed him, but in vain. He next spurred his steed in front of the mule, expecting that a spirit of companionship would induce the latter to follow. In this speculation the constable deceived himself. The phlegmatic beast merely raised his head, gazed vacantly at the prancing courser, shook the jingling bells attached to his neck, and remained immovable as before. Losing all patience at this obstinacy, d'Armagnac hastily dismounted, at the same time making a signal to his body esquire, who drew near and took charge of his steed. The count then, perceiving that to seize the bridle of the mule, was the sole expedient that could release him from his embarrassment, advanced on foot towards the king for that purpose; for such was the awe inspired by the very name of royalty, that none of what rank soever would in less respectful plight, have dared to lay a finger on any portion of the trappings appertaining to the animal which the afflicted monarch bestrode. The laudable purpose of the constable D'Armagnac was in this instance signally defeated; for as soon as Charles was aware that another hand than his own had touched his bridle-rein, he ut-

tered a loud cry, made a motion with his hand, as if to seize his sword or poinard, and not finding either of those trusty weapons in its usual place, exclaimed in timorous accents—"To mine aid, Orleans! Help, brother, help! the phantom approaches."

"Sire," answered Bernard d'Armagnac, making an effort to infuse somewhat of softness into the naturally harsh tones of his voice,—“would to God and Saint James, that your royal brother Orleans, still lived! not that your majesty's sacred person is in present danger, but that his good sword and wise counsels might aid us against the arms of England, and these rebels of Burgundy.”

"My brother! my brother!" mournfully exclaimed the king, whilst some remains of the nervous agitation, by which his whole frame had been convulsed, were still visible in his pale and haggard countenance;—"my brother Louis!" repeated he, and his hollow eyes wandered as if in search of the departed object whom he thus invoked.

The Count d'Armagnac looked respectfully, yet piteously, on his royal master. At length, breaking silence, "has your majesty then forgotten," demanded he, "that nearly ten years have elapsed since the prince, your brother, was traitorously assassinated in your own capital, by Duke John of Burgundy, who, at this moment, marches into the heart of France, in arms against his legitimate sovereign? But *I* am near your majesty—I—your most loyal and devoted servant; and, with the aid of Saint Bernard, and my good sword, time and place suiting, my words shall be proved."

With the unmeaning gaze which betokened an utter wreck of mind, Charles turned towards the count, whose words had left but one isolated impression on his faculties. Wholly under the influence of this single idea, the monarch resumed his share of the dialogue.

"Cousin, methinks thou saidst something touching the disembarkation of the English on our coast of France;" and, with these words, the king turned his mule's head in the direction of Vincennes.

"Ay, Sire," replied Bernard, vaulting on his charger with more elasticity

than might have been expected from a cavalier encumbered with such ponderous armour.

"On what side has the invader landed?" asked Charles.

"At Toques, in Normandy," said D'Armagnac, resuming his place by the side of the monarch. "Moreover," added he, "the Duke of Burgundy has seized on Abbeville, Amiens, Montdidier, and Beauvais."

The king heaved a deep sigh. "Alas, cousin," exclaimed he, "how the brain burns when the weight of a crown presses on the brow." Then dropping his hands to his sides, whilst his head reclined despondingly on his breast, "and, prithee, cousin," demanded Charles, "how dost thou purpose to repulse the enemy?"

"Sire, my measures are already taken, and have long since received your majesty's approval; your royal self having named the Dauphin, Charles, lieutenant-general of the kingdom."

"True; and yet, cousin, he is young for such a post; he scarce can number fifteen years. His elder brother, John, might better discharge duties so important. Were it not well to revoke this appointment? What thinkest thou, D'Armagnac?"

The constable gazed on his sovereign with marked symptoms of astonishment, and even of dismay, and, in lieu of a verbal reply, shook his head wistfully. The king repeated his question.

"Sire," said D'Armagnac, after a lengthened pause, "can human suffering make such havoc with memory? Can a father forget that his first-born is numbered with the dead?"

A shudder ran through the frame of Charles. Again he raised both hands to his forehead; again they fell by his sides, as though paralysed; and the constable, who watched every movement with anxiety, marked a tear as it forced its way down his colourless cheek.

"Ay, I remember *now*," groaned the royal sufferer, "he died at Compiègne. Dead! dead! 'tis thus that echo answers when I summon to my presence, my children, and my kinsmen. Cousin, the wind that blows around a throne is mortal. All gone! A line of princes laid low! Has my

race thus perished? Are none left? none—save the green sapling, and the withered trunk! Thus, then, as thou saidst, my young Charles——”

“Is joined with myself in command of the troops; and had we but money sufficient to raise new levies——”

“Money, cousin, saidst thou? Have we not the funds reserved for the exigencies of the state?”

“Sire, they have been withdrawn from the royal treasury.”

“Withdrawn! and by whom?”

“The respect I owe to one whom your majesty holds dear, arrests the accusation on my lips.”

“Cousin, there is some mistake in this; none other than ourself had the right to dispose of those funds; none could appropriate them but by virtue of an order, bearing our own royal signature and seal.”

“The royal seal has been used for such purpose; but your majesty’s signature was deemed superfluous.”

“Yes, they look on me as one already in the tomb. The English and the traitor of Burgundy parcel out my kingdom; and my queen and son divide my wealth. Some expedient, cousin, must be devised, and speedily. Might we not lay a new tax upon the people?”

“Your majesty’s faithful subjects are already crushed to the very earth with imposts.”

“Some diamonds are still left us?”

“True, Sire; those of your crown; no more. Your majesty will deign to pardon me; but this weak indulgence in respect to the queen is incomprehensible—nay, criminal. It will one day ruin this fair realm of France; and should it be thus, the King of kings will hereafter exact from your majesty a strict account. Bethink you, my sovereign; the queen’s profusion, at a moment like this, aggravates the discontent of your people.”

“Constable,” said the king, in the half-resolved tone of one who can no longer avoid certain ungracious, yet inevitable disclosures, and whose repugnance to the task is increased by a perfect consciousness that the moment is ill-suited for the intended revelation—“Constable, our word is passed for the appointment of the Chevalier de Bourdon as captain of the castle of

Vincennes. Tomorrow you will present his nomination for our signature.”

“Sire, do my ears deceive me?” demanded the constable, whose eyes sparkled with indignation.

The king muttered an affirmation, scarcely more audible than that of a child surprised in the commission of some flagrant delinquency, and sinking from anticipated chastisement. The little troop had by this time reached a spot where the road, no longer winding, afforded a full view of distant objects, and whence could be discerned, advancing towards the king and his party, a young cavalier, attired with studied attention to the fashion of his day. A sword of burnished steel was the sole weapon which, even in that warlike age, he bore about his person, and the blade, of the slightest possible dimensions, showed more ornamental in the saloon or ball, than redoubtable in the field. As our chronicle meddles not with the minute mysteries of the mode, whether of ancient or modern date, we content ourselves with remarking, that each separate portion of the young cavalier’s apparel displayed such consummate taste, and such felicitous research as rendered the wearer the very “glass of fashion” at the court of Isabelle. The reader whom this intimation fails to satisfy, may picture to his fancy a fair-haired youth, whose handsome but effeminate face bespoke a light and frivolous spirit, whose exquisite symmetry of form redeemed the absence of manly grace which years would, no doubt, have added; and, if we may descend to particulars, whose white and delicate hands might have provoked the envy of the most finished coquette that ever indulged in the pastime of breaking human hearts. This description, imperfect as it is, may afford some general notions respecting the outward man of the Chevalier de Bourdon, the favourite page of the handsome and ambitious Isabelle of Bavaria.

At a single glance the constable had recognised the young chevalier in the personage who now approached; but no change in his stern countenance gave evidence that he was at all aware of the identity. Notwithstanding his demeanour, he at once perceived how powerfully this unexpected encounter

might promote the accomplishment of a masterstroke of policy on which his mind had long dwelt—the exile of the queen, whose influence with the weak Charles counterbalanced his own. He accordingly resolved to avail himself of the opportunity now offered, but without relinquishing that dignified self-possession which, as he rightly judged, would enable him to rouse, to its wildest excess, the irritable jealousy of his sovereign.

“I have said it, cousin,” repeated the monarch; “tomorrow you will acquaint the chevalier that we ratify his appointment.”

“Your majesty may spare me that office. De Bourdon is already acquainted with his good fortune.”

“Through what channel?”

“The queen has assuredly apprized him of his new dignity; nay, such is her opinion of his merit, that by her orders he has even now commenced the duties of his charge, without awaiting the usual formality of your majesty’s assent.”

“What mean you, d’Armagnac?”

“Sire, cast your eyes on yon gay courtier, and judge for yourself.”

The king turned his head and beheld the Chevalier de Bourdon. The countenance of Charles was before of an ashy paleness; it now assumed the livid hue of death. “Count,” said he, after a moment of silent agony, “how speaks report of this youth?”

“In faith, Sire, ’tis said that many a fair and noble dame has found him well read in lessons of gallantry. Himself avers—but your majesty will laugh at the boast—that no female heart, as yet assailed by him, has enhanced his ultimate triumph by a long resistance.”

“Indeed, count? Are none excepted? Methinks the pride, if not the virtue, of our high-born dames — Didst thou say *no* female heart?”

“Sire, not one.”

Charles answered not a word, and such was his agitation, that the constable extended his hand, under the impression that the royal invalid could no longer preserve his seat on his mule. At this moment the chevalier was so close to the party that d’Armagnac could distinguish the words of the virelay which he carelessly hummed. It seemed that the immediate presence

of his sovereign was not judged by de Bourdon of sufficient importance to interrupt his melodious occupation, inasmuch as, without halting, he barely made way for the cavalcade, and acknowledged the nearer approach of the king by a slight inclination of the head.

Anger for the moment restored the monarch a portion of his youthful energy. Suddenly checking his mule, he exclaimed in a loud tone—“Dismount, boy; when royalty passes, the lieges salute after another fashion. Dismount, and make fitting obeisance.”

Instead of complying with this order, the personage to whom it was addressed applied spurs to his steed, and at one bound the spirited animal placed a distance of several paces between his rider and the offended majesty of France. The chevalier then rode quietly onwards as before, at the same time resuming his virelay precisely at the passage which had been cut short by the abrupt address of Charles.

The king whispered a few words in the ear of d’Armagnac, who beckoned to his followers to advance. “Tanne-guy,” said the constable, addressing himself to the provost-marshal of Paris, who was in attendance with two of his guards, well armed and accoutred—“in the king’s name seize the person of the Chevalier de Bourdon.” On a signal from the functionary entrusted with the execution of this order, both his men galloped after the chevalier, who was by no means inattentive to the hostile preparations of which he was the object, although he had hitherto taken no apparent notice of them, except by occasionally turning his head and looking back with composure on the provost-marshal and his followers. Nevertheless, when the furious charge of the two guards, who were now close at hand, no longer permitted him to doubt their purpose, he made a sudden halt, wheeled his horse on his own ground, and faced his foes.

“Stand fast, my masters!” shouted de Bourdon; “not a step farther, or commend your souls and bodies to the especial care of Providence.”

Without a word of reply the two guards continued to advance, and in a few seconds were so close to the object of their pursuit, that, as it seemed, they

had but to stretch forth their hands and make him prisoner. At this critical juncture the chevalier's horse again bounded to the rear.

"Gentlemen," cried the page, "it appears that the king, our gracious sire, loves jousts and tournaments on his own highway. But, by your leave, give me but room to entertain you decently, and, by my spurs, ye shall cry content."

Awaiting no further parley, the chevalier pushed his courser to the top of his speed. The high-mettled animal swept like the wind across the plain, his hoofs scarcely touching the ground, and for a moment the spectators of this extraordinary scene imagined that he who had so boldly bidden defiance to the provost-marshal and his guards, had, on reflection, formed the more prudent resolution of confiding his safety to the fleet limbs of his steed. This view of the matter had also been adopted by the two guards, who, being mounted on horses of more bone, but of less high breeding than that of de Bourdon, judged all pursuit unavailing, and remained stupidly gazing at the now distant chevalier. Their amazement was inconceivable when, after the lapse of some minutes, their adversary suddenly faced right about, and advanced to the attack with no less impetuosity than he had already displayed in the retreat. His preparations for the combat had been promptly made. A scarf attached to his hat, somewhat after the fashion of a similar ornament appended to a modern hussar-cap, but of greater length, had been rolled around his left arm, to which it served as a buckler. In his right hand he grasped the small sword of which we have already made honorable mention; and as his horse, which had been reined back to the pommel of his saddle, with admirable sagacity obeyed the pressure of his legs, both hands of the rider were left at full liberty to conduct operations offensive and defensive.

From a feeling of generosity, the two guards, under the orders of the provost-marshal, hesitated to give battle to the chevalier, whose person they were commanded to arrest, but without attempting aught against his life. Nevertheless, so reckless appeared the spirit of the youthful combatant, and so energetic his intended measures of defence,

that not a doubt could be entertained of his determination to relinquish liberty and life together. Observing the indecision of his opponents, and perhaps attributing it to questionable motives, De Bourdon assumed a tone of still greater hardihood than before. "Advance, my masters!" cried he, with insulting raillery; "fall on. Let your hands renew acquaintance with your weapons, and with the aid of brave Saint Michael, we shall soon leave evidence of this quarrel on the pavement."

The guards immediately drew their swords, and rushed upon the chevalier, leaving an interval between them in order to attack him on both sides. Quick as lightning, De Bourdon passed between his enemies, and stooping over his horse's neck, till his body almost formed a horizontal line, grasped a firm hold of the mane with his right hand, whilst with his left he seized the nearest of his adversaries by the leg, and lifting him by main force from the saddle, threw him to the ground. The soldier thus suddenly dismounted, and unable to disengage his foot from the stirrup in which he was held fast by his spur, was dragged along the road by his horse, the rapidity of whose course seemed to increase with the cries of the ill-fated man, and with every fresh rebound of his armour from the hard pavement. Swifter and swifter fled the scared steed, enveloped in clouds of dust, the steel cuirass of his unseated burden eliciting sparks of fire at its contact with each flint-stone, whilst along the road could be seen a few detached fragments glittering in the sun. Presently the clatter of the horse's hoofs, and the din of the resounding armour, were less distinctly heard, and after a few seconds more, at an abrupt angle of the road, both horse and rider disappeared. Every eye was directed to the spot—every tongue was silent, till at length the constable D'Armagnac, for the second time, addressed the provost-marshal: "Tanneguy Duchatel," said he, in a voice which betrayed not a symptom of emotion, "in the king's name, arrest the person of the Chevalier de Bourdon."

This reiterated command proved a source of much perplexity to the worthy provost-marshal, who began now to opine that the perilous duty of seizing

the chevalier might with more propriety be discharged by himself than by his remaining satellite. D'Armagnac, however, becoming impatient of delay, made a signal, on which the royal escort drew back on either side, leaving to the constable a passage between their ranks. The gigantic warrior then slowly advanced, and having halted at the distance of ten paces from the chevalier, calmly demanded his sword. "Chevalier de Bourdon," added he, with dignity, "you will feel less humiliation in resigning it to a constable of France than to an obscure soldier."

With bearing not less haughty than that of the constable—"He that would have my sword," said De Bourdon, "must first cross it with his own."

"Rash boy!" muttered the count, at the same instant detaching his mace from his saddle-bow, and whirling it above his head. Escaping from his hand with a whizzing sound, the terrific missile struck the forehead of the chevalier's horse, and such was the force of the blow, that the weapon bent in the centre with the pliancy of an osier twig. In the agonies of death, and covered with blood, the poor animal reared upright, preserved his balance for an instant, and then fell backwards over his rider, who was stretched senseless on the pavement.

"Lift him from the ground," said D'Armagnac, as he quietly resumed his place beside the king.

"Is he dead?" inquired Charles.

"No, Sire; he has but swooned."

The papers found on the person of the chevalier were now secured: amongst them was a letter addressed in the hand-writing of Isabelle of Bavaria. With a trembling hand Charles seized the document, and devoured its contents, whilst D'Armagnac and the provost-marshal discreetly retired to a short distance. Terrible seemed the agitation of the king; the perspiration trickled copiously down his forehead. He read the fatal scroll to an end, crushed it between both hands, and tore it into fragments, which he scattered to the wind: then, in a tone which, if the dead could speak, might be likened to a voice from the tomb—"Tanneguy Duchatel," said Charles, "conduct the Chevalier de Bourdon to the prison of the Châtelet. For the queen, we banish her to Tours. Ourselves will visit the holy brotherhood of Saint Anthony."

In obedience to these orders, the king's suite formed separate parties. The first, commanded by Duprey, who was habitually styled the *âme damnée* of the constable, proceeded to Vincennes, for the purpose of notifying to the queen her majesty's exile: the second, at the head of which was the provost-marshal, returned to Paris with the still senseless chevalier. The king himself, who was thus left unattended, except by the Count d'Armagnac, crossed the plain towards the monastery, intending to claim of its pious inmates the hospitality of their roof, and the benefit of their prayers.

CHAPTER II.

AT the troubled epoch to which our narrative refers, when swords often leaped from their scabbards during the banquet, and the murderous affray marred the courtly decorum of the ball, the castle of Vincennes was at once a strong fortification, and a summer residence. On the outside, its broad ditches, its bastions, its draw-bridges, its ramparts covered with sentinels, presented the stern aspect of a citadel, for the defence of which no precaution had been spared. On the inside, the scene suddenly changed. There, the relaxed attention of the sentinels posted

on the lofty walls might have indicated that the duty imposed on them was little else than a matter of military etiquette. In the second or innermost court, not a vestige of martial discipline was preserved; and in lieu of the steel-clad troopers who thronged the first enclosure, falconers and pages were occupied with their light tasks and frivolous amusements; whilst here and there appeared a young and comely handmaiden, bestowing a scornful railery on the former, or a gracious smile on the latter, as she passed the threshold of a low-arched door which led to

the royal apartments. In those usually occupied by Isabelle of Bavaria, the consort of Charles VI. the gloomy grandeur of antiquity had nearly been dethroned by the modern taste and refinement which had presided over the arrangement and decorations of the interior. An apartment of square form, like the tower of which it was the first story, was the ordinary sleeping-room of the queen. The dim light that with difficulty penetrated through its windows of stained glass was again intercepted by rich thick curtains, embroidered with flowers of gold. Perhaps this species of twilight was the effect rather of design than of accident, inasmuch as it heightened the charms of the royal occupant, and lent softness to features on which, though beautiful, the broad sunshine of day might have displayed a characteristic expression of haughtiness.

The sun had performed nearly one-third of his daily race, but as yet his beams had respected the repose of Isabelle. The curtains of a Gothic old-fashioned couch were carefully closed around the slumbering queen. At length, her large dark eyes were opened with a languid expression which for some moments subdued their habitual sternness. Even the feeble light that found its way into her apartment seemed too much for weary eyelids: closing them for an instant, she half-raised herself from her pillow, from beneath which she drew a little mirror of polished steel. A self-approving smile succeeded her consultation of this silent and faithful monitor, which she placed on a table within her reach. She then took a little bell, rang it twice, and, apparently exhausted with this effort, again reclined on her pillow, heaving a long-drawn sigh which breathed more of languor than of sadness. The summons was quickly answered. The tapestry which concealed the door of the apartment was raised, and a young girl, whose age might have been about nineteen, timidly entered.

"Your majesty requires my service?" demanded the maiden in gentle accents, and advancing with noiseless step which was evidently the result of much practice and study. The light and airy tread of a sylph was indispensable to one whose duty frequently exacted her attendance in the chamber of her royal

mistress even during the hours which the latter consecrated to repose.

"Draw near, Charlotte," said the queen; "what hurlyburly is that in the court-yard?"

"'Tis, doubtless, caused by your majesty's pages."

"Is the Chevalier de Bourdon of their company?"

Charlotte replied in the negative, "'Tis strange," said the queen—"he is wont to be more exact."

"Yes, Madam, punctual as the sun. He is withal so gallant and so brave!"

The queen smiled: her majesty was in one of those gracious moods when the mighty of the earth condescend to remember that even menials have been endowed with the privilege of reason and the faculty of speech.

"Child," said Isabelle, "methinks thou art in love with the chevalier: then must I tell him as much. Doubt not he will be proud of his conquest."

"My gracious mistress is pleased to jest," said the blushing hand-maiden. "As the chevalier has been named governor of the castle, I have a favour to ask of him; and were y^rur majesty to give such colour to my idle words, I should never have the courage to prefer my suit."

"What is thy suit, child? Perhaps my influence with the chevalier may induce him to grant it."

"I would ask him—I dare not speak—your majesty will chide me."

"Nay, this is childish," said Isabelle, with whose benignant looks and accents were now mingled an expression and a tone of impatience. "Speak; what wouldst thou ask of the chevalier?"

"Since your majesty insists, I would ask of him the post of body esquire."

"For thyself, child?" demanded the queen, laughing; "thy zeal for the service of De Bourdon is indeed ardent."

"Madam," said Charlotte, whose face assumed a crimson glow, and whose eyes were fixed on the floor—"I would fain demand the post for—for a young man, an it please your majesty"—and the words were murmured in a tone scarcely audible.

"Who is the youth?"

"He is my betrothed," faintly replied Charlotte, and the tears trembled in her long eyelashes.

"So young!" exclaimed the queen in a tone of voice gentle as that of a mother caressing a beloved child. "So young! and yet thou already knowest the pangs of love! Charlotte, myself will plead for thee with De Bourdon. I will demand of him this post for thy betrothed, who will thus remain near thee."

In an ecstasy of gratitude Charlotte threw herself at the feet of Isabelle, whose features, usually so disdainful, wore at that moment an expression of angelic sweetness. The simple maiden's vocabulary was too poor for her thanks. Again and again she invoked the blessing of Providence and St. Charles on the head of her generous mistress, who, to stop the torrent of her acknowledgments, enjoined her to announce to the body esquire in embryo the tidings of his promotion.

"Your majesty's commands are light," said Charlotte, emboldened by the queen's unwonted condescension—"He is not far off—I warrant me I shall find him on the very spot where I left him—keeping guard in the antechamber."

"How!" said the queen whilst the flashing of her dark eyes betokened a sudden transition from gentleness to wrath—"have you dared——"

Poor Charlotte's fears interpreted the unfinished sentence. Clasp ing her hands wildly she again knelt to her capricious mistress; not as before with the fervent emotion of an overflowing heart, but with the agitation of a criminal suing for pardon. For a few seconds Isabelle appeared lost in thought. "Charlotte," said she abruptly breaking silence, "think you that your betrothed could attach himself devotedly to my interests? mark, child—to *my* interests?"

"Ah! madam, after your majesty's promise, he would walk over burning ploughshares to do your bidding."

The queen smiled; "Charlotte," said she, "I would speak with him; conduct him hither instantly."

"Hither?" enquired the Abigail, whose terror had given way to amazement: "your majesty would speak with him *here*?"

"Here;" repeated the queen, "in this chamber, and at this moment: go, without further question."

Charlotte rubbed her eyes, and ap-

plied both hands to her forehead, as though she imagined herself the sport of some fantastic dream which an appeal to the sense of touch might dispel. A gesture of unequivocal impatience from Isabelle at length compelled her to arise, and looking at the queen with an air of mingled doubt and wonder she slowly quitted the apartment. Isabelle's preparations to receive her expected visitor were as simple as expeditious. Drawing the curtains of her bed closely together, she passed her head through the opening, and with both hands pressed the rich crimson brocade tightly under her chin. This arrangement, though made with such haste as the exigency of the occasion demanded, nevertheless betrayed a leaven of feminine coquetry; for Isabelle well knew that the carnation hue, thus imparted to her cheeks, would detract nothing from her beauty. Her preparations were scarcely terminated when Charlotte reentered the chamber, followed by her betrothed—a youth whose personal appearance, though somewhat to his advantage, displayed nothing striking or remarkable. His twenty years, his light blue eyes, auburn locks, and pale melancholy complexion, gave little promise of energy or masculine daring. His dress was that of an ordinary artisan, save that a poinard was attached to his waist by a broad belt of yellow leather. At the distance of two paces from the door of the apartment he stopped short, and made a respectful obeisance, while the queen surveyed his person from head to foot with a hasty and indifferent glance. Doubtless the examination would have been prolonged had the proud Isabelle but known that before her stood a being in whose web of life was interwoven one hour that might have changed a nation's destiny.

"Your name?" demanded the queen.

"Perrinet Leclerc; my father is keeper of the keys at the Porte St. Germain."

"Your condition?"

"I follow the humble occupation of an armourer."

"Which you would abandon to enter the service of the Chevalier de Bourdon?"

"I would abandon all for Charlotte."

"But what are your qualifications for this post?"

"Of all the weapons with which long acquaintance has made my hand familiar, from the mace to the dagger, there are few which the boldest cavalier in your majesty's court could use to better purpose than myself."

"Now, if I obtain for you the prize to which your ambition aspires, you would serve me with fidelity and zeal?"

The youth raised his eyes and fixed them steadfastly on those of the queen: "Doubtless, Madam," said he in a firm tone, "I would obey you in all that might accord with my duty to God and our Sovereign Charles."

A shade of discontent passed like a cloud over the queen's brow, and as quickly vanished. "'Tis well," answered she to Leclerc, "consider your suit already granted."

The lovers' mutual glances looked hope and joy unutterable. At this moment a violent tumult was heard in the court-yard. The queen directed an enquiring look towards the window, to which Charlotte and Leclerc rushed at the same instant. "Gracious heaven!" shrieked the terrified girl, "the court is filled with troopers who have already disarmed the garrison."

"So," cried Isabelle, "Burgundy has taken us by surprise."

"Nay," observed Leclerc; "those men at arms are retainers of the constable D'Armagnac—I know them by their white crosses: and see—they have dismounted—even now they point to your majesty's apartment—they have disappeared under the portal—in a few moments they will force the door: will not your majesty command me to stop them?" added he, half-drawing his poinard from its sheath.

"Hold, young man!" exclaimed the queen with vehemence, "such rashness would draw down destruction on yourself, and yield me no succour. Quick; conceal yourself in this closet; you may thus escape unnoticed, and thus alone second my future plans."

Time was precious. Without further intimation from her mistress, Charlotte pushed Leclerc headlong into a small dark chamber near Isabelle's couch. In haste the queen threw around her person a loose robe trimmed with fur, and almost at that

instant the leader of the hostile party entered the apartment, and without uncovering, bluntly accosted Isabelle, "Madame," said the rude soldier, "my orders are precise: your majesty is my prisoner."

"Messire Dupuy," said Isabelle, with scorn, "I *am* your prisoner; but I am still your queen. Uncover, therefore, and presume not to address majesty in less respectful terms than you might use to your master, the constable, to whose orders I must doubtless attribute this intrusion."

"Your majesty is not deceived," rejoined Dupuy, slowly doffing his casque, with the air of one who acts in obedience rather to his own will and pleasure than to the dictate of a superior; "your majesty's surmise is just; I am here by the constable's express order."

"Good," replied Isabelle; "but as the king, too, will be here within an hour, I shall perhaps learn whether the sovereign or the subject gives orders in this matter."

"There your majesty is in error," remarked Dupuy, with a sneer; "the king will *not* be here. An accidental encounter with the Chevalier de Bourdon has changed his majesty's projects, and truth to say, those of the chevalier, who laid his account to return unattended to his apartments in the hotel St. Paul: whereas at this very hour he journeys under safe escort on his way to the Châtelet."

The queen turned pale. "The chevalier a prisoner!" exclaimed she; "his life is surely not in danger?"

"Hem!" said Dupuy—" 'tis a point for conjecture. The prison of the Châtelet is but a step from the Place de Grève."

"The queen's indignation could no longer be restrained. Rising abruptly from her seat, and pointing to the door, she haughtily commanded Dupuy to retire, adding, that when ready to accompany him, she would again admit him to her presence, and depart for Tours under his escort. Intimidated by her look and manner, and recollecting her recent influence over the weak monarch, the soldier prudently reflected that his prisoner might recover the empire which she had so lately forfeited. He therefore replied with more courtesy than before, and, in

obedience to the queen's command, left the apartment. Freed from his importunate intrusion Isabelle again threw herself on a seat. Charlotte sobbed violently, and at this moment Perrinet Leclerc rushed from his place of concealment. The self-same blow which had fallen on royalty had crushed his humbler hopes. The youth's countenance was even paler than before, but anger, not fear, had wrought the change. Gnashing his teeth with the violence of his emotion, and clutching his dagger convulsively, "If your majesty but speak the word," said he, "his blood shall pay the forfeit of his insolence."

The queen smiled bitterly:—"His blood!" said she—oh! could the best blood of France heal this bruised heart, thinkst thou, I need thine arm to shed it? *His* blood! and to what end? Seest thou not the armed myrmidons of D'Armagnac, that crowd the court-yard beneath? *His* life! would a thousand such, save that of De Bourdon? Charlotte! thou weepst! Poor child—thou weepest: yet I, who weep not, would change my lot for thine. Men call me queen—ay—queen of France, whilst each slave that hires his steel to cut a throat, or abjures his soul to serve a master, can for very pastime rive my heart! Mockery of sovereignty! why is it that mine eye is tearless? why is it that I weep not drops of blood?"

In the paroxysm of her grief, the queen tore her hair, and smote her forehead with the violence of a maniac. Charlotte and Leclerc wept, no longer for their own vanished hopes, but for the sorrows of Isabelle. "Alas!" sighed the simple maiden, "is there no resource?"

"Command us," said Leclerc—"our lives are at your majesty's disposal. Can nought be devised by the bold of heart? nought achieved by the strong of arm?"

"Nothing!" cried the despairing Isabelle. "The pangs that demons can inflict, or fallen spirits suffer, are in that thought! Nothing! Hell, with its eternity of punishment—its infinity of torture—is in that word of desolation! Share I indeed the throne of France?" continued she, pacing the chamber in disorder, and heedless of the silent pair who witnessed her ravings—

"stand I upon that proud but giddy height whence the rulers of nations make or mar the fortunes of the slavish herd that from afar worship their footstools? I have been powerful. There was an hour when the breath of these lips might have been the death-warrant of mine enemy, D'Armagnac; and yet I was silent: I slipped not the bloodhounds on the wounded tiger, and now he shows his fangs! Fool that I was! had I been less merciful, less mad, the traitor at this hour might groan unheard, might fall unpitied, in some loathsome dungeon, where now perchance lies his victim, struggling at arm's length with death. The king too! will he tranquilly look on while murder stalks abroad at noon day? Woe to the royal driveller, who wades through the blood that others shed, and at each slippery pass, leans on assassins for support! God of justice! will not thine arm be upheld to save and to avenge?"

"Mercy! mercy!" softly ejaculated Charlotte.

"Damnation!" muttered Leclerc.

"The slaves would force me hence;" continued Isabelle, resuming her soliloquy with increased vehemence;—"the slaves would raise their traitor hands against their queen, and bear me a prisoner from my own domain. Be it so; but not with life."

"If your majesty permits me," said Leclerc, "I will on the instant to Paris. My friends are numerous and bold: to summon them together—to place myself at their head—and force the gates of the Châtelet, is but a night's work."

"Boy!" said the queen in a tone of anguish—"the assassin's poinard will be swifter than thy friends;—to strike one blow to the heart is easier than to force ten gates of iron. But hold"—added she, seizing a little casket, and bursting it open—"thy zeal may still be of service. Take this gold—ay—look on it well, and say, were it not wealth to tempt the virtue of a jailer? to buy him soul and body? And here—see ye these jewels—these pearls—these gems, that might pay a monarch's ransom? Take them to the prison gate; scatter them like vilest dross amongst the guardian satellites of the dungeon—diamonds—priceless gems—let them have all, but let *him* be free!

let not those men of blood harm one hair of his precious head, and the wealth of kingdoms were well bestowed."

Leclerc made a movement to depart. "One word more,"—said Isabelle detaining him :—"shouldst thou not succeed in gaining an entrance within the Châtelet, keep watch near the gate—stir not thence the livelong night. The murderers perchance may drag him to another prison ; follow him thither ; follow him, if needful, to the grave"—added Isabelle, in faltering accents—"that hereafter memory may serve thee to point out the love-spot, and tell me—'He lies there !'"

Having again opened the door of the closet, the queen touched a spring, and immediately a sliding pannel disclosed to view a narrow flight of steps within the wall. "This way, Leclerc !" whispered Isabelle, placing her finger on her lips to enjoin silence. The humble armourer was now the only hope of the proud beauty, who deigned even to guide him by the hand, herself proceeding foremost, and leading him through the intricacies of the dark passage. After several turnings, Leclerc again perceived the light of day, through the chink of a door at no great distance, which was opened by his guide : it led to an isolated garden, at one extremity of which were the ramparts. The youth clambered on the wall, and waved his hand to the queen in token of a last respectful adieu. He then dropped softly to the ground on the other side, and disappeared unnoticed by the sentinels.

Whilst the hapless Isabelle returned to her apartments, and busied herself with the preparations for her forced departure, Leclerc flew rather than ran across the plain, towards the Bastille ; and, having proceeded with undiminished speed, through the Rue St. Antoine, passed the Place de Grève. He then halted for breath, on the pont Notre Dame ; and, resuming his rapid course, soon reached the nearest angle of the building called, in those days, La Grande Boucherie, and commanding a full view of the principal entrance of the Châtelet. Having satisfied himself that nothing, in human shape, could enter or quit the prison, without his knowledge, the faithful messenger of Isabelle, in order to lull suspicion,

joined a group of good-wives who were engaged in earnest conversation on the latest news of the day—the arrest and imprisonment of the Chevalier de Bourdon. Various, and, no doubt, profound, were the conjectures hazarded on this all-engrossing subject. The majority of the female politicians, however, inclined to the belief that the chevalier had been incarcerated on the charge of having carried on a secret correspondence with the English and the Burgundians, for the purpose of betraying the capital into their hands—putting the inhabitants, men, women, and children, to the sword—melting down the images of the saints in the churches, and perpetrating divers other abominations. Whilst the general indignation, excited by the disclosure of such enormities, was at the highest, an individual, clad in crimson garments, passed amidst the throng ; who, on his appearance, hastily receded on each side, leaving a wide space in the centre. At his approach, the gate of the châtelet opened, as if by magic, or rather, as if instinctively recognizing the face of an old and familiar friend ; after his admission it again grated on its hinges, and closed as it had opened, without the intervention of any visible agent.

The personage, whose sudden apparition and disappearance had interrupted the conversation of the idlers collected near the prison, was no other than the official appointed to further the ends of justice, and to maintain a wholesome dread of the law, by the application of the torture to the guilty, and, now and then, to the innocent. His presence within the gloomy walls of the châtelet, served as a signal to the crowd to rush towards an iron gate placed over the exterior issue of one of the subterraneous dungeons, which had been pointed out by a bystander of some experience in such matters, as the probable scene of the torturer's appalling operations. In a moment the narrow opening was eagerly surrounded. To the imagination of a Dante, it might have seemed one of the issues of hell ; at least, if the poet's notions of that region could have been inspired by the clanking of chains, the shouts of anguish and of rage, and the red glare of frequent

flashes of fire. On such scenes we delight not to enlarge; we have chosen our sojourn in the venerable domain of antiquity, but there are records we fain would bury in its blackest chaos. Suffice it then to say, that the savage curiosity of the crowd, who pressed forward to the grate, was but half-gratified; for, even the fortunate occupiers of the foremost places, saw nothing of the barbarities perpetrated within the dismal vault, and could merely feast their ears with the faint echoes of the sufferer's cries, which the turnings and windings of his dungeon, and perhaps his decreasing strength, rendered, at every moment, less audible. His shrieks were, at length, succeeded by hollow moans, and soon even these were hushed, as though the hand of death had, in mercy, interposed between the victim and the minister of legal vengeance. It was, however, more than probable that the spark of life was not wholly extinguished, and that exhausted nature would again rally; though the usages of the prison-house forbade the out-door audience to hope that the *question*, as it was gently termed, could be resumed before the next day. Such, at least, was the opinion expressed by the bystander, to whom we have already alluded as possessing a perfect cognizance of the routine observed in the grand châtelet. His authority was deemed infallible by the crowd; all hastened to quit the spot, with the exception of one man, who remained close to the wall near which he had taken up a position, from the moment of the torturer's first appearance. During the scene which we have briefly essayed to describe, not a word had escaped his lips, not a movement had betrayed the interest he felt, save the occasional, and almost involuntary, approach of his hand to his poniard. That man was Perrinet Leclerc.

Towards nightfall a priest was admitted within the gate of the prison; on the outside of which sentinels were, as usual, posted. One of these having ordered Leclerc to retire, he silently obeyed, and, proceeding towards the river, stationed himself at the corner of the bridge, immediately fronting the spot which he had quitted. During his occupation of this new

post, our adventurer twice counted the clock; and, notwithstanding the pitchy blackness of the night, his eyes had now become so familiar with the exact position of surrounding objects, that he could readily distinguish, amid the grey walls of the châtelet, the dusky hiatus formed by its frowning portal. Suddenly the gate of the prison opened, and gave passage to two soldiers, each holding, in one hand his sword, in the other a lighted torch. Four men followed, bearing on their shoulders a burden, which was apparently none of the lightest. An individual, whose crimson-coloured hat was flapped carefully over his features, brought up the rear, and the whole party advanced, in silence, towards the bridge. Their immediate approach to the spot on which stood Leclerc, enabled him to perceive that the object, so cautiously borne along, was a large leathern sack. He listened attentively, for some sound that might confirm his now excited suspicions; and, in a few seconds, a stifled groan reached his ear, converting doubt into certainty. Quick as thought he unsheathed his dagger, and struck to the ground two of the men who carried the sack, in which he instantly effected a wide breach.

"Away, chevalier! away, with speed!" cried Leclerc, to the unfortunate De Bourdon, who now scrambled through the rent; while his deliverer, profiting by the consternation into which his sudden attack had thrown the bearers of the sack, acted on the advice given by himself, and in a moment was out of sight.

In vain De Bourdon attempted to flee; his limbs, dislocated by the tortures which he had undergone, refused to sustain his weight, and with a groan of anguish and despair, he again fell on the pavement. The two men who had escaped the impetuous attack of Leclerc, resumed their burden; and, on reaching the centre of the bridge, the little party halted. "This is the place," said the unknown, who was distinguished from his comrades by his hat of ill-omened hue. Too well was the intimation understood and obeyed. A shapeless mass whirled round and round, in the space that separated the parapet of the bridge, from the river. And in the next moment the sack

with its contents, splashed heavily in the water.

Still there was hope of succour. A boat, manned by two brave fellows, followed the current of the river, and made directly for the spot near which the body had disappeared. One of the boatmen plied the oar lustily, whilst his companion, with a sort of harpoon, secured an object which rose, for an instant, on the surface of the water. As he was about to stow it safely in the boat, the leader of the

party on the bridge scaled the parapet, in haste, and, with stentorian voice, pronounced the solemn and well-known injunction—*Laissez passer la justice du roi!*

Like an evil spell, the words burst on the deep silence of midnight. The boatman shuddered; and, notwithstanding the earnest entreaty of his comrade, again consigned to the stream the body of the gallant, but ill-starred, Chevalier de Bourdon.

CHAPTER III.

The detention of Isabelle, at Tours, was of brief duration. Spite of the vigilance, with which her movements were watched, the illustrious prisoner had found means to correspond with the Duke of Burgundy, who entered, heart and soul, into her plans; and even conceived the daring project of forcibly effecting her deliverance. The duke was well aware that the execution of this scheme would materially advance his interests, by adding to his already formidable party, many new adherents, by whom his revolt, against his legitimate sovereign would be regarded in the light of chivalrous devotion to the cause of a defenceless woman. Animated by this idea, and acting in concert with Isabelle, he resolved to head a chosen party, and on a stated day to carry off the queen from the monastery of the Benedictines of Marmontiere, where, by permission of her jailer, Dupuy, she was in the habit of performing her religious duties. The enterprize was perilous in the extreme, its success depending on the secrecy with which it might be conducted; and as the duke and his army were full fifty leagues from Tours, it seemed almost impossible that he could march upon that city by surprise. John of Burgundy, however, was one of those bold spirits born to force the favours even of capricious Fortune. Putting himself at the head of ten thousand horsemen, he commenced his march by night, and towards the close

of the next day halted within six leagues of Tours. On the morning of the second days' march, the gallant leader and his troops surrounded the convent of Marmontiere, into the church of which sixty men at arms were ordered by the duke to effect an entrance. Resistance would have been fruitless: accordingly, Dupuy, who had succeeded in making his escape from the sacred edifice, vaulted on his horse, and at full speed reentered the city of Tours, for the defence of which he forthwith made active preparations. Leaving the queen under the protection of a numerous guard, the duke advanced rapidly upon Tours, where he overpowered all opposition. Dupuy himself was among the prisoners taken on this occasion. The records of the time inform us that he was hanged before sunset, thus bequeathing his fate as a warning to posterity, that crowned heads should ever be treated with courtesy. The queen took her departure for Troyes in Champagne, where she held her court. The states general of Chartres, composed entirely of her own creatures, declared her regent of the kingdom; and to give publicity to her assumption of that title, her majesty caused the arms of France and Bavaria to be engraved on one side of her royal seal: on the other side was the likeness of the regent herself, surrounded with this inscription—"Isabelle, by the grace of God queen-regent of France."

The internal commotions to which France was a prey, were at this period not a little aggravated by the horrors of foreign invasion. Our readers are already apprised, that Henry the Fifth, of England, with his brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, had landed at Torques, in Normandy, and immediately attacked the castle of that name, which capitulated after four days' siege. Caen, the ancient capital of the province, was next taken by storm. These new triumphs, added to the recollection of the still recent victories of Harfleur and Agincourt, spread desolation and dismay throughout Normandy, the whole of which soon submitted to the authority of Henry. Immediate and total subversion now threatened the monarchy of France. That portion of her territory in which the constable d'Armagnac still maintained his command in the name of the king and dauphin, seemed incapable of long holding out against foreign and domestic foes. D'Armagnac had been compelled to concentrate his whole force upon the capital, and by this movement had excited a spirit of disaffection amongst the citizens of Paris and the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who suffered severely from the depredations of his lawless soldiery. Other causes, too, contributed, if possible, to increase the public discontent, and more especially the measures adopted by d'Armagnac for the internal defence of the capital. Amongst these may be included, as not the least vexatious to the inhabitants, the enrolment of a number of men chosen from the several corporations of Paris, to perform the duties of a civic guard. The constable himself, who was severe on points of discipline, not unfrequently made the rounds of the city by night, minutely taking note of the vigilance or remissness with which these citizen soldiers acquitted themselves in their new and compulsory vocation. The most trifling neglect, the most excusable ignorance of military usages, was punished with as little mercy as though the offender had grown grey under the harness of battle; consequently the discontent of the corporations was aroused less against the nature of the service itself, than against

the indiscriminate severity with which it was exacted.

About six months might have elapsed since the Chevalier de Bourdon had found a grave in the waters of the Siene, when, on a night as gloomy as ever veiled the towers and steeples of the Paris of 1418, the adventurous Perrinet Leclerc, whom, we trust, our readers have not forgotten, took his turn of duty on the ramparts, near the Porte St. Germain. The darkness which overspread the city was at irregular distances, relieved by many a twinkling light, as if the stars had for once deserted their station in the firmament to do service upon earth. Along the line of ramparts which begirt the slumbering capital, the profound silence that reigned was broken only by the measured and monotonous tread of the sentinels, or by their hoarse and sullen watch-cries repeated from post to post. The spirit of Leclerc was less buoyant than usual. Silently and sadly he paced to and fro within his circumscribed limit, halting at times and leaning on his halberd, whilst his look was vacantly directed towards a distant point in the horizon. The quarter of Paris then called the University, though presented to his external vision, had completely disappeared from before his "mind's eye," which, piercing the boundaries of space, was fixed on the city of Troyes—then on the chateau, so denominated—and by degrees on that particular apartment in the antique edifice, which his creative imagination selected as the most suitable sleeping-chamber for his beloved Charlotte. As he dwelt more intensely on such contemplations, the vision assumed so bold an outline—so great a depth of colouring—that he was tempted to stretch forth his hand in order to lift the very tapestry of the room; and lastly, so strong was the illusion of fancy! to clasp to his heart the gracious form of the fair inmate herself, whose snow-white robe seemed to shed a light, hallowed as that of Vesta, on the fairy walls.

The gift of second-sight with which Perrinet Leclerc was thus miraculously endowed, had its inconveniences, inasmuch as it rendered him insensible to the approach of a troop of cavaliers,

who were soon close to the spot on which he enjoyed his state of double vision. The commander of the troop having made a signal to his men to halt, advanced alone upon the rampart, and looked around for the sentinel, whom he expected to find on the alert. Long looked he in vain: at last his eye rested upon Perrinet, whose earthly part remained motionless as marble, whilst his spirit was abroad in the regions of ideality. For a few moments the officer gazed upon the inert matter before him, as if doubting whether it were really gifted with life and the power of motion; and then, to decide the question, marched leisurely up to the breathing statue, and with the point of his sword lifted Perrinet's hat from his head. The abruptness of this action instantly dispelled the waking dreamer's vision, the approach of the naked sword operating like the touch of an enchanter's wand. An electric shock thrilled through every fibre of Leclerc, who, actuated by the instinct of self-preservation, parried the menacing steel with his halberd.

"Young man," said the officer, in whom Leclerc now recognised the Count d'Armagnac, "methinks thou art not wide awake—how long hast thou used this fashion of walking in thy sleep?" and ere the phrase was finished, the constable's keen blade had severed in twain the lance which had been presented within a few inches of his vizor. Leclerc threw aside the fragment of his weapon, and folding his arms on his breast, calmly awaited the punishment on which he reckoned.

"So," continued the count, "'tis thus our citizens guard their own walls! What, ho! my masters!" added he, turning towards his cavaliers, who immediately advanced, "we shall have work anon for willing and vigorous hands. On the instant, let three men dismount."

The order was obeyed in silence. "Relieve this drowsy knave," said the constable to the foremost of the three troopers.

The soldier forthwith took the post before occupied by Leclerc.

D'Armagnac had by this time grasped his horse's mane, and was now

preparing to mount. "Now, lads," cried he to the two remaining soldiers who awaited his commands, "take the scabbards of your swords, and count me five and twenty stripes on the shoulders of yon varlet."

"Constable," said Leclerc, with inconceivable calmness, "I am a citizen, and cannot be condemned to bear a soldier's punishment."

"You have heard my orders," said d'Armagnac to his men, as he placed his foot in the stirrup.

"Constable," repeated Leclerc, advancing and boldly seizing the count by the arm, "reflect, ere it be too late!"

The stern soldier pushed the youth's arm away. "Mark, fellows," said he, "five and twenty stripes—not one more—not one less;" and he was already in the saddle.

"Constable," said Leclerc, for the third time, whilst he seized the bridle of d'Armagnac's horse, "this is the punishment of a vassal and a serf; I am neither. Condemn me to fifteen days, nay, to a month's durance, and I submit."

The constable burst into a loud laugh. "These curs," said he, "are squeamish: we must consult their delicate tastes, forsooth! Away, knave!" and as he spurred his horse forwards, his iron gauntlet descended like a sledge on the bare head of Leclerc. With such hearty good-will was the blow administered, that the youth instantly measured his length on the ground, where he lay without further resistance. In execution of their superior's orders, the two soldiers stripped their victim to the waist, bound his hands above his head, and attached them to one of the branches of the nearest tree. In this painful position the whole weight of the delinquent's body rested on the points of his toes. The military executioners next detached their swords from their belts, unsheathed them, and with the elastic leathern scabbards commenced the infliction of the punishment, dealing the stripes alternately, and with the same phlegmatic regularity which, in more pastoral days, distinguished the poetic competition of the shepherds Menalcas and Damœtas, as recorded by the

Mantuan bard.* The third soldier performed the duty of a modern adjutant, and counted the stripes.

The commencement of the flagellation produced but little outward impression on the sufferer, but towards the conclusion each application of the pliant leather imprinted a crimson trace on the flesh. As soon as the stated number, twenty-five, had been duly counted, the military torture ceased. A signal from the constable served in lieu of the patient's receipt in full. One of the soldiers carelessly returned his sword to the scabbard, whilst the other, with the aid of his, cut the cord which attached Leclerc's hands to the branch of the tree, and which alone had hitherto enabled him to maintain his upright position. The luckless youth fell to the ground, apparently exhausted by his punishment, which he had, nevertheless, endured without a cry, or even a murmur. Leaving him to his fate, the constable pursued his rounds, accompanied by his escort, with the exception of the trooper who had been ordered to relieve Leclerc. Before the party reached the next post, the scene which they had so recently witnessed probably ceased to occupy their thoughts.

For a considerable time Leclerc remained in a state of insensibility. With the first moment of returning consciousness he arose, huddled on his garments, and leaving the capital, took the road to Troyes, without even a muttered curse that might betray his deep-seated purpose of vengeance. Availing ourselves of the license accorded to ancient chronicles, we shall precede the adventurer on his route, and transport ourselves, and, with their permission, our readers to the place of his destination, where the haughty Isabelle assumed the state and dignity of a reigning sovereign.

It was a day of ceremony and reception. The chateau of Troyes was thronged with a glittering train of guests whose polished but martial bearing, was in perfect character with the divided homage vowed by each

bold knight or baron to the gallantries of a court, and the ruder attractions of "broil and battle." At the upper end of one of the principal apartments sat the queen-regent, dispensing her smiles to the flower of the Burgundian and French noblesse, and occasionally addressing a familiar question or remark to those on each side or near the foot of the estrade on which her chair of state was elevated like a throne. At such moments the different groups of courtiers dispersed through the gothic hall observed a respectful silence which none presumed to interrupt, save the personage whom her majesty thus condescended to accost. When the voice of Isabelle was no longer heard, the private conversations of the separate coteries were resumed. To one acquainted with the projects of Isabelle, and accustomed to decipher the secrets of the soul, even through the smiles that bedeck its oft deceitful mirror, the countenance, terrible would have seemed the conflict endured by the ambitious female who now revelled in the enjoyment of her petty sovereignty; appalling the contrast between the serenity of her brow and the strife of dark, resentful passions that turned her heart to gall. The smoothness of the surface betrayed not the foulness beneath. Around the edge of the volcano all was verdure and beauty; the burning lava was within.

"Messire de Graville," said the queen, whose voice again occasioned a sudden pause as she negligently turned towards a courtier leaning in half respectful, half familiar attitude against the back of her chair. "said you not that our cousin d'Armagnac has sworn, by the blessed Virgin, never with life to bear the red cross of Burgundy, which we, his legitimate queen, have approved as the distinguishing badge of our brave and loyal defenders?"

"My gracious sovereign, those were the constable's very words."

"Think you our cousin will keep his vow? What say you, Sir de Villiers?" said Isabelle, addressing

* *Impe Dumortier, in seine eigene Menaire.*

Alexis Dumas, dans son Histoire de France.

that noble, who, having been unjustly treated by the constable, had avenged himself by surrendering the town of Portoise, where he commanded, to John of Burgundy. The duke had rewarded this treasonable service by the reappointment of Villiers de l'Île-Adam as governor of the place.

"Hear the queen," answered l'Île-Adam, "I, too, have a vow to make. Now, by the blessed Virgin, by whom swore d'Armagnac, do I, too, swear, that, till mine eyes have seen the red cross of Burgundy worn in every deed by Bernard Count d'Armagnac, lord of Rouergue and Fezenzac, and constable of France, never will I eat at board nor repose on couch. So, fare it with me here and hereafter as I prove true or false to this oath."

"Messire de Villiers," said the Baron Jean de Vaux, with an ironical smile, "your vow is of easy accomplishment; for, ere you shall again be visited by sleep or appetite—aye, this very night, we shall, peradventure, learn that Duke John of Burgundy has made his triumphal entry into Paris; in which case, the constable may esteem himself too happy in being allowed to kneel to her majesty, and present to her the keys of the city."

"Truth go with the prophecy, baron!" said Isabelle; "for I would fain put an end to the evils which so long have desolated our realm of France."

At this instant the attention of the courtly assemblage was attracted by sounds of uproar proceeding from outside, and mingled with the galloping of horses. In a few minutes the rush of hurried footsteps echoed under the peristyle; the folding-doors of the hall were thrown rudely open, and a knight, armed cap-a-pee, and covered with dust, advanced towards the queen, without once looking to the right or the left. His armour, though of thrice proof mail, had been bruised by many a well-directed lance or faulchion, and, above all, his cuirass bore abundant marks that the gallant bosom which it defended had fronted the hottest of the fight. With frantic imprecations the warrior flung his blood-stained casque on the floor, and the astonished courtiers immediately recognized the features of Duke John of Burgundy.

"We are betrayed!" cried the duke,

furiously smiting his forehead with a clenched hand which, even had it been ungloved, would have descended with no ordinary weight. "Nobles, why stand ye thus amazed? Hear ye not, we are betrayed! and by a paltry knave, with heart not large enough to keep a secret. Doubtless, ye thought that even at this hour the banner of the red cross waved from the towers of Louvre. Not so, by Heaven! I, even I, John of Burgundy, surnamed the Fearless, have fled!—fled, like the veriest hind! And at this hour, men lay their heads upon the scaffold, shouting with their last breath—'Long live Burgundy!' Hear ye that, nobles? Aye, but our day is at hand. We in our turn shall count scores of headless trunks, and as each new victim bleeds, the scaffold shall seem alive with cries of 'Long live D'Armagnac!' Malediction! our day *shall* come: shall it not nobles? He that doubts, already lies in his craven heart."

Stamping violently on the floor, and tearing up his hair by the roots, Duke John with a frantic yell of laughter, threw himself on the steps of the estrade, at the feet of Isabelle, who shrunk back with a gesture of alarm. The duke looked steadfastly in her countenance, and shaking his head, on which his dark locks bristled like a lion's mane;—"Queen," said he, "tis for you this blood is shed: I speak not of mine own; (and his hand was roughly passed across his forehead, laid open with a hideous gash)—"thank Heaven enough is still left me; but what treasure shall redeem the oceans which have already fattened our native soil? Senseless that we are! The parent uplifts his arm against the issue of his loins: kingsman smites kinsman. Is it not so?—Aye, Burgundy against France—sister against sister—whilst the foreign invader tramples on our shores, and finds no foe!—Fools! fools! fools!"

To all present it was perfectly evident that the duke was under the influence of one of those sudden bursts of passion which overbear all opposition, and which advice but serves to aggravate. His momentary frenzy was therefore allowed full scope, and the more especially as each felt assured that, the paroxysm once over, his hatred of the king and the constable D'Ar-

magnac would again predominate over every other feeling.

"Duke," at length said the queen—"your wound demands attention. 'Twere best some skilful surgeon were summoned,—unless ourself might venture to staunch the blood."

"Thanks! queen, thanks!—'tis but a scratch. Would that my brave kinsman, Hector de Saveuse, had received no greater hurt!"

"Is he then hurt to danger?" asked l'Ile-Adam.

"*Pasque diu!*" replied John the Fearless—"I stopped not to enquire. my noble friends"—pursued he,—“if it be her majesty's pleasure, here break we off: repose will recruit us for the duties of the morrow. The struggle is again to begin—how long to last, Heaven only can tell!"

The queen regent now rose from her seat, with a gesture indicating her acquiescence in the duke's proposal. Accepting the proffered arm of Villiers de l'Ile-Adam, her majesty quitted the audience chamber, followed by John of Burgundy, who appeared insensible to the pain of his wound, jesting and laughing aloud as though his recent discomfiture had been a dream. Isabelle's departure was the signal for a general retreat; and shortly afterwards the hall, so lately resplendent with light, and animated with the presence of a queen and her court, again became the domain of darkness and silence.

Should we have succeeded in conveying but a moderately just notion of Isabelle's character, our readers will more easily conceive than we can describe the effect produced on her by the news which John of Burgundy had so bluntly announced. One blow had destroyed the ambitious hope which till now had been ripening into certainty. Having retired to her own apartment, Isabelle tottered towards her couch, and in breathless agitation called Charlotte to her presence. A few seconds elapsed and no answer, no sound from the adjoining chamber, gave evidence that her summons had been heard.

"Charlotte!" repeated the queen in a tone which rising passion rendered scarcely articulate. Immediately the trembling girl appeared.

"Heard you not my voice?" said

Isabelle—"wherefore have you thus delayed?"

"Pardon, my gracious mistress—I was—there—with"—

"With whom?"

"With one in whom your majesty has already deigned to feel an interest."

"Speak, girl—and briefly:—with whom?"

"With Perrinet Leclerc."

"Leclerc!" said the queen—"call him hither."

"He, too, demands an audience of your majesty; but I presumed not"—

"Introduce him, I tell thee—and without such waste of words."

Charlotte raised the tapestry, and without awaiting the summons Leclerc was already in the apartment, and for the second time stood face to face with the proud queen of France.

"Perrinet Leclerc," said Isabelle,—“'tis long since we have met. Why came you not before? but let that pass; why come you *now*?"

"Queen," answered Leclerc, in the confident tone of one about to render not ask an important service:—"you hate count Bernard D'Armagnac;—you would enter Paris in triumph. To him that has power to gratify at once your ambition and your vengeance your majesty would doubtless grant a boon?"

Isabelle smiled with an expression peculiar to herself. "That man," said she, "might name his own reward—where is that man?"

"Queen, he stands before you."

"You!" exclaimed Isabelle, slowly recovering from the silence of amazement.

"I, Perrinet Leclerc."

"Explain yourself."

"My father keeps the keys of the city: at night they lie beneath the pillow on which he rests his head. I purpose to visit him—to sit at his table—to eat of his bread and drink of his cup—to conceal myself in his chamber—at midnight to snatch the keys—and to open the city gates to you and to your troops."

A faint scream escaped Charlotte. "Perrinet," said she, "when your trembling hand first grasps the stolen treasure—what if at that moment your father should awake!"

The blood forsook Leclerc's visage;

cold drops of perspiration oozed through every pore. His hand rested on his poniard, and half unsheathed the blade. "Fear not," said he, "if he *should* awake, his next sleep will be sounder."

With a second scream Charlotte sunk upon a seat unheeded by Leclerc. Isabelle approached the youth; she understood his feelings; she, too, deemed that there were sufferings, unutterable, incurable, for which vengeance, at any price, was cheap. Laying her hand upon his arm, "Thy wrongs must indeed be keen," said she, "if to avenge them thou couldst earn the names of traitor and parricide."

"My wrongs are mine own secret," said Leclerc. "Queen, I have named the service I can render—now for its price."

"What wouldst there?" demanded Isabelle. "The hand of Charlotte?"

Perrinet Leclerc shook his head with a bitter smile.

"Gold?"

"No!" exclaimed Perrinet with emphatic energy.

"Rank? honours? they shall be thine. Once mistress of the capital, I make thee count and governor of Paris."

"I despise both titles."

"What then *are* thy conditions?" said Isabelle.

"Your majesty is regent of France: as such, your's is the power of life and death."

"Even so."

"That power, may in certain cases, be transferred to the bearer of a parchment sealed with your royal seal."

"What then?"

"That seal must confer on me such power; that seal must place at my absolute disposal the life of a human being—a life for which none may call me to account—a life which even on the scaffold I may dispute with the executioner."

Isabelle turned pale—"one word," said she—"seek you the life of the king, or of the dauphin, Charles?"

"Neither," said Leclerc.

The queen seized a parchment, and having hastily written a few lines—"the name?" said she pausing.

"The Count d'Armagnac, constable

of France, and governor-general of the city of Paris," answered Leclerc.

Isabelle dropped the pen. "Wilt thou tell him at his last hour," said she, "that I seize upon his city, his capital, his Paris in exchange for the life of De Bourdon? Wilt thou promise this?"

"I promise," said Leclerc.

The queen again took up the pen and continued her brief task. As soon as she had ceased writing she affixed her signature and seal to the document, and presented it to Leclerc.

"Thanks, queen," said the armourer; "now let me confer with some officer of trust and zeal; noble, or of base extraction, it matters not, if he but deserve to stand well in your majesty's opinion."

The queen ordered Charlotte to summon a valet, who was straightway despatched with a message to Villiers de l'Île Adam, requiring his immediate attendance. The latter needed brief notice. Mindful of his vow, he had thrown himself, dressed as he was, upon the floor, and consequently was in readiness to appear before Isabelle on receiving the first intimation of her will. In less than five minutes after the valet had delivered his message, l'Île Adam stood in the royal presence. Without heeding his respectful salutation, Isabelle advanced to meet him. "Sir de Villiers," said she, "this youth has the power and the will to lay the keys of Paris at my feet. We stand in present need of an officer to whom we may entrust them, and whose zeal and courage are undoubted. Thou art he."

The features of l'Île Adam glowed with hope and exultation. He turned towards Leclerc, and was on the point of taking his hand, when he suddenly noticed the mean attire, and consequently inferred the humble birth of the man whom he was about to honour with that mark of friendship and esteem. The hand of the noble was instantly withdrawn, and his features resumed their habitual expression of pride.

"For your hand," said Leclerc, who, during this display of patrician littleness, had stood with folded arms, unmoved alike by the unsought courtesy and the unjust disdain—"for your hand, Messire de l'Île Adam, keep it

to smite the enemy ; and yet methinks I have some claim to grasp it, for I, like you, have sold my country and my king. If not companions in arms, we are at least brothers in treason. Enough of this. Five hundred trusty lances are needed for the execution of our enterprize. Have you that force at your disposal? May I depend on you?"

"A thousand men at arms are under my orders in the town of Portoise."

"If your men be brave, half of that troop will suffice ; place yourself at their head ; I undertake to admit you by night into the city. There ends my task—there commences yours. Now let us away with speed."

"Be it so," said l'Île Adam, who, on bended knee, kissed the hand extended to him by Isabelle, and took his leave.

"Perrinet Leclerc," said the queen, "thou wilt not forget our covenant. When thy dagger's point seeks the

heart of d'Armagnac thou wilt acquaint him that Isabelle, his mortal enemy, takes Paris in exchange for the life of De Bourdon."

"Doubt it not," said Leclerc thrusting the parchment into his bosom, over which he carefully buttoned his doublet. "Adieu, queen ;" and without further ceremonious observance he descended to the stables, where l'Île Adam had already saddled and bridled one of the fleetest horses. Leclerc followed his example. Each vaulted nimbly into his seat, and buried his spurs in the flanks of his steed. Had some peasant on that night crossed their path, and seen them side by side, horses and horsemen devouring space, the child of nature and superstition might have stored his budget with tales of terror for many a winter's evening—with marvellous episodes of a second Faust and his attendant spirit—Mephistopheles, riding on the wings of midnight to the Sabbath of fiends!

CHAPTER IV.

The moment chosen by Perrinet Leclerc could scarcely have been more propitious for the work of treason. The citizens of Paris were exasperated to the highest pitch of fury, and even the inevitable misfortunes of the time were liberally charged to the account of the constable d'Armagnac, who, it must be allowed, sought every opportunity to justify the popular hatred. Each day his men at arms maltreated the working classes, who were forced to toil at the ramparts, and who, not unusually, received the wages of their labour in the current coin of blows. To the desolation of civil war, the horrors of famine were likely to be added as the country round about Paris was completely ravaged. These various sources of discontent soon produced a ferment in the public mind. The streets of the capital were thronged by night with riotous assemblages who were easily roused to the most fearful excesses. Such scenes of disorder were invariably terminated by charges of d'Armagnac's troopers, scouring the streets sabre in hand, and

riding down both mobs and demagogues after a fashion which however efficacious in restoring order, was not well calculated to remove discontent.

The 28th of May 1418, will be held ever-memorable in the tragical records of Paris, not only for a scene of popular commotion, such as we have already noticed, but for the more horrible catastrophe which followed. On the night in question, the open space opposite to the Sorbonne was crowded with students, flourishing their staves, with artizans armed with the implements of their respective trades ; finally, with old men, women, and children, who mingled in the scene, some from motives of curiosity, but the majority with hostile intent ; for, at that period, neither age nor sex was wholly exempt from the prevalent feelings of excitement. The square, and the adjacent streets, re-echoed to cries of "Long live Burgundy ! Death to the constable D'Armagnac, and the provost-marshal !" At each instant the numbers of the malcontents received fresh additions,

their violence increasing with the toleration afforded to their proceedings. Soon, however, the appearance of a free company of Genoese, in the service of the constable, spread dismay among the ranks of the populace; who, as usual, at the approach of an armed force, betook themselves to flight. The ordinary result ensued. The troop deployed in the narrow space which formed the principal scene of action; and, sweeping the rioters before them, struck down some with their lances, whilst others were trampled to death under their horses. A few, who had the good fortune to escape the first onset, fled with the utmost precipitation. One man alone, who had but recently joined the throng, quietly turned aside, and placed himself against the door of the nearest house. Having introduced the blade of his poniard between the wall and the bolt of the lock, he used the weapon as a lever, and thus succeeded in opening the door, which, when he had made good his entrance, he again closed. The moment of danger past, he issued from his place of concealment, and pursued his way till he reached the porte St. Germain. He then knocked at the door of a house, the exterior of which denoted the humble rank of the proprietor.

"Perrinet, my son, welcome!" cried an old man, who now appeared on the threshold, and embraced Leclerc, while tears of delight chased each other along his furrowed cheek.

"My father," said the youth, "I am come to share your frugal supper. I will even pass the night under your roof, for, at this hour, danger is abroad."

"My child! hast thou not always thy place at my board, and thy chamber next to mine—the same in which I have often sat by thee, and watched thee, and prayed for thee? Thou wilt sleep there tonight, Perrinet, and to-morrow, too, boy."

"Well, well, father, I am already weary—I am too ill to sup with thee tonight, suffer me to retire at once."

"As thou wilt, my son; thou may'st command here."

Perrinet opened a little door, and slowly ascended a narrow staircase which led to the chamber allotted to him by his father. The old man, with

a sigh, sat down alone at the table, on which he had but just placed an additional cover, for his son. His solitary meal was soon finished. During several minutes he listened to the footsteps of Perrinet, as the latter paced up and down the room, immediately overhead. Again all was quiet. "He sleeps," thought the aged Leclerc; and his lips moved gently, as if in pious supplication: the prayer was for his child. In his turn, the father now ascended the staircase, entered the chamber adjoining to that of Perrinet, and retired to rest, first taking his customary precaution of placing under his pillow, the keys confided to his keeping.

Upwards of an hour had now elapsed, and Perrinet Leclerc had not yet ventured from his chamber. At length his door gently opened; deadly pale, and scarcely daring to breathe, he advanced on tiptoe, pausing with excess of agitation, as each board, on which he successively trod, creaked under his foot. He approached the door of his father's chamber, and again paused to listen; no sound from within announced that his purpose was suspected. With trembling hand he raised the latch, pushed the door, and stood within a few paces of his father's bed. Its occupant slept tranquilly. The old man's calm and even respiration, contrasted strangely and awfully, with the agitated pulsation of the youth's heart. A lamp burned dimly in the chimney; Leclerc durst not extinguish it, as darkness would expose him to the hazard of stumbling against some article of furniture, and thus awakening the sleeper. Step by step he approached the bed, from which his eyes were not, for one moment, averted; and, as he advanced, his left hand grasped the handle of his dagger, whilst, with his right, he supported the whole weight of his body against the wall, in the hope that his footsteps might thus sound less heavily on the crazy floor. He paused—again moved onwards—and, finally, touched the half-drawn curtain which concealed the slumberer's countenance from his view. Now came the trying moment; he stretched forth his hand, moistened with perspiration; it glided gently under the pillow, creeping towards its object, and gaining, at

every minute, an advantage scarcely equivalent to a hair's breadth. At last, he touched the cold iron keys, passed the fingers of his right hand into the ring which kept them together, and drew them slowly from beneath the pillow, holding them fast with his left hand, that no clanking sound might betray the theft. He was in possession of the treasure which made vengeance sure. His object gained, he turned towards the door, observing the same precautions as on entering the chamber; for, though the worst was now over, there was still a fearful chance. The sleeper might be roused; and, once awake, the light of the lamp would afford him a full view of the intruder. *Had it been so—had the father awaked—had he moved—the son had been a parricide!* The old man awoke not.

Leclerc experienced a feeling of relief as he gained the street, and rushed up the step leading to the rampart. He had been spared at least one damning crime. The clock of the neighbouring monastery of Cordeliers now chimed eleven—the hour at which l'Ile-Adam had agreed to present himself and his five hundred lances on the other side of the Porte St. Germain. Leclerc listened: he distinguished the march of a cavalcade approaching the spot on which he stood. "*Qui vive!*" cried a sentinel: the rude and well-known voice of the constable d'Armagnac was heard in reply to the challenge.

Not an instant was to be lost. Leclerc threw himself flat on the ground. Without noticing him, the detachment passed, relieved the sentry, and continued its march. Leclerc stealthily advanced upon the soldier just posted, and, before the latter was aware of his danger, sprang nimbly forward, and stabbed him to the heart. The wretched man uttered but one groan, and expired. The assassin removed the body to some distance, placed the dead soldier's casque upon his own head, seized his halberd, and took his place upon the rampart. He then looked towards the plain, and, when his eyes had become habituated to the darkness, he could discern a broad, black line, resembling a column, on the advance. Perrinet now gave the appointed signal, by imitating the scream of an owl, and having been answered from the plain,

he descended the steps, and opened the gate. L'Ile-Adam, who was already on the outside, was soon joined by his men, and when the column had been admitted, Perrinet again closed the gate, reascended to the rampart, and threw the keys into the ditch, which was then full of water.

"What mean you?" asked l'Ile-Adam.

"I would save your men from the temptation of looking behind them," said Leclerc:—"there lies *your* way—I take another"—and he paused not for an answer.

L'Ile-Adam divided his troop into four parties, each receiving orders to penetrate into the heart of the capital by a different quarter. Along their respective routes the Burgundians rent the air with shouts of '*Notre-Dame—de la paix*'—'Long live Burgundy! To arms, citizens, to arms, and follow us!' These vociferations excited varying sensations among the inhabitants, according to the degree of favour or disfavour in which the constable and his authority were held by each. Nevertheless, consternation at the approach of the enemy was not the prevailing sentiment; few of those who now appeared at the open windows, along the streets followed by the Burgundians, looked on with disapprobation, or even in silence. Most of them, on the contrary, recognizing the red cross, answered to the shouts of the soldiers with cries of 'Down with the Constable!' while not a few armed themselves in haste, and joined the ranks of the invaders. D'Armagnac himself, whilst proceeding on his midnight rounds, had been the first to hear the shouts of the Burgundians, and to perceive both the extent of his danger, and the inutility of resistance. He therefore sought, and obtained, refuge in the habitation of a poor mason, to whom he avowed his name and rank, with the promise of a rich reward for the service rendered, and for the secrecy of his host. Meantime, one of the hostile bands, under the command of l'Ile-Adam in person, invested the constable's hotel, battered down the principal gate, and effected an entrance. Rushing headlong up the great staircase, l'Ile-Adam and a few of his followers minutely examined every apartment, and after some time thus spent in vain, descended with imprecations.

tions and cries of vengeance to seek their enemy elsewhere.

Horrible was the massacre that now ensued. On all sides re-echoed the ferocious cry of 'Death to the Armagnacs!' The populace, in their wild rage, burst into the houses belonging to the constable's partisans, to whom no quarter was given. Even the churches afforded no protection to the miserable beings who sought a momentary shelter within their walls. The Burgundians penetrated to the very altar, brandishing the blood-stained axe or sword, and butchering scores of defenceless victims in sight of the ministers of God, who in vain held up the crucifix to check the fury of the assassins. Whilst the carnage was at its height, one man, wilder and paler than the rest, rushed into the midst of the party who, in hopes of capturing the Dauphin, had surrounded the hotel St. Paul.—"The Constable," cried he, "the Constable!—is he yet taken?"

"No, no," shouted twenty voices at once—"Death to the Constable—down with the Armagnacs!" and the work of destruction continued.

"Master Leclerc," exclaimed a virago, whose appearance bore ample testimony to the share which she had borne in the night's business—"we shall soon hear tidings of the heretic who converts the vases of Saint Denis into coin of the realm. Villiers de l'Ile-Adam has made proclamation, offering a thousand crowns of gold to him that will discover the constable's retreat."

"A thousand crowns of gold!" repeated an individual attired in a doublet begrimed with stains of plaster and lime, and who now forced his way into the throng. "A thousand golden crowns for the person of the Count d'Armagnac?"

"Yes, yes," said Leclerc, eagerly;—"I guarantee the payment:—know you, Thiebert, where the constable is concealed?"

"Under my roof—follow me."

With a laugh such as fiends might imitate, Leclerc hurried with his guide towards the latter's house. On reaching the door, which the constable had secured on the inside, "knock thrice," said the mason; and, unwilling to witness the result of his treason, or to bear the sight of his victim, the betrayer fled in an opposite direction.

Leclerc grasped his poinard, and gave three knocks as Thiebert had directed. The constable, who had extinguished his light, having half-opened the door, his enemy rushed upon him, and, striking at random, stabbed him in the shoulder. A deadly strife now commenced. Trusting to the good faith of his host, and believing himself in safety, d'Armagnac was totally unarmed; yet, spite of this disadvantage, he might with ease have strangled Leclerc, but for his wound, which paralyzed the motion of one arm. As it was, with the nervous grasp of his right hand he strained his adversary to his bosom, and fell with him to the floor, keeping him undermost with the whole weight of his gigantic person. Leclerc's situation would have been hopeless, but for the good service of his dagger, with which he inflicted a second wound on the constable. D'Armagnac groaned heavily, relaxed his hold of his foe, raised himself upright, and, bleeding profusely, staggered towards a table in the midst of the chamber. Leclerc, too, sprang upon his feet, when suddenly l'Ile-Adam, with a lighted torch, appeared at the door. Leclerc again rushed upon the constable.

"Hold," cried l'Ile-Adam, seizing him by the arm—"hold, on thy life!"

"Messire de l'Ile-Adam," said Perri-net Leclerc, "come not between me and mine enemy. His life is mine;" and thrusting his hand beneath his doublet, he displayed the parchment, sealed and signed Isabelle. The count, whom his wounds had rendered incapable of the slightest resistance, leaned backwards against the table, and in silence regarded his butchers.

"I seek not his life," said l'Ile-Adam, "but I have a vow—a solemn vow registered on high." With these words he drew his sword, and grasping the blade within an inch of the point, approached the constable, who closed his eyes, and uttered a last prayer.

"Constable," said l'Ile-Adam, tearing asunder the garments which covered the dying warrior's bosom—"Constable, dost thou remember thy vow? Didst thou not swear by the Virgin, that never with life wouldst thou bear the red cross of Burgundy?"

"Ay," replied the constable, "and I have kept my oath—am I not about to die?"

"Count d'Armagnac," answered l'Ile-Adam, stooping towards his victim, and, with the point of his sword, carving the form of a crucifix on his breast;—"Count d'Armagnac, thou liest! Behold the red cross of Burgundy traced upon thy flesh in characters of blood! I have kept my oath, and thou—*thou* art forsworn! Now, Perrinet Leclerc, deal with thine enemy, in mercy or in hate, even as thou wilt."

The constable opened his eyes, already glazed with the film of death. "Perrinet Leclerc," murmured he, in faint accents.

"The same," cried Leclerc, throwing himself on the now expiring count, "even he, Perrinet Leclerc, whose flesh thou hast galled, and whose spirit thou hast crushed with stripes!

I, too, have made a vow to tell thee, count, at thy dying hour, that Isabelle of Bavaria takes Paris, thine own capital, in exchange for De Bourdon's life—and having told thee so, count, to bury this dagger in thy heart!"

* * * * *

A party of Burgundians now rushed into the house, and with the hideous fury of party-spirit, trampled on the remains of the noble and gallant Count d'Armagnac. The fanatics then raised the body on their shoulders, and bore it in triumph through the streets of Paris, yelling the while like demons, and pointing to the red cross of Burgundy, formed by the still bleeding wounds which disfigured the bosom of their fallen foe. His spirit felt not the insult—the dagger of Leclerc had struck home.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Tune—"The Lee Rig."

I.

Awa' ye flaunting days o' spring,
And summer, wi' your hours o' bloom,
To me nor hope nor joy ye bring,
For a' is grief an' a' is gloom !
For aye when these bright seasons come,
Wi' wild woods green an' flowrets gay,
To where the highland red deer roam
My bonnie lassie hies away !

II.

My heart is by the mountain steep,
My heart is in the highland glen,
Or down the valley winding deep,
Where walk fair maids an' gallant men !
O! there my fairest strays, I ken,
In beauty bright an' fancy free,
O! for sic happy days as when
'Mang lowland braes she strayed wi' me !

III.

Ye'll ken her smile an' witching glance,
Where beauty reigns in sovereign sway,
Or when she mingles in the dance,
Or raptured lists the vocal lay !
Or when the sun, at close o' day,
Saft sinks beneath the western sky,
When forth the blooming maidens stray
Ye'll mark my bosom's dearest joy !

IV.

O! tent her weel whene'er she gangs
By streamlet clear or valley green,
Awake your sweetest minstrel songs,
Ye'll sing to few sac fair I ween !
By ilka star that blinks at e'en,
And yon bright sun that shines by day,
She'll live for aye my bosom queen
The bonnie lass that's far away !

SONNETS.

I.

ON A GNAT EXPIRING ON A PAGE OF THE GRECIAN HISTORY.

Poor filmy fragment of vitality,
 Thy flight is flown, and thou art caught at last !
 Then what avails, frail thing, thine agony
 Know'st not the fell antagonist thou hast
 To struggle with—the victor of the past ?
 Times, metropolitan cities, and their sway,
 The man who wept because earth was not vast
 And strong as his ambition—where are they ?
 The hand that erst annihilated these
 Lies heavy now on thee—shalt thou remain ?
 Thy pleasant haunts, the rivers and the trees,
 And twilight lake—thou'lt never see again—
 The strife is o'er, and thou art now enrolled
 Among the principalities of old.

II.

I woke bewildered from a troubled dream
 'Twas midnight—and th' immeasurable dark
 Was spread around—when lo ! full many a spark
 And spangle twinkled there with sudden gleam ;
 Awe-struck I gazed—but wist not what to deem,
 Methought I surely had o'erleaped the mark
 Terrestrial, and haply in the bark
 Of Charon was careering down that stream,
 Where, from the opposite shores of life and death,
 Voyage the amphibious souls of shroudless men ;
 To solve my doubts intent—I gazed again—
 The moon—cloud freed—had pierced my lattice screen
 At every crevice, and the floor beneath
 Gleamed instantaneous in the arrowy sheen.

III.

STARRY NIGHT.

The stars are still as death, and yet they move.
 Methinks I hear their chariot-wheels above
 Like distant waters—sinking to the west
 Nights wearied empress seeks her ocean rest ;
 And countless constellations in their pride
 Rush out, as each the other's glory vied—
 The belted warrior of the hemisphere
 Hath gained the 'vantage ground to valour dear—
 Roll, flashing gems, the circlets of the wain,
 The seven-coiled serpent trails his glittering train—
 And far and fleet, by tempest-spirits driven
 Hurries the wild ambassador of heaven
 From star to star he tracks his meteor way
 While darkness round him kindles into day.

O. B. C.

SONG.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY,

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Rosen auf den Weg gestreun.

O, strew the way with rosy flowers,
 And dupe with smiles thy grief and gloom,
 For tarnished wreaths and songless hours
 Await thee in the tomb.
 Lo! in the brilliant festal hall
 How lightly Youth and Beauty tread!
 Yet, gaze again—the grass is tall
 Above their charnel bed!

In blaze of noon the jewelled bride
 Before the altar plights her faith:
 Ere weep the skies of eventide
 Her eyes are dulled in death!
 Then sigh no more—if life is brief
 So are its woes; and why repine?
 Pavilioned by the linden leaf
 We'll quaff the chalice wine.

Wild music from the nightingale
 Comes floating on the loaded breeze,
 To mingle in the bowery vale
 With hum of summer bees:
 Then taste the joys that God bestows,
 The beaded wine, the faithful kiss,
 For while the tide of Pleasure flows,
 Death bares his black abyss.

In vain the Zephyr's breath perfumes
 The House of Death—in vain its tones
 Shall mourn at midnight round the tombs
 Where sleep our blackening bones.
 The starbright bowl is broken there,
 The witchery of the lute is o'er,
 And—wreck of wrecks!—there lie the Fair,
 Whose beauty wins no more!

HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

It was the close of a bleak and stormy day, in the winter of 1592. The mists rising from the marshy banks and bare bed of the Liffey, met the descending gloom of twilight, and thickened into palpable darkness the obscurity that hung around the old castle of Dublin. Birmingham Tower alone stood out, dim and huge, against the dusky sky, like a great rock from amid the sea of vapours that filled the wet ditches, and lay in dense volume on the Castle-yard.

The sentinel, pacing his narrow stripe of platform, cast a glance at the dim outline frowning above him; and, as he strode to and fro more rapidly, to drive the increasing chillness from his limbs, solaced the tedious dreariness of his watch with the reflection that, cheerless as was his walk upon the bare battlements, still more miserable was the plight of those he guarded. "By my troth, Miles Dymock," he muttered, "cold as is thy watch upon these old walls, yonder young bloods, I trow, have colder quarters in the Deputy's dungeon: little space for any exercise to keep their limbs from freezing on the length of a traverse bar and a sliding fetter. Poor gentlemen! 'tis cruel usage for youths of their noble blood; unworthy usage, by my head, if I dare say it; for it is reported that they are princes by birth among their own people. Well! what hath Miles Dymock to do with either chief or tanist? Harry Moulton will shortly be coming hither to relieve my post; and then for a flagon of ale and a sleep on the guard-house bench, with thanks to Heaven that I am neither prince of Tyrconnell, nor tanist of Tyrone; but a plain English yeoman of Kent, and a poor halbardier in the service of our good Queen Elizabeth. Ho! who goes there?" The sentry's soliloquy was broken by the sound of advancing footsteps. "'Tis I, Raymond Fitz Walter, warden of the tower." The countersign was given,

and the warden, with his men, passed on to the postern of the keep. "So, friend, Nicholas," said the sentry, detaining one of the keeper's attendants as they passed, "bear you a good supper to the Irish nobles? By the rood, they had need of hearty entertainment to qualify the discomfort of their lodging! What new face is that I see among the warden's men?" "A new comrade sent hither in the place of Pierre Waldron, who lieth sick in Kilmainham hospital—an old serving man of the Earl of Ormonde—an Irishman himself, but of English blood, and a loyal subject of the pale." "How like you the new comer?" "Not over much, in truth. He is a grave man, and taketh little part in our merriment over the can; but, as I hear, a shrewd scholar, knowing in both tongues, and a man of discreet counsel. Wherefore, he hath been chosen by the Deputy to be private guard over the princes, that he may, perchance, discover from their conversation something to the advantage of the Queen's government." "Foul fall the spying traitor!" cried the sentinel, "what can the poor gentlemen have to say in their confinement, that it importeth any but themselves to know?" "Be that the affair of my Lord Deputy, my friend, who hath appointed them to be watched," replied the other; "there may be reasons, I'll warrant, for what is done which we know not: certain it is, however, and I have it on good authority, that the North is again unquiet, where the great Earl of Tyrone still hatches mischief with Maguire; Kavanagh, too, is daily plundering Kildare, and here upon the southern border of the pale, 'tis but a month since Feagh Mac Hugh, the great O'Byrne, burned and pillaged the country, from Rathfarnham to the city wall: five of mine own bullocks, which his kerns drove from the pastures of Rathgar, are even now grazing in the fastnesses of Luggelaw, or Glenmalaur, if they

be not already eaten by his hungry galloglasses." "But what have O'Donnell and O'Neill to do with thy five bullocks?" said the soldier. "They may have helped to eat them, for aught I know," replied the attendant, "while abroad with O'Toole; but that is not to the point: the reason of this strictness is to gather from them whatever they may have heard of their friends' intentions, while lurking among the mere Irish of the mountains during the six days of their last escape. Knowest thou not that they are but newly recaptured, after breaking out of the Castle as never man broke before?" "Something I have heard since my return," replied the soldier, "of their needing a stricter watch; but little of the reason." "Why, sir," said Nicholas, "they broke out while it was still day; and after getting over the wall, and passing the ditch, had the hardihood to come back upon the drawbridge, and thrust a log of wood through the links of the great staple chain, so that when the alarm was given, and we ran to throw open the gates, we could not draw the bolts, nor get out in pursuit, until we had procured the help of those without to remove the bar, and let the chain be drawn." "By St. Anthony, a shrewd device!" exclaimed the soldier; "a shrewd device, and boldly practised: and how caged ye the flown birds again?" "O'Toole, to whom they fled, after harbouring them for the space of a week, returned them to us; but whether through treachery, or because he could no longer protect them, I cannot aver." "But how came they at first into our hands?" questioned the soldier. "That is a longer story;" replied Nicholas, "but as the warden has no need of me till after settling his accounts with the keeper of the stores, I shall take a turn along the battlements, for the sake of old friendship, cold as it is, and tell thee. The O'Neills have been kept close prisoners here, since Tyrone made his first peace with the deputy. They are the sons of Shane a Diomas, that is, Shane the Proud, of whose wild exploits thou hast so often heard; and it is feared that if they got abroad among their northren kindred, we would have all Shane's old retainers in arms again. As for O'Donnell, his capture was both strange and wonderful; and as I was

present at the exploit, I shall tell thee how it was brought about. It is now almost four years since, but I well remember the morning, when being ordered with my comrades to embark ourselves in a ship then lying in the bay, we went on board, not knowing what expedition might be destined for us, or whither we might be about to sail. Neither knew the crew, nor any on board, save the captain of the bark, and one or two of his chief friends. Having laid in good store of French and Spanish wine, we set sail, and steering southward, held along by the coast of Wicklow, and Wexford, so that many thought we might, perhaps, be bound for Bristol haven, or the narrow seas; but after passing the point of Toskar, our captain altering his course, turned our vessel's head towards the west, and for three days bore onward towards the ocean; so that many surmised that we might be on our voyage to the new countries, whence they bring the gold and silver of the Indians; but, anon, altering our course once more, we began to sail northward, having many mountains and islands on our right hand, by which we judged that we had gone the circuit of the whole southern parts of this realm of Ireland, and were destined to land upon its western side, as we at length did, after passing innumerable rivers, rocks, and headlands. So steering landward, we sailed up the mouth of a great river, with fair green meadows, and high hills on either hand, until we came in sight of a strong castle, built on a green mound by the shore. Here having cast out our anchor, and furled our sails, we awaited in some amaze what we might be ordered to do; for it seemed to us that we were about to lay siege to the castle, and much we marvelled that such an enterprise should be undertaken with so small a number; but instead of arms or armour, our captain now commanded us to take forth five casks of Spanish wine, and place them in our boat. We did so; and rowing on shore, where the wild Irishmen now stood in great crowds, wondering at the strange sight of a ship, such as ours, upon their river, we set the casks upon the land, and by an interpreter invited all who wished to come and purchase. The wine was so excellent,

and cheap withal, for he asked but ten cows' skins for a cask, that in a short space all our store was purchased up, and from the castle to the shore was nothing to be seen but dancing and jollity thenceforth till evening. We meanwhile returning to our ship, remained awaiting the issue of this strange adventure, uncertain what might be our captain's design, but marvelling much that such a voyage should be undertaken for the sake of so poor a return. Next morning came a kern, in a small boat, from the castle, who bore a message from the great Mac Swiney, desiring that more wine should be sent on shore, as he wished to purchase provision for a feast to be given to the young tanist of Tyrconnell, O'Donnell, surnamed Hugh the Red, who was then staying at his castle, with others of the young Irish nobility. Then our captain commanded one to go with his messenger to the castle of Mac Sweeney, and to say that all his merchantable stock had been already sold; but that, if the young princes of Donegal would come on board our ship, they should be freely entertained from his own store, with whatever of the choicest wines of Spain and France, he kept for his private pleasure. When our messenger reached the castle—they call that pile, if I remember right, Dundonald—there were about the young princes only their servants and galloglasses; and, having none to restrain them, they, with one accord, leaped into their skiff, and came laughing and jesting towards us. Our captain, doffing his cap, received them cordially on his vessel's side; and, dismissing all but O'Donnell, Mac Sweeney Oge and another, placed before them the most savoury meats and the most delicious wines. Then the young princes continued feasting, till being warmed with wine and strong aqua vitæ of France, they forgot their desire to return to the shore, and sat singing and jesting till sleep overpowered their senses. Whereupon our captain taking their swords from their sides, and their daggers from their belts, called upon us to carry them into the small cabin. We there shut them down under hatches, and set sail. An eastern breeze carried us safely out of the river, for the mere Irish had no vessels in which to pursue us, although many thousands

hearing of their princes' capture, thronged the shore on either side eager for our destruction. And thus we bore away the young heir of Tyrconnell, who now lies with a chain round each ankle in yonder tower, where, save the week of his escape, he has lain for three twelvemonths, and where the Deputy hath I think, decreed that he shall lie till the day of his death." "By the mass, it was an unworthy and a churlish snare to lay for any noble gentleman!" cried the soldier, "and if we can conquer the island by no manlier means than treachery and ambuscading, I care not how soon I give up my chance of the five hundred acres promised me in the forfeited lands of Sir Brian Mac Walter of the Rore." "Nay," cried Nicholas, "thou art over nice in judging of the devices of our governors. I'll warrant thee it was not without authority from them we dare not blame that our captain did the exploit I have told thee of,—but there, I see the warden's light in the loophole of the tower stair: I must go—farewell, honest soldier—keep thine own counsel and a strict watch—adieu." "Farewell, comrade," said the soldier, resuming his walk, while the other joining his companions and master ascended the winding stone stair that led through the thickness of the wall from the postern of the tower to the upper chambers.

The warden turning his huge key in an iron-bolted door, led the way into a stone-floored and vaulted apartment of confined dimensions, for the thickness of the walls was so great that their bulk left little room within. In this chamber were the captives. They sat on an oaken bench before the embers of a decayed fire; and the clank of iron, as they moved on their keeper's entrance, told that they were fettered. Two were young men fully grown and large sized, but sickly from long imprisonment: these were the sons of John the Proud, Art and Henry. The third was, by his auburn head, taller than either of the others, although a youth of little more than nineteen. His ruddy cheek showed no symptom of ill health, and his eye was bright and quick as that of a free mountaineer. Large boned and sinewy, although perfectly proportioned, the noble young man seemed formed by nature for

equal excellence in action and endurance. He was dressed in the British costume, but the long hair curling to his shoulders, and the unshaven upper lip, proclaimed his nation—this was Hugh Roe O'Donnell. He seemed scarcely conscious of his keeper's entrance; but kept his eye fixed on the dark wall before him, as if on its dingy plain he were, in imagination, marshalling those warriors whom he afterwards led to victory, through the broken battalions of Elizabeth's bravest armies.

"Sirs," said the warden, as his attendants placed upon a rude table their evening repast, "be pleased to conclude your supper with what dispatch you may, as my orders are to remove the instruments by which you might do mischief to your attendants, or to one another, with the greatest convenient speed." So saying, he took his seat near the door, while the two O'Neils turning with indignant glances, addressed themselves to the viands before them; but perceiving that O'Donnell took no notice of their preparation, one of them addressed him. "Fair cousin, wilt thou not eat? The keeper fears to leave his knives among us, lest we cut a breach in the castle wall, and stab the guards, or make our way to the chamber of the Deputy himself, and avenge our wrongs with one shrewd thrust of a carving knife." "Ha!" cried Hugh, awakening from his reverie, "does the Saxon dog dare to impose his presence at our meals!" and starting up, forgetful of his chains, strode towards the door to expel the unwelcome overseer; but the fetter checked him, and he had almost fallen from the sudden shock; he recovered himself, and returning to his bench, sat down without a word, and relapsed into a similar fit of abstraction to that from which he had so ineffectually roused himself. "Sirs," said the keeper, "it grieves me to intrude upon your privacy, or to limit your enjoyment of your repasts; but my orders are too strict to be infringed, and I must need remain with you for a little longer. When I shall retire, I also leave, by the lord chamberlain's commands, an attendant to continue with you during the night. He is well armed, and instructed to oppose any violence that may be shown him. Sir Hugh

O'Donnell, time presses; if thou wouldst sup, I pray thee fall to." A deep imprecation in Gaelic burst from the lips of the young chief; but he remained where he sat, with his back to the table, gazing as before at the blackened wall over the low and ashy hearthstone. Equally unavailing were the solicitations of his companions—he answered them in their native tongue, briefly and with kindness, but emphatically, and they pressed him no farther. Presently, having washed down their slender fare with a draught of water, the young men withdrew from the table, their chains clanking as they moved, to their original seats upon the bench, beside their fellow captive. The warden then having seen the table cleared, retired with his men, and closing the door, left their new attendant, who had hitherto remained unnoticed in the back ground, seated in the farther corner of the chill and gloomy apartment.

The three youths spoke not for some time, for Hugh's superior energy of character had gained him an ascendancy over the others, which forbade their interrupting his meditations whenever they took that fierce earnestness that marked his present manner. They sat in silence, without bestowing a look on their attendant, and he had not moved from his seat since the warden's departure. He was a man of advanced age, yet still of unimpaired vigour. Locks of pale yellow fell from his partly bald head down upon his shoulders, and a close beard of grizzled red curled round a well-formed and expressive mouth: his dress was that of a yeoman of the guard, but the sharp features and light-limbed figure marked the Irishman O'Donnell at last, drawing a hard breath through the distended nostril, and casting himself back on his seat, exclaimed to his companions—"So cousins! we are not to be permitted even the poor privilege of unnoticed conversation. This spying villain, I'll warrant, is to report all our words to the bastard Deputy—a knife in the churlish hound's throat! I would to God and Saint Columb Kill, I had him and his ten best men-at-arms before myself and my three foster brothers for one short hour in the gap of Barransmore.—Ha! Henry, if we ever get back to the

Black Valley, we will make a bright bonfire of Ardmullen castle for this!" "I would rather see Glenwhirry," answered Henry, "and the blue mountains of Dalaradia—ah, Art! if we were once in merry Antrim, we would soon drive the black strangers from the country of Hugh Buy!" "I'd give the best year of my life," cried Art, "to hear the war-cry of our house once more upon the hills of Killultagh—Mother of God! for one note of the gathering of Claneboy!"

"Lamh dearg aboo!"

Cried a voice, low but tremulously earnest, at their backs. The three young men leaped to their feet with a simultaneous cry that drowned the clash of iron, and, standing before them, beheld in their attendant the well-known features of their fosterer and clansman Turlogh Buy O'Hogan, the Bard of Tulloghoge.

For a moment the old man stood gazing with inexpressible love on the three noble youths so long and hopelessly denied to the longing eyes of their people; then rushing forward cast himself on his knees before them, and clasping their hands successively in his, pressed them to his lips and to his heart, in silent but adoring affection. "My son, my prince, my king!" he at last articulated, "my joy, my glory, my hope and promise!—branches of the old tree of nobleness! lights of valour and generosity! do I again behold your fair faces, and the gleam of your bright heads like waving gold? Long, long have I planned and pondered, long have I done and suffered what no price but the hope of seeing you again before I die, could have bribed me to endure. I have been the servant of the Saxon, and the slave of the Saxon's servant for your sakes, and if need were, I had been the menial of the slave's slave, that I might at last put my old eyes to rest upon the faces of your royal father's sons!—News for you, my princely masters, I have brave news from the north! Maguire and O'Rourk are stirring like stout gentlemen in Roscommon and the Brenny, and the earl is drawing his country to a noble head at the Blackwater: Donell Spaniagh holds Idrone by strong hand; and the bold O'Byrnes overhang the very city walls from the Three Rocks to the gap of

Glencree. Mac Carthy More and Desmond are ready to take up the game in Munster, and it wants but O'Donnell in Ballyshannon and O'Neill in Castlereagh to raise such a storm about the head of this cruel queen, as shall ere long beat the rifled crown from her withered brows, and blow across the seas those robbers of our lands and snarers of our chieftains' children, never to trample on our blessed soil again!" "Ah Turlogh," cried O'Donnell, "thou tellest us a tale we have already heard in the castle of O'Toole ten days back—alas, we were then at liberty, and thy hopes had ere long been verified, but that mischance befel us as thou hast heard, and here we stand today with fetters on our feet in Dublin Castle, while others play the noble game over green woods and broad mountains; but our friends and people, languishing for their lost leaders, stay idly in their duns and castles, and strike no stroke for liberty or honor! I vow a stone chapel and two bells of silver to Saint Columb Kill, if he will but release me out of this bondage before New Year's day!" "Noble prince," cried the bard, "thou shalt be feasting again in the castle of Dundonald before that day, if there be truth in man! I have not come hither only to gaze on thy face and tell thee to despair—no—we fly together on next Christmas night: till then, dear sons of my heart, be patient and discreet, nor let your jailors suspect that you have aught of new hope since my appointment to your charge. Blessed Mother! it wrings my heart to see the sons of your kingly fathers perishing for cold in the dark dungeon of their enemies. Here, let me pile these faggots on the embers and trim our wretched lamp. Dear Saviour! that my eyes should ever see Saxon fetters on the limbs of my heart's children! Alas, alas, I cannot now undo them, but while you sit I can relieve you somewhat of their weight." While he spoke he renewed the sinking fire, and supporting the chains upon the footrail of the rude bench, in some measure relieved the sitting captives of their weight; then placing himself on a low seat at one side, forgot for a time the danger and discomforts of his and their situation in mutual inquiries and fond recollections.

At length O'Donnell, recurring to the subject nearest his heart, broke in on the conversation by demanding—"How many days till Christmas?" "One-and-twenty," replied Turlogh. "And before Christmas we may not make the attempt?" continued O'Donnell. "Not till then, prince; for, until Christmas, that company of halbardiers in whom I have my trust, take not the guard of the wall next the city, over which I would, with God's and Columb Kill's permission, purpose our escape." "Enough," replied O'Donnell; "until then, as well as we may, let us forget our hopes and fears; and as thou art to be with us every night, let us sleep during the day, if watched by any other, and while away our hours till morning in thy company, with some pleasant occupation of making rhymes or story-telling, as is the wont, when not employed in any enterprize of moment, at the castles of our chieftains and knights. Alas, 'tis now four years since Owen Ward last sung his verses in my father's honor, to the music of the harp, in Ballyshannon hall. Ah, when shall I hear again the sweet sound of strings, and melody of ladies' voices? When shall I sit again by the great hall fire, wandering in fancy with Finn and his old warriors, through enchanted castles and over magic seas? When shall I stand with the three sons of Usnach, holding the castle of the Red Branch against Conor Mac Nessa and his Ulster legions, with Deirdre by my side, still fearlessly bending over the chess-table on which she plays

against her lover, lest he should catch alarm from her desertion of the game? Ho! Turlogh, do but tell us this story of clan Usnach, without slip or blunder, and I will yet make thee bard of Tirconnell, if Saint Columb do but hear my vow, and grant me life and liberty to perform my promise." "Noble prince," said Turlogh, "it hath long been my use and occupation to be a bard, as well to the clan O'Neill as to those of my own name. I will tell the tale of clan Usnach, or any other that may be most pleasing to your noblenesses, without desire of fee or hope of reward, beyond doing what may please your fathers' sons in their captivity." "Thanks, true and faithful clansman!" said O'Donnell: "let my noble kinsmen name the tale; and do thou, while these fagots throw unaccustomed warmth through our chil. chamber, try whether thy skill can make us for one night forget that we are captives." "Let it be the 'Sons of Usnach,'" said Art; "I ever loved to hear of the three waves roaring round the blue border of Connor's shield." "I would I had my harp here," said Turlogh, "that I might sing the songs of Deirdre as they ought to sound from the string: but, alas! I had forgotten; the notes of a harp were dangerous to be heard from a prisoner's dungeon; so I shall chant the strains as best I may, and abstain from singing, lest we should be overheard." So saying, Turlogh drew his seat nearer the cheerful blaze now flickering on the red hearth-stone, and with half-closed eyes began the tale of

THE DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF USNACH.

The nobles of Ulster were feasting in the house of Felimy, the son of Dall, the rymer of king Conor. Then was the wife of Felimy busied in attendance on her guests, though shortly to become a mother. Cups and jests go round, and the house resounded with the revel. Suddenly the infant screamed in the womb of its mother, and the bitter pains of childbirth fell upon her. Then arose Cathbad the Druid, and

prophesied, as she was borne away—"Under thy girdle, O woman, screamed a woman child, fair-haired, bright-eyed, beautiful—a virgin who will bring sorrow on Ulster—a birth fatal for princes—a child of disaster: let her name be Deirdre." Then sat they all in amaze till the infant was brought in; and it was a female child; and Cathbad looked upon it, and again prophesied—

"Child of sorrow, sin, and shame,
Deirdre be thy dreaded name!
Child of doom! thy fatal charms
Soon shall work us deadly harms.

"Long shall Ulster mourn the night
Gave thine eyes their blasting light—
Long shall Usnach rue the day
Showed his sons their fatal ray.

"Wo, Emania, to thy wall—
Wo to Ulster's palace hall—
Wo to Fergus—wo to Yeon—
Fourfold wo to Usna's son!

"Bitter wo and black dishonour,
Fall upon the foul clan Connor!
Good has lost, and evil won her,
Deirdre be the name upon her."

When Cathbad ceased, the nobles present with one voice cried out that the child should not live; but Connor would not permit them to slay the child, for he believed not the words of Cathbad, and he already longed to have the infant to himself. So, taking the child from Felimy, the king commanded that she should be cared for by his own people; and when the baby was nursed, he sent her to be brought up in a lonely fort, where she should never see man till he might make her his own wife. Here Deirdre dwelt till she had grown to be the most beautiful maiden in all Ireland; and never yet had seen a man, save one aged and morose tutor. But on a certain day in winter, when her tutor was slaying a calf before the gate of the fort, to prepare food for her, she saw a raven drinking the blood upon the snow. Then said she to her nurse, "Lovely, in truth, were the man marked with these colours—body like the snow, cheeks like the ruddy blood, and hair black as the wing of the raven—ah, Lewara, are there such men in the world without?" "Many such," said Lewara, "but the fairest of all is in the king's house—Naisi, the son of Usnach." "Alas!" cried Deirdre, "if I get not sight of that man I shall die!" Then her nurse plotted how she should bring Naisi and Deirdre together.

Now, on a certain day, Naisi was sitting in the midst of the plain of Eman, playing on a harp. Sweet, in truth, was the music of the sons of Usnach. The cattle listening to it, milked ever two-thirds more than was their wont; and all pain and sorrow failed not to depart from whatsoever

man or woman heard the strains of that melody. Great also was their prowess. When each set his back to the other, all Connor's province had been unable to overcome them. They were fleet as hounds in the chase: they slew deer with their speed.

Now, then, as Naisi sat singing on the plain of Eman, he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she came near him, but passed without speaking. "Gentle is the damsel who passeth by," said Naisi. Then the maiden looking up, replied, "Damsels may well be gentle where there are no youths." Then Naisi knew that it was Deirdre, and great dread fell upon him. "The king of the province is bethrothed to thee, oh damsel," he said. "I love him not," she replied, "he is an aged man; I would rather love a youth like thee." "Say not so, oh, damsel," said Naisi; "the king is a better spouse than the king's servant." "Thou sayest so," replied Deirdre, "that thou mayest avoid me." Then plucking a rose from a briar, she flung the flower to him, and said, "Now art thou ever disgraced if thou rejectest me." "Depart from me, I pray thee, damsel," said Naisi. "Nay," replied Deirdre, "if thou dost not take me to be thy wife, thou art dishonoured before all the men of thy country: and this I know from my nurse Lewara." Then Naisi said no more; and Deirdre took his harp, and sat beside him, playing sweetly. When the men of Ulster heard the delightful sound, they were enchanted. But the sons of Usnach rushed forth, and came running to where their brother sat, and Deirdre with him. "Alas," they cried,

"what hast thou done, O brother? Is not this the damsel fated to ruin Ulster?" "Ah, me!" said Naisi, "I am disgraced before the men of Erin for ever, if I take her not after that which she hath done." Then he told them the tale of what had happened. "Evil will come of it," said the brothers. "I care not," said Naisi, "I had rather be in misfortune than in dishonour. We will fly with her to another country. There is no country of Erin in which we will not have welcome and protection."

They then took counsel together, and for the love they bore to Naisi, resolved to accompany him wheresoever he might go. So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants; and Naisi took Deirdre to be his wife. Then being pursued by Connor, who was greatly enraged at the loss of his betrothed spouse, they wandered hither and thither over Erin, in constant danger from their enemies, from Esro to Benedar, and from Dundelgan to Almain. At length, weary of wandering through Erin, they sailed by Ulster into the realm of Alba, and made their home in the midst of a wild therein.

Here, when the chase of the mountain failed them, they fell upon the herds and cattle of the men of Alba; and the fame of their exploits reaching the ears of the king of that country, they were received into friendship and allegiance by him. But upon a certain day, when the king's steward made a circuit of the palace, early in the morning, he saw Naisi and Deirdre asleep in their tent. Then said he to the king, "O king, we have at length found a meet wife for you. There is in the bed of Naisi, son of Usnach, a woman worthy of the sovereign of the west of the world: let Naisi be slain, O king, and marry thou the maiden thyself." "Nay," said the king, "do thou first solicit her in private." It is done so. Deirdre informs Naisi of all this; and, moreover, how the son of Usnach would be put forward into danger till he should be slain, that the king might wed her being left without her husband. "Away, therefore," she said, "for if you depart not to-night, you will be slain to-morrow." Then the sons of Usnach de-

parted from the palace of the king of Alba, and went into a distant island of the ocean.

Upon a certain day, King Conor was feasting with his nobles in the mansion of Emania, and there was sweet music and delight among all present. And after the bards had sung, in delightful measures, their branches of kindred and boughs of genealogy, King Conor raised his royal voice and said: "I would know of you, princes and nobles, whether you have ever seen a feast better than this, or a mansion better than the mansion of Emania?" "We have seen none," they replied. "And again," said Conor, "I would fain know of you, if there be anything whatsoever here wanting." "Nothing," they replied. "Say not so," said Conor, "I well know what is here wanting; the presence of the three renowned youths, the martial lights of the Gael, the three noble sons of Usnach, Naisi, Aini, and Ardan. Alas, that they should be absent from us for the sake of any woman in the world! Hard bested they are, and outlawed in an island of the ocean, fighting with the men of the king of Alba. Sons of a king indeed they are, and well could they defend the sovereignty of Ulster—I would that they were with us." Then the nobles replied and said: "Had we dared to speak our thoughts, this is what we would ourselves have said; and moreover that had we but the three sons of Usnach in the country, Ulster alone would not be inferior to all the rest of Erin: for, men of might they are, and lions for valour and prowess." "Let us then," said Conor, "dispatch messengers to Alba, to the island of Loch Etive, to the fastness of the clan Usnach, to solicit their return." "Who can give sufficient surety of safety to induce the sons of Usnach to come into thy kingdom?" asked they. "There are three only of all my nobles," said Conor, "on whose guaranty against my anger, the sons of Usnach will trust themselves; and they are, Fergus, Cuchullan, and Conell Carnach: one of these will I send upon this message."

Then taking Conell Carnach into a place apart, Conor asked him what he would do if he should send him for the sons of Usnach, and that they should

come to harm while under his pledge of safe conduct. "Whomsoever I might find injuring them," said Conell Carnach, "on him would I straightway inflict the bitter pain of death." "Then can I perceive," said Conor, "that dear to you I myself am not." A like question asked Conor of Cuchullan, and of him received a like answer. Then called he apart Fergus the son of Roy, and in like manner questioned him; this said Fergus in answer. "Thine own blood I shed not; but whomsoever else I should find doing injury to those in my safe conduct him would I not permit to live."

"Then," said Conor, "I perceive thou lovest me. Go thou to the clan Usnach, and bring them to me on thy guaranty; and return thou by the way of Dun Barach, but let not the sons of Usnach tarry to eat meat with any till they come to the feast I shall have prepared for their welcome in Emania. Give me thy pledge to do this." Then Fergus bound himself by solemn vow to do the king's commands, and so returning together, they joined the other nobles and bore away that night in feasting and delight. The king, however, called Barach, the son of Cainti, into a place apart, and asked him had he a feast prepared at his mansion? "I have a feast prepared in Dun Barach," said Barach, "to which thou and thy nobles are ever welcome." "Let not Fergus then depart from thy mansion," said Conor, "without partaking of that feast on his return from Alba." "He shall feast with me for three days," replied Barach, "for we are brothers of the Red Branch, and he is under vow not to refuse my hospitality." Next morning Fergus, with his two sons, Buini Borb, and Illan Finn, and Callon the shield-bearer, bearing his shield, departed from Emania for pleasant Alba. They sailed across the sea until they came to Loch Etive, to the island of the sons of Usnach. Here dwelt the clan Usnach in green hunting booths along the shore. And Deirdre and Naisi sat together in their tent, and Conor's polished chess-board between them, and they played at chess. Now when Fergus came into the harbour, he sent forth the loud cry of a mighty man of chase. And Naisi hearing the cry, said, "I hear

the call of a man of Erin." "That was not the call of a man of Erin," replied Deirdre, "but the call of a man of Alba." Then again Fergus shouted a second time: "That was surely the cry of a man of Erin," said Naisi. "Nay, 'twas not, indeed:" replied Deirdre, let us play on." Then, again, Fergus shouted a third time, and Naisi knew that it was the cry of Fergus, and he said, "If the son of Roy be in existence, I hear his hunting shout from the loch: go forth Ardan, my brother, and give our kinsman welcome." "Alas;" said Deirdre, "I knew the call of Fergus from the first." "Why didst thou then conceal it, my queen?" said Naisi. Then Deirdre answered, "Last night I had a dream. Three birds came to us from the plains of Emania, having each a drop of honey in its beak; and they departed from us, having each a drop of our blood in place of the drop of honey." "And how dost thou read that dream, O princess?" said Naisi. "That Fergus cometh with false messages of peace from Conor," she replied, "for sweeter is not honey than the message of peace of the false man." "Nay, think not so," said Naisi; "Fergus is long in the port: go Ardan, meet him quickly, and guide him to our tent." Then Ardan went and welcomed Fergus, and embraced him and his sons, and kissed them and demanded of them the news from Erin. Then they told him, and thereafter came to the tent of Naisi, where he and Ainli, and Deirdre were together. Then with many kisses to Fergus and his sons, they asked what news from Erin. "Good news," said Fergus, "Conor hath sent us to be your warranty of safe-conduct, if you will return to Emania." "There is no need for them to go thither," said Deirdre, "greater is their own sway in Alba than the sway of Conor in Erin." "To be in one's native land is better than all else," said Fergus, "for of little worth are power or prosperity to a man if he seeth not each day the land that gave him birth." "True, it is," said Naisi, "dearer to me is Erin than Alba, though in Alba I should enjoy more fortunate estate than in Erin." "Put your trust in me," said Fergus, "I pledge myself for your safe-conduct." "Let us go then,"

said Naisi, "we will go under Fergus's safe conduct to our native land."

They whiled away that night until the dawning of next day; then went they down to their ships and set sail

across the sea. And Deirdre looked back upon the land of Alba, and as it sunk over the waters, raised the mournful song of her farewell.

Farewell to fair Alba, high house of the sun,
Farewell to the mountain, the cliff, and the dun :
Dun Sweeny adieu ! for my love cannot stay,
And tarry I may not when love cries away.

Glen Vashan ! Glen Vashan ! where roe bucks run free,
Where my love used to feast on the red deer with me,
Where, rocked on thy waters while stormy winds blew,
My love used to slumber, Glen Vashan ! adieu !

Glendaro ! Glendaro ! where birchen boughs weep
Honey dew at high noon o'er the nightingale's sleep,
Where my love used to lead me to hear the cuckoo
'Mong the high hazel bushes, Glendaro ! adieu !

Glen Urchy ! Glen Urchy ! where loudly and long
My love used to wake up the woods with his song,
While the son of the rock, from the depths of the dell,
Laughed sweetly in answer, Glen Urchy ! farewell !

Glen Etive ! Glen Etive ! where dappled does roam,
Where I leave the green sheeling I first called a home ;
Where with me and my true love delighted to dwell
The sun made his mansion—Glen Etive ! farewell !

Farewell to Inch Draynach, adieu to the roar
Of blue billows bursting in light on the shore ;
Dun Fiagh ! farewell, for my love cannot stay,
And tarry I may not when love cries away.

By this they had reached the port of Dun Barach ; and Barach himself meeting them upon the shore, welcomed Fergus and his sons, and the sons of Usnach, and Deirdre also, with kisses eager and affectionate. Then Barach said to Fergus—"Tarry, and partake of my feast ; for I will not let thee part from me for three days without breaking thy vow of brotherhood and hospitality." When Fergus heard this, he became crimson red, for anger, from head to foot, and thus he said—"Thou hast done ill, O Barach, to ask me to thy feast, knowing, as thou dost, that I am bounden to Conor not to let the sons of Usnach, who are under my safe-conduct, tarry night or day for entertainment from another, till they reach Emania, where he hath his banquet prepared to welcome them." "I care not," said Barach, "I lay thee under the ban of our order if thou rejectest my hospi-

tility." Then Fergus asked of Naisi what he should do ? and Deirdre answered—"Thou must either forsake Barach or the sons of Usnach : it were truly more meet to forsake thy feast than thy friends who are under thy protection." "Neither Barach nor the sons of Usnach will I forsake," said Fergus ; "for I will remain with Barach, and my two sons, Illan Finn and red Buini Borb, shall be your escort and pledge of safe-conduct, in my stead, to Emania." "We care not for thy safe conduct," said Naisi ; "our own hands have ever been our pledge of protection ;" and he departed from Fergus in great wrath ; and Ardan, and Aiuli, and Deirdre, and the two sons of Fergus followed him, and they left Fergus sad and gloomy behind them.

Then said Deirdre—"I would counsel that we go to the isle of Rathlin, and abide there till Fergus shall

be free to accompany us ; for I fear this safe-conduct will not long protect us." Then did Naisi and the sons of Fergus reproach her, and they said they would not take that counsel, but go forward to Emania even as they were. "Alas !" said Deirdre ; "would that I had never left the long-grassed Alba !" But when they had come to Fincairn watch-tower, on the mountain of Fuadh, Naisi perceived that Deirdre did not accompany them, for sleep had fallen upon her ; and on returning he found her in a deep slumber in the valley ; and when she was awakened, she arose in grief and fear. "Alas !" she said, "I dread treachery : I had a dream, and in my vision I beheld Illan Finn fighting for us, and Buini Borb idle, and his head on Buini Borb, and Illan Finn's trunk headless." "Thy lips are lovely, but thy prophesy, nought save evil," said Naisi. "Let the vengeance of thy lips fall on the stranger. I fear not treachery. Let us on." And so they went on till they came to Ardsallagh ; and then Deirdre said to Naisi—"I see a cloud over Emania, and it is a cloud of blood. I counsel you, O sons of Usnach, go not to Emania without Fergus ; but let us go to Dundalgan, to our cousin Cuchullan, till Fergus shall have fulfilled his obligation to Barach." "I fear not," said Naisi ; "let us proceed." Then again Deirdre cried—"O ! Naisi, look at the cloud over Emania : it is a cloud of blood ; gore drops fall from its red edges. Ah me ! go not to Emania tonight ; let us go to Dundalgan—let us take shelter with Cuchullan." "I fear not," said Naisi ; "I will not hear thy counsel ; let us proceed." "Grandson of Roy," said Deirdre, "seldom have we not been of one accord before—I and thou, Naisi ! This had not been so that day when Lewara led me to your seat upon the plain of Emania." "I fear not," said Naisi ; "let us on !" "Sons of Usnach," again said Deirdre, "I have a signal by which to know if Conor designs treachery against us. If we be admitted into the mansions of Emania, Conor designs not harm towards us ; if we be lodged apart, in the mansion of the Red Branch, then doth Conor surely meditate us evil." By this they were arrived before the gates of Emania. Then Naisi knocked at the gate,

and the door-keeper demanded who was without ? "Clan Usnach and Deirdre," replied Naisi. Then were they conducted towards the house of the Red Branch, by Conor's orders. "'Twere better to take my counsel even yet," said Deirdre, "for evil is surely now designed for us." "We will not do so," said Illan Finn, the son of Fergus ; "cowardliness hath never been known of the sons of my father. I and Buini Borb shall go with you to the Red Branch." Then moved they on to the house and entered it ; and attendants brought them rich viands and sweet wines, until all were satisfied and cheerful, save only Deirdre and the sons of Usnach ; for they partook not of much food or drink, being weary from their journey, and in dread of their lives. Then said Naisi, "bring hither the chess-board, that we may play ;" and he and Deirdre played upon the polished chessboard.

And now when Conor knew that Deirdre was in the Red Branch, he could not rest at the feast, but said—"Whom shall I find that will do my errand to the Red Branch, to tell me whether her beauty lives upon Deirdre ; for, if her own face and figure live upon her, there is not in the world a woman more beautiful than she." Then said Lewara, the nurse, "I will do thine errand." For she dearly loved both Naisi and Deirdre, whom she, at first, had brought together. Then Lewara, coming to the Red Branch, found Naisi and Deirdre with the polished board between them, playing at chess ; and she gave them kisses eager and affectionate, and said, "Alas ! my children, you do not well to spend your time in games and pleasure, while Conor cannot rest for the thoughts of the treachery he designs you. Wo is me, this night will be a black night for the clan Usnach, if ye bar not fast your doors and windows, and fight not courageously O sons of Fergus, and manfully defend your charge till Fergus himself cometh." Then shed she bitter tears, and returned to the mansion of Emania ; and Conor asked what tidings. "Tidings of good and of evil," replied Lewara ; "and my good tidings are, that the sons of Usnach are three of the most valiant and noble ; of the most excel-

lent form and aspect of all the men in the world ; and that, with their help, thou mayest henceforth sway all Erin if thou wilt ; and my evil tidings are, that she, who at her departure from Erin was the fairest of women, is now bereft of her own form and aspect, and is lovely and desirable no longer." Then Conor's wrath and jealousy abated, and he went on feasting until a second time he thought of Deirdre, and he said, "whom shall I find to bring me true tidings from the Red Branch ? is there any here will do my errand truly ?" Then none of the nobles answered ; for they feared to abet the king, in violating the pledge of Fergus, as they dreaded he now meditated to do. Then said Conor to one of his people, "knowest thou who slew thy father, O, Trendorn ?" "Naisi Mac Usnach slew my father, and my three brothers," replied Trendorn. "Go thy way, then," said Conor, "and bring me true tidings of Deirdre, whether her beauty still live upon her ; for, if it doth, there is not on the ridge of earth a woman lovelier than she." Then Trendorn went to the Red Branch, and found one window unfastened, and looked through it, and saw Naisi and Deirdre within, and the polished board between them, and they playing. And Deirdre said to Naisi, "I see one looking at us through the window." Then Naisi flung the chessman he held in his hand, at the spy, and dashed his eye out of the head of Trendorn. And Trendorn went to Conor, and told him, and Conor cried aloud, "This man who hath maimed my servant would himself be king !" Then asked he, what tidings of Deirdre ? "Such beauty liveth upon her," said Trendorn, "that there is not, on the ridge of earth a woman so beautiful." As Conor heard this his jealousy and hatred were renewed, and he rose from the table in great wrath, and cried that the sons of Usnach had sought to slay his servant, and called upon his people to go and assault the Red Branch, and bring them forth, that they might be punished.

Then came the troops of Ulster to the Red Branch, and sent forth three dreadful shouts about it, and set fire and flames to the doors and windows. And the sons of Usnach, when they

heard the shouts, demanded who were without. "Conor and Ulster," cried the troops, and shouted fearfully. "Villains," cried Illan Finn, "would ye break my father's pledge ?" "Ravishers and villains," cried Conor, "would ye abet the seducer of my wife ?" "Ah me," said Deirdre, "we are betrayed, and Fergus is a traitor." "If Fergus hath betrayed you," said Red Buini Borb, "yet will not I betray you ;" and he threw open the gates, and went forth with his men, and slew thrice fifty men of might abroad, and made dreadful confusion among the troops. Then Conor demanded who made that havock of his people, and Buini answered, "I, Red Buini Borb, the son of Fergus." "Hold thy hand," said Conor, "and I will bestow upon thee the territory of Slievé l'uadh." Then Buini Borb held back his hand from the carnage, and demanded, "Wilt thou aught else ?" "I will make thee mine own prime councillor," replied Conor ; and Buini Borb desisted from the slaughter, and went his way. But his territory was made that night a desert ; and it is called Dalwhinny to this day, a wild moor on the mountains of Fuadh. When Deirdre saw that Buini Borb had deserted them, she said, "Traitor father, traitor son : well knew I that Fergus was a traitor !" "If Fergus was a traitor," said Illan Finn, "yet will not I be a traitor : while liveth this small straight sword in my hand, I will not forsake the sons of Usnach !" Then Illan Finn went forth with his men and they made three swift onslaughts round about the mansion, and slew thrice an hundred men of might abroad, and came in again where Naisi sat playing at chess with his brother Ainli, for the sons of Usnach would not let their calm hearts be troubled by that alarm. Then taking torches, Illan Finn and his men went forth a second time, and slew their men of might abroad, and drove the bearers of the flame and fire from around the mansion. Then it was that Conor cried, "Where is my own son Fiara Finn ?" "I am here my king," cried Fiara. "As I live," said Conor, "it was on the same night that thou and Illan Finn were born : go then and do battle with him manfully. And as he is clad in his father's

arms, clothe thou thyself in mine. Take Ocean, Flight, and Victory—my shield, my spear, and my claymore, and do good battle for your father with this son of Fergus.” Fiara then arrayed himself in his father’s noble and bright armour, and went to the Red Branch, and did good battle with Illan Finn. They fought a fair fight, stout and manly, bitter and bloody, savage and hot, and vehement, and terrible, till Illan Finn beat down Fiara, so that he forced him to crouch beneath the shelter of his shield. Then the waves round the blue rim of Ocean roared, for it was the nature of Conor’s shield that it ever resounded as with the noise of stormy waves when he who bore it was in danger. And the three chief seas of Erin roared with all their waves responsive to the shout of Ocean. The wave of Tuath, and the wave of Cliona, and the fishy-streaming wave of Inver-Rory roared around Erin for the danger of Fiara. Conall Carnach sitting on the rock of Dunseverick heard the tumult from Loch Rory and the sea, and taking his arms and calling his men of might, came towards Emania, where he knew that Conor, his sovereign, was in peril. There, on the open field before the mansion of Red Branch, he found Fiara Finn sore pressed by his adversary, and, coming behind him, he thrust his sword through the heart of Illan Finn, whom he knew not, for he had not yet beheld his face. “Who hath pierced me at my back?” asked Illan Finn, “when he might have had fair battle, face to face, had he sought it?” “Nay, rather, who art thou?” said Conall. “Illan, the son of Fergus,” replied Illan Finn; “and art thou Conall Carnach?—Alas, it is even so. Evil is the deed thou hast done, Conall, to slay me while defending the clan Usnach, who are in the Red Branch under my father’s pledge of safe-conduct from Alba.” “By my hand of valour,” cried Conall, “this shall not be unavenged,” and he struck Fiara Finn a sharp stroke where he stood, and lopped away his head from his body, and went thence in great wrath and sorrow. The weakness of death then fell darkly upon Illan, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and called to Naisi to fight manfully, and expired.

And now the men of Ulster came

again to assault the Red Branch, and to set fire and faggots to the doors. Then forth came Ardan and his men and put out the fires, and slew three hundred men of might abroad, and scattered the troops. And Ainli, with his men, went forth the other third of the night, and slew six hundred abroad, and made sore havoc of Conor’s people. Naisi himself came forth with his men the last third of the night, and ere day dawn had slain two hundred and driven all the troops from around the mansion. And at dawn, Conor brought all the men of Ulster, and he and the clan Usnach, with their men, joined battle on the plain and fought a fierce fight till broad day. And the battle went against the men of Ulster; and till the sands of the sea, the leaves of the forest, the dew-drops of the meadow, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the number of heads, and hands, and lopped limbs of heroes, that then lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers and their people on that plain. Then Naisi came again into the Red Branch to Deirdre, and she encouraged him and said: “We will yet escape: fight manfully and fear not.” Then the sons of Usnach made a phalanx of their shields, and spread the links of their joined bucklers around Deirdre, and bounden forth like three eagles, swept down upon the troops of Conor, making sore havoc of his people in that onslaught. Now when Cuthbad the Druid, saw that the sons of Usnach were bent on the destruction of Conor himself, he had recourse to his acts of magic; and he cast an enchantment over them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and they were taken by the men of Ulster, for the spell was like a sea of thick guins about them, and their limbs were clogged in it that they could not move.

Then was there no man in the host of Ulster, that could be found who would put the sons of Usnach to death, so loved were they of the people and nobles. But, in the house of Conor was one called Maini Rough Hand, son of the king of Lochlin; and Naisi had slain his father and two brothers; and he undertook to be their executioner. So the sons of Usnach were there slain; and

the men of Ulster, when they beheld their death, sent forth three heavy shouts of sorrow and lamentation. Then Deirdre fell down beside their bodies, wailing and weeping, and she tore her hair and garments, and bestowed kisses on their lifeless lips, and bitterly bemoaned them. And a grave was opened for them, and Deirdre, standing by it, with her hair dishevelled, and shedding tears abundantly, chanted their funeral song.

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone—
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep.

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone—
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping,
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body!

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warrior's sides aright;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet,
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow;
Never again, by stream or plain,
Shall the gentle woodsmen go!

Sweet companions ye were ever,
Harsh to me, your sister, never,
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing!
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy shelving,
When the three with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent sky-lark o'er us!

Echo now, sleep, morn and even—
 Lark, alone enchant the heaven!
 Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
 Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain,
 Salmon, leap from loch to fountain,
 Heron, in the free air warm ye—
 Usnach's sous no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,
 Rulers of the ridge of war!
 Never more 'twill be your fate
 To keep the beam of battle straight.

Wo is me! by fraud and wrong,
 Traitors false, and tyrants strong,
 Fell clan Usnach, bought and sold,
 For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Wo to Eman roof and wall!
 Wo to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
 Tenfold wo and black dishonor
 To the foul and false clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep—
 Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
 Dig the grave, and make it ready—
 Lay me on my true-love's body!

Whereupon Deirdre fell down and expired beside the grave. And they laid her in the grave with the sons of Usnach, and piled their cairn, and their names were written on the stone above them. Then fell the curse upon clan Conor;

for Fergus, the son of Roy, slew Conor, and burned Emania and the Red Branch to the ground, and no man hath inhabited them from that day to this. So ends the history of the three sons of Usnach.

"Had I been Fergus," said Henry O'Neill, when Turlogh concluded, "I would never have deserted my charge for Barach's banquet." "Ah," said Turlogh, "thou takest no thought of the strange usages of different times and nations. I might readily have made Barach detain Fergus, by claiming his aid in some expedition against an enemy, undertaken for that purpose, and impossible to be avoided by a friend and brother in arms; or I might have detained Fergus on an assembly at Dun Barach, of his order, whereof he was a high dignitary, and being so, could not refuse attendance; or I might have invented any more likely excuse that I had thought fit: but what I have told you is according to the ancient account, which hath never been varied during many hundred

years of constant tradition, and which hath delighted more princes, and nobles, and honourable audiences than any other story of Milesian times; and this obligation of hospitality, although it be not now practised, yet hath its old existence never been doubted by any bard or story-teller of ancient or modern day. Truly it was a strange and ungracious observance to detain a man against his will, and already angry with his host, at a banquet which neither could enjoy while that anger of the guest continued; and, doubtless, Fergus was in high wrath all the time of his reluctant stay at Dun Barach: yet such is the tale our ancestors have told us, and it becomes not us to alter or corrupt it." "Neither can I understand," said Henry, "how it was that the nobles of Ulster,

who had such love to the sons of Usnach, could permit Conor, on a pretence so trifling as the maiming of his servant, to violate both his own pledge and that of Fergus, by slaying their friends and fellow-nobles before their faces, without either remonstrance or resistance." "Such is the history as we have heard it," said Turlogh, "the power of the king was supreme; the nobles were at a distance from their own provinces and troops; and all the violence committed was done by the army of the enraged monarch."

"Again," said Henry; but he was interrupted by Art—"What matter, brother, how the thing was brought about, so that the generosity, and valour, and fortitude, and true love which make the true delight of the tale be not hindered in their operation and display? With the clang of the magic shield ringing in my ears, and the picture of the brother's heroic composure and the damsel's serene constancy before my eyes, I can think of nothing but noble deeds and generous affections: my eyes are dazzled with the glorious flashing of swords and battle-axes; my ears drink in the exulting din of battered armour, while my heart melts within me for pity and compassion, and sweet thoughts of those who love me, and who would do and suffer as much for my sake in a like extremity." "Far different thoughts have been mine," said O'Donnell, withdrawing his eyes from an intense contemplation of some scene in the vacancy before him, "not that my breast hath not been stirred with many and strong emotions of indignation, sympathy, or tender remembrance; but truth to tell, I have thought far less of private wrong, or personal affections, than of my country's miserable condition which hath ever been caused and continued by even such feuds and tyrannies among ourselves, as those related to us by Turlogh. And I think, with my cousin Art in this, that it matters little for the nature of those small hinges whereon the mechanical operation of the story turns, so that we be not prevented from seeing clearly the chief truth that the tale at large teacheth. Here, behold what strife and weakness arose for Ulster, from making private wrongs and jealousies the causes of public commotion: behold the nobles

disgusted with the king, the king sacrificing the best and bravest of his own subjects; and, in the end, inviting, by the weakness he had himself occasioned, the invasion of another potentate, and the final subjection of his own people to the rule of strangers. Alas, it hath been ever thus; and Conors, and Dermots, and Teige Caoluisces have never been wanting to perpetuate the curse of division and weakness. In God's name, my cousins, let not the old quarrels of our houses, hinder our hearty union now! If injury be done by either to the other, let the brehon settle who is the offender, and who the sufferer, while we employ our common arms in upholding the means and power of reparation in both. What though Hugh Calvagh, my own near kinsman, was robbed of wife and lands, by your father, Shane? think you I have better chance of recovering my right from Elizabeth, than from you? No; let us first join in keeping the country, and let us settle its division after. Before God, and Columb Kill, it is my firm belief that we are strong enough, if united, to hold the three provinces against the world! Where could the Claneboys, and men of O'Nelán, and the Fews, most readily muster on the other side of Blackwater?" "We would join you," replied Art, "with Claneboy, anywhere, either in Turlogh Lynach's country, or O'Cahan's; the fort newly built on the Blackwater, would check our march south of Loch Neagh." "At Tulloghoge, then, be it;" said Hugh, "we will draw down our forces by the earl's country, and assault the fort together; then raise the Mac Kennas and Mac Mahons, drive the Bagnalls into Newry, and narrow the northern pale to Eash Oriall; by my father's bones, a fair exploit! The earl would, beyond doubt, join us, for he hateth Bagnall, as well on his sister's account, whom the marshall hath married against his will, as from his close and dangerous neighbourhood to Dungannon. Ha! we will have another blow for land and liberty, before we see the strangers stable their steeds in our castle halls, and send their ploughs through our raths and hunting grounds! Bagnall and Clifford, Bingham and Fitzwilliam, ye shall yet rue the day you first

saw Irish land! — Ho! Art and Henry, let us go and fix the levies." He rose, unconscious of his captivity, as if to take his seat at a council table; but the fetter again checked him, and he again sat down with a bitter sigh. "I had forgotten," he cried, "while meditating English overthrow, that I am still a captive in the chains of England. Yet, why repine? Let me rather thank Heaven that hath sent thee, Turlogh, to lighten my captivity and give me these dreams

of glory which are so sweet while they last, that I would freely suffer ten such awakings for the forgetfulness of one such hour as this thou hast afforded me." "Praise be to Him who hath given me the power," replied Turlogh: "with his permission you shall yet enjoy many such hours. Meanwhile, 'tis time for you, my noble masters, to retire for the night, lest our voices, heard longer, excite the apprehensions of the guard."

THE DOWNSHIRE MEETING.

ON the 30th of last October, the town of Hillsborough presented an extraordinary, and, to the moralist and the politician, a singularly interesting spectacle. From a remote, and as respects space, an inconsiderable section of an island with regard to which it has become the fashion to argue, as if it were exclusively Popish—there were collected together fifty thousand Protestants capable of bearing arms—* men assembled together for the express purpose of manifesting their attachment to the Protestant institutions of the country, and the Protestant religion of their hearts. And this attachment they have declared with a voice too distinct to be misunderstood, and too loud to be disregarded. This vast assemblage convened, in a legal and constitutional manner, to exercise the most ancient and undoubted right of British subjects—conducted themselves with the utmost regularity and decorum. The loyal and independent yeomen of Ulster were, upon this occasion, fairly represented. Uniting with a deep respect for the law, a firm determination to maintain those rights which compacts, as least as ancient and as sacred as the law had guaranteed to them—the men assembled at Hillsborough manifested that steady and yet temperate spirit of resolution—which distinguishes the deportment of freemen, alike from the licentious unruliness of the democrat and the slavish obsequiousness of the serf. No violence disgraced the sacred cause in which they were assembled—no intemperance, either of language or of conduct, cast suspicion upon their firmness or their motives. All was peaceable, orderly, and determined—the aristocracy and the gentry taking the lead in the proceedings, and the people

uniting with their natural protectors and advisers. These were the characteristics of the great Downshire meeting—characteristics which but seldom distinguish popular assemblages in Ireland. Indeed we question if a multitude of the same numbers—and the same character—evincing the same manly spirit, and exhibiting the same peaceable demeanour, could have been convened in any district of any country under heaven except in the Protestant and the Bible-reading province of Ulster—whether such an assemblage could have been composed of any other class of yeomanry in the world than the much-calumniated and much-injured orangemen of the North.

It is useless for any party to deny that this meeting has been an important one—the bare fact of 75,000 persons being assembled together, is entitled to some consideration; but when we throw into the scale the moral as well as the physical strength of those who composed this assemblage, when we remember that among these 75,000 persons we reckon some of the first aristocracy of the land—and almost all the landed proprietors of the county in which the meeting was convened—while the remainder was made up of shrewd, intelligent, and thinking men, who have education and knowledge sufficient to enable them to distinguish principles and judge of measures—and whose proverbial character it is that they think for themselves—great as is the importance of the meeting, from its numerical strength—that importance is incalculably increased by the character of the elements of which it was composed; and no man, be his political opinions or his political prejudices what they may, can pretend to assert that the sentiments of this great and

* Notwithstanding the misrepresentations, or rather attempted misrepresentations of that portion of the press, whose only business seems to be to lye—it is now an acknowledged fact that 70,000 persons were present—we are not going surely beyond the legitimate rule of calculation in supposing that two-thirds of this number were capable of bearing arms.

influential assemblage, are not entitled at least to consideration and respect.

The first thing that must strike every candid and reflecting mind, is the conviction that this immense multitude was not collected without a cause; it was something beyond the mere desire of assembling together, that brought 75,000 persons from their occupations and their homes; it was no light or imaginary grievance that could have moved this immense mass of human beings; composed not of that class in society who, having no object in tranquillity, desire restlessness for its own sake, but of a class who are perhaps, of all others, the least naturally disposed to political excitement—an independent and industrious yeomanry. Individuals, in the upper ranks may have something to gain, those in the lower ranks have nothing to lose by agitation; but the middling class of farmers—the men who, after all, are the true support of a country's power, and the sinews of her might—are very differently circumstanced. There is no motive of ambition to lure them from the peaceful occupations of their industry—there is much to restrain them from joining in political movements; from their habits, staid and quiet men, they are not disposed to the tumults of popular assemblages. Nothing but the sense of danger, the tremendous consciousness that their religion and their liberties were assailed, could have prompted the entire yeomanry of a county to rise up as one man, to forego for a time the peaceful habitude of their lives, and display themselves in the imposing attitude of freemen determined to risk all for freedom—of Protestants, resolved to uphold, at any cost, their religion. The liberals tell us that the Irish Protestants have no grievance to complain of—that there is no pressure upon them; we ask, then, what was it that created the Downshire meeting? It was not the requisition—but, again, the requisition is evidence that all is not right. Is it to be supposed that the aristocracy and the gentry of the county, of all modifications of political creed, from the high Tory Lord Roden, to the liberal Marquises of Downshire and Donegal, would have unanimously agreed to take upon themselves the responsibility of assembling its inhabi-

tants, unless they felt that such a measure was not only justified, but rendered necessary by the crisis? But we repeat it was not the requisition that produced the meeting—no! it was the pressure that is acting on the humbler ranks of Protestants in Ireland; it was the feeling abroad among the people that the Protestant religion is to be destroyed—and they do not know the yeomanry of the North, who are not assured that Lords Londonderry and Downshire, and all the influence of the gentry and the aristocracy combined, never could have brought together the one-tenth of those who were assembled at Hillsborough, if the conviction had not previously been brought home to every man's fire-side, that the time was come when the Protestants of Ireland must seek protection in themselves.

The truth is, that it was the feeling of the people that forced on the requisitionists. Long before the arrangements for the meeting were formed, or a single signature attached to the requisition—the middling classes, with that shrewdness which distinguishes the farmers of the North, were unanimously convinced of the necessity of a county meeting, and looked anxiously to their natural leaders to begin. Every man felt, within his own breast, sentiments that he desired to record—he heard in the conversation of those around him the expression of the same feelings that were his own. The gentry but gave the inhabitants of the country, an opportunity of expressing the opinions and the sentiments that they entertained; and we do not hesitate to say, that however well inclined they might be to convene the meeting—the truth is, that they had no other course left if they desired to maintain their influence with their respective tenancies. Such was the feeling of the people, that the gentry must either have complied with the wishes, indeed we may say the demands, of those around them, or forfeited, and that for ever, that esteem and confidence which they now so fully possess. Had the landholders of Down acted a different part from what they did, the affections of the people would have been alienated—that reciprocity of confidence which now subsists between the landlord and tenant

would have been destroyed—that natural and ancient relation between the owner and the occupier of the soil—the harmony of which constitutes one of the chief beauties of a well-regulated social system—would have been rudely broken up; and the Protestant farmer would have learned to regard his Protestant landlord, not as an adviser, and a friend—identified with him in interest, and sympathising with him in feeling—but as a man separated from him by the cold repulsions of rank, sharing in none of his sentiments, and deserting him when common danger required united operation.

But far be from us to insinuate that the gentry of Down required this pressure of opinion to urge them, or indeed we may say compel them, to their duty. The same circumstances which forced the humbler classes to feel that their liberties were assailed through the medium of their religion, made their superiors see that all privilege, and all property, was unsafe; and the consequent union of all ranks, the hearty cooperation which was thus produced between classes which have been too often, and too much separated, constituted, both in fact and in example, the chief value of the meeting; in fact, as it directly negatived the assertion, so industriously put forward, that we are endeavouring to uphold, not the liberties of a people, but the privileges of a class—that we struggle for the domination of the upper ranks, and not for the benefit of all; in example, as it has shewn what may be done by that generous union of those, between whom society may have created conventional distinctions, but common danger has taken away all real difference. The landed interests of both countries are violently assailed; the only defence against the assault can be found in the union of those who are alike concerned in upholding those interests. Let English landlords and English agriculturists learn a lesson from the county Down. Let all those who derive their incomes from land, make common cause to prevent its depreciation; and the real power of the state must remain where it ought to be—where alone it can safely be confided—in the hands of an intelligent and orderly yeomanry.

Our space will not permit us to

dwell upon the many important points, the consideration of which is naturally suggested by the subject upon which we write. The defence of the pure, and scriptural, and tolerant church of Ireland, was the chief object of this meeting; and the resolutions are important, as manifesting the real sentiments of a body whose hostility to the church is assumed as an unquestionable axiom, we mean the Presbyterians of the North. In England the Dissenters are the most violent opposers of the established church; but the case is far different in Ireland; those who conscientiously dissent from her discipline, would yet be grieved to see the doctrines which she maintains, suppressed; there is no preacher of amity like the presence of common danger—

“*Nunc ipsa infortunia jungunt,*”

is the surest motto of a sincere and inseparable union. The time is long gone by, in Ireland, when matters of form could create dissension between those who hold the same principles of common faith; and to the honour of the Presbyterian body be it spoken, that, so far from looking with an eye of jealousy, upon the superior endowments of the episcopal church, they regard her ministers with affection, and join in her services with cordiality; and, in the hour of her distress, they have nobly stood forward in her defence.

This may appear strange to those who are unacquainted with the real state of Ulster, and who do not know that the distinction between the followers of the two churches, is kept up in the minds of the people more as a tribute to their hereditary forms of worship—more from the natural desire to have the rites of their religion administered in the way that their fathers received them, than from any persuasion that there exists a vital and essential difference between the churches of England and Scotland. They are regarded not as rivals but sisters; and the impression—the very just impression, upon the minds of the Presbyterians is, that the church of Ireland acts as a barrier against the assumption of power by the Popish hierarchy; and that it is, therefore, under the shelter of her bulwarks that

they enjoy liberty of conscience and the right to worship God after the way which the Romish church calls heresy; and this impression has produced a cordiality of feeling which realizes, without the compromise of a single principle, that much talked-of liberality which some would make to consist in the abandonment of every religious obligation, and the disregard of every religious duty. Where there is a zealous minister of the Established Church, the Presbyterians flock in crowds to attend his ministrations; and the reverse is not unfrequently the case. The clergy too, of both churches, unite in all the labours of Christian charity, and in all the ministrations of Christian zeal; and both cooperate in the dissemination of the Bible, and the preaching of the gospel of their God.

This is the nature and the secret of the union between Protestants, which was so unequivocally manifested at the Hillsborough meeting. We do not deny that there is a section, thank God, a miserable section, of those calling themselves Presbyterians, who look with very different feelings on the church. The Arians hate her because she upholds scriptural truth; but the true sentiments of the great body of the people find their representative, not in Mr. H. Montgomery, but in Dr. Cooke. The appearance of this latter gentleman at the meeting, speaks volumes for the feeling of the body which he may be justly considered to represent. We say to represent, for we despise that miserable cavilling, that contemptible quibbling of the pro-Popish journals, which asks for his credentials to act in this capacity. Is it not enough that he spoke in the face of the assembled Presbyterians of the county Down? But, if credentials be wanting, Dr. Cooke's are to be found in the affectionate veneration with which, for years, he has been looked up to by the whole Presbyterian body—in the high character which he sustains—in the high office which he has filled. If any man who is not an appointed delegate can be said to be entitled to represent the feelings of a body, Dr. Cooke may justly be considered as the representative of his brethren. When we speak of the high office which he has filled, we do

not forget that, with regard to this, no important discovery has been made. Dr. Cooke is not moderator of the synod for this year; he did not continue to hold an annual office for life! Why, the moderator of the synod is no more entitled, as moderator, to speak for his brethren, than the meanest elder of the church. It is, however, to be presumed that the person elected to this office is one who possesses the confidence of the members of the synod; that Dr. Cooke, who has never scrupled to express his opinions, did possess that confidence, was all the inference that was drawn from his filling the office of moderator; we do not see how this inference is affected by the accident of his having been elected this year or the last.

The truth is—let the spoliating party endeavour to get rid of it as they will—that Dr. Cooke spoke almost the unanimous sentiments of the Presbyterians of the North. These are times when all minor differences are merged in the common epithet of Protestant. The Presbyterian wishes that his child should read the Bible—the government have proscribed the Bible from their schools. The Presbyterian desires to see protection extended to Protestant property and life—the executive are either unable or unwilling to afford it. He sees the enemy of all Protestantism the confidential adviser of his Majesty's ministers; he sees every cherished principle of his youth insulted—every dear recollection of his ancestors proscribed; he looks round in vain for his brethren, whom a falsehearted policy has driven into foreign lands; he thinks, very naturally, that the government are not his friends; he, therefore, makes common cause with his brethren of the Established Church; and, in indignation at the treatment that Protestants have received, he never stops to inquire whether those who are in the same danger with himself worship their God in the same posture, or adopt the same orders of church government, or the same regulations of public worship, that he does.

But the Presbyterian knows more than all this; he is well assured that, deep as is the hostility with which Popery regards the rival splendours of the English church, the feeling which

she bears towards her ~~to~~ friendship itself to the animosity which she entertains against the austere simplicity of the Scottish establishment. It may now be her convenience to disguise her resentment, and to cloak her schemes of domination under the specious fraud of giving equal encouragement to all religions; but the Presbyterian has read history, and he knows that James the Second made the same professions of regard for the rights of conscience, and he thus learns to estimate the value of Popish toleration and the sincerity of Popish propositions of equality. If Protestants differ about forms, they will not make the enemies of their faith the regulators of their disputes—If Protestants desire to be upon an equality, they will not call in the aid of that church whose very genius is despotism and intolerance, to adjust the principles of religious liberty. “Civil and religious liberty” is an imposing sound; but the word belongs not to the vocabulary of Rome, and the Presbyterians of Ulster will not seek it there. The rebellion of 1798 is not yet forgotten. Popery then made the same professions that she does now—no sectarian prejudice was to embitter, no religious difference to mar, the brotherhood of united Irishmen—and then the Protestants of Ulster were deceived. They held out the hand of fellowship: and even while it was treacherously grasped in Protestant Ulster—in Roman Catholic Munster the fires of Scullabogue were blazing, and the pikes of the rebels were reeking from the massacre of Protestants, slaughtered without regard to age or sex; and the savage hatred of the infuriate bandits avowed that their object was to extirpate Protestantism. One such deception—one such instance of credulity, is enough for a century. The manœuvre has been attempted a second time in vain.

But we must not forget the part in these proceedings which was taken by the Marquis of Downshire—a part which has drawn on him the severest animadversions of the opposite party, and caused him to be menaced with the inquisitional and arbitrary exercise of ministerial power. His dismissal from the lieutenancy is the most that is in the power of his enemies, and it

is the least that will satisfy their liberality. The man who was so long the idol of the Popish journals, is now the object of their unmeasured vituperation—the language of fulsome panegyric is now exchanged for that of coarse invective—and the nobleman who, while his conscience caused him to take part for Catholic equality, was every thing that could do honour to his character as a man and as a landlord, now, when that same conscience prompts him to resist Catholic domination, is suddenly metamorphosed into a haughty and imperious aristocrat. The fine and improving estates, and the happy and thriving tenantry, of which we used constantly to hear so much, have suddenly disappeared before the magic influence of his lordship’s conservative tendencies—and are now now as if they had never been. Alas, for the truth or the candour of partizans! It is neither our province nor our practice to become the eulogists of an individual. Of the noble marquis personally we know nothing, except that we have always, and, until lately by all parties, heard him spoken of as a perfect example of what a resident landlord ought to be. We have been, God knows, no friends to the policy he has hitherto pursued; but we have ever respected his private and his public character, and never was there an attack more unfair and more unjust than that which has now been made upon his lordship, for a line of conduct which has, throughout, been manly, honorable and consistent.

We use the word consistent advisedly; because, of all the charges brought against his lordship, the most unmeaning is that of apostacy from his principles. The Marquis of Downshire was the advocate of emancipation: is he, therefore, bound to be the supporter of the destruction of the Protestant church? He was a friend to reform: is he therefore to become the patron of revolution? We can all recollect the protestations on the part of the Roman Catholic leaders, by which emancipation was preceded—by which, in a great measure, it was obtained. The removal of civil disabilities was advocated as the means of reconciling Roman Catholics to the Protestant institutions of the country; and the relief bill was to be, not merely the panacea for Ireland’s misery and

the universal redress for Ireland's wrongs ; but the " *esto perpetua* " of the established church. Surely the charge of inconsistency may be brought with justice, not against Lord Downshire and those honest emancipators, whose only crime it is, that they did not mean one thing when they said another, but against the deceitful men who sought emancipation as an end, and now use it as a means ; who claimed the concession of civil rights to remove all grounds of religious animosities, and yet now when they are admitted within the pale of the constitution, manifest the most rancorous spirit of fanatical hostility, and erect, upon the ruins of Protestant ascendancy, the engines wherewith to assail the Protestant church. Here is the inconsistency—between the acts and the professions of the Popish party—between their sworn vows in 1825, and their violated vows in 1834. An interval of nine years, it is true, has made a change—promises which it was then convenient to give, it is not now equally convenient to keep—be it so—let the deceiver glory in his deceit and the forsworn in his perjury ; but let them not turn round upon honest men whose memory of protestations is not quite so short-lived as their own, and bring against them the charge of being false to their party because they are true to their principles ; let them not designate as apostates those who truly keep what they sincerely promised, while others with whom the promise was hypocrisy, make a boast of their treachery in its violation.

We do not know whether the Marquis of Downshire repents of his vote in favour of emancipation. Many certainly there are who now bitterly reproach themselves for their support of that measure ; but this we know, that it is possible for the noble marquis, without the change of a single sentiment or the alteration of a single opinion, to act the same energetic part with the emancipators of 1829 and the conservatives of 1834. That is a false and a mistaken view of consistency which regards an individual as pledged not to measures but to men—that would make the dictates of party superior to the voice of conscience—and would force a man to forget in his attachment to his knot, the principles upon

which their union was originally based. This is to make party degenerate into faction. A party consists of a number of men acting together on a great public principle—a faction of those acting in union for private ends. The union of the one is to be found in principle, the bond of the other in individuals. The Marquis of Downshire, as an emancipator, joined not a faction, but a party—individuals of that party have changed their tone and avowed new objects ; and these his lordship will most strenuously resist.

But this is not all—the Marquis of Downshire was placed by the Whig government in that situation, to which his rank, his property, and his influence entitled him—he was appointed by them lord lieutenant of the county Down—and therefore he should have taken no part in these proceedings ; or, having taken it, he should be dismissed from that high office. He is unfit to be at the head of the magistracy because he pursued a line of conduct in which he was joined by almost every one in the county holding the commission of the peace. Because he dared to dissent from the measures of his masters, he must be turned out of an office which never was, which never ought to be, a political one. If this principle was established, there is not a British gentleman who would hold the office on the condition of submitting to such tyranny. The call has been made for his lordship's dismissal : it has been made by the especial advocates of liberty—the friends to the most unrestricted freedom of discussion. That call will not be complied with. The ministers dare not venture on so unjustifiable an act of arbitrary power—they dare not proclaim to the world that the men who have been declaiming all their lives against ministerial influence, are in their hearts the veriest despots upon earth—they dare not make such an open display of the intolerance of liberality.—We challenge them to the act—an advocate has furnished them with a case in point—the annual register has been searched for a precedent—let them act upon it—let them treat the Marquis of Downshire as the Tories treated Earl Fitzwilliam. Mr. Sheil will act as their law adviser on the occasion—perhaps Mr. O'Connell (and his authority they

have made one of the first at the bar) will favour with his assistance. Let them secure him, and it will save them a great deal of trouble. The same compendious method by which Mr. Blackburne was to be dismissed, and the Bishop of Cork unfrocked, will answer for the dismissal of the Marquis. There need be no charge of criminality—no evidence of improper conduct—no insinuation of incompetency—there was none against Mr. Blackburne and Dr. Kyle.

*Nil horum ! verbosa et grandis epistola venit
A Capreia.*

An epistle from Darrynane, will supply all the articles of impeachment without any trouble, and Lord Downshire may be numbered with Dean Carter and Colonel Blacker.

It is scarcely worth while seriously to argue the matter with Mr. Sheil, and his constitutional authority of the annual register; but it is worth while to expose the monstrous misrepresentation of which Mr. Sheil has been guilty, in bringing forward the case of Earl Fitzwilliam as at all parallel. We have not much time to dwell upon the question—but those of our readers who do not regard history as an old almanack, will probably recollect the circumstances under which Lord Fitzwilliam was dismissed from the lord lieutenancy of the west riding of Yorkshire. The exertions of the radicals had succeeded in alienating from the king, not the government, the affections of the manufacturing classes; meetings were held, attended by immense masses, at which it was openly discussed, whether the people would not be justified in seizing on the bank of England, and forcing an equal division of landed property! This was the time when Lord, then Mr. Plunkett, in the House of Commons, designated the radicals as “having their levers fixed under the pillars of social order, and preparing to upheave the social fabric from its base.” The state of the country was so alarming that parliament was expressly convened to take it into consideration. Previously to this, the mobs of Manchester and Birmingham had assembled for the purpose of returning representatives to the British parliament, and illegal and tumultuous assemblages were dispersed by military force. Earl

Fitzwilliam attended meetings assembled to protest against such dispersion. And at a time when the ministry had resolved to suppress these meetings—when they believed the existence of the government to depend upon their suppression, they thought that they could not retain at the head of the magistracy of one of the disturbed districts, where the magistracy might be called on to act, a man who did not see the same necessity for energy and firmness that they did. But this was not all—Sir John Byng, the military commander in that district, reported the state of the country as requiring the most vigorous measures, while Earl Fitzwilliam represented it as in a state of tranquillity.

We are not, be it remembered, defending the conduct of the Tories, in reference to these meetings; they may have been wrong, or they may have been right; but we protest against the application of the precedent, even if it be a good one. Are the Whig government about to disperse the meetings of the Protestants by military force? Are the magistracy to be called on to act against them? If so, we have nothing to say. The Marquis of Downshire ought to be dismissed—if not, Mr. Sheil and his annual register have nothing in the world to do with the case.

But observe again, the principle covertly insinuated in this letter of Mr. Sheil's. The Tories, says the orator, have been all along the advocates of arbitrary power—they have made an unconstitutional use of the prerogatives of the crown—the annual register furnishes some most horrid instances of their despotic proceedings. These he searches for, and brings forward, of course, for the purpose of warning a popular government against such acts? No indeed, but that the popular government may follow their example. This is just the principle of even-handed justice—when Tories were in power they oppressed us; we will now pay them back in their own coin. Does Mr. Sheil defend the conduct of Lord Liverpool? If not, why does he hold it up for imitation? We cannot too strongly express our abhorrence of such a principle of retaliation. Is a change of ministry to be but a change of masters, and are the very acts which provoked popular indignation against one

government to be made the precedent and example for the arbitrary proceedings of the next? This is even admitting that the cases are similar, a point which we by no means concede.

We have devoted so much space to Mr. Croly's pamphlet, and the all-important subject which it suggests, that we have precluded ourselves from commenting upon the Downshire meeting at the length that we would wish. But we would be guilty of an act of positive injustice if we did not allude to the conduct of the Orangemen in reference to this meeting—conduct which has raised the institution in the estimation of the community. Those who know the love which the Orangemen of Ulster bear to the colours and the badges of their institution, will be able to appreciate the forbearance that prevented their exhibition on an occasion when their leaders requested that they would not be displayed. There is abroad among the Protestants of the North a feeling, a very natural feeling, that by attending any meeting where they are prevented from exhibiting the colours of loyalty and love, they are lending a tacit countenance to the calumnies against their institution, as if these emblems were a thing of which any portion of Protestantism had need to be ashamed; but this feeling they overcame; and though the great majority of those present at Hillsborough were Orangemen, not a single party badge or colour was displayed.

We mention this, not so much for the purpose of doing justice to the Orangemen, as of pointing out their conduct for imitation. The Orange Institution is one to which, hitherto, too little credit has been given by the Protestant party, and which has been kept too much in the back ground. We confess that we share in the charge that we bring against our party, and it is not by a few hurried lines of testimony, like that which we now bear, that we think that we can do justice to the orderly, the loyal, and the Christian principles of this body, and atone for having remained so long silent, at least comparatively silent, with regard to them. Ere long we hope to bear more ample testimony to their merits and their character, by devoting a separate paper to the history and defence of the institution. We have no

hesitation in thus publicly identifying ourselves with our brethren: we rejoice in making it our own interest, as by our declaration we do, to remove, as far as our humble efforts can, the unjust suspicions with which Orangeism is regarded.

When we mention the conduct of the Orangemen of Down as a subject for imitation by their brethren, we mean particularly in reference to the great public meetings. Too much praise cannot be given to the Orange authorities of Cavan and Down, for the manner in which they managed to keep all party emblems apart from their county meetings. The same must be done wherever such meetings are held, and these, we confidently anticipate, will be universal throughout Ulster. This brings us to speak upon a subject which we would much rather avoid—we mean the conduct of the High Sheriff of Armagh, in refusing to convene the meeting of his bailiwick on the highly respectable requisition that was presented to him; not that we feel any difficulty in saying what we think of Mr. Brownlow, but we certainly do feel a considerable difficulty in speaking of the requisitionists. We cannot commend their conduct in neglecting to convene the meeting, merely because a renegade high sheriff refused to do so; and yet, in utter ignorance of the local circumstances that influenced their determination, we feel it difficult to blame them. Mr. Brownlow is not popular in the county, and it may have been that they feared his refusal had so exasperated the people, that the degree of excitement created by it would have communicated to the meeting too violent a character. We confess, however, that this appears to us to be a most unworthy suspicion. The Protestants of the North have manifested a forbearance under circumstances of much greater provocation that would have justified the fullest confidence in their peaceable and orderly demeanour. We write, be it remembered, in utter ignorance of the motives of the requisitionists. To us, viewing their conduct from a distance, it does certainly appear to be reprehensible; and nothing but the respect we feel for the judgment of many who were parties to that conduct, induces us to pause for one moment in this

opinion. Of Mr. Brownlow's refusal we shall say but little. The reason assigned for the refusal is the most curious point of all. He was required to convene a meeting of the freeholders of Armagh, to consider what steps should be taken in the present crisis—he was himself to preside at this county meeting, and could therefore be sure that the sense of the county would be fairly taken—and yet he has recorded his opinion, that a meeting so convened, and so managed, would be a party meeting. What Mr. Brownlow means by a party meeting it is not difficult to understand; and thus we have at least *his* written testimony as to the opinions and feelings of the freeholders of Armagh. This testimony, it is true, materially diminished the necessity of a meeting; but still, we say, the requisitionists should not have deprived the freeholders of the county of the opportunity of backing Mr. Brownlow's evidence by a more unequivocal demonstration of their feelings.

The sheriff of a county should be, in the exercise of his duty, an impartial officer; and when a requisition, properly signed, is presented to him to convene a county meeting, no consideration should prevent his compliance, unless either the conviction that the objects specified in the requisition are illegal or unconstitutional, or that the proposed meeting will lead to a violation of the law. In convening the meeting, or presiding at a meeting so convened, he is but the passive organ of the sentiments of the county. He is no more pledged to the resolutions adopted, than when he presides in the great meeting of his bailiwick to elect knights of the shire, he is pledged to the opinions of the members he declares duly elected. His duty, in both cases, is an impartial one—fairly to collect the suffrages of the freeholders, and to prevent any violation of the peace. Mr. Brownlow does not pretend to say, that

the objects of the requisitionists were illegal, or that the meeting would have been a disorderly one. No! he declares in his wisdom, that if the freeholders of Armagh were constitutionally convened, he knows very well that the meeting would take a bias which he is pleased to consider a party one—that is, a bias opposed to Mr. Brownlow's views—and therefore, as far as his power extended, and it seems effectually, he has deprived the freeholders, with whose privileges he was entrusted, of their undoubted right of declaring their opinions in a county meeting. This, however, is Whig liberality, and Whig regard for popular opinion.

But these manœuvres must not succeed in silencing the voice of Protestant Ulster. There are high sheriffs who will not follow the example of the high sheriff of Armagh; and even if they do, there are gentry who will not imitate the conduct of the requisitionists in that county. Whatever be the motives which influenced their determination, we protest against its passing into a precedent. A requisition, signed by seven freeholders, is all that even the Six Acts require to legalize a meeting; and, let the sheriffs act as they choose, the meetings will be held, and the voice of Protestant Ulster will be heard—the voice that forced from England the recognition of Ireland's independence in 1782—will again be heard proclaiming that there are rights which we will not tamely yield, and principles that we will not surrender without a struggle. How far the British government will dare to disregard the declarations of nine or ten such meetings as those held at Cavan and Hillsborough—to make no account of the indignant remonstrances of the united gentry and yeomanry of a province, is a question to which it is not for us to venture a reply. Upon their own heads be the responsibility of the answer.

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

ADAPTED TO THE "TIMES THAT BE."

The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast—
 The tempest flaps his raven wing in loud and angry blast ;
 The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky—
 But, "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.*"

There *was* a day when loyalty was hail'd with honour due,
 Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good and true—
 And gallant hearts beneath its folds were link'd in honour's tye,
 We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

When Treason bar'd her bloody arm, and madden'd round the land,
 For king, and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand.
 Our gathering spell was William's name—our word was, "do or die,"
 And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.

But now, alas ! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,
 And worth and gallant services remember'd are no more,
 And, crush'd beneath oppression's weight, in chains of grief we lie—
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scap'd of ninety-eight,
 To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of state—
 E'en *they* whose hands are reeking yet with murders' crimson dye—
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadin'd the silver Slaney's wave—
 They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave ;
 He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes the Jesuit sly ;
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose counsels wrapp'd the land in foul rebellious flame,
 Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks unting'd by shame.
 Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,
 And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Pow'r that led his chosen, by pillar'd cloud and flame,
 Through parted sea and desert waste, that Pow'r is still the same.
 He fails not—He, the loyal hearts that firm on him rely—
 So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

* There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words—
 "put your trust in God ; but mind to keep your powder dry."

The Pow'r that nerv'd the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The Pow'r that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent through.
In his protecting aid confide, and every foe defy—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers thro' the haze.
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiaunce from Donard's lofty head.*
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the cry—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Then cheer ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,
Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.
The storm that raves the wildest, the soonest passes by ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word.
These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Bannside, Nov. 1st.

FITZ STEWART.

* Lord Roden resides at the base of Sleive Donard.

THE DOWNFALL OF SAUL.

How great the loss, how foul the stain,
When Israel saw her armies fled ;
Her monarch on the mountain slain,
His warrior-sons in Gilboa dead !

Still was the voice that urged them on
To meet, undaunted, ev'ry foe ;
The hand that led them, lifeless—gone—
Their martial spirit dull'd and low.

David for God's anointed wept,
Though royal honors lay in store,
Though persecution, vanquished, slept,
And Saul's fell spear was aimed no more.

No song of triumph he ordained,
No mirth with ill-timed revelry ;
His hands no bleeding victim stained,
No useless pomp regaled his eye.

But much he grieved that men should say,
What Israel lost, Philistia won ;
Philistia ! whose unholy sway
Defiled the ground she trampled on.

And though the thought might soothe his breast,
Of ended woes and sorrows o'er ;
Yet tenfold grief his heart oppress'd—
His dearest friend survived no more.

He told his grief in accents wild,
And fast and thickly fell his tears ;
So weeps the mother for her child
Snatched from her in its infant years.

Yes, Jonathan ! though Pagan wrath
Had torn thy body from his sight,
Not all the conqu'ring hosts of Gath
His soul from thine could disunite.

TO THE BELOVED ONE.**FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.****BY J. C. MANGAN.**

O, why are the roses so drooping and pale ?
My sweetest, wilt thou whisper me why ?
O, why, my beloved, in the heart of the vale,
Do the violets languish and die ?

And why with so plaintive and wailing a sound
Goes singing the lark in the skies ?
Or why from the odorous blossoms around
Should the scents of the charnel arise ?

And why will the sun the green valley below
Thus wanly and dully illumine ?
O, why should the earth like a wilderness shew ?
And as vacant of soul as a tomb ?

And why am I, too, so dejected and lone ?
O, loved of my bosom, canst tell ?
My richest of treasures, my beautiful one
O, why dost thou bid me farewell ?

DISMISSAL OF THE WHIGS.

SINCE the political articles of our publication have been in type, a great and unexpected change has come over the destinies of Britain—the King has exercised his undoubted prerogative in dismissing from his councils the men who had abused his confidence—who had degraded his royal name—who had truckled to his foes—and the Duke of Wellington is the object of his Sovereign's choice. This is all we know at present—it is all perhaps that any body knows—or is all that any body will know, until the return of Sir Robert Peel shall have enabled his Majesty's present adviser to complete the ministerial arrangements. We might very easily employ our ingenuity in specifying appointments that ought to be made, or that will be made; we might speculate on changes that will certainly take place. But there are prophets enough already before us in the field—certainly more numerous than will have their predictions accomplished. And as each of the Irish offices—those with which we are more immediately concerned, have each been already positively bestowed on six or seven different persons, we fear that our candidates would come in rather late.

Much ingenuity has been exercised in devising the cause why his Majesty dismissed his late servants—it requires no great sagacity to know why he ought to have dismissed them; and in the absence of more authentic information, we are willing to believe that the causes why he did dismiss them and why he ought to have dismissed them, are one and the same. Some will have it that this step was produced by the interference of her Majesty the Queen; this is a foul and unfounded calumny, framed with the single motive of bringing that illustrious lady into disrepute with the radicals; but even this party, whatever be their faults, have more generosity than to tolerate the unmanly falsehood. Others say that his Majesty was disgusted with the mountebank exhibitions of Lord Brougham, who,

to use the expressive words attributed to the King, "has been dragging the great seal of England through the dirt." We just as much believe this story as the other; it is, however, more probable. It is a well-known fact, that the King has been offended with the intemperance and buffoonery of the late keeper of his conscience. Possessing the feelings of a gentleman, we do not see how he could be otherwise. But to our minds, the King's celebrated declaration to the bishops, is a satisfactory evidence that his Majesty has taken no hasty or ill-considered step—that Lord Spencer's death but hurried on the execution of a purpose deliberately formed in the royal mind—and that William the Fourth has long since determined to dismiss the ministers who counselled him to break his coronation vows.

Were we to claim credit to ourselves for political sagacity, we might remind our readers, that no later than last month, we prophesied that sooner or later this must be the case—that the spirit of the constitution must eventually triumph over its perverted forms; and the royal will be represented by his Majesty's ministers, and the popular feeling by the House of Commons. We even referred to the crisis of 1783, as one bearing a close analogy to the course of events which we anticipated. For so far our expectations have been realized; the verification of the rest of the parallel rests with the people of England; and we feel that they will do as their fathers did—they will rally round the throne, and support the principles of their ancient constitution. The monarch has exercised his most sacred prerogative in choosing whom he will for his servants, if this prerogative be now transferred from his Majesty to the House of Commons, the monarchy is virtually at an end. The Parliament are the legislature—they must not, they ought not to assume the functions of the executive. The separation of these two powers has been esteemed the

chief safeguard of our freedom, and Britons must beware how they permit them to be united in the same body.

The transferring of the whole power of the state to the House of Commons, has been for some time proceeding steadily, although surely. Under the old constitution the crown and the aristocracy exercised, through the influence of the close boroughs, control over the proceedings of that body which rendered it less their interests to oppose the gradual concentration in the lower House of all the functions of the state. But the reform bill having destroyed that influence, has virtually effected a revolution; we say not, whether for evil or for good. But it now becomes important and necessary that the powers and privileges of all the separate orders should be distinctly and clearly understood. No instrument of tyranny can be more adapted to crush the liberties of a nation, than a House of Commons when uncontrolled by the balance of a monarchy and aristocracy; the history of the long parliament may have taught the nation this. The question now is, whether they shall be so controlled or not? This is the simple consideration which, apart from all party feeling or all political predilection, must influence every reflecting man to support—not Whig or Tory (these names have been too long the means of confusing every question into which they could be dragged,) but the just and constitutional prerogative of the King.

What may be the measures of the Duke of Wellington we know not; we now give our support, not to him, but to the King. His Majesty's right to choose his own servants is one which intimately concerns the liberties of the nation; and this right having been practically asserted, we deem it the duty of all good men to sustain it. The simplicity of the British constitution has long been so encumbered by multiplied and complicated theories, that its true principles have well nigh been lost sight of. The time is come when its real structure should be clearly defined, and its balance, if it be not now maintained, is irretrievably lost. The maintenance of that balance depends upon the preservation of the King's prerogative. We never have been the friends of arbitrary power, or the ad-

vocates of encroachments upon the privileges of the people, but under the conviction we have stated, we claim for the monarch liberty to exercise a right with which the constitution and the law have invested him.

We do not believe that we are approaching a contest between the crown and the people; we do not think that either the crown will attempt any encroachment upon the privileges of the people, or the people any interference with the prerogative of the crown. Our gracious monarch is too sincere a friend to liberty, to tolerate in any minister an unconstitutional exercise of his prerogative, even if he had a minister mad enough to advise it; and we are well assured that loyalty is too deeply implanted in the hearts of the British people to permit of their sanctioning, on the part of their representatives, any assault upon the legitimate rights of the monarch. It is only necessary that each party should remember their own rights, and maintain them without interfering with those of the other, and all will be well. In writing upon this question we fling all party considerations to the winds; every man but the republican and the democrat must now stand by the King; and, in England, these form so inconsiderable a section, that though noisy they will be powerless; this step of the King will call into action the conservative feeling of the country, and before this the destructives will sink into their original insignificance.

We have stated our conviction, that the subject of the Irish Church was the cause of difference between the King and his ministers. It is useless to deny that upon this question the Whigs have on their side the present House of Commons. How far the sentiments of honorable members were influenced by the magic of the treasury benches we do not pretend to say; but even if the House of Commons are obstinately bent upon the destruction of the Church—unless our government be a democracy—this does not imply that their mandate must be complied with—the King's ministers, in the discharge of their executive duty, will support the law as it is: the Commons cannot change it without the consent of the King and the Lords, and unless ministers transgress the principles of the constitution,

in the management of the executive functions, or an application is made to the legislature for new powers—the House of Commons have no constitutional right to interfere.

And here a heavy responsibility devolves upon a body of men of whom we confidently anticipate that they will not shrink from its discharge. The necessity of applying to the legislature for new facilities of realizing the property of the Church may produce a refusal from the Commons that will terminate in consequences that it is difficult to foresee. The landlords of Ireland can obviate this necessity by taking the payment of her income upon themselves. This will remove all possible cause of dissension between the Crown and the Commons; and every motive of interest and duty unites in urging the landed proprietors of the kingdom to this step. A great majority of them have already availed themselves of the power given them by Mr. Stanley's act: a new and, if possible, more imperative duty urges the remainder to imitate their example.

From the period of the month at which the intelligence of the dismissal of the Whigs reached us, we can do no more than present our readers with these hurried observations; in fact, at present we know little of the character or measures of the new ministry. That it will be a firm one, we may augur from the energy of the illustrious individual who has been placed at its head. That it will defend the Irish Church, we have the earnest in the expressed determination of the King. Beyond this we know nothing. We think we may predict, that in this country the Duke of Wellington will maintain the law, and not truckle to the base ascendancy of a dishonest and intriguing demagogue. He will govern Ireland upon principle, and not with reference to the convenience of securing Mr. O'Connell's forty votes. Let him do this, and we promise him the support of every honest man in the island in crushing the despotism of agitation and of murder. We venture upon no new doctrine in combining them. These, however, are points that can better be discussed at a future period: at present, it is well that the question before the mind of the public should be the simple

right of the King to choose his own servants, and to control the executive department of the state.

There is one comfort, that the late exclusion of the constitutional party from office has separated from them all the trading politicians who once professed Tory principles, only because Tory principles were the path to power. The Grants, the Palmerstons, the Plunketts—all the time-serving and despicable hypocrites, who were ready to serve any master that would pay, can never again be seen in monstrous coalition with honest men of any side. They now take their leave of office, and for ever. Alternately the slaves of all party, they are now despised by all: alternately false to every employer, they never will be taken into service again. Whatever party gains the ascendancy, the nation is at least rid of such ministers as these.

Another source of gratification is, that some of the late ministers have thrown off the mask—shown themselves in their true colours—and have displayed their real character of ingratitude and baseness. Even in the late cabinet we believe that there were some honorable men; but what shall we say of Lord Palmerston, who, after having for four years been in the service, and received the pay of his sovereign, could dictate, if not pen, against that sovereign the abusive, the all but treasonable articles that have disgraced the columns of 'The Globe'? Or of Lord Brougham, who, after having, during the same period, filled the highest office of the realm, and having fulminated from the woolsack his invectives against the Trades' Unions, could now enter into combinations—should we not say conspiracies—to revive them, for the purpose of embarrassing, not the Duke of Wellington, but his royal master—that master to whom this same Lord Chancellor, but one short month ago, used (believe himself) to transmit, each night, by post, a confidential account of each day's buffoonery? Time was when the very imputation of such conduct would have excluded the suspected individuals from the society of English gentlemen—but the last four years have made us familiar with strange things.

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

OUR CRITICAL TABLETS.

Gilpin's Forest Scenery. Edited by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: Fraser and Co. 1834.

SIR Thomas Dick Lauder is a Whig—he took a prominent part in that silly exhibition of vulgar buffoonery, which the Edinburgh Whigs meant to be a dinner to Lord Grey; and therefore he deserves our severest censure. But these are not the points with which at present we have to do. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has given to the world a good book, and therefore he is entitled to our praise.

Sir Thomas is already known as the author of a most interesting account of the celebrated Moray floods. He has now been employed on a very different task: he has superintended the issue of a new edition of Mr. Gilpin's beautiful work upon forest scenery, annexing, or indeed we should say interweaving with the text such comments and observations of his own as might appear necessary to elucidate the difficulties, or supply the deficiencies, of the author. Sir Thomas's additions are distinguished from the text by being printed in a smaller type. It is no small praise to say, that they add to the interest of the original. The interpolations, if such we must regard them, are improvements—frequently correcting mistakes into which Mr. Gilpin has fallen, and almost always supplying to his remarks a pleasing illustration, or adding some useful information.

To begin, however, with the beginning. There is one act of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's, in his capacity of editor of the *Forest Scenery*, (for with his other acts we have nothing to do,) that almost makes us distrust our own judgment, and believe him utterly unfit for the task he has undertaken—utterly incapable of appreciating the writings of a man like Gilpin, endued with the most exquisite perception of natural beauty, and ready to send up the ado-

ration of a heart expanding with the undefined sensations which these beauties produced—as the involuntary homage of unconstrained devotion to the Creator that had called them into being. He has prefaced—gravely prefaced the “*Forest Scenery*” with “*An Essay on the Principles of Nature and Taste*,” and this too, that by help of said essay “the reader may go hand in hand with Mr. Gilpin through his delightful ‘*Forest Scenery*,’ enjoying all the pictures that may be presented to him, whilst, at the same time, he may have the additional pleasure of tracing the true sources of his enjoyment.” Why, this is worse than the poet who commenced his history of the Trojan war with the hatching of Helen. How very much a knowledge of Mr. Alison's ingenious theory of taste will enhance our appreciation of the beauties of a beech tree! In these days of philosophy, we cannot gaze upon a sunset without a metaphysical analysis of our sensations, that we may feel its grandeur by method and rule, and err not the propriety of theory in our admiration. Sir Thomas will not permit us to go hand in hand with Mr. Gilpin—to watch the moving of the ash, or look up with wonder on the giant arms of the oak—unless we first take a lesson from himself and Mr. Alison on the true nature of taste, so that there may be no danger of our pleasurable feelings being derived from wrong causes; or, in other words, to avoid the possibility of our being pleased by the hue of the foliage, or the symmetry of the outline—when all philosophy and Mr. Alison make it clear that we should be pleased altogether from association.

“Before perusing,” says Sir Thomas, “a dissertation like the present, it is very important that the uninformed reader should be made aware of the now universally admitted (?) theory of the nature and principles of taste as estab-

lished by Mr. Alison's deep and philosophical inquiry into this most interesting subject ;"—Just as important as it is that a man going to enjoy a fine view should first attend anatomical lectures on the nature of the retina—or that we, when we sit down to cogitate about what we should say of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, should have first got by heart some theory of the functions of the brain. Give us the forest in all its loveliness and in all its grandeur : let the summer sky be cloudless above our heads, and the summer breezes waft the scent of the wild flowers from the wood, and we will hie away to the greenwood glade, and, stretching ourselves on a mossy bank, perhaps with Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* in our hand, we will listen to the hum of the bees, and the cooing of the woodquest, and the murmur of the brooks, and the rustling of the leaves, and the carols of the birds, and be pleased with all this—the more pleased because we do not know why—and we will cheerfully leave Sir Thomas and Mr. Alison shut up in our study to settle, before we come back, the metaphysical question—why these things are so sweet to human sense—a question, by the way, of which we suspect they will know as little as ourselves.

But the fact is, that Mr. Alison's theory of taste, "universally admitted" though it be, is like most other theories, as far as possible from truth, unless where, like a genuine philosopher, he puts into very fine and precise language what every body knows. That the pleasure we derive from the presence of beauty may be enhanced by associations and recollections nobody ever thought of denying. That objects, indifferent in themselves, may, by the same means, be invested with the deepest interest—is what every body who has kept a memento of a friend or a lover has felt. But to assert that there is no perception of the beautiful in the human mind, save that which is derived from, or more properly speaking, created by association, is, in our humble judgment, little better than elaborate trifling.

We have not time, however, at present to discuss these questions : be the theory true or false, it has no earthly business where Sir Thomas has

dragged it in. If he intended it as a course of preparatory discipline by which to drill the tastes of his readers into a liking of his book, we would be inclined to say that it was impertinent—were it not that in our own case we have felt that, even if adapted for this end, it was superfluous.

We can only hope, that this neatly-turned compliment will atone to Sir Thomas for all we have said against his introduction here of his favourite theory ; for, notwithstanding this, which is foolish, and whiggish withal, we have not, for a long time, been so much pleased as with the volumes before us. In their perusal we formed a fresh acquaintance with the woods ; and trees which before we had regarded as very common and every-day beings, became invested with an almost magical interest ; and even the enchanting remarks of Mr. Gilpin appeared to far better advantage when illustrated by the comments of their present editor.

Mr. Gilpin calls the horse-chestnut "a heavy, disagreeable tree : " he says, "the whole tree together in flower is a gloomy object, totally unharmonious and unpicturesque." This is one of the few instances of bad taste in the "*Forest Scenery*," and it is one to which Sir Thomas very properly objects. The horse-chestnut in flower is certainly a magnificent object—to borrow Sir Thomas's words, "clothed in all the richness of its heavy-green velvet drapery, embroidered with the million of silver flowers which cover it from top to bottom."

Mr. Gilpin had received as authentic the widely circulated fable with respect to the Upas-tree of the island of Java—a fable for which the world is indebted to a Dutch surgeon of the name of Foersch. Sir Thomas has abundantly refuted these marvellous accounts, and has published some very curious statements of Dr. Horsfield relative to the antshar—a poisonous plant growing in quantities in the east of the island, which formed the foundation of the Dutch romance (!) of the Upas-tree. These statements do not speak much for the humanity of Dr. Horsfield, as they contain the record of no less than 28 ! experiments made on living animals with the poison of the tree : the minutes are all noted down in which in

each case the poison worked its dreadful effects. There was here no object apparently to be gained but the gratification of curiosity; such brutality, therefore, was wanton: never did we meet with an account of such refinement upon cruelty as appears in the record of Dr. Horsfield's 28 experiments.

We regret that we must so soon close our notice of these delightful volumes, but other candidates await our fiat, and in justice to them we must have done. If those of our readers who may be induced to procure the book themselves derive as much pleasure and instruction as we have from the perusal, they will have little cause to blame us for our recommendation.

The illustrations are really beautiful: nothing could be more exquisitely perfect than the delineations of the outline of the foliage of the trees.

The Philosophy of the Evidences of Christianity.
By James Steele. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1834.

A work which we can recommend to public attention as interesting and useful. The author appears well versed in standard writings on divinity; and has shown some skill and elegance in drawing from the theological treasury, if not "things new and old," at least valuable truths, under the pleasing garb of modern language.

Christianity is too generally considered a science or system, unlike all modern discoveries worked out by mere reasoning, and unable to cope with them on the ground of proof. A haze of mystery envelopes revelation when hastily viewed, and indolence finds a ready excuse for not enquiring into the nature and qualities of the obscured luminary, in the pretext of reverence. Our author brings Christianity under examination by the telescopic machinery peculiar to moral philosophy, and proves it infinitely to excel all discoveries made by man even in their most boasted properties.

Here and there in the volume we meet with a few strange terms, formed, obviously, by a writer whose invention serves more rapidly than memory to dress out his ideas. Yet the language, however above that usual in such disquisitions, is expressive and forcible. In fine, that which chiefly merits praise

in the production is, the exhibition of the simple narrative of the New Testament; and the morality of the whole inspired volume, under the form of legitimate and irresistible proof of the genuineness, authenticity, and authority of the Scriptures.

View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D. small 8vo. London: Cochrane and Co. 1834.

The great problem as to the means by which the globe has been peopled, notwithstanding the numerous attempts at its solution, seems likely to continue a problem forever. The simple truth which revelation teaches us, that mankind have descended from a single pair—that "God has made of one blood all the nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of all the earth," is all that we know with certainty upon the subject. In the theories which have been hazarded, with regard to the details of the propagation of our race, all is conjecture, and therefore it is probable that but little is true. It is indeed an investigation upon which labour seems vain and inquiry thrown away. Ingenuity may find materials for theorizing, but philosophy can discover but few grounds for induction; and after all, it does not much concern us, that we are unable to trace all the migrations of the earliest men, and are obliged to sit down in ignorance of the windings and turnings of the path by which the human race performed the tedious journey of many generations, from the summit of Ararat to the heights of the Andes, or the solitudes of Iceland.

Dr. Lang has, however, entered upon a portion of this perilous field of speculation, and has produced a volume, which is evidently the production of a Christian and a man of thought. It contains, certainly, much that is fanciful in conjecture; but, at the same time, much that is curious in fact. There is a candour, too, about all the statements, which is favourably contrasted with the general dogmatism of theorists—his desire appears to be, to discover the truth, and not to display his own ingenuity—and the arguments and deductions of his volume are often such as render it very difficult, if not impossible, to withhold our assent from his opinion.

Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, has left on record his opinion, as to the futility of endeavouring to trace the original peopling of the new world from the old. "How rash," exclaims the baron, "would be the attempt to point out the group of nations, of the old continent, with which the Toltecs, the Aytecs, the Muyscas, and the Peruvians present the nearest analogies." This is just the attempt which our author has made, and with all due deference to Baron Humboldt, we do not think he has much reason to repent of his temerity. We have not space to notice all the arguments by which he sustains his theory; but we shall endeavour to give our readers an idea of that theory itself.

The islands which are scattered over the great South Sea, Dr. Lang supposes to have been the connecting link between the old world and the new. The Polynesian nation he presumes to have been of Malay origin. And as war, or over population, or the spirit of maritime adventure, gave rise, in the newly colonized nation, to further emigration; the bold adventurers proceeded from island to island, over the interminable ocean, in search of new abodes, until, at length, they reached the continent of South America.

The demonstration of this theory naturally divides itself into two departments; it must first be proved that the Polynesian nation are of Malay origin, and then that the Indo-Americans are derived from the Polynesians. The first of these questions our author argues with considerable abilities and clearness; the language, the superstitions, the habits, and the policy of the Polynesians, he refers to their corresponding counterparts among the Malays; and adopting the same mode of argument, he traces, although certainly not with the same clearness, the transfusion of the Malay peculiarities into the mode of life pursued by the Indo-American tribes.

His conjecture, as to the origin of cannibalism, is ingenious and highly probable. In the long voyages which the adventurous islanders must, according to his theories, have undertaken, it is almost certain, that frequently the unprovided and inexperienced mariners must have been reduced to the greatest

distress by reason of scarcity of provisions. Under such circumstances, necessity would suggest the horrible expedient of banquetting on the flesh of some one of their fellow voyagers—the taste for human blood, thus acquired in their voyages, may not have deserted them when settled in their new abode, and the diet which the starving sailors adopted from necessity, the settled emigrants may have continued from choice. But this theory, which certainly deserves attention, he spoils in another part of his book by carrying it to absurdity. He thus accounts for the fact, that, while the Asiatic distinction of caste is preserved in the Friendly Islands, no trace of it is to be found in New Zealand, which our author supposes to have been peopled from the Friendly Islands. Supposing a vessel, whose crew was composed indiscriminately of persons of the different castes, to have been so long detained in the passage from the Friendly Islands to New Zealand, as to compel the passengers to the usual resource, he says—

"In such a case of direful emergency, the first victim would, doubtless, be the man of lowest caste; for the idea of putting a person of inferior caste on the same level with a noble or chief, under any circumstances, would never occur to a New Zealander. It is, therefore, highly probable, from the present state of society in New Zealand, that the miserable wretches who first landed on that island, had previously been so long at sea, that they had successively killed and eaten every person of an inferior caste."

This is theorizing with a vengeance!

There is a very striking peculiarity which he notices as common to the Malays, the Polynesians, and the Mexicans—that is, the use of a distinct or reverential language in addressing their great men.

"This language did not consist in the use of a few phrases of deference or respect, such as those in use in European languages in addressing royalty or nobility; it constituted, so to speak, a separate language, and pervaded the whole economy of speech.

The pyramids of Peru he connects with those of Egypt, by means of similar structures discovered in some of the South Sea Islands, and from

this circumstance he endeavours to fix the date of the peopling of America. His reasoning, however, is inaccurate. He thinks that he has succeeded in assigning it to a period as ancient as that in which the buildings of pyramids formed a religious rite, otherwise the custom could not have been brought with the new settlers. This certainly would fix the period of the peopling of the islands as prior to a certain date; but it is possible that the emigrants may have retained the customs of their original country long after they had fallen into disuse in that country itself. We cannot, therefore, infer any thing as to the period at which the Polynesian voyagers reached the shores of America.

We must pass over many, very many interesting and curious facts. We have been much pleased with the perusal of this volume, and feel confident that it cannot fail to attract considerable attention.

There are two sentences in the book we would gladly see expunged—the one as a matter of taste, the other as a matter of good feeling. The first embodies a metaphor, the resemblance in which we profess ourselves utterly unable to comprehend. Speaking of the practice of picture writing being lost among the Polynesians, but existing among the Peruvians, he reconciles the fact with his theory thus:—

“It is natural, however, to suppose, that the impression which had once been made on the Polynesian mind, but which had been thus well nigh effaced, from the causes I have enumerated in the South Sea Islands, would again be revived and deepened on the plains of Quito and around the lakes of Mexico, *just as writing in sympathetic ink becomes darker and more distinct when held near the fire!!* Hence,” sagaciously infers our author, “it is, doubtless, that the art of picture writing had arrived at a considerable degree of perfection in the Indian empire of Mexico.”

This, however, being the only sentence of downright nonsense in the book, we suppose we must be content.

Our readers will, we think, agree

with us, that, as a matter of taste, this metaphor of the sympathetic ink should be put into the fire, or, at least, held near the fire, that it might become a little more distinct. As a matter of good feeling, few, we imagine, would desire to see retained the passage which contains a sneer at “my lord of Carlisle,” as Dr. Lang has thought proper to designate that highly gifted, and sincerely Christian prelate, the late Dr. Edmund Law. Dr. Law, it seems, had thought that some degree of civilization was necessary for a nation before they were in a state to receive the doctrines of the Gospel. Dr. Lang thinks, perhaps with more truth, that Christianity is adapted to man under any circumstances in which he can be found—the reclaiming power to the wicked—the civilizing to the savage—that the Gospel is to be preached unto “every creature,” no matter how superstition may have chained down the intellect of man, or the cruelties of savage life debased his nobler nature. Dr. Lang, we believe, is right—Christianity does not depend upon civilization half so much as civilization does upon Christianity: but this does not justify the disrespectful language which our author has employed towards one whose memory should be held in veneration as a man and as a prelate. The errors of a great man may be noticed without the language of disrespect; the faults of a good man should never be made the subject of a sneer.

Meditations or Remains of L. S. 12mo. London: James Nisbet. 1834.

To some of our readers, perhaps the initials L. S. may not be altogether unknown. These will rejoice to meet with the Remains of her who has been removed to a better world. We must briefly confess, that we have not had time to do more than cast an eye through these pages, which seem highly interesting and instructive. There is prefixed to the Meditations, a preface by the well-known Charlotte Elizabeth, whose name will be to a large class of readers, the best recommendation of this unpretending little volume.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

N. B. The Senior Moderators are placed in the order of Merit; Junior Moderators in the order of standing on the College Books.

Initio Terminis S. Michaelis, habitis Examinationibus pro gradu Baccalaureatus in artibus,

In Moderatores Seniores nominantur

In Disciplinis Math. et Phys.—

1. Graves, (Carolus.) 2. Carson, (Josephus.)

In Ethica et Logica.—1. Butler, (Gulielmus, A.) 2. Sherlock, (Harold, H.) 3. Peed, (Jacobus.) *Soc. Com.*

In Literis Humanioribus.—1. Wheeler, (Georgius B.)

In Moderatores Juniores nominantur

In Disciplinis Math. et Phys.—

Beamish, (Franciscus.) Orr, (Alexander Smith.) Mockler, (Gulielmus.) Cramp-ton, (Georgius.) Finlay, (Robertus.)

In Ethica et Logica.—Todd, (Carolus Haukes.) Walsh, (Thomas.) Crawford, (Carolus Sharman.) Chattoe, (Robertus.) Meade, (Josephus.) Meade, (Franciscus.)

JOHANNES LUDOVICUS MOORE, *Proctor Junior.*

MICHAELMAS TERM EXAMINATIONS.

N. B. The Names are arranged in the Order of Standing on the College Books.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*Senior Prizemen*—Mr. Murland, James W.; Stack, Thomas; Chichester, William; Ball, John; Hopkins, Robert; Vickers, Henry; Glanville, James; McDowell, George.

Junior Prizemen—Willes, James Shaw; Baggot, Chas. E.; Keith, James; Butler, William; Geran, Richard.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*Senior Prizemen*—Stack, Thomas; Owgan, Henry; Hopkins, Robert; Fenton, George L.; Colman, John C.; Trevor, Edward.

Junior Prizemen—Mr. McNaghten, Stewart; Ball, John; Bull, Joshua; Wilson, Richard; Drapes, Vernon P.; Badham, Leslie; Morgan, William; Treanor, Edward.

SENIOR FRESHMEN.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*Senior Prizemen*—Mr. Shaw, George Augustus; Higgins, Lewis.

Junior Prizemen—James, John; Lynch, Matthew; Biggs, Richard; Flynn, John Harris; Green, James; King, Robert.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*Senior Prizemen*—Mr. Welsh, Robert; Mr. Synnott, Marcus; Walsh, John; Wade, Benjamin; Tibbs, Henry W.; Wrightson, Thomas R.; King, Robert; Ringwood, Frederick Howe; Eccleston, James.

Junior Prizemen—Mr. Johnston, Robert; Mr. Verschoyle, James; Mr.

Lynch, Walter W.; Higginbotham, Joseph Wilson; Hallam, Edward; Henn, Thomas Rice; Disney, James Wm, King; Hallowell, John William; Finney, Daniel; Fletcher, George; McIlveen, Gilbert.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*Senior Prizemen*—Mr. Kelly, Charles; Connor, Henry; Warren, Robert; Sidney, Frederick; Roberts, Michael; Roberts, William; Beere, Robert; Jellett, John Hewitt; Lawson, James Anthony.

Junior Prizemen—Mr. Herbert, Richard; Mr. Bayley, Richard William; Merrick, Samuel; Ardagh, Richard Maunsell; Ovens, Edward; Sanders, Thomas; Law, Hamilton; Meredith, Edmund.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*Senior Prizemen*—Mr. Torrens, Thomas Francis; Wrightson, Richard; Roberts, William; Jellett, John Hewitt; Lawson, James Anthony; O'Callaghan, Andrew; Miller, William; Graham, George; Watson, John; Ring, Cornelius Percy.

Junior Prizemen—Mr. Knox, Wm.; Mr. Galwey, Thomas; Mr. Douglas, James; McDonagh, Telford; Hodder, George Francis; Smyth, Carew; Roberts, Michael; Maturin, Edmund; Perrin, John; Minnit, John; Meredith, Edmund; Stewart, Henry; Greene, John; Macartney, John; Wallen, George; Murphy, Patrick; O'Connor, William.

THOMAS PRIOR, *Senior Lecturer.*

INDEX TO VOL. IV.

- Address to the English Protestants, on the Measures respecting the Irish Church, 219.
- Adventures in South America—No. IV. The Prize, 205.
- Advice, Oliver's, 700.
- A Fancy, 348.
- Andernach, the Red Inn of, a Tale—Chap. II., 79. Chap. III., 92.
- A Recollection, 349.
- Arundell's Travels in Asia Minor, Notice of, 588.
- Ballad of Leonore, 509.
- Beloved One, the, from the German of Heine, 703.
- Blood, the Oath of, 327.
- Burgundy, the Red Cross of, a Tale—Chap. I., 646. Chap. II., 652. Chap. III., 659. Chap. IV., 666.
- Burns, Ode to the Memory of, 275.
- Canto, the Stray, 72.
- Carillons, the, 12.
- Catholic Religion in Ireland, Remarks on, 312.
- Century, Opening of the New, 425.
- Change of Ministry, Dismissal of the Whigs, 704.
- Chapters of College Romance, 488.
- Chinese Historical Dramas and Romances—No. II., 548.
- Choice, and the Minister's Annie, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 582.
- Christianity, the Philosophy of the Evidences of, 709.
- Church Commission, Irish, and the Coronation Oath, 121.
- Church, Irish, Address to the Protestants of England, on the Measures in progress respecting it, 219.
- Church, Irish, Parliamentary Doings with the, 473.
- Church, Roman Catholic, Essay on the, by the Rev. David O. Croly, Review of, 593.
- Cloister, the, from the German, 70.
- Club-footed King, the, 393.
- College Romance, Chapters of, Chap. I.—Reading for Honours, 488.
- Consolation, a Leaf from the Philosophy of Voltaire, 168.
- Constancy, the Story of, 29.
- Coronation Oath, and the Irish Church Commission, 121.
- Crisis, the, 231.
- Critical Notices—The Dream, and other Poems, 116. The Sacred Harp, Second Series, 118. Sillery's Royal Mariner, and Other Poems, 119. The Naturalist's Library, 239. Walker's Physiognomy, 240. Drury's Thucydides, *ib.* Arundel's Travels in Asia Minor, 588. Geoghegan's Greek Testament, 590. Gilpin's Forest Scenery, 707. The Philosophy of the Evidences of Christianity, by James Steele, 709. Lang's View of the Origin and Migration of the Polynesian Nation, *ib.* Meditations, or Remains of L. S., 711.
- Croly, Rev. David O., Essay on Ecclesiastical Finance, as regards the Roman Catholic Church, Review of, 593.
- Cross, the Red, of Burgundy, a Tale, 646.
- Curiosity, from the German, 191.
- Dark Day, the, a Tale, 426.
- Decline of Poetical Genius, 174.
- Delights of a Dirty Man, 442.
- Dismissal of the Whigs, 704.
- Don Gayséros, the Romance of, 622.
- Downfall of Saul, 702.
- Downshire Meeting, the, 691.
- Dramas and Romances of the Chinese, Notice of the, 548.
- Dream, the, and Other Poems, Notice of, 116.
- Drury's Thucydides, Notice of, 240.
- Emigration of the Protestants of Ireland, 1.
- Emigrants' Songs at Parting, 273.
- England, Southey's Naval History of, Review of, 412.
- England, the King of Merry, a Song, 276.
- English, Illustrations of the, 277.
- English Protestants, Address to the, 219.
- Entertainments, the Hibernian Nights', 674.
- Epigram, the Rival Popes, 168.

- Ettrick Shepherd, the Choice and the Minister's Annie, by the, 582.
 Evidences of Christianity, by James Steele, Notice of, 709.
 Fancy, A, 348.
 Fancy, the Scene-Shifter, 325.
 Finance, Essay on Ecclesiastical, Notice of, 593.
 Forest Scenery, Gilpin's, by Sir T. Dick Lauder, 707.
 Friends, to my, from the German, 368.
 Genius, Decline of the Poetical, 174.
 Geoghegan's Greek Testament, Notice of, 590.
 Gilfillan, Mr. Robert, Songs by, 276, 411, 484, 485, 671.
 Goldsmith, the, an Indian Story, 236.
 Gilpin's Forest Scenery, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Notice of, 707.
 Grief, Pleasures of, 43.
 Greedy, Gregory, Gent. Life and Opinions of, 328.
 Grey, Earl, Sketch of, 291.
 Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, Review of, No. II. 152. No. III. 447. No. IV. Conclusion, 514.
 Harmony, Horrors of, 543.
 Hibernian Nights' Entertainments, 674.
 Hints from High Places, No. IV. 15.
 Historical Dramas and Romances of the Chinese, No. II. 548.
 History of the Peninsular War, by Napier, Review of, 192.
 Humbug, Twenty-two Illustrations of, 235.
 Illustrations of the English—the Old School and the New, 277.
 Impromptu, 136.
 Indian Story—The Goldsmith, 236.
 Ireland, "How is it to be Governed?" by Paulet Scrope, Review of, 353.
 Irish Church Commission, and the Coronation Oath, 121.
 Irish Minstrelsy, Hardiman's, No. II. 152. No. III. 447. No. IV. 514.
 Irish Storyists, Lover and Carleton, Review of, 298.
 Ivy Tree, the, 69.
 Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Notice of, 239.
 King of Merry England, Song by Gilfillan, 276.
 King, the Club-footed, 393.
 Knox and Jebb's Correspondence, Review of, 241.
 Lang's View of the Origin of the Polynesian Nation, 709.
 Lascelles, Edward, Scenes from the Life of, 45, 137, 261, 398, 625.
 Lauder, Sir Thomas. Gilpin's Forest Scenery, Notice of, 707.
 Legends and Stories of Ireland, Review of, 298.
 Leonore, the Ballad of, 509.
 Letters from Spain. No. III., an Execution, 184.
 Lha Dhu, or the Dark Day, a Tale, 426.
 Life and Opinions of Gregory Greedy, Gent., 328.
 Log-hut, Spectre of the, a Tale, 556.
 Longfield's Political Economy, Remarks on, 33.
 Lyric Poetry of Pindar, 502.
 Man, the Delights of a Dirty, 442.
 Majesty's, his Promises, and his Ministers' Deeds, 559.
 Meeting, the Great Protestant, 336.
 Meeting, the Downshire, 691.
 Minister's Annie, a Tale, 582.
 Ministry, Change of, 704.
 Minstrelsy, Hardiman's Irish, Review of, No. II. 152. No. III. 447. No. IV. 514.
 Napier's History of the Peninsular War, Review of, 192.
 Naturalist's Library—Vol. III. Gallinaceous Birds, Notice of, 239.
 Naval History of England, by Southey, Review of, 412.
 Note-Book, Anthony Poplar's, 116, 468, 707.
 Oath of Blood, 327.
 Ode to the Memory of Burns, 275.
 Old Man's Song, by Gilfillan, 411.
 Oliver's Advice, adapted to the Times that be, 700.
 On a Gnat expiring on a page of the Grecian History, 672.
 Opening of the New Century, 425.
 Parliamentary Doings with the Irish Church, 473.
 Peninsular War, History of the, Review of, 192.
 Pindar, the Lyric Poetry of, 502.
 Places, Hints from High—No. IV., 15.
 Pleasures of Grief, 43.
 Poetry and the Decline of the Poetical Genius, 174.
 Poetry, Lyric of, Pindar, 502.
 Poetry. The Carillons, 12. The Story of Constancy, 29. Pleasures of Grief, 43. Sonnets, 44, 108, 136, 672. The Ivy Tree, 69. The Cloister, 70. The Stray Canto, 72. Impromptu, 136. The Rival Popes, an Epigram, 168. Consolation, *ib.* Curiosity, 191. The Goldsmith, an Indian Story, 236. The Emigrants' Songs at Parting, 273. Ode to the Memory of Burns, 275. Song, the King of Merry England, 276. Fancy, the Scene-Shifter, 325. The Oath of Blood, 327. A Fancy, 348. A Recollection, 349. To my Friends, 368. The Club-footed King, 393.

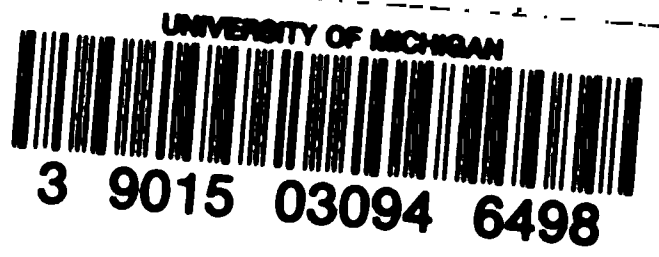
Poetry—

The Old Man's Song, 411. The Opening of the New Century, 425. Songs by Gilfillan, 484, 485, 671. The Ballad of Leonore, 509. The Romance of Don Gayséros, 622. Song from the German of Hölty, 673. Oliver's Advice, 700. The Downfall of Saul, 702. To the Beloved One, from the German of Heine, 703. Political Economy, Remarks on Longfield's, 33. Political Events, Letter on Recent, 109. Political Tablets, Our, 350–592. Popes, the Rival, 168. Poplar's Anthony, Note-Book, 116, 239, 350, 468, 588, 707. Priesthood, a Stipendiary, 593. Princess, the Tartar, a Tale, 369. Protestant Meeting, the Great, 333. Protestants of Ireland, Emigration of the, 1. Recollection, A, 349. Red Cross of Burgundy, a Tale, 646. Red Inn of Andernach, a Tale, Chap. II. 79; Chap. III. 92. Remarks on the Emigration of the Protestants of Ireland, 1. On Longfield's Political Economy, 33. On Recent Political Events, 109. On the Irish Church Commission and the Coronation Oath, 121. On Poetry, and the Decline of Poetical Genius, 174. On the Catholic Religion in Ireland, 312. On the Great Protestant Meeting, 333. On His Majesty's Promises and his Minister's Deeds, 559. On a Stipendiary Priesthood, 593. On the Downshire Meeting, 691. On the Dismissal of the Whigs, 704. Review, of Tutti Frutti, 99. Of Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, 152, 447, 514. Of Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 192. Of Knox and Jebb's Correspondence, 241. Of Irish Storyists, Lover and Carleton, 298. Of Scrope's How is Ireland to be Governed, 353. Of Southey's Naval History of England, 412. Of Rev. O. Croly's Essay on Ecclesiastical Finance, 593. Rival Popes, an Epigram, 168. Roman Catholic Religion, Remarks on, 312. Romance, Chapters of College, Chap. I. Reading for Honours, 488. Romance of Don Gayséros, 622. Romish Priesthood, on a Stipendiary, 593. Royal Mariner, and other Poems, notice of, 119.

Sacred Harp, Notice of, 118. Saul, the Downfall of, 702. Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent., Chap. III. Saint Helena—Tender Reminiscences, 45. Chap. IV. Cruising to Windward, 58. Chap. V. Cabo Tormentoso, 137. Chap. VI. Retribution, 261. Chap. VII. Unexpected Meeting, 267. Chap. VIII. Algoa Bay, 398. Chap. IX. Episodical, but Pertinent, 625. Chap. X. A Chase, 636. Scrope, Poulett—How is Ireland to be Governed, Review of, 353. Sillery's Royal Mariner, and other Poems, Notice of, 119. Sketch of Earl Grey, 291. Song, paraphrased from the German of Hölty. Songs by Gilfillan, 276, 411, 484, 485, 671. Sonnets, 44, 108, 136, 672. Southey's Naval History of England, Review of, 412. Spain, Letters from—No. III. An Execution, 184. Spectre of the Log Hut—a Tale, 556. Starry Night, 672. Steele's Philosophy of the Evidence of Christianity, Notice of, 709. Story of Constancy, the, 29. Tablets, our Political, 350, 592. Tales of Ireland, Review of, 302. Tales and Narratives. The Red Inn of Andernach, Chap. II. 79, Chap. III. 92. Adventures in South America, No. IV. The Prize, 205. The Tartar Princess, 369. Lha Dhu, or the Dark Day, 426. Chapters of College Romance, 486. The Spectre of the Log Hut, 556. The Choice, and the Minister's Annie, 582. The Red Cross of Burgundy, 662. Tartar Princess, a Tale, 369. The Stray Canto, 72. Thucydides, with Notes, by W. B. Drury, Notice of, 239. To my Friends, from the German, 368. To the Beloved One, from the German of Heine, 703. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, Review of, 303. Travels in Asia Minor, Notice of, 588. Tutti Frutti, Review of, 99. University Intelligence, 352, 708. Voltaire, a Leaf from the Philosophy of, 168. Walker's Physiognomy, Notice of, 240. Whigs, Dismissal of the, 704.

DUBLIN :
Printed by JAMES S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's-Walk.





Replaced with Commercial Microform

1993

